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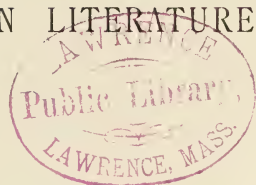
LAWRENCE, MASS.



THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.



OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XXXIV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1881.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR.

NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

1881.

Reg no
Shelf no. 5027- 34.

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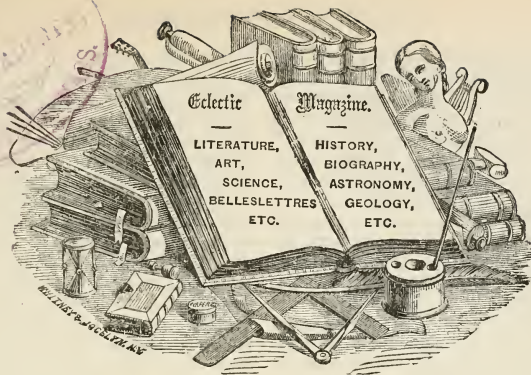
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXXIV., No. 1.

JULY, 1881.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

IT is with feelings of unmixed pain and regret, we were going to say, that we record the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield: but a truer appreciation at once suggests that there has been a glorious close to a splendid career—*felix opportunitate mortis!* There is no instance in English history of a political leadership so long maintained. There is none in which greater qualities of sagacity, independence of judgment, and tenacity of purpose have been exhibited. There is none in which a leader has been able to call forth at will such marked and increasing devotion from his followers. And notwithstanding that for twenty-nine out of the thirty-five years over which it has practically extended, it has been a leadership of a minority, Lord Beaconsfield's headship has been one of rare personal and political achievement. It is one of which the Tory party may well be proud, and to which English history as long as it endures will do homage.

It is a striking testimony to the marvellous powers which Lord Beaconsfield possessed, that in spite of the singular isolation of his position, and the overwhelming disadvantage of always belonging to a minority, his influence and authority uniformly and steadily increased. The reins once grasped, no hand proved strong enough during all those years to wrest them away, or to divert him to any serious extent from the policy which he chose to pursue. In Opposition he steadily increased his authority over the course of legislation, over Parliament, over his colleagues, and in the country. Each time that he held office in a minority, he left it a stronger man than when he entered it, with reputation and *prestige* strengthened by an ordeal which, under far more favorable circumstances, frequently injures those of weaker men. And when at last, toward the close of a great career, he became Minister with an established majority, the man grew until his authority

overshadowed his colleagues and the country, and he had centred in himself the whole force and representation of the empire. To sustain, with increasing credit, every successive ordeal which awaits a man who plays a foremost part on the greatest stage of events is a marvellous achievement. There was no personal reverse, no personal failure. There seemed to be no moment at which he could be pronounced unequal to the occasion, at the end of his resources, or less than master over himself and his position. In the greatest chapter of his life, which is filled with his guidance of English fortunes during the strife and passion aroused by the great Eastern Question, it was never disputed but that it was his firm and tenacious mind which regulated our policy; and that by the force of will and genius, in spite of all the eloquence and energy of no unworthy rival, his influence, at a moment when firm guidance was the sole preventive to drifting into war, predominated at home, and was more than respected abroad. Whether his policy is approved or condemned, all must admit that he himself betrayed neither weakness nor indecision, but held on his way with tenacity and resolution. Those are the qualities which render war unnecessary, and lead forward to "peace with honor." History will do justice to the memorable qualities which the great Tory Premier exhibited, and to the ascendancy which they gave him over England and the Continent. The generation which has witnessed with enthusiasm and delight the close, animated, and brilliant rivalry between a Disraeli and a Gladstone must feel that the heroic age of English politics did not pass away with Pitt and Fox. It falls, however, to the lot of the present generation of statesmen to work upon broader lines, and with a wider legislative range than their predecessors of the Georgian era. Of Lord Beaconsfield, it may be said that he reconstructed the Tory party and placed it in accord with the sympathies, the intelligence, and the genius of the nation; that he practically settled the principle of our parliamentary representation; that he reconstituted the South-eastern territories of Europe, and gave to the Continent its charter of

peace. He led the Tory party during a whole generation of men; he trained and attached to himself a skilled body of statesmen; he twice held the foremost rank with eloquence and majesty. The world, however, would never have recognized with the completeness which it ultimately did his transcendent qualities, if the six years of office with a majority had not at last opened to him the chance of a grand administrative success. These last years gave the crown to his career. From the first moment of his accession down to his sudden and unexpected fall before the blind vote of a fickle and easily influenced democracy, his supremacy was never questioned; and toward the close of his Premiership, when the elections of Liverpool and Southwark raised the hopes of his party, it looked as if he were on the point of being invested with an amount of authority greater than has ever before been conferred upon an English statesman, and greater perhaps than it is prudent for the English people ever to confer upon a single man.

Such a career must, as long as English history endures, be one of undying interest. In a short obituary notice like this, which is merely intended to express on the moment the feelings of a great political party for its departed chief, whose whole life and soul and energy were devoted to its service, we can only notice the more salient qualities of Lord Beaconsfield's public life.

It is a striking tribute to his unique force of character that friends and foes have alike recognized that Lord Beaconsfield's personality has been, as it were, more conspicuously impressed upon the politics of his age than that of any contemporary statesman. They refer to the transformation in the temper and spirit of English Conservatism which has been effected since the days of Peel. They refer also to the three guiding principles of his conduct—the earnest desire to improve the condition of the masses, and to attach them to Conservative policy; the insistence with which he enforced the idea that the British Empire must not merely be enjoyed but watchfully maintained; his view that an ancient monarchy ought not to drop too completely out of the thoughts of the people, and that it was

not merely an effective instrument of government at present, but might at any time during any temporary and not improbable eclipse of the authority and *prestige* of the House of Commons, become a rallying point of inestimable value. The vulgar view of Mr. Disraeli's earlier years is that they exhibited levity of principle and conduct. But any one who regards them from the point of view of his writings, of the training which the works of Disraeli the elder show that the son must have received, of upward of forty years unrivalled consistency and tenacity of purpose in Parliament, will probably come to a different conclusion. There was no hereditary tie to either party; there was deep innate scorn for what he termed the pollution of Radicalism; there was an invincible distrust of anything like sectarianism or exclusiveness predominating in the spirit of Conservatism. From the hour that he entered Parliament, or, more properly, from the moment that he became a political figure of importance, he never swerved from the purpose of impressing his own ideal, which may be traced in his earliest writings and speeches, upon the character and aims of British Toryism.

He not unnaturally came into sharp collision with Sir Robert Peel—a man of a wholly different type and training, in many characteristics of statesmanship Mr. Disraeli's superior, but of far inferior intellectual power. Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in his history, has done justice to that stroke of true genius and insight which enabled Mr. Disraeli to stand forward, on the first night of the session of 1846, and practically wrest from Sir R. Peel's hands then and there the leadership of the party which he ever afterward retained. At that time Mr. Disraeli had only been eight years in the House; it was only his second Parliament; he had no powerful connections or official experience. There is no parallel to this incident in parliamentary history. The leadership thus seized was not merely retained for a session, or during a particular controversy. It never reverted to the experienced chief who had dominated successive Parliaments, and who was surrounded by men of matured reputation and experience. It was inevitable that,

in time, the man who could thus maintain his ground against a combination so powerful must succeed to office and to the lead of the House of Commons. In 1852 that event occurred. It is the only instance on Parliamentary record of a man vaulting at once into that difficult post without any antecedent official experience. Mr. Pitt's rise is the nearest approach to it. But in the first few months of Mr. Pitt's Chancellorship, the leadership, titular if not effective, was in other hands. There had, however, been at least two celebrated precedents of conducting the business of the House of Commons in a minority—that of Pitt, in 1784, and that of Peel, in 1835. The struggle in 1852 was maintained with gallantry and skill; but it ended, as all foresaw, in failure before the combined efforts of the most disastrous Coalition that England has ever witnessed. The closing scene of that struggle is of historic interest, and the lapse of nearly thirty years has not dimmed its brilliancy. Four nights of debate had left no doubt that the great financial scheme upon which the government had staked its existence was doomed, and that the Ministry stood face to face with an exulting and victorious combination. It was a crisis in Mr. Disraeli's career, and a disastrous defeat might have associated his name with ignominious failure. But whatever the result of the division upon the prospects of the party, the leader had at least resolved to assert his own position as that of one of the most formidable personages and debaters in English politics. Meeting bitter taunts with thundering invective, he stood up to that last almost unaided encounter with all the celebrities of the House, with desperate energy, and fought for his flag with all those dauntless qualities which belong to a natural and irresistible "king of men." It was one of the most remarkable orations ever made; and in his equally marvellous reply, in which Mr. Gladstone for the first time burst through the bonds of a deprecatory and somewhat sanctimonious eloquence, and abandoned himself to fierce and unsparing personal attack, the present Premier constituted himself the rival of the Conservative chief, and the future leader of the Liberal party. For

half of the succeeding years Mr. Gladstone remained under the protecting ægis of Lords Palmerston and Russell, and was saved from the consequences of his frequent imprudence. But for the remaining half of that period the two leaders have divided between them the respect and devotion of the country, with the result that, notwithstanding the almost uniform numerical superiority of the Liberals since the Reform Bill of 1832, the Conservatives have, since the death of Lord Palmerston, enjoyed a longer tenure of office than their opponents. In February, 1858, this Ministry of a minority returned to power. In the interval, the Eastern Question and the Crimean war had absorbed the attention of Europe. Almost every fresh disclosure has tended to discredit the conduct of the disastrous Coalition, and the mutual rivalries which weakened the Administration, till a vacillating and half-hearted policy landed us inevitably in war, and Lord Aberdeen was dismissed from a post to which he was unequal. But the conduct of the Opposition in those days received at the time the hearty acknowledgments of Lord Palmerston, and has been applauded in all subsequent publications, from Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" downward. It was a successful combination of uncompromising but constitutional opposition to the Ministry, with a steady consistent support to the policy which the nation was pursuing. It will be well if all succeeding Oppositions will, when the external fortunes of the country are hanging in the balance, distinguish with equal success between opposing and weakening the executive—between the official representatives of the whole country, who should be supported, and the mere leaders of a rival party, who may be fairly denounced and supplanted. The Ministry of 1858 had its own foreign *imbroglios* to deal with, but found in Lord Palmerston, as Mr. Disraeli acknowledged at the time, a fair and scrupulous opponent. Its main achievements were the establishment of the direct dominion of the Queen in India in lieu of the old East India Company; and the production of a reform bill, which, equally with that of 1867, exploded the quack device of lowering

the suffrage by a pound or two at a time. Fancy franchises and lateral extension were resorted to, for opinion was not then ripe for a final settlement of the question (which had been prematurely raised by the Whigs) on the only intelligible basis of household rating.

The fall of Lord Derby led to the re-establishment of Lord Palmerston in power; and for six years Masterly Inactivity was the order of the day. During that time there occurred the great civil war in America. One of the most remarkable points in Mr. Disraeli's whole career lies in the prescience and resolutely independent judgment which he displayed during that crisis. Public opinion was to a great extent, we believe, in favor of the South. Some of the Ministers, notably, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, were strongly in favor of non-intervention, and of sympathy being directed in favor of the North. Others, and notably Mr. Gladstone, took a directly opposite view; and the famous speech of the present Premier about Jefferson Davis having created not merely an army and a navy, but a separate nation, long rankled in the minds of the Americans, and formed one of their items of charge against us in the celebrated Alabama controversy. Of all complicity and responsibility of this kind Mr. Disraeli kept himself and his party free, and firmly resisted all pressure to a contrary course. Whatever may have been the force of the arguments in favor of recognizing and supporting the South, there was none in favor of a policy of mere irritation, and of, as far as words and omissions could make it, a malevolent neutrality. It is not too much to say that during that momentous crisis, several of the most trusted leaders of the public, if they did not actually lose their heads, adopted a course not sufficiently well considered and far-seeing to stand the test of time and subsequent experience. It is to the lasting honor of Mr. Disraeli that his own conduct formed, in the judgment of all parties, a bright exception, and gave to him a peculiar personal authority throughout the course of the Alabama troubles. During those greatest of all the foreign complications with which Mr. Gladstone had to deal, his rival was ever at hand to sustain

and encourage his administration. Resolved that no party struggle should by any chance ensue over a question of such momentous interest to the whole civilized world as our relations with America, he abandoned the reserve of an Opposition so far as to sanction Sir Stafford Northcote's acting as one of the Commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Washington. Although, fortunately, the Conservative party has no share in the responsibility for the Alabama arbitration, and its award, the country owes to the wise forbearance and patriotic sagacity of the Conservative chief its escape from still worse complications; and his policy during that trying epoch will form a chapter of solid merit in the annals of his life.

With the death of Lord Palmerston the question of parliamentary reform again was made the prominent subject of attention, and until it was settled the work of legislation was evidently at a standstill. Lord Russell's Ministry essayed the usual experiment of lowering the suffrage by a few pounds at a time—in this instance in the belief that £3 was the amount of diminution which was to save the State, and work a satisfactory reform. The scheme failed, and Lord Derby's Ministry of a minority was for a third time installed in office. The Reform Act of 1867 was, for good or evil, its great legislative work, based upon the principle of household suffrage. The achievement was due entirely to Mr. Disraeli. It was his individual task, entirely in keeping, both in its character and the mode in which it was passed, with his antecedents and special genius. It was described by the late Lord Derby as a process of "Dishing the Whigs," and as a "Leap in the Dark." There can be no doubt from the perusal of Mr. Disraeli's speeches, as they were at that time corrected and published, that, with the exception of his first speech upon reform, as far back, we think, as 1848, before it became of urgent or present importance, these are consistent with the design of associating his name with its settlement, upon principles which might insure a fair chance of permanence. He had, in fact, made the subject his own, while Mr. Gladstone was busy with finance, and Lord John Rus-

sell was distracted by his own personal vicissitudes. The strategy and resource with which he accomplished his purpose, dumbfounding his opponents without, as the result showed, unduly straining the allegiance of his supporters, are well known.

But if Mr. Disraeli, in the matter of Parliamentary reform, achieved success, completely snatching it out of the hands of his rival, Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was ready with his bid for popular support. The first question submitted to the new constituencies was an issue, framed by Mr. Gladstone, whether or not the Irish Church should cease to exist as an established institution. A majority of more than 100 determined that it should cease, and Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the Premiership. A series of harassing and sensational measures followed, upon a small detail in one of which, the Education Act of 1870, the great Liberal party began to crack and divide. All the activity of the Government was swallowed up in legislation, of a kind which alienated as many as it conciliated. Great administrative blunders resulted from this absorption of attention elsewhere; and as regards foreign politics, the authority, and even the legitimate influence of England seemed to be entirely effaced. In fact, at the time of the Berlin Memorandum, the manner in which that famous document was presented to our notice appeared to indicate that in the transaction of European business, foreign statesmen regarded us as entitled to less than courtesy. It was not surprising, therefore, that in little more than four years Mr. Gladstone's authority was gone, and his Ministry was wrecked on the Irish University Bill.

Mr. Disraeli now entered upon the last, the most eventful, and the most famous chapter of his wonderful history. It began with his declining office for his party in May, 1873, just eight years ago. The disintegration of the Liberal party was rapidly progressing, the tide of opinion had turned. Mr. Disraeli refused, with his usual prescience and authority over his followers, to have his hand forced. He resolved that his opponent should go to the country with all his sins upon his shoulders, instead of being absolved by the process of resig-

nation. With his authority too much weakened to render another session endurable, and after several defeats at isolated elections throughout the country, the Minister dissolved Parliament, and his rival, for the first time in his career, found himself at the head of a majority in both Houses of Parliament, strong in the confidence of his Sovereign and in his unbounded popularity throughout the country.

Supreme political power only arrived when age had greatly impaired his physical powers. The country, however, was weary of incessant activity, and the septuagenarian Premier was not urged forward, either from within or from without, toward sensational legislation. He left the conduct of some useful and necessary measures to his colleagues, and reserved to himself that control over the whole home and foreign administration which had been so long neglected. Ireland was pacified with the removal of all restrictions upon the issue of the Habeas Corpus writ, and by other relaxations of the restrictive code of the former Ministry. The first three years of his Premiership were spent in the House of Commons. The withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the post of leader of the Opposition was followed very shortly afterward by the first mutterings of the Eastern Question, in the shape of risings in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which has since turned out to be a great financial as well as political success, and the evident intention to assert our interests in the East, produced an immense accession of popularity to the Government; and during the year 1876 the debates bore witness to the oncoming division of opinion which was to bring Mr. Gladstone back in full vigor and activity to public life almost as soon as he announced his determination to finally quit it. In August, 1876, Mr. Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield, a name destined speedily to become even more famous than that which was laid aside; for the three last years of this celebrated Ministry form the culminating point of Disraeli's life. His power was not in the slightest degree affected by his transference from one House to the other. In fact, his authority had always rested more upon the sway which he exercised

over his colleagues, the House of Parliament, and the country, through its debates, than upon any enthusiasm which he created among the constituencies, and which, however deep-seated, was not so violent and impulsive as that which Mr. Gladstone at times excites. Lord Chatham is, we believe, the only other instance of a Prime Minister passing from one House to the other during the existence of his Ministry; and in his case power was practically lost by the step. Lord Beaconsfield's elevation did not come a moment too soon. His physical powers were no longer equal to the work of the House of Commons, and he was soon to be plunged into the vortex of European politics when they were at their wildest. There was public need of all that "detachment" of intellect with which he was credited, and it was well that he should be withdrawn from all lesser distractions.

The events of these memorable years are too recent to justify recapitulation. The chief personal incidents were the withdrawal at a critical moment of Lord Derby, the friend of twenty-five years, and son of the illustrious statesman whose name was so long associated with that of Disraeli; and the accession to the Foreign Office of Lord Salisbury, and the mission of both statesmen to the Congress of Berlin. The former of these incidents occasioned a touching tribute to the memory of a celebrated friendship, but also it enabled Lord Beaconsfield at length to stand forth as the champion of the public law of Europe, and boldly to insist that the arrangements of San Stefano should be submitted to readjustment by the Signatories of the Treaty of Paris. To that treaty, confirmed in 1871, the British Minister had always appealed. He had been prevented by the agitation of 1876 and the other circumstances of the time from offering armed resistance to Russian aggression; but with the fleet stationed near the Bosphorus, Indian troops at Malta, votes of money by overwhelming majorities in Parliament, he plainly indicated that the Treaty of San Stefano must, in order to be binding, be imposed by force of arms upon Great Britain as well as upon Turkey. From this task Russia shrank, and the equitable readjustment of the San Stefano

stipulations, to which she was forced to submit, resulted in the Treaty of Berlin. That treaty will remain, we hope, as a complete international settlement of the south-eastern territories of Europe, the maintenance of which will be understood to mean peace, and the disturber of which will incur the guilt and responsibility of war.

The greatest event in the life of Lord Beaconsfield was his visit to Berlin as the First Plenipotentiary of Great Britain; the greatest day was probably his triumphal entrance into London after his return. During the Congress, and in his journey toward it, he never ceased for an instant to be the great attraction. And in Paris he is credited with having deterred Germany in 1875 from renewing the Franco-German war. The *Times* correspondent at Paris writes: "He filled so large a part in European preoccupation, that his disappearance has produced something like the impression of the disappearance of a dynasty." The correspondent of the same paper at Berlin writes: "The deceased statesman was regarded as the restorer of the British *prestige* on the Continent," and speaks emphatically of the high honor in which he was held. Two anecdotes of Prince Bismarck may be quoted on their authority; one, that in his private cabinet a portrait of the Prince's wife hangs on the right hand of that of the Emperor, while that of Lord Beaconsfield hangs on the left in recognition of the prominent part which the deceased statesman played at the Congress, and of the high estimation in which his great qualities were held. Another is, that the Prince used these remarkable words, in reference to the firm stand which Lord Beaconsfield had made in vindication of the rights of Great Britain:—

" 'Schouvaloff and Beaconsfield,' he is related to have said, 'are the two leading figures in this Congress, and I am delighted with watching them. Beaconsfield has wonderful presence of mind, is versatile and energetic, lets nothing excite him, and has admirably defended his cause. English pride is safe in his hands: and when the negotiations were broken off on the 21st of June, he was manfully leading his country to war. It was then that I intervened. Both he and Schouvaloff have done their duty, and have saved their country from war. My only merit was bringing them to-

gether at a moment when they could not themselves make any advances.' "

But Lord Beaconsfield needed no foreign tribute to recommend his conduct to the gratitude and approval of his countrymen. He had reached the zenith of his reputation, and hardly any career in history contains a prouder episode or a more exalted fame. He had saved his country from war, and had given peace to Europe; and the world admitted that Great Britain had reconquered her old ascendancy on the Continent. Had Lord Beaconsfield dissolved Parliament on his return, he might have obtained a renewed lease of power; but it is, in our judgment, more to his permanent credit that he did not. The result of a dissolution is at any time a most uncertain thing to forecast; and he would not have acted fairly by his allies, his supporters, and the peace of Europe, if he had incurred the risk of transferring to the Liberal leaders, in the impracticable position which they then occupied, the task of presiding over the execution of the treaty. The same firmness which had won the treaty was needed to secure its execution; and not till the last Russian had quitted the Turkish empire, and the main points of the treaty had been carried out, did Lord Beaconsfield dissolve. From the date of his triumphal entry into London, Lord Beaconsfield, as we can now see, entered upon the period of his decline in power. When an administration is growing six years old, the least change in its fortunes or in its luck is likely to prove fatal. The isolated elections still went in his favor, and continued to do so till the dissolution; and to the last—as long as the natural term of his Ministry extended—Lord Beaconsfield was cordially, and even enthusiastically, supported. His letter to the Duke of Marlborough, the last State paper that came from his hand, spoke to the country in tones of dignity and firmness, in all respects worthy of being the last official utterances of a great parliamentary Premier.

Exactly a year elapsed from Lord Beaconsfield's resignation to his death. He died on the anniversary of his delivering up the seals of office to the Queen. The characteristic cheerfulness with which he bore the reverse was

equalled only by the confident silence with which he endured all the attacks upon his policy during its progress and during the election. He no doubt felt that he was doing a durable work, and that he would hand down to posterity a *monumentum ere perennius* of which no eloquence could impair the value, and which no eloquence was needed to defend. During that year his personal position has been stronger than ever, the devotion of his followers completely sustained, the admiration of his countrymen and of foreign nations undiminished. It is impossible that any

man should bequeath to the notice of posterity stronger proofs of the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, or of the ascendancy which he exercised over them. History will judge for itself the character of his aims and of his policy ; but among the many illustrious names of statesmen that crowd its pages, that of Benjamin Disraeli Earl of Beaconsfield will be overshadowed by none in the splendor of his fame, and in the completeness of his devotion to the honor and interests of his country.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

BIMETALLISM.

BY PROFESSOR W. STANLEY JEVONS.

IT may be safely said that the question of bimetallism is one which does not admit of any precise and simple answer. It is essentially an indeterminate problem. It involves several variable quantities and many constant quantities, the latter being either inaccurately known or in many cases altogether unknown. The present annual supply of gold and of silver are ascertained with fair approach of certainty, but the future supplies are matter of doubt. The demand for the metals again involves wholly unknown quantities, depending partly upon the course of trade, but partly also upon the action of foreign peoples and governments, about which we can only form surmises.

The question is much complicated, again, by presenting a double problem—that regarding the next decade of years, and that regarding the more remote future. Possibly, a step which might be convenient during the course of the next five, ten, or fifteen years, would prove subsequently to be the mere postponement of a real and inevitable difficulty. When we pursue an inquiry of this complex and indeterminate kind, it resolves itself into endless hypotheses as to what will or will not happen if something else happens or does not happen. Nevertheless, it does not follow that, because statistical science fails us, we can come to no practical conclusion ; on the contrary, from the very vagueness and uncertainty of

the subject may emerge a conviction that it is best to do nothing at all. A party of travellers lost in a fog will probably indulge in a great many speculations and arguments as to the possible paths and turnings they might take ; but the wisest course may, nevertheless, be to stay where they are until the air becomes clear.

Looking at the question, in the first place, as a chronic one, that is, as regarding the constitution of monetary systems during centuries, it is indispensable to remember the fact, too much overlooked by disputants, that the values of gold and silver are ultimately governed, like those of all other commodities, by the cost of production. Unless clear reasons, then, can be shown, why silver should be more constant in its circumstances of production than gold, there is no ground for thinking that a bimetallic gold and silver money will afford a more steady standard of value than gold alone. The common argument that there will not be enough gold to carry on the trade of the world with, does not stand a moment's examination in this aspect. In the first place, if the value of gold rises, more gold will be produced, and the great number of gold-mining enterprises now being put forth may have some connection with this principle. In the second place, so long as sudden changes of supply and demand can be avoided, it is almost a matter of indifference, within

certain limits, whether there is much gold or little. Prices having once settled themselves, it is only a question of carrying a little more metal or a little less in your pocket. As Cantillon, and subsequently, but independently, Hume, remarked, if the money in the world were suddenly doubled or halved trade would go on as before, all prices being approximately doubled or halved. But of course the interests of creditors and debtors would be affected while the change was in progress.

Now, as regards the *chronic* question, it is probable, though not certain, that the establishment of the bimetallic ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 would give a worse rather than a better standard of value, because the momentary standard is always the over-estimated metal. The double standard system gives an option to the debtor, so that if either gold or silver were in future years discovered in large quantities, the debtor would have the benefit. In the monometallic system there is no option, and all parties stake their interests on the single metal. To these considerations must be added the historical fact that silver has during the last thousand years fallen in value more than gold. The ratio of values in the Middle Ages was about 10 to 1, fluctuating at times to 12 to 1. Later on silver became comparatively cheaper, and in the latter part of the last century, $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 correctly represented the natural ratio. For some fifty years it was held pretty steadily at this point by the action of the French Currency Law. The unprecedented discoveries of gold in California, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, reversed the course of prices for a time, but more lately the tendency to a preponderating fall of silver has reasserted itself. No doubt the events here so briefly recapitulated admit of endless discussion, and it would be impossible even to mention the volumes which have been written since the time of Locke upon the comparative steadiness of value of gold and silver. There emerges a certain degree of probability that silver is more subject to depreciation than gold, although both have, in the course of a thousand years, been very greatly depreciated in comparison with corn and the chief kinds of raw materials.

If this may be assumed to be the case, it follows that an attempt to re-establish the ratio $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 would tend to discourage the production of the dearer metal, gold, and to encourage the production of the more depreciated silver. We should be filling our pockets and our strong-boxes with a metal $15\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy and $28\frac{1}{2}$ times as bulky as gold, proportionally to value, in order to get a worse medium of exchange, and a probably worse standard of value. Nor should we be approximating toward a better state of things. If gold is destined ultimately to be the general standard of value of all civilized nations, we must let it take its own natural value, and must allow the appreciation, if any, to tell upon the profits of mining. But the arbitrary reduction in the value of gold, involved in the present bimetallic project, would tend constantly to replace gold by silver; and unless it were desired actually to take silver as the medium of exchange, the last state of things would be worse than the first. It thus becomes plain that a bimetallic *régime* is not the means of approximating to a gold *régime*. On the contrary, it must either be a permanent *régime*, or it will sooner or later leave us with a vast stock of silver, liable to sudden depreciation, and a diminished stock of gold. In short, the project of M. Cernuschi is not a real panacea for our present troubles; it is only a mode of postponement leading to eventual aggravation.

When we turn to the *temporary* view of the subject, by which I mean the circumstances and interests of the next ten or fifteen years, the difficulties increase, chiefly because the data become wholly uncertain and contingent. The great principle of the cost of production fails us, because in the case of such durable commodities as gold and silver, the accumulated stock in hand is immensely greater than the annual production or consumption. It stands to reason, of course, that if several great nations suddenly decide that they will at all cost have gold currencies to be coined in the next few years, the annual production cannot meet the demand, which must be mainly supplied, if at all, out of stock. The result would, doubtless, be a tendency to a fall of prices. M. de

Laveleye, in one of the able articles which he is contributing to the *Indépendance Belge*, as an advocate of Cernuschiism, points to a fall of 30 per cent, which he thinks has already been occasioned by the demand for gold currency. He excites our imagination as to what may be expected to happen should Italy and other countries need gold for coining. But he omits to observe that the fall of 30 per cent. is probably due for the most part to the collapse of credit and speculation, a periodic event of which we have had many prior instances. The period of 1833 to 1844, especially, was one when no great wars and monetary operations were in progress; it was a period of active industrial and commercial progress. Yet the tables of prices given by Tooke, in his "History of Prices," and reduced in my paper on the Variation of Prices, communicated to the Statistical Society in May, 1865 (vol. xxviii. pp. 294-320), show that the average prices rose by 22½ per cent between 1833 and 1839, and fell 25 per cent between this last year and 1844. So far as I have been able to discover, this great oscillation was entirely due to the general expansion of trade and credit, and to its subsequent collapse. Like causes have certainly been in operation in the last ten or twelve years; and if, as seems probable, we are now getting round by the lapse of time to the period when trade naturally revives, experience would prevent us from imagining that the late fall of values will be continued or repeated without an intervening rise. I am far from denying that if the Italian Government decide to carry into effect M. Luzzatti's threat of buying gold at all hazards, and if the like course be taken by the United States and France, not to speak of Germany, then there might be a considerable disturbance of values for a time. But is it likely that such proceedings will be taken by rational statesmen and rational parliaments? It is really too absurd to suppose that any country will insist upon immediately having a gold currency at any cost, regardless of the fact that it will thereby injure its own trade and commerce in the getting. The position is simply this. We have had for fifty years or more an abundant currency of

gold. Italy and some other countries have a paper currency. Suddenly becoming disgusted with paper, they say that unless we consent immediately to abandon our gold to a great extent, and take silver instead, they will insist upon buying our gold from us at whatever price we like to ask for it. We have so good a currency that, unless we consent to give it up willingly, they will insist on borrowing it from us. But surely in this case possession is nine points of the law. The largest stock of gold in the world is to be found in England, and many of the great gold-producing districts are to be found in the English colonies or dependencies. If these foreign nations insist upon having gold currencies, they must pay our price for gold, and they must in raising the price benefit us and our colonies, comparatively speaking.

When we consider what are the difficulties put forward as the ground of this bimetallic crotchet, we find that they arise either out of the sudden issue and withdrawal of paper money, or else out of the efforts of certain governments to get rid of silver. If the Italians suddenly want fifteen or twenty millions of specie, it is because they allowed their specie to be replaced by paper in former years, and they now discover the evils of a variable paper currency. Germany wants gold, because Prince Bismarck and his economists recognized the soundness of the principles on which Lord Liverpool fashioned our metallic currency. But because Germany has met with a temporary check in striving after a gold standard, is there any reason that we, who have had a gold standard with little interruption since the time of Sir Isaac Newton, should throw it up at the demand of M. Cernuschi? The difficulties of France simply consist in the fact, that, having had the law of the double standard previously in operation, she suspended the action of the law as soon as it began to occasion a return of silver. If all civilized countries were to adopt the double standard, they would just be inviting the growth of a silver currency, which France, with full experience of the use of silver, has practically decided to avoid.

Much that has recently been published on this subject, including the official

text of the draft resolution to be submitted to the Conference in Paris, implies that the French law establishing the double standard was intended to act as a regulator of the values of the metals according to the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The fact, however, is that no such idea seems to have prompted the law. Gaudin, who in the ninth year of the Revolution proposed the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, did so upon the ground that this ratio was sufficiently near to that of the market values to allow coins of gold and silver to circulate side by side indifferently. In case the market ratio should alter after a time, he thought that the gold pieces could be melted and reissued. Sir Isaac Newton, again, when in 1717 he fixed the guinea at 21s., did so upon the ground that this was the closest convenient approximation to market rates. Only four months ago I quoted in the *Contemporary Review* (January, 1881, vol. xxxix. p. 73) the remarks of Cantillon upon this decision of Newton. Cantillon says:—

“It is the market price which decides the proportion of the value of gold to that of silver. On this is based the proportion which we give to pieces of gold and silver money. If the market price varies considerably, it is necessary to alter the proportion of the coins. If we neglect to do this the circulation is thrown into confusion and disorder,” etc. There is, in fact, no precedent for the views now pressed upon us. It is not even proposed to accept the prevailing ratio of the markets, but by an arbitrary convention to raise up silver to the place it held in the markets before, which involves bringing down gold so as to meet it about half-way. I do not undertake to deny that if a convention were agreed upon, and carried into formal effect, it might possibly raise silver to its former price of 59*d.* per ounce. The measure is one of so novel a character that it is almost impossible to say what would or would not happen. The attempt to force silver dollars into use in the United States has entirely failed, and it might fail even under a convention. It is quite conceivable that in the United Kingdom and the colonies the scheme would be defeated by the tacit refusal of the people to accept silver legal tender. A bank or a trades-

man might try to stand upon his legal rights, but the result would be a kind of commercial “Boycotting.” Some formula would probably be discovered for contracting affairs out of the Double Legal Tender Law. At present there is no law to prevent people from making contracts in terms of gold or silver bullion, or tin or copper or corn, or whatever else they like, which is capable of precise definition. Even if the law were not thus circumvented, it might still be possible to make payments in gold a point of honor.

Then, again, the perpetual maintenance of this supposed convention is the only safeguard against the most serious inconvenience to some of the parties to it. The convention would resemble a chain, the breaking of each link of which would throw an increased strain upon the other links. There exist, indeed, a good many international conventions relating to postal intercourse, extradition of criminals, copyright, and so forth; but in none of these cases would the breaking or suspension of the convention result in any ruinous consequences. There would be suspension of benefits rather than occasion of evil. But should war break out among some of the countries involved in the monetary convention, the probable effect would be to throw the mass of silver coin upon neutral nations. This might be done without any express breach of the convention, simply by the issue of paper money, a measure which we cannot pretend to consider unlikely, seeing that the chief difficulties of the present monetary situation arise out of efforts for the withdrawal of recent paper-money issues. It is true that the 8th Article of the proposed Convention enacts that “the fact of issuing or allowing to be issued paper money, convertible or otherwise, shall not relieve the State issuing it, or allowing it to be issued, from the above stipulated obligation of keeping its mints always open for the free mintage of the two metals at the ratio of 1 to $15\frac{1}{2}$.” But as far as I can understand this “keeping of the mints open,” it seems probable that this article would be quite nugatory in time of war. If silver were depreciated 5 or 10 per cent, paper legal tender might easily be depreciated

20 or 30 per cent, and nobody would think of coining silver to pay their debts, when they could pay them so much more cheaply with paper. The issue of paper legal tender forms then, to the best of my belief, an indirect mode of abrogating the Convention without a distinct breach of faith. No government has ever yet resisted the temptation of resorting to paper under serious stress of war, and therefore, until a wiser and better state of things is brought about in the long course of time, it would seem impossible to fulfil the first condition of the bimetallic project—the making of an indefeasible convention.

When a measure is so clearly undesirable, it is hardly needful to point out the many difficulties which would arise in its operation. But there is one which presents itself to my mind as almost insuperable—namely, the confusion which would be produced in the masses of national and other debts contracted in terms of gold money. Silver is now about 13 per cent below its old customary value, compared with gold. If, then, debts contracted formerly in gold could be paid in silver, by the option of the bimetallic system, the claims of all creditors would be endangered to this extent, and in all probability would be depreciated to half that extent. Nor would the matter be much improved by enacting that old debts should be paid in gold as contracted, because gold, being forced into a fixed par with silver, would be depreciated, say, six per cent. The adoption of the bimetallic *régime* would be a *coup d'état* affecting the value of all past monetary contracts in a degree incapable of estimation; and although such a *coup*, or almost any other *coup*, might be advisable under certain circumstances, according to the maxim, *salus populi suprema lex*, yet it would be clearly impossible to unsettle the whole monetary contracts of the British nation and the British race, to the extent of some six per cent or more, for the sake of the exceedingly problematic, if not visionary, advantages to be derived from this proposed convention.

Though it thus appears to be altogether out of the question that the English Government should contemplate

the abandonment of the gold standard, there are two or three minor measures of a temporary nature which might perhaps be adopted to relieve the disturbed relations of the precious metals. There would probably be little or no inconvenience in raising the limit of legal currency of silver coin in the United Kingdom to five pounds instead of two pounds as at present. This change would probably prove to be a merely nominal one, unless bankers and others could be induced to pay out silver coin more largely than at present. The Mint gains so handsome a profit upon the coinage of silver money at present that the opportunity might well be taken to throw as much silver into circulation as possible; but unless the habits of the people be changed it would not stop in circulation. There is, in fact, at present a very clear disinclination on the part of the public to take any larger amount of silver money than is necessary. It is an almost unknown thing in England for any tradesman to give as much as two pounds in silver change. No customer is expected to take more than ten, or at the most twenty shillings in silver, and any surplus of silver receipts is paid into the banking account, and the general balance of the district is eventually returned to the Bank of England. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Seyd's scheme of a four-shilling piece or any other scheme would overcome this fixed habit, which is moreover a reasonable habit.

It will easily be seen that in this article I do not pretend to enter into the complexities of the subject, nor to answer the numerous arguments adduced in favor of the bimetallic project. The literature and statistics of the subject are of an almost interminable extent. If any reader wants to learn what he has to read before he can be considered to have mastered this subject, let him refer to "A Partial List of Modern Publications on the Subject of Money," prepared by Mr. Horton, and printed among the Appendices to the Official American Report on the International Monetary Conference, held in Paris, in August, 1878. This volume is replete with information on the subject. But my contention is that to wade through

the interminable discussions on bimetalism is about as useful as to wander through a forest in a mist, the happiest

result of which is usually to find yourself back again at the point you started from.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE SUNBEAM IN A STORM.

AN EXTRACT FROM MRS. BRASSEY'S DIARY.

At the beginning of October last year, we left the Sunbeam at Birkenhead, in order that sundry repairs might be executed by Messrs. Laird, and that she might be reclassified at Lloyd's. By the end of the month the work was nearly completed, and the surveyor had just examined and passed her, when one day a carpenter, engaged in caulking, lost his auger through a hole he had made. In searching for it, his fingers encountered a mass of crumbling dust, and a suspicion of dry rot immediately arose. A careful examination was made, and upon stripping off the copper it was discovered that for a depth of about six feet and a length of seventy on each side of the engine many planks were entirely and all partially rotten. It seems that these planks were all of elm instead of teak; for at the time the Sunbeam was built it had not been discovered in private establishments, though it was known in the Government dockyards, that elm is a wood that will not stand in a dry, hot atmosphere. Oddly enough, it will last long if always wet, or alternately wet and dry, but it is very liable to rot if entirely protected from moisture. The defective planks were at once replaced with teak, and the dear old Sunbeam is now as strong and as seaworthy as she ever was.

A few days before Christmas, Tom went down to Birkenhead to bring her round to Portsmouth; and a very rough time he had of it. After leaving the Mersey, he was obliged to put into Holyhead for shelter from a terrible gale, which prevented the mail steamers from crossing, and did great damage. From the foreyard of the Sunbeam one small ship was seen to founder in Holyhead Bay with all hands, while a large clipper homeward bound weathered the Skerries with the greatest difficulty. Many were the clever feats of seamanship performed by those in charge of the numerous

sailing vessels seeking to gain the shelter of the breakwater.

The next morning the Sunbeam left the harbor under sail and steam, and had just rounded the lighthouse, when a heavy sea struck her and carried away her jibboom and fore-topmast. The next day she was hove to in the British Channel, in the face of another heavy gale, and finally reached Portsmouth on Wednesday, December 29th.

Our departure for the Mediterranean had been fixed for 1.30 P.M. on Thursday, January 20th.

Tuesday, January 18th, will long be remembered by every one in England as one of the most awful days that have been known for many years. Heavy snow, driven before a fierce gale from the northeast, impeded all traffic in the streets, broke telegraph wires, stopped trains, snowed up mail-carts, and made communication everywhere difficult and in many places impossible. First of all I received a telegram from the servants, who with all our luggage had started from Normanhurst for the yacht at 5 A.M., to say that they were snowed up at Brighton. Then came one from Portsmouth, to say that the yacht had been blown from her moorings and had lost two anchors. Then one to say that the children were snowed up there, on their way from London to Brighton. Then innumerable telegrams as to things I had ordered for the yacht, which could not possibly be sent off; a message from Kindred, the sailing master, to say that he was snowed up on his way from London, and another from the children to the effect that they had got back to Park Lane safely, none the worse for their adventures, thanks to the kindness of a friend.

In the face of all these mishaps I began to despair of making a start on Thursday, though it was most important that we should do so if possible, on account of Tom's leave. Telegrams were de-

spatched to urge everybody to use their utmost efforts to get on board, and I determined to make a start myself the next day for Brighton, *en route* to Portsmouth. A way was cleared by gardeners and laborers through the deep drifts of snow near our farm gate; and, by starting an hour and a half sooner than we should have had to do in the ordinary state of things, we managed to get to Hastings station in time for the train, at the imminent risk of being upset into one or other of the deep drifts on the road. At the station we parted from our friends, and proceeded to Brighton.

Arrived at Brighton station, our difficulties began again. The streets were nearly impassable, only a narrow path being cleared in the middle of each of the principal thoroughfares; so that, besides having to crawl along at a very slow pace, it was necessary to wait every now and then at the top of some of the side streets for vehicles coming in the other direction to pass us.

Thursday, January 20th, we all proceeded straight on board, where the troubles and inconvenience caused by the snowstorm still pursued us. The decks were covered with frozen snow, and innumerable packages that had arrived at the last moment; to say nothing of a large wherry alongside, full of boxes, baskets, and barrels and tubs of salt beef and pork for the crew, all of which added to the general confusion. By three o'clock, however, the last anchor was weighed, and we were slowly gliding down the harbor. Opposite the railway pier we said farewell to our friends, and an hour later we were clear of the Spit buoy—not so very unpunctual after all, considering the numerous and unexpected difficulties we had had to contend with. Nothing but the determination to start, with or without our bag and baggage, enabled us to get off. There was a thick fog, and the air was very cold; but fortunately the fires burnt pretty well, and we were able to keep ourselves tolerably warm below.

Friday was a lovely day, with a light fair wind and a hot sun. The gentlemen walked and sat on deck without extra coats, the birds sung cheerfully, and everybody enjoyed the bright sunshine, though the wind was still some-

what cold. What a change within twenty-four hours or less! The sea was as nearly smooth as possible; and as we neared Ushant, toward evening, every one remarked what a splendid night we should have for entering the Bay—not the least sign of more wind, and the barometer rising fast. The result proved the truth of the old adage that appearances are sometimes deceptive.

By seven o'clock the breeze had freshened considerably, and we were rolling and tumbling about. The wind increased, and before dinner was over it had become impossible to sit at the table, which was flying about in the most uncomfortable manner. "Early to bed" was therefore the general order. At midnight we were all awake by a great shock, the vessel being apparently thrown on her beam ends. A tremendous smashing and tearing noise was heard on deck, while the water poured below in torrents through the skylights and down the hatches. It was evident that there was a great deal of water on deck, and that they were far too busy there to pay much attention to us. The stewards came and did what they could to help us; but the waves seemed to break continually over the deck, and the water poured down below in such quantities that I became quite alarmed for the safety of the vessel. The nursery presented a most dismal appearance, being full of water to a considerable depth. The children were fortunately high and dry in the upper berths, and were as good as gold; while the maids did their best under very trying circumstances. So much water came through the skylight in my own cabin, in spite of covers, tarpaulins, and lashings, that I was nearly washed out of bed; and the noise it made, as it rushed from one side of the cabin to the other with the rolling of the vessel, was anything but reassuring.

Toward morning Tom came down for a few minutes, the engineers went to the pumps, and steps were taken to batten us down securely and stop the leaks. Then it was that we discovered that the clamps of the skylights—which, for the convenience of stowing sails away in the winter time, are made to lift completely on and off as well as merely to open—

had never been properly secured before the yacht left Birkenhead. The consequence was, that, when a heavy sea broke on board, the water lifted the skylights up a few inches and rushed in like a cataract. This unfortunate piece of carelessness would never have been overlooked if our invaluable "Chippy" (the carpenter) had not been laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis, and been left behind in England.

When I went along forward, I found the saloon in just as bad a state as the nursery, and from just the same cause. These little mishaps almost always happen when rough weather comes on, directly after the commencement of a fresh voyage, before the new hands have had time to settle down to their work properly.

Having described our experience below, I will now relate what was going on on deck. About twelve o'clock at night, the look-out man suddenly reported a light on the port bow, following this up by shouting out "Hard-a-star-board!" The man at the wheel, not recognizing the voice, owing to the roaring and howling of the wind, obeyed the order only too promptly, before Tom—who had noticed, what the look-out man had not seen in the blinding rain and snow, that the light was that of a steamer and not of a sailing vessel—could countermand it. The result was that, as the course was altered, and the Sunbeam came suddenly up to the wind, the press of canvas she was carrying caused her to bury herself in the sea, from which she emerged with the loss of her jibboom. Fortunately, however, the fore-topmast stood the strain, and did not follow suit, as is so often the case. Sturmer, the man who was steering, said to me afterward: "As soon as I put the helm down, ma'am, she seemed to bury herself completely in the sea. I could see and hear nothing of anybody; there was nothing but waves pouring right over her. I thought they were all washed overboard, and that no one but me was left to manage the vessel." Both watches and every available hand were on deck, reefing sails, lowering topmasts, and stowing boats. Presently another great sea came on board, filling the waist of the vessel completely, and tearing out the

bows of the big cutter that was secured on deck, and carrying away a piece of the lee rail. The poor Glance is the same boat we so nearly lost in 1877, as we were running up to Yokohama, when she was washed out of the davits in a storm.

When Saturday morning broke, matters did not mend. The gale continued, the sea ran mountains high, and got worse and worse every minute. From eight o'clock until noon was a most anxious period. Sail had been shortened, and all preparations were made to heave to; so that when it was decided that it would be better to run, there was great difficulty in getting sail enough on her in time to prevent her being pooped. Twice in quick succession were two helmsmen knocked down at the wheel, washed into the lee-scuppers, and very nearly carried overboard. One man was raised by the water level with the rail, but happily kept his presence of mind, and, floating with his hands open, managed to seize a rope and so save himself. I never saw Tom look so anxious and worn-out as at this time, for he had had no rest at all since the gale commenced. Twice he took the wheel himself—up to his waist in water—to prevent her broaching-to. Once a helmsman, less experienced than the others, did allow her to broach-to; and in a moment our square sail was carried completely away, and we were very near going to the bottom altogether. Our pace was now so much diminished that the tops of the waves, which seemed to pursue us with demon-like fury, kept coming over the stern and covering the decks with water, while there was, of course, always the risk of one higher and fiercer than the rest breaking on board and filling us up altogether. However they soon managed to get the double-reefed square topsail on her (which would have been better done before, and would probably have saved the square-sail; but one can only learn by experience), and once more we were scudding away before the gale. The force of the wind may be imagined from the fact that, in spite of the delay caused by these misfortunes, and the small amount of canvas we were able to carry, we ran 315 nautical, or 360 statute, miles, in twenty-four hours,

with a heavy cross-sea running, caused by a westerly swell and an easterly gale.

It was a terribly grand sight, standing in a somewhat sheltered spot, a little forward of the deck-house, and holding on "by your eyelids," to look along the deck, especially when we mounted the crest of one of these high seas. It was really like looking down a steep precipice to watch the helmsman at the other end of the ship, so perpendicularly did the bows rise. The crest of the next wave behind seemed to be higher than the mainmast, and appeared as if it must engulf and overwhelm us completely; but, as a rule, it only raced by us, flinging some of its spray contemptuously on our deck. The tops of several, however, came over the port quarter, when the helmsman would be completely lost to sight for a few moments. The waves were black as ink, and, oh! so ugly and fierce-looking as they rushed past, turning and twisting the yacht about, and making her tremble and shiver from stem to stern. It is at such a moment as this that one loves the Sunbeam more than ever. She is so like a thing endowed with life and instinct, as she seems to shake herself free from the greedy clutches of the powerful monsters of waves, compared with which she looks so small and helpless. When you think, too, that she contains much, if not all, of what is nearest and dearest to you, and that she is doing her best to make a gallant fight of it and to carry you through safely, it is impossible not to feel that the dear little craft well merits the mixed meed of gratitude and admiration that she has won from all on board of her.

It was all terribly and fearfully exciting; for if anything had given way, all would have been over with us in a few moments. No boat could have lived in such a sea, nor would there have been any time to launch one.

Everything had now been well battered down, so that below we were free from the intrusion of more water, though it was pitch dark, very airless, and everything was so wet that it was almost impossible to find a dry corner to sit down in. Not a complaint was heard from any one, though all were undoubtedly very uncomfortable. Baby was the only very cheery one of the party, being

perfectly well and not having the least idea of danger. In fact, she was rather amused by the novelty of the scene, and the various difficulties and contrivances for overcoming them.

Sunday was much finer, and all hands were, perforce, hard at work temporarily repairing damages, shaking out reefs, and generally setting things straight; though, even when all that was possible had been accomplished, the vessel presented but a dishevelled appearance, very different from her usual smart dandy trim.

In the afternoon we were able to have service; and scarcely ever could the hymn for those at sea, "Eternal Father, strong to save," have been sung under more appropriate circumstances. I saw many of the old hands with tears in their eyes, no doubt meditating over the dangers and merciful escapes of the past two days. We have indeed much, very much, to be thankful for in having weathered the terrible storm so safely.*

Monday, January 24.—We lay to for some time in the morning to secure the wreck of the jibboom, and to reef some of the sails. The wind was paltry, and in the afternoon we got up steam.

At 8 P.M. the light on the Burlings was sighted from the mast-head, exactly three days after rounding Ushant. The barometer was falling, and from other indications we were rather afraid of a gale from the south or southwest, which, happily, did not arrive.

Tuesday, January 25.—The day began with a calm. Fires were therefore lighted, and we commenced to steam; but soon there came a breeze, with a nasty cross-sea, telling tales of the past or foreboding evil in the future. We hoped that it might be the former, as may be imagined.

At 7.45 P.M., when the wind had fallen light and we were again steaming, the fore-stay suddenly gave way with a crash. It is indeed most providential that this did not happen in the Bay a short time since, for in that case we should probably have been in as bad, or perhaps in a worse plight than the poor Wanderer, which two years ago carried away her fore-stay while crossing the Bay in a gale. Within twenty-five min-

* Gibraltar, January 26, 1881.

utes she had lost her fore and main-masts over the side—snapped off short within six feet of the deck—and was obliged to make the best of her way back to England to refit. This happened in not nearly so bad a tempest as we have just encountered. The fore-stay is one of the most important parts of the rigging of a ship, for upon it falls a great portion of the strain of keeping all the three masts in an upright position.

Wednesday, January 26.—The weather was squally and very thick. The gale from the southwest had come at last, and being on the beam it caused us to tumble about even more than we had done on Friday and Saturday, when we were running before the wind.

It was another day of anxiety for Tom, as we were sailing along a lee shore, close reefed, at a speed of nine knots, and it was impossible to see more than a few hundred yards ahead through the driving rain and mist, or to tell precisely where we were.

Some of the passengers were very miserable in their berths below, but baby, all unconscious of danger, seemed, as usual, to thoroughly enjoy the various ludicrous incidents and small catastrophes that always occur on these occasions. There was a good deal of loose water flying about, and not much room on deck, with all the boats in board. A snug place was therefore found for her, just inside the deck-house door, where, enveloped in macintoshes, she fairly screamed with delight as the men slithered and slid and fell about on the slippery decks. She thought it especially amusing when the cook opened the meat safe and a leg of mutton flew out in his face, while a large piece of beef followed suit, striking him on the chest and completely knocking

him over. The cook's boy was busily engaged at the same time in the vain pursuit of carrots, turnips, and potatoes, that broke loose from the vegetable bunkers and were floating about in the lee-scuppers, while a few poor miserable-looking draggle-tailed cocks and hens sought shelter beneath the sails and completed the picture of discomfort and confusion. One of the hen-coops had already been washed adrift, and its twelve unfortunate occupants drowned.

Cooking was rather a difficult operation, on account of the smoke being driven back into the galley by the wind coming out of the sails, and by the roll of the vessel; but, fortunately, no one was very hungry.

The gale continuing, steam was got up in case of an emergency, but soon after noon the fog lifted for a few minutes and showed us Cape Trafalgar, right ahead. The course was accordingly altered and the engines were stopped for a time.

As soon as we had sighted Tarifa, another change of course was made, the wind became more favorable, and we ceased to roll about so much. It was still, however, blowing hard, and Tom accordingly decided, after going close to Europa, to anchor at Algeciras for the night, so as to be under shelter of the land and to afford his passengers—to say nothing of himself—the opportunity of enjoying a quiet night in smooth water.

Thursday, January 27.—At 6.30 A.M. all hands were mustered, and two hours later we were anchored inside the New Mole, having thus made the passage from England, a distance of 1276 knots, in six days and three hours, 914 knots under sail and 362 under steam.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE FORTUNES OF LITERATURE UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

THE value of literature, as an art of expression, unquestionably depends upon the social conditions under which it is practised. However differently, in particular cases, the balance of in-

debtedness between the author and his age may be accounted, society does determine somewhat his mental characteristics, and still more the limits of his experience; his work is a reflex of the

social life in which he shared. If it fortunately happens that the authors and the people of a country think and feel about the same objects in ways not so dissimilar as to make them unintelligible to each other, and thus possess an essential bond of union, literature becomes an expression of national life, a permanent embodiment of the national spirit. The literature of England answers most nearly to this idea of a national literature; and therefore M. Taine, as he himself says, chose to write of it, because it best illustrates and supports his theory that a nation's life—the character and circumstances of its people and the special social movements of its successive ages—determines, by a force akin to natural law, a specific literature. If he had chosen to write of American literature, how ill would it have served his purpose! Perhaps M. Taine would reply that we in America are not a literary people, that we have no national literature, and that what literature has flourished among us is of a leaf and fibre sprung from foreign soil; in such a reply, indeed, there would be much truth.

Certainly, our literature has been, to a remarkable degree, remote from the national life. There has been but slight mutual obligation between our books and our politics or our society. Even among men of genius, who are usually more withdrawn than others from the influence peculiar to their time, and are either indifferent to them or masters over them, our men of genius seem peculiarly isolated. Their temperaments, in so far as these were the result of past human experience working secretly through the subtle channels of hereditary descent, were born of a civilization far different from our own, a civilization religious, colonial, and local, not secular, self-sustaining, and national. These men fashioned, the treasures of our literature by their own creative force and artistic instinct, with but slight obligation to their country either for the material of their work or for the knowledge of their craft. Engrossed with their own unshared powers and qualities, they stood aloof from the nation and its concerns. They set out on the eternal search for beauty and truth, guided, like all the greatest, by the elemental principles in human nature, like

voyagers on strange seas, steering by the pole star, borne on by trade wind or gulf-stream; but their ships were unfreighted with a public hope. Or—since voyagers is too venturesome a name for them—say rather, they joined the company of pure artists, who, illuminating the spirit of man rather than the spirit of their age, acknowledge the lordship of no country, but belong to the race—the men who gather within themselves, as into a star of intenser light, the scattered and obscure rays that are a lamp of beauty to the feet of every man. Amid that company how should they hear the axe ringing in the lonely wilderness of the Genesee, or catch the joy on the face of the adventurous explorer on hard-won mountain peaks, with the promised land spread out westward before him? Some unreal Hiawatha-echo did penetrate even there; some prospect of an Astoria, with its natural marvel and human hardihood (less prized than the ruinous, legend-haunted Alhambra), was caught sight of; a spell of romance was woven about the Hudson, and a mysterious beauty evoked from the wintry life of Puritan dwellers by the shores of Massachusetts Bay; but to the America present before them it is scarcely too much to say our men of genius were well-nigh deaf and blind. There is something startling in this spectacle of the gifted and trained mind absorbed in its pursuit of imaginative delight, heedless of the humble muscle which was meanwhile building up a great nation; seldom, in literary history, has there been so complete a sundering of the changeless work of men's spirits from the work of men's hands which, however transmuted, still no less endures.

Our men of genius were isolated in yet another way. Underserved and solitary genius has frequently not only stimulated and delighted its contemporaries; it has gathered about itself a band of disciples, has kindled zeal, deepened conviction, hardened intellectual strength, so that on its eclipse its battle with darkness went on in the victory of younger men, men not of genius, but of culture. Among us literature has had no such continuous tradition; where the torch fell it was extinguished. Irving, it is true, had imi-

tators, who came to nothing ; but our fiction does not seem to be different because Hawthorne lived, no poet has caught the music of Longfellow, no thinker carries forward the conclusions of Emerson. These men have left no lineage. They are not connected with their countrymen even by the secondary tie of calling into being a body of literature with power to enter effectively into the nation's life, to shape the character and determine the expansion of its thought. We have not earned the right to claim these men as a national possession by any important contribution to the growth of their genius, nor have they given us that right by anything distinctively national in their work or their influence ; ushered in by Donatello and Evangeline, they find a welcome at the hearthstone of every lover of the beautiful, but, except for the accident of birth, there is little reason why the welcome should be warmer in America than in England.

Men of culture, whose work makes up the larger portion of any literature, are much indebted to circumstances and opportunity. In America they have been, as has been seen, without a literature of virile power ; they have also been without a society vigorous enough to stamp an image of itself in letters. In the days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges, the wit, sense, and malice of a cultivated society expressed themselves with such intelligence that the age, although one of high political excitement and of great consequence to the institutions and civilization of England, is yet mainly known as a literary age. The society from which American men of culture took their bent was civilized in other ways than that at Twickenham, but it was so inferior to it in its sense of the value of literature to life, in active, keen intelligence, and in consummate mastery of the art of speech, that it was incapable of any similar literary expression. The lack of such a society as the wits of Queen Anne moved in, sent our men of culture to attend in English drawing-rooms and at English dinner-tables. This resort to the old world was natural, and, indeed, inevitable. The Revolution made us an independent nation, but in literature we remained a province. At the beginning

of the century it was sneeringly, yet truly, said that the Americans let Europe make their fashions and their books for them, as if our women were without taste and our men without mind. We developed ancient English political ideas, and, with our ears intent upon the future, we put ourselves under the sway of the ideas to come, democracy and its unrevealed forces ; in literature, on the contrary, we sought neither to disestablish nor to amend the English tradition. We kept not only the unchangeable standards of good literature, but so possessed were we by the social spirit and tastes of the mother-country that we kept also the subject and the style in which the peculiarities of a nation manifest themselves if at all. Thus Irving, our first great man of letters, deriving his culture from social life abroad, taking his style from Addison and Steele, and interesting his readers in sketches of English rural life or in foreign legend, came to leave (in Mr. Lowell's phrase) "a name either English or Yankee." So, too, Ticknor, Allston, and their successors were molded by the foreign influence ; the foreign standard of education and literature became firmly established, and has not yet yielded its ground.

" You steal Englishmen's books and think
Englishmen's thought,
With their salt on her tail your wild eagle
is caught ;
Your literature suits its each whisper and
motion
To what will be thought of' it over the
ocean."

What Mr. Lowell wrote of his generation has not ceased to be true of our time. To-day American authors make their reputation by English criticism, and American magazines are rivals for English pens. In these later years, however, our strongly marked national life has given rise to a domestic literature (if I may so term it) having to do with ourselves and our own concerns ; it reflects, it is true, the ruder elements of our civilization—our rough life on the border, our vulgar life abroad, our homely middle-class life in the East—and it is usually embodied in fugitive and imperfect forms, but sometimes, as in the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, in forms of exquisite finish.

This literature, whatever its defects, is the product of our own soil, and unsheathes a green blade of hope. In England some of it has met with a sort of criticism—as if, being American, it were absolved from old-world canons of excellence and free to indulge whatever extravagance, nonsense, or immodesty it pleases, if only a flavor of the soil be kept—that shows clearly enough that English taste is no longer definitive for us, and in this fact there is also a sign of promise. But if we except this younger and less perfect literature, it would seem that the nation has contributed but little more to culture like Lowell's, adorned by dignities and graces that are the acquirements of laborious years, than to genius like Hawthorne's, aureoled by its own effluence. If humor be left out of the account, it is broadly true that whatever is characteristically American in our men of culture as a class has been overborne, checked, blighted, deadened by the mastering spirit of the English tradition.

This state of things is, however, neither dishonorable nor disheartening. The existence of a powerful foreign influence has never proved innate and pervasive feebleness in the men who receive and assimilate it. It shows an unsatisfied craving, a need of human nature making itself imperatively known and seizing with avidity on what it requires; it shows, in a word, the incompleteness of native culture. Thus the young men of England in one age resorted to Italy, in another to France; that great age of Queen Anne was woven warp and woof, English sense, strength, and grossness with French taste, skill, manner, as well in the Court as in the literary sets; in each age the foreign influence supplemented native culture, but did not displace it; transformed and refined, but did not destroy it. The uninterrupted, though lessening, ascendancy of the English tradition in American literature indicates not only that our civilization is of English descent, and that we rightly claim a share with Englishmen in the honor of their literary past, as is too often and too boastfully said; it indicates that our national life has not provided nutriment for intellect, that our men of culture have submitted to be Anglicized as

their only resource for remedying this defect in our civilization—a defect, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Arnold, in the sense of the value of intelligence applied to literature.

This does not involve our being an illiterate people. On the contrary, we are, as a nation, anxious for literary fame. We are grateful to our men of letters. We honor their works among the noblest ornaments of the Republic. The illustrious names in our literary annals are familiar in our households and ready on our lips. The grief that was felt at Irving's death, men of his generation say, was only less than the mourning over Washington. The loss of Bryant revealed undiminished admiration for the pursuit of literature. From what does this popular feeling spring? Is it rooted in a perception of the civilizing power of literature, in an adequate comprehension of the great offices that are discharged by literature, as a mode of refined amusement, as a treasury of knowledge about the things of the mind, as a bond of sympathy with humanity, as an open access to the fellowship of the great? Something of this conception there is; but the popular desire for literary fame springs, there is too much reason to fear, from a jealous national pride, and is rooted in the thin soil of national vanity. But whatever its cause may be, this popular appreciation of success in literary pursuits encourages literature, and we are, besides, a reading people. Why, then, in spite of these two favorable conditions for literary production, are we deficient in the sense of the value of applying intelligence to literature?

The answer is obvious. In the great work of furthering civilization—that multifiform and complex result of many powers working toward the one final end of harmonizing the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life—in this great work where the nations are enlisted each in the service of some few of these many powers, and make progress each along those lines which are either indispensable or most expedient for itself, it has fallen to the lot of our people to be penetrated by the value of two great ideas, and we serve these with all our strength and with all our heart; the ideas, namely,

of democracy, as a means of securing the well-being of great multitudes of men, and of the economy of labor, as a means of lessening human toil and increasing the share of material goods that the ordinary man will obtain. These two ideas, belief in the power of democracy to lift the masses into a life of larger freedom and more active intelligence, belief in the power of the utilization both of natural forces and of human ingenuity to increase the comfort of life, control our civilization, and subordinate to themselves all other ideas in which a civilizing power lies. We are not Greeks secure of our liberty and our bread and wine, interested in the things of the mind, in beauty, and wisdom ; our interest, for better or worse, is to make sure the welfare of those engaged in the humble occupations of life. To this task we are irrevocably committed ; in achieving it man can afford to lose much else that is also valuable.

Let us consider the influence of these two great ideas upon our literature successively. Democracy created the common schools for a public defence against popular ignorance. The common schools gave rise to a great reading class ; they made us, indeed, a nation of readers. This great class is eager for information, teachable, sensible of the uses of books for amusement and instruction. It is endowed with the tastes and attached to the standards that naturally belong to a class accustomed by its democracy and Protestantism to rely above all things upon private judgment ; that is, to trust decisions of which the validity is limited by a narrow experience. Curiosity is its most noticeable characteristic. It is curious to know what is going on in the world, to learn the manners and customs and the aspect of distant lands, and the events that take place in them, to understand mechanical processes, and the scientific explanation of natural phenomena ; and these interests, the variety and relative force of which may be measured with considerable accuracy by the contents of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (still more by the columns of our Sunday newspapers), are unduly stimulated by the multiplicity of books consequent on modern facilities for travel, the diversity of our industrial development, and

the exhaustless variety of scientific experiment and enterprise. This great reading class is curious, too, but in a far less degree, to know biography and history ; here its curiosity stops. It does not care to reflect, to generalize, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living ; in other words, it has no curiosity about ideas. The same class in France, the readers among the French people, are interested in the ideas of speculative politics ; our public is indifferent to them ; for it has a complacent satisfaction with our institutions as they are, and is possessed by a Conservative instinct. The ideas of rational religion, too, our public hears of, for the advocacy of them is loud-voiced and aggressive ; but the public shrinks from them. It does not escape from them ; they have lessened the vehemence with which hereditary ideas in religion are held, have increased tolerance, and have made men easy in holding vague notions and content with half convictions ; but they have discredited religious discussion, and have failed to enter into the national life with the disintegrating and destroying power of continental rationalism. The curiosity of our public enlarges mental horizons and multiplies mental activities ; but it does not penetrate to the spirit, it does not vitalize thought, or result in wisdom. It is a curiosity about facts, about concrete things, the things of the world ; it is not a curiosity about the things of the mind, about ideas.

The second obvious characteristic of our great reading class is its fondness for sensation, its desire for strong, pungent, and unusual effects—the analogue of the barbarian's delight in glaring colors. An acute observer of large experience has lately told us—and any news-stand will bear out his testimony—what is the imaginative literature on which our least cultivated reading class feeds—tales of romantic adventure on the high seas, of ruffianism on the border, of impossible deeds, and ridiculous successes. But what is the case with the reading of the higher class, the class that is the best product of the common schools, that reads Dickens, Macaulay, Poe, and even, sometimes, Carlyle ? Is not one reason why Dickens is more popular than Thackeray with this class

his lack of temperance which led him to caricature rather than portray, which led him at times to discolor and distort human nature? Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and that in his hands discolor and distort history? Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing of the marvellous genius, too little acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class. Carlyle is a thinker, but he is among the first to be read by that small portion of the public which has a nascent and fitful interest in the things of the mind; and he is read by them and by others of larger culture because he wields a Thor-hammer, because when he celebrates the dignity of work he is thinking of the labors of Hercules, because when he adores heroism he has in mind Valhalla warriors, because even when he exalts the virtue of silence he raises a din of words. Here, too, I say nothing of the truth that is in him, but is not one great source of his power the fact that he uses the sensational manner, that he discolors and distorts truth? These great men of letters, in whose work imagination has so large a share, hold reality with a slackened grasp, and this commends them the more to readers of imperfect culture, which is, perhaps, most surely tested by such delight in illusion as characterizes our great reading class. The taste of our public, in imaginative literature, errs by departing from the real; it also errs by departing from the beautiful. To say this is to say that our public, discontented with reality and contented with ugliness, has no conception of pure art or the attempt to

evolve the beautiful out of the real; it does not reject pure art (for the highest privilege of pure art is that it gets itself acknowledged wherever there is a spark of feeling or a ray of mind), but it does not require art to be pure. To sum up, the curiosity of our public leaves the mind too opaque to ideas, its fondness for sensation leaves the spirit too impatient of truth, too tolerant of what is gross and rude. There is little need to add that the patronage of such a public will not of itself give rise to any valuable speculative or imaginative literature.

The second great idea of which mention was made, the idea of economizing labor as a means of material progress, has developed the characteristic national virtues, resolution, enterprise, ingenuity, industry, and has wrought out vast and beneficent results. What is praiseworthy in its work is familiar to all. In respect to literature, its most obvious influence has been to lessen the amount of intelligence in the service of literature. It has had the giving of the prizes that men are prone to think the great prizes of life—riches, power, and the social consideration that comes of these; it has drafted off the intelligence of the country in pursuit of them, and has discouraged literature as it has discredited other modes of human activity. In doing this, however, it has created wealth, and one great function of wealth is the encouragement of literature. How has wealth discharged this function in America? In other countries wealth creates a body of cultivated intelligence in the community, a class of men such as Mr. Arnold addressed upon equality, and which he described: "The large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, with an abundance among them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." In England this class has been built up mainly from the younger branches of the aristocracy, from the universities, and from the owners of hereditary wealth amassed in the commerce of the last two centuries. We, in America, are glad that we have no aristocracy; we are accustomed to sneer at the possessors of wealth inherited from the commerce of two or three generations ago—the blue blood; we have universities, scores and hundreds

of them, but it will be as well not to inquire how they fulfil their function of forming a body of intelligence such as Mr. Arnold describes. What is the class that our wealth has produced—not the men engaged in useful employments, but the men relieved from engrossment with business, who have opportunities for the indulgence of liberal tastes? What is the nature of this class? It is a class of seekers after material comfort, a class that satisfies the senses with no ulterior end beyond securing gratification, devoted to luxury and the display of it, a sensual class. Abroad, its members have Paris for their Mecca; their home and national goal of pilgrimage is New York.

The wealth of to-day has not given us a body of cultivated intelligence; nevertheless there is such a body among us; there are individuals, many of them, with the characteristics of the English class. They have come from the wealth of past generations, from the families of the elder clergy, and from those self-made men who have acquired liberal tastes which are either the result of a university education or the equivalent of one. But they do not constitute a distinct and coherent class. They do not naturally gravitate toward a centre like London or Paris, as the intellect of England and France gravitates. They are scattered throughout the country and among suburban towns. They have little social communication with one another. Their very ability limits their culture, for in their isolation it tempts them to indulge idiosyncrasies of taste, to be excessive here and defective there, because they lack the companionship of other equally active minds to restrain their excess and repair their deficiencies. They have no means of knitting themselves into a society, of making themselves felt as a body of intelligence ought to make itself felt. Some years ago Mr. Arnold complained that the cultivated class in England was similarly made up of isolated members who formed "no powerful body of opinion," and were "not strong enough to set a standard up to which even the journeyman work of literature must be brought if it is to be vendible." He was comparing the English class with the French Academy. But the English

class is not further removed from the French Academy in point of consistency, stability, dignity, and effective force, than our cultivated class is removed from that of England in the same respects.

Out of this deficiency results another—the lack of a body of right criticism. It is safe to assert that there are not a half-dozen organs of critical opinion in America for which a respectable author would care in the least. The habit of our critics is to give a synopsis of the work under review, to correct its errors of print or of statement, and to make it known to the world. This may be a very useful or even indispensable service, but it is not criticism. Criticism educates rather than informs. Were there among us an effective body of cultivated intelligence, it might recall and invigorate this misdirected and feeble criticism, for it is the natural office of such a body to receive impressions from the higher critics, to modify its standards of taste in consequence, and to apply these modified standards to current literature or to require their application by others. Without such a body criticism is seldom a mode of advancing excellence. There is no need to dwell upon this. Let any one compare secondary criticism abroad, its vigor of thought, its various culture, its range of information, its compass of reflection, its sense of how many different considerations limit any judgment, with secondary criticism in America, and the poverty of the latter will be only too plain. The worst mischief of all is that the great reading class is left without the restraints of higher criticism, to the mercy of its own narrow interest in ideas, and to its own false taste, and is abandoned to the license of the authors who know the trade of pleasing it too well. The people is teachable, but no teacher is found for it. Yet, in an age of stable democracy and of unstable religion, literature has a tenfold value for the people. Few realize how true it is that the time is at hand when the ideals of life must be enforced by literature, or not at all. The moral health of the community depends, in a rapidly increasing degree, upon what it reads; for this reason there are few things which thoughtful Americans need to observe

more closely than the drift of our literature toward permanently low standards.

These facts, that the main body of American literature adapts itself to the demands of an imperfectly educated public, that the cultivated class in America exerts no considerable influence upon the popular taste, and furthermore, produces no separate literature markedly its own, and, thirdly, that American criticism is so inferior as scarcely to deserve attention, will determine, in the main, the immediate future of American literature as an expression of national life. If these conditions of development continue unchanged, America must be indebted, in the next generation, to the influence of foreign taste and foreign thought upon her men of letters, and to the originative power of whatever isolated men of genius may be born to her, or else she will produce no worthy literature. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these conditions of literary development are rivetted upon the nation. There are several forces at work to counteract the present drift. Our great reading class has created public libraries, which have for one of their highest functions the amelioration of the popular taste. The able acquirers of wealth have endowed many academic and collegiate institutions, and the West, deeply sensible of the value of education, has provided for its higher branches perhaps too generously; these seats of learning, however rude and imperfect now, will become hearths of culture. The gross, indolent, newly enriched class, if its wealth continues in the same families, is likely to give place, in the next generation, to a class of rudimentary and, in some instances, even of liberal culture. Foreign influences will, as in the past, repair the defects of native standards. Men of genius, should they arise, will work their unforeseen changes. The idea of material progress, too, must yield somewhat its commanding position, as a larger body of men acquires the means of leisure for the higher occupations and enjoyments of the mind, and thus literature, relieved from the excessive competition of business pursuits, will enlist more servants. Something may be hoped, also, from the intelligent attempt, now being

made in New England, to form a true literary taste in the children of the common schools; it is possible that such a taste may be bred into our people by means of the public school and public library—instruments equal in power to the Dionysiac Theatre, and vastly greater in their range of power. All these considerations blended together justify a larger hope than at first seemed rational; but the revolution that these influences may bring about will be slow and difficult.

I have referred with scarce intelligible brevity, to that great function of literature—the keeping alive the tradition of the ideal life. It is this function that literature in America has discharged most inadequately. Emerson and Hawthorne alone, the first in a wider, the second in a far narrower circle, have been spiritual teachers of their countrymen. This failure is a symptom of the chief danger in American social life; it seems to show that the idea of democracy will result, as its opponents have always predicted, in a debasement of the social ideal. Democracy has given to America political liberty, social equality, and a fair field for all who wish to win the prizes of life; but this is an imperfect gift. It is much to have secured these advantages; but, although they have contributed to the greater cleanliness, hopefulness, and industry of ordinary human life, there is something yet lacking. The main characteristic of the social life they have developed in this country is its homeliness; the main characteristic of the social life toward which civilization works is beauty. If democracy has exhausted its virtue in creating a homely life; if it tends to make men contented with less perfection than they are able to reach; if it results in undervaluing the best in man's nature; if it is, to that extent, at war with civilization; at war with the attempt to reconcile the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life. Democracy holds the future in its fee, and will work out the destiny of the children of the masses, and decide what is to be the lot of him who is born into the world's struggle for life with only the capacities of the ordinary man; but if, in doing this, it reduces the highest to the level of the commonplace, it

is out of harmony with that natural law, hitherto approved by reason, which tends to preserve the most perfect types at the cost of the less perfect. In order to avoid such an issue it is necessary for the people to learn that political freedom, social equality, and a fair field are not all the blessings at which society should aim; that by themselves alone, they are not even the most valuable things in life, but are merely essential conditions of blessings which they make possible; it is necessary that the people should cultivate a sense of the value of other civilizing powers—beauty, literature, manners—of whatever goes to civilize the life of men's hearts and brains. The practical ideal of life, that which the ordinary man actually strives toward with hope, at least, of partial success would then be modified, and the homeliness of social life in America might then give way to the beauty of a highly civilized life. The development in America of such a highly cultivated people as were the Athenians, is as little to be hoped for as the appearance of such a highly cultivated class as were Queen Anne's men of letters; but American civilization must realize something of the Athenian ideal if it is to produce a national literature worthy of respect. For, after all is said, the defects of American literature, as an expression of the nation's life, are due, when the last analysis is made, to the social ideal; its hopes for the future depend upon the probability of a radical change in that ideal.

The fortunes of literature in America may have a value for Englishmen beyond that of an example of the influence of democratic institutions upon an important department of human activity. The English type of civilization has already been modified by the American type in several respects, and may approach it still further, perhaps most nearly in this matter of popular literature. It is a significant fact that the peculiar literature of the American public has already stolen its unnoticed way to the mother-country, as is evinced by the comparatively great circulation in England of such popular magazines as Harper's and Scribner's monthlies. It may be that, as the provincial universities become established and extend

their influence, and as the special education of women assumes more importance, the standards of culture will become more diverse and the principles of the ruling criticism will become less restraining; it is probable that the more general education of the people in the common schools will create a reading class endowed like our own, demanding a special literature on which the hold of the higher criticism will be slack almost to feebleness. It is not possible that there should be a decline in the vigor of the English genius; but perhaps, in the modification of old classes under the influence of modern life, the line of demarcation will be too sharply drawn between the middle class, of irresistible power in determining the national life, and the cultivated class in which the higher civilization survives. Two dissociated literatures may arise, one of the people, the other of real culture, but the former of vastly the greater power. It is enough to suggest such far off contingencies for whatever consideration they may meet among men who remember that popular instruction is now, more and more, by books and not by sermons, by newspapers and magazines, not by prayer and praise. Meanwhile the great fact remains, that the English race on either side the ocean has hitherto, if the whole range of life be taken into account, best solved the problem of securing the welfare of the ordinary man; the further working out of that task in England and America is of vast consequence to mankind. It may be that the social ideal is to be debased; but, if literature is worthy of its great office as spiritual teacher, if it has regenerative force, a new ideal may arise, as I believe it will; the ideal that George Sand placed before the French peasant with faith in his final accomplishment of it, the ideal of the life of that "happiest of men, who, having the science of his labor and working with his own hands, earning welfare and liberty by the use of his intelligence, shall have time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God." The fortune of literature in America, in lending little effective aid toward this result, may yet be retrieved; the fortune of literature in England, let us hope, will need no retrieving.—*Fortnightly Review*.

BABIES AND SCIENCE.

BABIES have at length attracted the eye of the savant, and have proved a fruitful object of observation and reflection, and henceforward we may expect this numerous class of the community to be held in high esteem generally. It will probably be admitted by the candid mind that the infant class has not in general commanded a large amount of respect. In point of fact, one may almost say that, just as science needed the infant as so much material for speculation, so the infant needed science to endow it with some significance in the system of things, to justify its presence here on the earthly scene, and to call forth from its elders a due amount of respectful attention and consideration. With one half of the adult population babies have of course always been recognized as an integral part of the social structure. To the feminine mind, when not too confined by selfish vanities or embittered by prolonged disappointment, the baby is apt to appear one of the most considerable interests of life. The mother, the nurse, and the sympathetic aunt appear to find an inexhaustible charm in all the events of babyhood. There is a tender beauty in its fragile form, a delightful surprisingness and mystery in all its small ways, which goes straight to the kindly heart of the sex. Yet while one sex has thus set up the baby as an object of special regard under the form of baby-worship, the other and harder sex has coldly held itself aloof from what it has chosen to consider these frivolities. Not only to the crusty bachelor uncle, even to the father himself, the arrival of a baby has commonly presented itself in anything but the light of a joyous occurrence. When congratulated by his friends on the event, he has perhaps bitten his lip as there have arisen before his mind images of a home rendered noisy and chaotic by the invasion of doctor, nurses, etc., of a wife continually preoccupied, of new doctor's bills, and so on. If given to philosophize, he might be tempted to ask what purpose is served in the economy of things by the helpless infantile condition making such large demands on the time and energies

of others. When the voice of his wife woos him to join the feminine company of baby-worshippers, he proves as hard as flint. He says that he can see nothing in this early and vegetal period of human existence to attract him, that all babies are alike, and so on—utterances which are of course shocking heresies from the mother's point of view. In short, to the male sex as a whole, the baby during the first six months of its life is apt to appear, if not something positively wrong in the arrangement of things, at least something quite unimportant which calls for no notice, and is best put out of sight as far as possible.

Now to this state of things science seems to be making an end. Women may console themselves for men's long contempt of their view of things by reflecting that the obdurate sex has at length been converted, if not by feminine arguments, to their own way of thinking. Science has become a champion of the neglected rights of infancy; it has taken a whole period of human life under its special protection. And in doing this it has constituted itself the avenger of a whole sex.

How, it may be asked, does science effect this admirable result? What arguments is she able to produce potent enough to overcome the deeply organized and seemingly hereditary contempt of babyhood by man?

The first thing that babies needed was to have their existence justified, and this service has been amply rendered them by the newer science of biology. The helplessness of the new-born child is, as we know, peculiar to the progeny of our race. The young of other species often show an extraordinary readiness to manage for themselves as soon as they see the light. The perfect equipment of the newly-hatched chick, for instance, which can straightway peck away at tiny grains of meal with as much precision as though it had passed the period of incubation in doing nothing but pecking, is something that is almost irritating to the human spectator. Even the young of higher species, as those of the familiar mammals, are able to get about and to explore their new

world in a wonderfully short time. In contrast to this the human infant begins life in the most pitiable condition of helplessness. It has to be closely tended, nourished, and even carried about for many months before it can do anything on its own account or take a single step in life.

The evolutionist has found a meaning for this apparent defect in the organization of the human offspring. He tells us that as creatures rise in the scale of organization they are called on to adapt their actions to a much wider variety of circumstances. The lower species have to go on doing the same thing over and over again, and exactly in the same way ; this routine suffices for the preservation of such creatures amid the simple conditions of their existence. On the other hand, the higher species, having to adapt themselves to much more complex and changeful surroundings, are continually called on to vary their actions, and to modify their mode of life. The difference may be seen by comparing what an insect, as a bee, and what a predatory mammal, such as a fox, has to do in order to obtain its food. In the case of the bees, the surrounding conditions, namely, the presence of honey-stored flowers, being pretty uniform, all that is needed is a few sensations of sight, and a number of curious but perfectly unvarying instincts. The fox, on the other hand, having to look up his pabulum in ever-varying circumstances, having moreover to cope on occasion with all sorts of new and unforeseeable difficulties, must substitute intelligence for instinct ; that is to say, must continually be consciously awake, observing, reflecting, reasoning, and voluntarily adjusting his actions to the particular new set of circumstances in which he happens to be placed at the moment.

Now this capability of adjusting actions to varying conditions is the growth of individual experience : it cannot be transmitted by inheritance. It is the result of individual learning, and presupposes a gradually accumulated store of sense-impressions, and the functions of memory and reasoning. On the physiological side this development of intelligence means the building up of complex nerve-structures in the higher centres known as the brain, such construction

proceeding in close connection with the daily exercise of the sense-organs and the muscular system. It would appear to follow then that the young of the higher and more intelligent animals will be born with these centres but very little developed. And this is what we find. The stupidity of the pup is proverbial. While the lower species which are sufficiently equipped for life by a few instincts involving relatively simple nervous arrangements come into the world in a high state of nervous development, the more complex organisms necessarily enter it in a very low stage.

And here the reader will, I trust, begin to see what all this has to do with the helplessness of infancy. Man is far removed above even the nearest species in intelligence and in cerebral power. Consequently there remains in his case very much more to be done in the way of nervous construction after the senses come into play, and individual experience begins. That is to say, we shall expect the human infant to enter life in an exceptionally backward condition of nervous development. And this is what we find. The brain of the newly-born child is, as everybody knows, very badly finished off, being not even securely encased in its protective covering, the skull. And this backward condition is seen, too, in the well-known fact that the development of the brain goes on at so rapid a rate during the first year of life. It is as though in the case of the infant all cerebral connections had to be made after birth, though they are capable of growing very rapidly when once the external stimulus is forthcoming.

The reader may here interpose : " You are only explaining all this while how it is that the new-born child is *relatively* more backward than the newly-hatched chick ; that is to say, how it happens that there is so much left to be done after birth in the case of man. But you have not explained why the baby is *absolutely* worse prepared than the chick ; how it is, for example, that the chick can at once walk, whereas the infant cannot." A little attention will, however, show that this result too is involved in the differences emphasized above. The muscular system is in close

organic connection with the nervous structures. Consequently, if the nervous centres are very incompletely formed at birth, we may expect the muscular apparatus to be in a poor state of preparation also. But again, the movements of the child have in general to be much more complex, variable, and more under the control of volition than those of the young of lower species; from which it follows that they have to be largely learnt in the course of individual experience, and in connection with the use of the sense-organs. In other words, there is but little room in the case of the human offspring for such rigidly fixed habits of movement as the young of some of the lower species manifest from the first. This consideration certainly holds good of the upper limbs, the arms and hands, the acquisition by which of their intricate and subtly varying actions would seem to be positively hindered by the existence of definite instinctive movements at first, and probably presupposes a greatly unformed and plastic condition of the motor apparatus at birth. And if this is so, the want of muscular power in other quarters of the organism, as in the lower limbs and neck, might be regarded as necessarily correlated with this backward condition of the arms.

If this reasoning is sound, we may understand how it came to pass that the new-born child first began to be so unable. And having once fallen to some extent into this condition of helplessness, the evolutionist helps us to understand how it might possibly be kept in this condition by the action of other forces. In order to show this, he may reason as follows. The dependent condition of the infant would call forth impulses of tendance, protection, etc., on the part of the parent; only on this condition could the family, the community, or the race be preserved. This tendance of infancy would develop the first germs of benevolent feeling, and so become the starting point in the humanizing and socializing of our nature. That is to say, through the mere habit of denying self and of attending to the wants of the unsheltered infant, the mother would come to possess the germs of altruistic sentiments, affection and sympathy. The harder male sex,

which even at this dimly imagined period in the history of the race did little in the way of tending his offspring, would of course not directly reap the advantage of this rudimentary moral development, yet through the impartial action of the laws of inheritance it might subsequently, contrary to its deserts, participate to some extent in the blessings of humane and kindly sentiments.

This being so, there being this great gain to the family and the community as a whole, through the first exercises of ministering affection in response to the urgent demands of needy infancy, the maintenance of this condition of incapacity and of dependence on others might perhaps be aided by the action of natural selection. Whether the period of infancy has been actually lengthened by this cause or not, it is a fact that it is longer in the case of civilized man than of the savage. This may be due, of course, to the same causes which explain its shorter durations. It is to be noted, however, that the development of the impulses called forth by infancy would certainly tend directly to lengthen it to some extent, by discouraging the infant's instinctive attempts to shift for himself. Where these impulses are strong the amount of pleasure attending their satisfaction is considerable. There is to the feminine mind a luxury in doing as much as possible for the needy dependent infant. And by the force of habit the impulse to tend, to watch, and to provide persists after the need of its exercise vanishes. It is said by the farmer's wife that the hen takes it very much to heart when her brood begins to disperse and go foraging for themselves. And, however this be, it is certain that there are plenty of human mothers who, through the force of habit, and for the sake of protracting the enjoyments of tendance, try to keep their children in the baby stage as long as possible. And such treatment does apparently lengthen the term of physical incapacity, since it prevents that exercise of organ which is necessary to every kind of development.

This, then, is the utterance of science. She bids all male scoffers at the trivialities of babyhood recognize in this seemingly insignificant phenomenon one of the main sources of human greatness. She says to them, this state of infantile

frailty and imbecility is causally connected with all the blessings of social life. It is these babes and sucklings which first touched the adamant heart of mankind, making it vibrate in pulsations of tenderness. Had there been no babies there would have been no higher intellectual development, no sacred ties of kinship, friendship, and co-patriotism. Nay, more, but for the appearance of the infantile condition which you rash ingrates are wont to ridicule as molluscous, gelatinous, and so on, there would have been no human race at all: and you would not have been here to criticise nature and her ways as glibly as you do.

In this way science has come to the aid of mothers and nurses by stopping the mouth of the male blasphemer of nature. She has found a *raison d'être* for infancy, redeeming the whole class of babies from the charge of being perfectly useless incumbrances. She has compelled proud man to bow in deference to the views of the other sex, and to recognize in the phenomenon of babyhood something profoundly significant, a necessary link in the chain of cosmic events.

But science has done still more than this. She has become the ally of the natural admirers of babies in their endeavor to win over the reluctant interest of men. One may almost say that she has entered into a harmless conspiracy with mothers to lure the sluggish brain of man on to perceive something of the mysterious charm that surrounds the baby. Thus she has enabled women to gain a complete triumph over the host of unholy male scoffers. Their victory is like that of our Saxon forefathers over their pagan foes, or like that of Antonio over Shylock; the defeated party is compelled to adopt the faith of the victor.

And how, it may be asked, does science effect this still more wonderful result? By what magical arts does she attract the dull male eye to the unobtrusive beauties of infancy? She does so by awakening a scientific interest in the baby. Men are too obtuse, too coarse-fibred, to feel the subtle fascination of babyhood all at once. They must be bribed by an admixture of scientific interest before they will come to

see all the lovely aspects of the object. Just as the naturalist gets to feel a kindly interest in the animals that yield him so much intellectual gratification, so the male sex may be unconsciously led on to admire and delight in the æsthetic side of babyhood by first becoming impressed with its scientific value.

Yes, the baby has become an important object of scientific scrutiny, and in this way. The modern psychologist, sharing in the spirit of positive science, feels that he must begin at the beginning, study mind in its simplest forms before attempting to explain its more complex and intricate manifestations. This impulse to study the elementary modes of mental activity has led the psychologist to greatly extend the range of his observation. Instead of confining himself to looking into his own consciousness, he carries his eye far afield to the phenomena of savage life, with its simple ideas, crude sentiments, and naïve habits. Again he devotes special attention to the mental life of the lower animals, seeking in its phenomena the dim foreshadowings of our own perceptions, emotions, etc. Finally he directs his attention to the mental phenomena of infancy, as fitted to throw most light on the later developments of the human mind. He sees here the first beginnings of that work of construction by which all mental growth takes place. It is during the twelve months or so of infancy that the blurred mass of sensation begins to take form and to resolve itself into definite, distinguishable impressions; that these impressions begin to leave a trace or after effect in the shape of a mental image, which enters into combination with impressions in that mental state which we call perception, and which appears in a detached form as an expectation, a recollection, or a pure fancy. And it is during this same period that the foundations of the emotional structure are laid; that the simple feelings of pleasure and pain connected with the action of the vital organs and of the senses begin to combine in the forms of fear and love, anger and hope, and so on. And, finally, it is now that the activities of will first come into play, beginning to wear those tracks which will become later on the habitual lines

of action of the developed will. If, then, the psychologist could only ascertain what goes on in the mind of the infant, he would be in a position to solve many a knotty question in his science.

Infancy has a peculiar interest to the psychologist for another reason. My readers are probably aware that it has long been a matter of dispute whether the mind comes into the world like a blank sheet of paper on which experience has to write, or whether it brings with it innate dispositions, as they are called, a kind of invisible writing which contact with experience will make legible but not create. For example, it has long been asked whether the child is born with an instinctive moral tendency to distinguish right and wrong actions, or whether this distinction is wholly impressed on it from without, by help of the experiences of punishment, etc., connected with the discipline of early life. Now it seems obvious that, if there are such innate dispositions, intellectual and moral, they ought to be observable in a germinal form in the first stages of life. And since we can only be certain of the existence of any innate or inherited element by discovering that something appears in the course of mental development which cannot be accounted for by the individual's own previous experience, it follows that it is of the utmost consequence to the psychologist to note and record the first phases of mental history. To give an example, if the baby smiles in response to a smile long before experience and reflection can have taught it the practical value of winning people's smiles, there is clearly an argument for those who would say that we are born with an instinctive germ of sociality and sympathy.

If the psychologist is an evolutionist, and interested in studying the history of human development as a whole, the infant will attract his regards in another way. It is a doctrine of biology that the development of the individual roughly epitomizes that of the race; that is to say, exhibits the main phases of this development on a small scale. If this is so, the study of infant life may be well fitted to suggest by what steps of intellectual and moral progress our race has passed into its present state. The attentive eye may thus find in seemingly meaningless little

infantile ways hints of remote habits and customs of the human race.

Science having thus declared the infant to be a valuable phenomenon for observation, there has of late grown up among the class of scientific fathers the habit of noting and recording the various proceedings of the infant. Men who previously never thought of meddling with the affairs of the nursery have been impelled to make periodic visits thither in the hope of eliciting important psychological facts. The tiny occupant of the cradle has had to bear the piercing glance of the scientific eye. The psychological papa has acquired a new proprietary right in his offspring; he has appropriated it as a biological specimen. This new zeal for psychological knowledge has taken possession of a number of my acquaintance. These are mostly young married men to whom the phenomenon of babyhood has all the charm of newness, and who import a youthful enthusiasm into their scientific pursuits. Their minds are very much taken up with their new line of study. If you happen to call on one of them expecting to find him free for a chat, you may, to your amazement, catch him occupied in the nursery with trying to discover the preferences of the three-months' fledgling in the matter of colors, or watching the impression which is first made on the infant mind by the image of its own face in the glass. And, even when not actually employed in his researches, it will be found that his mind tends to revert to his engrossing study; and so all your attempts to engage him in conversation on matters of ordinary interest are apt to be frustrated.

These researches have been carried on amid various difficulties. On the part of the infant himself there is often a provoking want of responsiveness to the observer's wishes. Instead of showing himself bright, active, and suggestive at the moment when the studious parent happens to be free to make his observations, the youngster is stupid and dull, or, worse still, in a state of violent emotional agitation. Then there are difficulties on the part of the self-constituted guardians of the baby. The mother, if she is good-natured and sensible, smiles at the new interest which her lord and

master deigns to take in his progeny. She is very well satisfied to see that the despised baby has won any kind of notice from him, and enjoys a sense of triumph in watching the unwonted concern which he displays for its well-being. Yet the wife may easily become a formidable obstacle in the way of his researches. Her way of looking at babies unfits her from entering very cordially into the scientific vein. She rather dislikes their being made the objects of cold intellectual scrutiny and unfeeling psychological analysis. And she is apt to make a determined stand when the rash enthusiast for science proposes to introduce the experimental method as superior to that of passive observation. To suggest a series of experiments on the gustatory sensibility of a small creature aged from twelve to twenty-four hours is likely to prove a shock even to the more strong-minded class of mothers. And when it is proposed to exercise the youngster's ocular muscles so as to discover how soon he is able to follow a moving object, the proposer is pretty certain to hear of risks of a life-long squint, and so on.

If, on the other hand, as is not unlikely, the mother herself gets in time infected with the scientific ardor of the father, she may prove rather more of an auxiliary than he desires. Her maternal instincts impel her to regard her particular infant as phenomenal in an extra-scientific sense. She is accordingly on the look-out for remarkable infantile feats, and is disposed to ascribe to her baby a preternatural degree of intelligence. Finding that her husband is occupied in noting the various steps in the mental development of the child, she naturally brings all her supposed observations to him. And here arises a difficulty. Trained himself in habits of accurate observation, familiar with the common practice of confusing fact and inference, a practice especially common in the region of psychological observation, he is compelled to suspect the accuracy of these recitals. Yet he can hardly, in this case, tell his own wife that she is an inaccurate observer, for to do so would be not only to injure her feeling of self-respect, but violently to assault her most tender maternal feelings.

Again, the nurse may prove even a more invincible obstacle to these researches than the mother. Her dominion in the matter of babies is necessarily large, and if she takes exception to the father's line of research, she may succeed in effectually barricading the cradle against his scientific approaches. And it is not at all unlikely that she will strongly object to his plans. A nurse is apt to be deeply imbued with the conviction that babies are women's affair, and that men have their own business to attend to outside the nursery. Though she expects the father to notice his child and make much of its good points, for such praises are always felt by the nurse, in a vague, unreasoning way, to reflect glory on herself, she is not prepared for his taking any serious practical interest in her *protégé*. And then this habit of psychological inspection goes very much against the grain of your prejudiced, old-fashioned nurse. There is something uncanny in all this trying to get at the mysteries of the infant mind; it looks like an unhallowed prying into things which are above human comprehension and ought to be accepted as matters of faith. Woe to the scientific father if he perseveres in his inquiries in the face of such opposition as this. His reputation will certainly be blasted in the eyes of at least one honest creature.

Nevertheless, in spite of these many difficulties, the work of accurately recording the psychical phenomena of infancy has already been carried out with considerable perseverance and method. An English journal which devotes itself to the interests of mental science has recently published a number of notes made by industrious fathers on the doings of their infants. A distinguished naturalist set the example by giving a curiously methodical record of the early mental development of one of his sons. And in France and in Germany we hear of similar results of this spirit of inquiry on the part of scientific men who happen to be provided with the necessary objects of observation.

I have just been fortunate enough to come into possession of a document containing the results of such a series of observations made by a father on his first boy. The paper contains not only a number of facts, but also some curious

suggestions on the meaning of the facts. My readers may be interested in knowing more about these researches on the infant mind, and accordingly I shall conclude this account of the present relations of science to infancy by quoting from this document a few facts and suggestions by way of illustrating the method which is pursued by this class of paternal psychologists.

I may begin my sketch of the early history of this boy by remarking that he appears to be an exemplary infant—healthy, good-natured, and given to that infantile way of relieving the pressure of his animal spirits which is, I believe, known as crowing. Not believing in the classifications of temperament adopted by the physiologists of a past age, the father forbears describing his temperament. Also, not being a phrenologist, he has omitted to take elaborate measurements of his cranium. For my lady readers I may add that he seems, at least by his father's account, to be a good-sized, chubby little fellow, fair and rosy in tint, with bright blue eyes, and a limited crop of golden hair of an exceptionally rich, I don't know how many carat gold, hue; also, last and not least, that he boasts of the name of Clifford. The early pages of the record do not, I must confess, yield any very striking observations. For the first few days Master Clifford appears to have been content to vegetate like other babies of a similar age. Although a bonny boy, he began life in the usual way—with a good cry; though we now know, on scientific authority, that this being a purely reflex act consequent on the first action of the air on the organ of respiration, has not the deep significance which certain pessimistic philosophers have attributed to it. Science would probably explain in a similar way a number of odd facial movements which this baby went through on the second day of his earthly career, and which were highly suggestive of a cynical contempt for his new surroundings.

Yet, though content in this early stage to do little but perform the vegetal functions of life, the infant comes endowed with a nervous system and organs of sense, and these are very soon brought into active play. According to this record, the sense of touch is the first to

manifest itself.* Even when only two hours old, at a period of life when there is certainly no sound for the ear and possibly no light for the eye, Clifford immediately clasped the parental finger which was brought into the hollow of its tiny hand. And this seems to agree with the doctrine laid down by evolutionists—a doctrine hinted at by Aristotle—that the special senses, sight, hearing, etc., are modifications of touch, and evolved by fine differentiations of the tactual surface.

The march of infantile intellect during the second, third, and fourth days appears in the case now considered to have been exceedingly rapid. On the second day there was observed by Clifford's papa a distinct movement of the head in response to sound. On this same day the previously futile attempts to bring the two eyes into harmonious action were crowned with a measure of success, and they were observed to converge for an instant on the father's face, if held invitingly near. By the fourth day the command of the eye was far greater, and now it was possible to notice the effect of an object in attracting the organ in a particular direction, if not too far from that of the point previously looked at. Not for some days later, however, could one see any capability of following a moving object with the eye. The powers of movement generally made rapid progress during these four days, since it is recorded that on the fourth day Clifford, having clasped his father's finger, made what was apparently an abortive effort to carry it to his mouth. The father judiciously abstains from doing more than hint at the possibility of this being a survival of a deeply-organized cannibal instinct. The fact that infants carry everything to their mouths seems to point either to the presence of some primitive omnivorous instinct, or what seems at least equally reasonable, to the fact that the lips are a part of the organ of touch, and indeed among the most highly endowed parts of the organ, which may have been used in conjunction with the hands in the earlier stages of the development of

* Taste, as involved in the necessary act of taking nourishment, is probably at first hardly differentiated from touch.

the race much more extensively than now.

For the first weeks the baby lives in a very confined world. Clifford at least, was supremely indifferent to the existence of everything lying beyond certain narrow limits of space. Even his own papa appeared to cease to exist for him as soon as he moved a yard or two away. One is disposed to guess that, if at this time of life the infant were capable of forming the idea of an external world, he would attribute persistence to an exceedingly small number of objects. He appears to lead very much the life of a stationary hydra, which knows of nothing save what accidentally comes within the narrow sweep of its tentacles.

About the sixth week, however, these limits are broken through. The development of sensibility on the part of the eye and the ear, and the growth of the power of movement, tend greatly to expand the universe for our little spectator. The appearance of a power of recognizing the direction of sounds and moving the eyes and head in conformity therewith is one of the most considerable events of infancy, worthy to be ranked, perhaps, with the acquisition of the power of walking. For now the infant mind comes to learn that things may exist when not actually seen, and arrives at some vague idea of what happens when objects pass for a time outside the range of the senses altogether.

While the range of knowledge of external things is thus widening, its depth is rapidly increasing too. The attainment of the respectable figure of eight weeks by Clifford appears to mark a point in the intimate knowledge of things within the sphere of his observation. The senses were now brought into lively action, the intervals between the exercise of the vegetal functions sleeping and feeding became longer, and there was a noticeable progress toward the calm attitude of contemplation which becomes the rational animal. Clifford now attentively regarded not only any foreign object, such as his mamma's dress, which happened to be within sight, but also the visible parts of his own organism. In the ninth week of his existence he was first surprised in the act of surveying his own hands. Why he should at this particular moment have

woke up to the existence of objects which had all along lain within easy reach of the eye, is a question which has evidently great exercised the father's ingenuity. He hints, but plainly in a half-hearted, sceptical way, at a possible dim recognition by the little contemplator of the fact that these objects belong to himself, forming, indeed, the outlying portion of the Ego. He also asks whether the child, through a development of the sense of beauty, may have suddenly recognized something of that exquisite modelling of his tiny members on which his fond mother is wont to enlarge. But here the observer appears to be indulging in an unscientific vein of levity.

Psychologists are now agreed that our knowledge of the properties of material objects is largely obtained by means of touch and movement. This is borne out by the observations made on Clifford at this period of his existence. While viewing things about him he actively manipulated them. The organs of sight and touch worked indeed in the closest connection. Thus our little visitor was no mere passive spectator of his new habitat; he actively took possession of his surroundings: like the Roman general, he at once saw and conquered. From the eighth to the tenth weeks his manual performances greatly improved in quality, and the power of combining, or, as the psychologists now say, co-ordinating impressions made on the eye with movements of the arms, was rapidly developed. "When," writes the father, "Clifford was seventy-six days old, I first saw distinctly the putting forth of the hand with the definite purpose of reaching an object. Previously to this I had watched him carefully to see how far he could direct the hand to an object held near him. I had tried him with a variety of attractive objects, such as my hand, scraps of colored paper, and so on. These he regarded very attentively, and this habit of attention had manifestly grown of late. Among the objects which attracted him was his mamma's dress, which had a dark ground with a small white flower pattern. On this memorable day Clifford's hand came by accident in contact with one of the folds of his dress lying over the breast. Immediately, it seemed to strike him for the first time

that he could *reach* an object, and for a dozen times or more he repeated the movement of stretching out his hand, clutching the fold, and giving it a good pull, very much to his own satisfaction."

While on this subject of manual exploration, I had better perhaps say a word or two about the later developments of the power of directing the hands. Clifford was one hundred and thirty-three days or nineteen weeks old when he acquired the power of carrying an object (a biscuit) to his mouth. It should be added that the father had been somewhat restricted in this experiment by the authorized guardians of the infant. A thing which was noticeable in this feat was the rapid increase in the precision of the movement. The aiming, from being awkward, soon became exact. What was still more noticeable was that when the biscuit was afterward held a little further away, the boy distinctly leaned forward so as to reach it with his mouth. This was the first time he had been noticed to bend his body forward, though he had often been invited to do so by the father's holding out his arms to take him, and so on. The movement looked perfectly instinctive, and quite unsuggested by accidental experiences such as that by which the movement of stretching out the arm was discovered.

The culmination of this power of reaching visible objects was noticed when he was just six months old. The father then held an object a few inches beyond the reach of his arm; the astute little fellow made no movement. But as soon as the object was brought just within the sweep of his arm, he stretched forth his hand to seize it. The experiment was repeated and varied, new and unfamiliar objects being selected, and so on, and always with the same result. Clifford had now learned to interpret what Bishop Berkeley calls "visual language" so far as to recognize what amount of convergence of the two eyes answered to the *Ultima Thule* of his tangible world.

Let us now go back to the eighth and following weeks. The growing habit of looking at, reaching, and manually investigating objects, soon leads to the accumulation of a store of materials for the construction of those complex mental actions which we call perceptions.

And often-repeated impressions, more and more clearly distinguished and classified, become the basis of definite acts of recognition. The first object that is clearly recognized by a conscious attention is the face of the mother. In the case of Clifford, the father's face was apparently recognized about the eighth week—at least the youngster first greeted his parent with a smile about this time—an event, I need hardly say, which is recorded in very large and easily legible handwriting. The occurrence gives rise to a number of odd reflections in the parental mind. His belief in the necessary co-operation of sight and touch in the early knowledge of material objects leads him to observe that Clifford's manual experience of his face, and more particularly of the bearded chin, has been extensive, an experience which, he adds, has left its recollection in his own mind, too, in the shape of a certain soreness. He then goes on to consider the meaning of the smile. "I cannot," he writes, "be of any interest to him as a psychological student of his ways. No, it must be in the light of a bearded plaything that he regards my face." Further observation bears out this argument by going to show that this recognition is not individual but specific: that it is simply a recognition of one of a class of bearded people; for when a perfect stranger also endowed with the entertaining appendage presents himself, Clifford wounds his father's heart by smiling at him in exactly the same way. Here the diary goes off into some abstruse speculations about the first mental images being what Mr. Galton calls generic images—speculations into which we need not follow the writer.

There is a yet higher intellectual power displayed about the same time in the germ of distinct anticipation. The moment when the baby mind first passes from the sight of his bottle to the imagination of the blisses of prehension and deglutition—a moment which appears to have been reached by Clifford in his tenth week—marks an epoch in his existence. It is plain that he can now not only perceive what is actually present to his senses, but shape representative images of what is absent. This is the moment at which, to quote from the parent's

somewhat high-flown observations on this event, "mind rises above the limitations of the actual, and begins to shape for itself an ideal world of possibilities."

The above may perhaps serve as a sample of the observations made on the intellectual development of this privileged child. I will now pass on to quote a remark or two on his emotional development. I may add that the record of this phase of Clifford's early mental life is certainly the most curious part of the document, containing many odd speculations on the course of primitive human history.

The father remarks very early in the diary that the expression of pain or distress in general appears plainly to precede that of pleasure. Crying, of the conscious or really miserable sort, takes place long before smiling or even cooing. This, remarks our observer, probably points to the fact that in the history of the race the need of making known pains and wants was the more urgent, and so was the one to be first satisfied.

Coming now to the particular feelings which have to do with others, it is noteworthy that the earliest feeling to manifest itself is that of antagonism or anger. At least, remarks the father, this was true in the case of Clifford's sister, who, when bidden at the outset of life to do her duty in accepting the nutriment provided by nature, showed all the signs of passionate wrath. The first traceable germ of sympathy—the fellow-feeling which binds men together—appeared in Clifford's case in the eighth week in the shape of responsive cooing sounds when coaxed and comforted by the usual vocal appliances. The chronicler remarks on the fact of the much later appearance of scolding noises, and from this passes to speculations as to the period in human history when men began to exercise power and coercion over one another. There is, I may add, a touch of Rousseau-like sentiment in these remarks.

As to the emotions excited by physical objects, it is an exceedingly difficult thing, in the case referred to, to determine their precise nature. The feeling of wonder at what was new in the environment was a matter of common everyday observation. Among the ob-

jects which first excited a special interest and a prolonged effort of attention were pictures of very unequal degrees of artistic value. Clifford got into the way of taking special note of one or two bits of gaudy coloring when only six weeks old. In these it seemed to be partly the brightness of coloring in the painting or frame, partly the reflections of objects in the glass covering which attracted him. Other things which appeared to give him repeated and endless enjoyment of a quiet sort were the play of sunlight on the wall of his room, the reflection of the shooting fire-flame sent back by the glass covering the pictures, the swaying of trees, and so on. He soon got to know the locality of some of his favorite works of art, and to look out expectantly, when taken into the right room, for his daily show.

Much of this attention was evidently pleasurable: the bright light and the movement stimulated the growing sense, and gave the first crude enjoyment of beauty. The effect of the piano, which, though it made him cry the first time he heard it, afterward quieted and delighted him, goes to prove the existence of such a rudimentary æsthetic sense. Yet this feeling of wonder was not always pleasurable. Novelty has its limit of agreeableness for the baby as for the adult mind, and too sudden a change in familiar surroundings is apt to be disconcerting and even distressing. Thus, when just twelve weeks old, Clifford was quite upset by his mother donning a red jacket in place of the usual flower-spotted dress. He was just proceeding to take his breakfast when he noticed the change, at the discovery of which all thoughts of feasting deserted him, his lips quivered, and he only became reassured of his whereabouts after taking a good look at his mother's face.

Even when the new object is not thus a rupture of the familiar, its strangeness may affect the infantile mind sadly. Clifford was often remarked by his father drawing a deep sigh after a prolonged inspection of something particularly mysterious, as the face of a clock, or the play of the reflection of the fire-flame. Wonder has its two bifurcating lines of development; it may pass into glad excitement, into an impulse of joyous worship, showing itself in smiles and

cooings, or into oppressive awe or fear. In Clifford's case it was noticeable that the same object would produce now the one, now the other effect, according to his condition.

Not only so—and here, says our chronicler, we come to the interesting point—a very few weeks would make all the difference in the effect of the same objects. For example, a not very alarming doll belonging to Clifford's sister, after having been a pleasant object of regard suddenly acquired for him, when he was nearly five months old, a repulsive aspect. Instead of talking to it and making a sort of amiable deity of it as heretofore, he now shrieked when it was brought near. And there seems to have been nothing in his individual experience which could account for this sudden accession of fear. And, similarly, strangers who, as I have observed, once were impartially greeted with a hospitable smile, began about the same time (in his sixth month) to appear in a very disagreeable light.

These observations led Clifford's father to long speculations as to the inheritance of certain feelings. Thus he hints that the special interest taken by his child in reflections may be a survival of the primitive feeling respecting the second selves or ghosts of things which anthropologists, as Mr. E. B. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer, tell us was first developed in connection with the phenomena of reflected images, shadows, etc. Yet he evidently feels a difficulty here, since Clifford somewhat provokingly remains supremely indifferent to his own reflection in the glass. He goes on to ask whether the fear called forth by the doll and the face of strangers at a certain stage of the child's development, is not clearly due to an instinct now fixed in the race by the countless experiences of peril in its early, pre-social Ishmaelitic condition.

Among other feelings displayed by the young Clifford was that of amusement at what is grotesque and comical. When only four or five months old he was accustomed to watch the antics of his sister, an elfish being given to flying about the room, screaming, and other disorderly proceedings, with all the signs of a sense of the comicality of the spectacle. So far as the father could judge,

this sister served as a kind of jester to the baby monarch. He would take just that distant, good-natured interest in her foolings that Shakespeare's sovereigns took in the eccentric unpredictable ways of their jesters.

I will not run the risk of wearying the reader by following the diary into the record of the early stages of the development of will. This is less rich and full than the other parts. After all, the "will" in this early stage of existence seems to be nothing but a sort of occult metaphysical "will to live" about which we have recently heard so much. What we mean by an orderly will is developed out of a number of instinctive impulses aided by recollection and intelligence. These instinctive impulses come into play in the first months of babyhood, and the chronicle of Clifford's achievements contains some curious facts on this head. To select but one, the observant father calls attention to the fact that, while the impulse to seize objects manifested itself, as we have seen, when he was eleven weeks old, the impulse to relinquish showed itself considerably later. Thus, after he had first succeeded in carrying the nipple of his bottle to his mouth, his action failed of its object through the want of an impulse on the part of the hand to relax the grasp. And the first deliberate act of throwing away an object of which he had become tired did not occur till some months later. This fact leads the chronicler to go off into a somewhat cynical vein of reflection on the grasping propensities of the race.

I will conclude this fragmentary sketch of Clifford's early mental development by remarking that when twenty-seven weeks old he began to articulate sounds quite spontaneously. Up to this time he had had some understanding of sounds, for he would turn to the well-known lithograph recently given us by the enterprising publishers of the *Graphic*, when the words "cherry ripe" were spoken. But his own powers of vocal execution were of the scantiest. His vocabulary may be said to have been confined to vowel sounds ranging from the broad *ā* to a cockney *ow*, that is to say *ā-ōō*. But now he suddenly be-thought himself to extend his range of articulation, and within twenty-four

hours lit on the important additions "da! da!" and "ba! ba!" Here, then, we may take our leave of him, fairly on his way to become a rational animal, distinguished from all inferior creatures by the possession of a system of signs or a language.

I leave this transcript from the diary of a psychological observer to produce its own proper effect on the minds of my readers. They may not, perhaps, altogether share in the worthy parent's estimate of the importance of these researches. Some of them, particularly among the mothers, who have had their own field of inspection, may be disposed to regard certain of his observations as trite and commonplace. Others, again, of the cynical bachelor class, may think that they discover now and again

traces of weak paternal sentiment, mingling with and adulterating the pure ore of scientific curiosity. And, finally, sober people may find some of the social speculations put forward in the record far-fetched if not absurd. However this may be, I feel I have done my task in letting them know something of the nature of the new fashion in the domain of psychological inquiry. Whatever the *scientific* worth of the results so far obtained, nobody but a cynical contemner of all human tenderness will doubt the *ethical* importance of an occupation which is so well fitted to soften the sex which nature has not taken the same pains to mollify that we have seen her take in the case of the other half of our race.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TRACT XC. AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

MY DEAR —: After I had taken my degree, and before I re-entered upon residence as fellow, my confidence in my Oxford teachers underwent a further trial. I spent some months in Ireland in the family of an Evangelical clergyman. I need not mention names which have no historical notability. My new friends were favorable specimens of a type which was then common in Ireland. The Church of England was becoming semi-Catholic. The Church of Ireland left Catholicism to those to whom it properly belonged. It represented the principles of the Reformation. It was a branch of what Mr. Gladstone has called the Upastree of Protestant ascendancy. Mr. — and the circle into which I was thrown were, to begin with, high-bred and cultivated gentlemen. They had seen the world. Some of them had been connected with the public movements of the time. O'Connell was then in his glory. I heard Irish affairs talked of by those who lived in the midst of them. A sharp line of division among the people distinguished the Protestants from the Catholics. The Protestants were industrious and thriving. Mendicancy, squalor, and misery went along

with the flocks of the priest, whether as cause or effect of their belief, or in accidental connection with it, I could not tell. The country was outwardly quiet, but there were ominous undertones of disaffection. There were murders now and then in the mountains, and I was startled at the calmness with which they were spoken of. We were in the midst of the traditions of 1798. My friend's father had been attacked in his palace, and the folios in the library bore marks of having been used to barricade the windows. He himself spoke as if he was living on a volcano; but he was as unconcerned as a soldier at his post, and so far as outward affairs went he was as kind to Catholics as to Protestants. His outdoor servants were Catholics, and they seemed attached to him, but he knew that they belonged to secret societies, and that if they were ordered to kill him they would do it. The presence of exceptional danger elevates characters which it does not demoralize. There was a quiet good sense, an intellectual breadth of feeling in this household, which to me who had been bred up to despise Evangelicals as unreal and affected was a startling surprise. I had looked down on Dissent-

ers especially, as being vulgar among their other enormities ; here were persons whose creed differed little from that of the Calvinistic Methodists, yet they were easy, natural, and dignified. In Ireland they were part of a missionary garrison, and in their daily lives they carried the colors of their faith. In Oxford, reserve was considered a becoming feature in the religious character. The doctrines of Christianity were mysteries, and mysteries were not to be lightly spoken of. Christianity at — was part of the atmosphere which we breathed ; it was the great fact of our existence, to which everything else was subordinated. Mystery it might be, but not more of a mystery than our own bodily lives and the system of which we were a part. The problem was to arrange all our thoughts and acquirements in harmony with the Christian revelation, and to act it out consistently in all that we said and did. The family devotions were long, but there was no formalism, and everybody took a part in them. A chapter was read and talked over, and practical lessons were drawn out of it ; otherwise there were no long faces or solemn affectations ; the conversations were never foolish or trivial ; serious subjects were lighted up as if by an ever-present spiritual sunshine.

Such was the new element into which I was introduced under the shadow of the Irish Upas-tree ; the same uniform tone being visible in parents, in children, in the indoor servants and in the surrounding society. And this was Protestantism. This was the fruit of the Reformation which we had been learning at Oxford to hate as rebellion and to despise as a system without foundation. The foundation of it was faith, the authority the Holy Scripture, which was supposed to be verbally inspired ; and as a living witness, the presence of Christ in the heart. Here, too, the letter of the word was allowed to require a living authentication. The Anglo-Catholics at Oxford maintained that Christ was present in the Church ; the Evangelicals said that he was present in the individual believing soul, and why might they not be right ? So far as Scripture went they had promises to allege for themselves more definite than

the Catholics. If the test was personal holiness, I for my own part had never yet fallen in with any human beings in whose actions and conversations the spirit of Christ was more visibly present.

My feelings of reverence for the Reformers revived. Fact itself was speaking for them. Beautiful pictures had been put before us of the mediæval Church which a sacrilegious hand had ruthlessly violated. Here on one side we saw the mediæval creed in full vitality with its fruits upon it which our senses could test ; on the other, equally active, the fruits of the teaching of Luther and Calvin. I felt that I had been taken in, and I resented it. Modern history resumed its traditionary English aspect. I went again over the ground of the sixteenth century. Unless the intelligent part of Europe had combined to misrepresent the entire period, the corruption of Roman Catholicism had become intolerable. Put the matter as the Roman Catholics would, it was a fact impossible to deny, that they had alienated half Europe, that the Teutonic nations had risen against them in indignation and had substituted for the Christianity of Rome the Christianity of the Bible. They had tried, and tried in vain, to extinguish the revolt in blood, and the national life of modern England had grown up out of their overthrow. With the Anglo-Catholics the phenomena were the same in a lighter form. The Anglo-Catholics too had persecuted so far as they dared ; they too had been narrow, cruel, and exclusive. Peace and progress had only been made possible when their teeth were drawn and their claws pared, and they were tied fast under the control of Parliament. History, like present reality, was all in favor of the views of my Evangelical friends.

And if history was in their favor so were analogy and general probability. Mediæval theology had been formed at a time when the relations of matter and spirit had been guessed at by imagination, rather than studied with care and observation. It was now well known that mind acted on mind and body upon body. If ideas reached the mind through the senses, it was by method and sequence which, if it could not be fully understood, yet so far as experi-

ence went was never departed from. The Middle Ages, on the other hand, believed in witchcraft and magic. Incantation could call up evil angels and control the elements. The Catholic theory of the sacraments was the counterpart of enchantment. Outward mechanical acts, which except as symbols had no meaning, were supposed to produce spiritual changes; and spoken words to produce, like spells, changes in material substance. The imposition of a bishop's hands conferred supernatural powers. An ordained priest altered the nature of the elements in the Eucharist by consecrating them. Water and a prescribed formula regenerated an infant in baptism. The whole Church, it was true, had held these opinions down to the sixteenth century. But so it had believed that medicine was only efficacious if it was blessed; so it had believed that saints' relics worked miracles. Larger knowledge had taught us that magic was an illusion, that spells and charms were frauds or folly. The reformers in the same way had thrown off the notion that there was anything mysterious or supernatural in the clergy or the sacraments. The clergy in their opinion were like other men, and were simply set apart for the office of teaching the truths of religion. The sacraments were symbols, which affected the moral nature of those who could understand them, as words, or pictures, or music, or anything else which had an intelligible spiritual meaning. They brought before the mind in a lively manner the facts and principles of Christianity. To regard them as more was superstition and materialism. Evangelicalism had been represented to me as weak and illiterate. I found it so far in harmony with reason and experience, and recommended as it was by personal holiness in its professors, and general beauty of mind and character, I concluded that Protestantism had more to say for itself than my Oxford teachers had allowed.

For the first time, too, among these good people I was introduced to evangelical literature. Newton and Faber had given me good reasons when I was a boy for believing the Pope to be the man of sin; but I had read nothing of evangelical positive theology—and books

like the "Pilgrim's Progress" were nothing less than a revelation to me. I do not mean that I could adopt the doctrine in the precise shape in which it was presented to me, that I was *converted*, or anything of that kind; but I perceived that persons who rejected altogether the theory of Christianity which I had been taught to regard as the only tenable one, were as full of the spirit of Christ, and had gone through as many, as various, and as subtle Christian experiences as the most developed saint in the Catholic calendar. I saw it in their sermons, in their hymns, in their conversation. A clergyman, who was afterward a bishop in the Irish Church, declared to me that the theory of a Christian priesthood was a fiction; that the notion of the Sacraments as having a mechanical efficacy irrespective of their conscious effect upon the mind of the receiver was an idolatrous superstition; that the Church was a human institution, which had varied in form in different ages, and might vary again; that it was always fallible; that it might have bishops in England and dispense with bishops in Scotland and Germany; that a bishop was merely an officer; that the apostolical succession was probably false as a fact—and, if a fact, implied nothing but historical continuity. Yet the man who said these things had devoted his whole life to his Master's service, thought of nothing else, and cared for nothing else.

The opinions were of no importance in themselves; I was, of course, aware, that many people held them; but I realized now for the first time that clergymen of weight and learning in the Church of England, ordained and included in its formularies, could think in this way and openly say so, and that the Church to which Newman and Keble had taught us to look as our guide did not condemn them. Clearly, therefore, if the Church equally admitted persons who held the sacramental theory, she regarded the questions between them as things indifferent. She, the sovereign authority, if the Oxford view of the Church's functions was correct, declared that on such points we might follow our own judgment. This conclusion was forced home upon me, and shook the confidence which I had hitherto contin-

ued to feel in Newman. It was much in itself, and it relieved me of other perplexities. The piety, the charity, the moral excellence in the circle into which I had been thrown were evidences as clear as any evidence could be of a living faith. If the Catholic revivalists were right, these graces were but natural virtues, not derived through any recognized channel, uncovenanted mercies, perhaps counterfeits, not virtues at all, but cunning inventions of the adversary. And it had been impossible for me to believe this. A false diamond may gain credit with eyes that have never looked upon the genuine gem, but the pure water once seen cannot be mistaken. More beautiful human characters than those of my Irish Evangelical friends I had never seen, and I have never seen since. Whatever might be the "Notes of the Church," a holy life was the first and last of them ; and a holy life, it was demonstratedly plain to me, was no monopoly of the sacramental system.

At the end of a year I returned to Oxford. There had been a hurricane in the interval, and the storm was still raging. Not the University only, but all England, lay and clerical, was agitating itself over Tract XC. The Anglican Church had been long ago described as having a Catholic Prayer-book, an Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic Articles. When either of the three schools asserted itself with emphasis the others took alarm. Since the revolution of 1688 Church and clergy had been contented to acquiesce in the common title of Protestant ; by consent of high and low the very name of Catholic had been abandoned to the Romanists ; and now when a Catholic party had risen again, declaring that they and they only were true Church of England men, the Articles, not unintentionally, had been thrown in their teeth. All the clergy had subscribed the Articles. The Articles certainly on the face of them condemned the doctrines which the revivalists had been putting forward ; weak brothers among them were beginning to think that the Articles had committed the Church to heresy, and that they ought to leave it. There were even a few who considered that their position was not so much as honest. I recollect the Professor of Astronomy saying to

me about this time that the obligation of a Tractarian to go to Rome was in the ratio of his intellectual obtuseness. If he was clever enough to believe two contradictory propositions at the same time, he might stay in the Church of England ; if his capacity of reconciliation was limited, he ought to leave it. It was to soothe the consciences of these troubled spirits that Tract XC. was written. As their minds had opened they had recognized in the mass, in purgatory, in the authority of tradition, in infallibility of councils, doctrines which down to the schism had been the ancient faith of Christendom. The Articles seemed distinctly to repudiate them ; and if they were true the body which rejected them could be no authentic branch of the Church Catholic. Newman undertook to remove this difficulty. He set himself to "minimize" what the Articles said, just as in later years he has "minimized" the decree of Papal infallibility. He tells us that he cannot understand a religion which is not dogmatic ; but he too finds tight-lacing uncomfortable, and though he cannot do without his dogma, it must mean as little as possible for him. He argues, in the first place, that the Articles could not have been intended to contradict the canons of the Council of Trent, as was popularly supposed, because they had been composed several years before those canons were published or the Council itself completed. Secondly, that they were directed not against Catholic doctrines, but against the popular abuses of those doctrines. They condemned "masses ;" they did not condemn the mass. They condemned the Romish doctrine of Purgatory ; but the Romish was not the Greek, and there might be many others. Finally, the Articles were legal documents, and were to be interpreted according to the strict meaning of the words. We do not interpret an act of Parliament by what we know from other sources of the opinions of its framers, we keep to the four corners of the act itself. Newman said that we had as little occasion to trouble ourselves with the views of individual bishops in the sixteenth century.

The English mind does not like evasion ; and on its first appearance the

Tract was universally condemned as dishonest. Very good people, my Irish friends among them, detested it, not for the views which it advocated, but as trifling with truth. I could not go along with them, partly because it had become plain to me that, little as they knew it, they themselves had at least equally to strain the language of the Baptismal Service, and of one of the three absolutions; partly because I considered Newman's arguments to be legally sound. Formulas agreed on in councils and committees are not the produce of any one mind or of any one party. They are compromises in which opposing schools of thought are brought at last to agree after many discussions and alterations. Expressions intended to be plain and emphatic, are qualified to satisfy objectors. The emphasis of phrases may remain, but the point emphasized has been blunted. The closer all such documents are scrutinized the more clear becomes the nature of their origin. Certainly, if the Catholic theory is correct, and if the Holy Spirit really instructs mankind through the medium of councils, and therefore through decrees which have been shaped in a manner so human, one can but wonder at the method that has been chosen. It seems like a deliberate contrivance to say nothing in seeming to say much, for there are few forms of words which cannot be perforated by an acute legal intellect. But as far as Tract XC. was concerned public opinion, after taking time to reflect, has pronounced Newman acquitted. It is historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the Church formulas so as to enable every one to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope. The English Catholics, who were then more than half the nation, applied to the Council of Trent for leave to attend the English Church services, on the express ground that no Catholic doctrine was denied in them. The Council of Trent refused permission, and the petitioners, after hesitating till the defeat of the Armada Providence had declared for the Queen, conformed (the greater number of them) on their own terms. They had fought for the Crown in the civil wars; they had been defeated, and since the revolution had no longer existed as a

theological party. But Newman was only claiming a position for himself and his friends which had been purposely left open when the constitution of the Anglican Church was formed.

But religious men do not argue like lawyers. The Church of England might have been made intentionally comprehensive three centuries ago, but ever since 1688 it had banished Popery and Popish doctrines. When the Catholics were numerous and dangerous, it might have been prudent to conciliate them; but the battle had been fought out since, and a century and a half of struggles and conspiracies and revolutions and de-throned dynasties were not to go for nothing. Compromise might have dictated the letter of the Articles, but unbroken usage for a hundred and fifty years had created a Protestant interpretation of them which had become itself authoritative. Our fathers had risked their lives to get rid of Romanism. It was not to be allowed to steal into the midst of us again under false colors. So angry men said at the time, and so they acted.

Newman, however, had done his work. He had broken the back of the Articles. He had given the Church of our fathers a shock from which it was not to recover in its old form. He had written this Tract, that he might see whether the Church of England would tolerate Catholic doctrine. Had he waited a few years, till the seed which he had sown could grow, he would have seen the Church unprotestantizing itself more ardently than his most sanguine hope could have anticipated, the squire parsons of the Establishment gone like a dream, an order of priests in their places, with an undress uniform in the world, and at their altars "celebrating" masses in symbolic robes, with a directory to guide their inexperience. He would have seen them hearing confession, giving absolution, adoring Our Lady and professing to receive visits from her, preaching transubstantiation and purgatory and penance and everything which his Tract had claimed for them; founding monasteries and religious orders, washing out of their naves and chancels the last traces of Puritan sacrilege; doing all this in defiance of courts of law and Parliaments and bish-

ops, and forcing the authorities to admit that they cannot be interfered with. It has been a great achievement for a single man; not the less so that, although he admitted that he had no right to leave the Church in which he was born unless she repudiated what he considered to be true, he himself would not even pause to discern whether she would repudiate it or not.

But Newman, though he forbids private judgment to others, seems throughout to retain the right of it for his own guidance. He regarded the immediate treatment of the message which he had delivered as the measure of his own duty. His convictions had grown slowly on himself; they were new to the clergy, unpalatable to the laity, violently at variance with the national feelings and traditions. Yet the bishops were expected to submit on the spot, without objection or hesitation, to the dictation of a single person; and because they spoke with natural alarm and anxiety, his misgivings about the Catholicity of the Church of England turned instantly into certainties, and in four years carried him away over the border to Porepy.

It is evident now, on reading Newman's own history of his religious opinions, that the world, which said from the beginning that he was going to Rome, understood him better than he then understood himself, or, perhaps, than he understands himself now. A man with so much ability would never have rushed to conclusions so precipitately merely on account of a few bishops' charges. Excuses these charges might be, or explanations to account for what he was doing; but the motive force which was driving him forward was the overmastering "idea" to which he had surrendered himself. He could have seen, if he had pleased, the green blade of the Catholic harvest springing in a thousand fields; at present there is scarcely a clergyman in the country who does not carry upon him in one form or other the marks of the Tractarian movement. The answer which he required has been given. The Church of England has not only admitted Catholic doctrine, but has rushed into it with extraordinary enthusiasm. He might be expected to have recognized that his im-

patient departure has been condemned by his own arguments. Yet the "Apologia" shows no repentance nor explains the absence of it. He tells us that he has found peace in the Church of Rome, and wonders that he could ever have hoped to find it in the English Communion. Very likely. Others knew how it would be from the first. He did not know it; but if the bench of bishops had been as mild and enduring as their present successors, it would have made no difference.

Newman was living at Littlemore, a village three miles from Oxford, when I came back from Ireland. He had given up his benefice, though still occasionally preaching in St. Mary's pulpit before the University. He was otherwise silent and passive, though his retirement was suspected, and he was an object of much impertinent curiosity. For myself he was as fascinating as ever. I still looked on him—I do at this moment—as one of the two most remarkable men whom I have ever met with; but I had learnt from my evangelical experiences that equally good men could take different views in theology, and Newmanism had ceased to have exclusive interest to me. I was beginning to think that it would be well if some of my High Church friends could remember also, that opinions were not everything. Many of them were tutors, and tutors responsible for the administration of the University. The discipline was lax, the undergraduates were idle and extravagant; there were scandalous abuses in college management, and life at the University was twice as expensive as it need have been. There were plain duties lying neglected and unthought of, or, if remembered at all, remembered only by the Liberals, whom Newman so much detested. Intellectually, the controversies to which I had listened had unsettled me. Difficulties had been suggested which I need not have heard of, but out of which some road or other had now to be looked for. I was thrown on my own resources, and began to read hard in modern history and literature. Carlyle's books came across me; by Carlyle I was led to Goethe. I discovered Lessing for myself, and then Neander and Schleiermacher. The "Vestiges of the Natural

History of Creation," which came out about that time, introduced modern science to us under an unexpected aspect, and opened new avenues of thought. As I had perceived before that the evangelicals could be as saint-like as Catholics, so now I found that men of the highest gifts and unimpeached purity of life could differ from both by whole diameters in the interpretation of the same phenomena. Further, this became clear to me, that the Catholic revival in Oxford, spontaneous as it seemed, was part of a general movement which was going on all over Europe. In France, in Holland, in Germany intellect and learning had come to conclusions from which religion and conscience were recoiling. Pious Protestants had trusted themselves upon the Bible as their sole foundation. They found their philosophers and professors assuming that the Bible was a human composition—parts of it of doubtful authenticity, other parts bearing marks on them of the mistaken opinions of the age when these books were written; and they were flying terrified back into the church from which they had escaped at the Reformation, like ostriches hiding their heads in a bush.

Yet how could the Church, as they called it, save them? If what the philosophers were saying was untrue, it could be met by argument. If the danger was real, they were like men caught in a thunderstorm, flying for a refuge to a tree, which only the more certainly would attract the lightning. Catholics are responsible for everything for which Protestants are responsible, plus a great deal besides which Protestants rejected once as lies, and the stroke will fall where the evidence is weakest. Christianity, Catholic and Protestant alike, rests on the credibility of the Gospel history. Verbal inaccuracies, if such there be, no more disprove the principal facts related in the Gospels than mistakes in Lord Clarendon's history of the Rebellion proves that there was never a Commonwealth in England. After all is said, these facts must be

tested by testimony, like all other facts. The personal experiences of individuals may satisfy themselves, but are no evidence to others. Far less can the Church add to the proof, for the Church rests on the history, not the history on the Church. That the Church exists, and has existed, proves no more than that it is an institution which has had a beginning in time, and may have an end in time. The individuals of whom it is composed have believed in Christianity, and their witness is valuable according to their opportunities, like that of other men, but this is all. That the Church as a body is immortal, and has infallible authority antecedent to proof, is a mere assumption like the tortoise in the Indian legend. If the facts cannot be established, the Catholic theory falls with the Protestant; if they can, they are the common property of mankind, and to pile upon them the mountains of incredibilities for which the Catholic Church has made itself answerable, is only to play into the hands of unbelievers, and reduce both alike to legend.

Still, the reaction was a fact, visible everywhere, especially in Protestant countries. The bloody stains on the Christian escutcheon were being painted over. The savage massacres, the stake at Smithfield, and the Spanish Auto da fé, the assassinations and civil wars and conspiracies on which we had shuddered as children were being condoned or explained away. Hitherto it had been strenuously denied that the Oxford movement was in the direction of Rome; it was insisted rather that, more than anything else, Tractarianism would tend to keep men away from Rome. No Protestant had spoken harder things of the Roman see and its doings than Newman had, and I was still for myself unable to believe that he was on his way to it; but the strongest swimmers who are in the current of a stream must go where it carries them, and his retirement from active service in the Church of England showed that he himself was no longer confident.—*Good Words*.

THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
 Pass, followed one with love and each with wonder :
 The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
 Clothed with loud words and mantled with the might
 Of darkness and magnificence of night ;
 And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,
 Searching if light or no light were thereunder,
 And found in love of loving-kindness light.
 Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
 Still following Righteousness with deep desire
 Shone sole and stern before her and above,
 Sure stars and sole to steer by ; but more sweet
 Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
 The light of little children, and their love.

The Athenæum.

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

No. II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NOBODY ever wrote a dull autobiography. If one may make such a bull, the very dullness would be interesting. The autobiographer has *ex officio* two qualifications of supreme importance in all literary work. He is writing about a topic in which he is keenly interested, and about a topic upon which he is the highest living authority. It may be reckoned, too, as a special felicity that an autobiography, alone of all books, may be more valuable in proportion to the amount of misrepresentation which it contains. We do not wonder when a man gives a false character to his neighbor, but it is always curious to see how a man contrives to present a false testimonial to himself. It is pleasant to be admitted behind the scenes and trace the growth of that singular phantom which, like the spectre of the Brocken, is the man's own shadow cast upon the colored and distorting mists of memory. Autobiography for these reasons is so generally interesting, that I have frequently thought with the admirable Benvenuto Cellini that it should be considered as a duty by all eminent men ; and, indeed, by men not eminent. As every sensible man is exhorted to make his will, he should also be bound to leave

to his descendants some account of his experience of life. The dullest of us would in spite of themselves say something profoundly interesting, if only by explaining how they came to be so dull—a circumstance which is sometimes in great need of explanation. On reflection, however, we must admit that autobiography done under compulsion would be in danger of losing the essential charm of spontaneity. The true autobiography is written by one who feels an irresistible longing for confidential expansion ; who is forced by his innate constitution to unbosom himself to the public of the kind of matter generally reserved for our closest intimacy. Confessions dictated by a sense of duty, like many records of religious experience, have rarely the peculiar attractiveness of those which are prompted by the simple longing for human sympathy. Nothing, indeed, in all literature is more impressive than some of the writings in which great men have laid bare to us the working of their souls in the severest spiritual crisis. But the solemnity and the loftiness of purpose generally remove such work to a rather different category. Augustine's "Confessions" is an impassioned meditation upon great religious and philosophical questions which only condescends at intervals to autobiographical detail. Few books, to

descend a little in the scale, are more interesting, whether to the fellow-believer or to the psychological observer, than Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." We follow this real pilgrim through a labyrinth of strange scruples invented by a quick brain placed for the time at the service of a self-torturing impulse, and peopled by the phantoms created by a poetical imagination under stress of profound excitement. Incidentally we learn to know and to love the writer, and certainly not the less because the spiritual fermentation reveals no morbid affectation. We give him credit for exposing the trial and the victory simply and solely for the reason which he alleges; that is to say, because he really thinks that his experience offers useful lessons to his fellow-creatures. He is no attitudinizer, proud at the bottom of his heart of the sensibility which he professes to lament, nor a sanctimonious sentimentalist simulating a false emotion for purposes of ostentation. He is as simple, honest, and sound-hearted as he is tender and impassioned. But these very merits deprive the book of some autobiographical interest. It never enters his head that anybody will care about John Bunyan the tinker, or the details of his tinkering. He who painted the scenes in *Vanity Fair* could have drawn a vivid picture of Elstow and Bedford, of Puritanical preachers and Cromwellian soldiers, and the judges and gaolers under Charles II. Here and there, in scattered passages of his works, he gives us graphic anecdotes in passing which set the scene before us vividly as a bit of Pepys's diaries. The incidents connected with his commitment to prison are described with a dramatic force capable of exciting the envy of a practised reporter. But we see only enough to tantalize us with the possibilities. He tells us so little of his early life that his biographers cannot make up their minds as to whether he was, as Southey calls him, a "blackguard," or a few degrees above or below that zero-point of the scale of merit. Lord Macaulay takes it for granted that he was in the parliamentary, and Mr. Froude thinks it almost proved that he was in the Royalist army. He tells us nothing of the death of the first wife, whose love seems to have raised him from black-

guardism: nor of his marriage to the second wife, who stood up for him so bravely before the judges, and was his faithful companion to the end of his pilgrimage. The book is therefore a profoundly interesting account of one phase in the development of the character of our great prose-poet; but hardly an autobiography. The narrative was worth writing, because his own heart, like his allegorical *Mansoul*, had been the scene of one incident in the everlasting struggle between the powers of light and darkness, not because the scene had any independent interest of its own.

In this one may be disposed to say Bunyan judged rightly. The wisest man, it is said, is he who realizes most clearly the narrow limits of human knowledge; the greatest should be penetrated with the strongest conviction of his own insignificance. The higher we rise above the average mass of mankind, the more clearly we should see our own incapacity for acting the part of Providence. The village squire, who does not really believe in anything invisible from his own steeple, may fancy that he is of real importance to the world, for the world for him means his village. "P. P. clerk of this parish" thought that all future generations would be interested in the fact that he had smoothed the dog's-ears in the great Bible. A genuine statesman who knows something of the forces by which the world is governed should have seen through the humbug of history. He should have learnt the fable of the fly and the chariot wheel, and be aware that what are called his achievements are really the events upon which, through some accident of position, he has been allowed to inscribe his name. One stage in a nation's life gets itself labelled Cromwell, and another William Pitt; but perhaps Pitt and Cromwell were really of little more importance than some contemporary P. P. This doctrine, however, is considered, I know not why, to be immoral, and to smack of fatalism, cynicism, jealousy of great men, and other objectionable tendencies. We are in a tacit conspiracy to flatter conspicuous men at the expense of their fellow-workers, and he is the most generous and appreciative who can heap the greatest number of superlatives

upon growing reputations, and add a stone to the gigantic pile of eulogy under which the historical proportions of some great figures are pretty well buried. We must not complain, therefore, if we flatter the vanity which seems to be the most essential ingredient in the composition of a model biographer. A man who expects that future generations will be profoundly interested in the state of his interior seems to be drawing a heavy bill upon posterity. And yet it is generally honored. We are flattered perhaps by this exhibition of confidence. We are touched by the demand for sympathy. There is something pathetic in this belief that we shall be moved by the record of past sufferings and aspirations as there is in a child's confidence that you will enter into its little fears and hopes. And perhaps vanity is so universal a weakness, and, in spite of good moralizing, it so strongly resembles a virtue in some of its embodiments, that we cannot find it in our hearts to be angry with it. We can understand it too thoroughly. And then we make an ingenious compromise with our conscience. Our interest in Pepys's avowals of his own foibles, for example, is partly due to the fact that while we are secretly conscious of at least the germs of similar failings, the consciousness does not bring any sense of shame, because we set down the confession to the account of poor Pepys himself. The man who, like Goldsmith, is so running over with jealousy that he is forced to avow it openly, seems to be a sort of excuse to us for cherishing a less abundant stock of similar sentiment. This is one occult source of pleasure in reading autobiography. We have a delicate shade of conscious superiority in listening to the vicarious confession. "I am sometimes troubled," said Boswell, "by a disposition to stinginess." "So am I," replied Johnson, "but I do not tell it." That is our attitude in regard to the autobiographer. After all, we say to ourselves, this distinguished person is such a one as we are; and even more so, for he cannot keep it to himself. The conclusion is not quite fair, it may be, when applied to the case of a diarist like Pepys, who, poor man, meant only to confide his thoughts to his notebooks. But it applies more or less to

every genuine autobiographer—to every man, that is, who has deliberately written down a history of his own feelings and thoughts for the benefit of posterity.

The prince of all autobiographers in this full sense of the word—the man who represents the genuine type in its fullest realization—is undoubtedly Rousseau. The "Confessions" may certainly be regarded as not only one of the most remarkable, but as in parts one of the most repulsive books ever written. Yet, one must add, it is also one of the most fascinating. Rousseau starts by declaring that he is undertaking a task which has had no precedent, and will have no imitators—the task of showing a man in all the truth of nature, and that man himself. How far he is perfectly sincere in this, or in the declaration which immediately follows, that no one of his readers will be able to pronounce himself a better man than Jean Jacques Rousseau, is a question hardly to be answered. The avowal is at any rate characteristic of the true autobiographer. It reflects the subtle vanity which, taking now the guise of perfect sincerity, and now that of deep humility, encourages us to color as highly as possible both our vices and our virtues as equally entitling us to the sympathies of mankind: that strange and Protean sensibility which we are puzzled to classify either as an excessive craving for admiration, or a mere morbid desire for self-abasement. Certainly in Rousseau it sometimes shows itself in a shamelessness which it is very hard to forgive unless we will admit the ambiguous and well-worn plea of partial insanity. The pleasure—always, it must be granted, a very questionable one—of recognizing our own failings in our superiors, passes too often into sheer disgust or shuddering horror at the spectacle of genius grovelling in the mire. But Rousseau represents an abnormal development of all the qualities of his class; and this, the ugliest amongst the autobiographic instincts, is hardly developed out of proportion to the rest. And, therefore, if we cannot quite forgive, we are not altogether alienated. We read, for example, one of those amazing confessions of contemptible meanness which makes us wonder that human fingers could commit them to paper; the story of his

casting the blame of a petty theft upon an innocent girl, to her probable ruin ; of his desertion of his friend lying in a fit on the pavement of a strange town ; of the more grievous crime of his abandonment of his own children to the foundling hospital. How can any interest survive in the narrator except that kind of interest which a physiologist takes in some ghastly disease ? It would be a libel upon ourselves to suppose that we see the reflections of our own hearts in such narratives, or that we can in any degree take them as an indirect flattery to our own superiority. Such an emotion may conceivably be present in some other passages. When, for example, we read how, on the death of a dear friend, Rousseau confesses to one who loved them both that he derived some pleasure from the reflection that he should inherit an excellent black coat. He may perhaps be giving to us the sort of satisfaction which we derive from a keen maxim of Rochefoucauld. We recognize the truth—painful though it may be in itself—that some strand of mean and selfish feeling may be interwoven with genuine regret ; and we may reconcile ourselves by interpreting it as a proof that some of the sentiments for which we have blushed are not inconsistent with real kindness of heart. We may smile still more harmlessly at the quaint avowal of absurdity when Rousseau decides that he will test the probability of his future fate by throwing a stone at a tree trunk. A hit is to mean salvation, and a miss, damnation. He chooses a very big trunk very close to him, succeeds in hitting it, and sets his mind at rest. We may congratulate ourselves without malice on this proof that men of genius may indulge in very grotesque follies. A student of human nature may be grateful for a frank avowal now and then of the “ fears of the brave and follies of the wise.” But how can we justify ourselves in point of taste—to say nothing of morality—at not shrinking back from the more hideous avowals of downright depravity contained in this strange record which is to convince us that none among the sons of men can claim superiority to Rousseau ?

The answer is not so far to seek. One leading peculiarity of Rousseau, the great prophet of sentimentalism, is that

exaltation of the immediate sensation at the expense of hard realities which is the mark of all sentimentalism. He can enjoy intensely, but cannot restrain a single impulse with a view to future enjoyment. He can sympathize keenly with immediate sufferings, but shrinks from admitting that indulgence may be the worst cruelty. His only rule of life is to give free play to his impulses. All discipline is tyranny. Education is to consist in stimulating the emotions at the expense of the reason. And, therefore, facts in general are on the whole objectionable and inconvenient things. Your practical man is merely a wheel in a gigantic machinery, for ever grinding out barren results and never leaving himself time for the pure happiness of feeling. He would abolish space and time to make one dreamer happy. Dreamland is the only true reality. There facts conform to feeling instead of crushing it out of existence. There we can be optimists ; see virtue rewarded, simplicity honored, genius appreciated, and the substance of happiness pursued instead of its idle shadows—external show, and hard-won triumphs that pall in the fruition. Nothing is more characteristic of this tendency than the passage in which he describes the composition of the “ *Nouvelle Héloïse*.” The impossibility, he says, of grasping realities cast him into the land of chimeras : seeing nothing in existence which was worthy of his delirium, he nourished it in an ideal world which his creative imagination soon peopled with beings after his own heart. He was in love—not with an external object, but with love itself ; he formed out of his passionate longings those beautiful, unreal, high-strung beings, whose ecstasies and agonies kept fine ladies sitting up all night in forgetfulness of balls and assemblies, and which now, alas ! have faded, as unreal things are apt to fade, and become rather wearisome and slightly absurd. Facts revenge themselves upon the man who denies their existence ; and poor Rousseau did not escape the inevitable Nemesis. His follies and his crimes sprang from this fatal habit of sacrificing everything to the immediate impulse ; his reveries seduced him into the region of downright illusions ; and his optimism—by a curious,

but not uncommon inversion—became the strongest proof of his actual misery. He found realities so painful that he swore that they must be dreams ; as dreams were so sweet, that they must be the true realities. "All men are born free," as he says in his famous sentence ; "and men are everywhere in chains." That is the true Rousseau logic. Everything must be right in some transcendental sense, because in an actual sense everything is wrong. We say that men take a cheerful or a doleful view of the universe according to the state of their own livers ; but sometimes the reverse seems to hold good. It requires, it would seem, unusual buoyancy of spirits to endure the thought that the world is a scene of misery ; and the belief in its happiness is sometimes the attempt of the miserable man to reconcile himself to his lot. Anyhow, Rousseau had learnt this dangerous lesson. He suffered from a morbid appetite for happiness ; his intense longing for enjoyment stimulated an effeminate shrinking from the possibility of the crumpled rose-leaf. He identifies himself with the man who left his mistress in order to write letters to her. The absent—in this sense—have no blemishes. And this is true of the past as of the distant. Foresight, he says, always spoilt his enjoyment ; the future is pure loss to him ; for to look forward is always to anticipate possibilities of evil. He lives entirely, as he says elsewhere, in the present ; but in a present which includes the enjoyment of the past pleasures. "Not heaven itself upon the past has power," and we can nowhere be absolutely safe except in brooding over the moments of happiness which have survived by reason of their pleasantness.

This is part of the charm of the "Confessions." Finding no pure enjoyment in the present, he says, he returned by fits to the serene days of his youth. He chewed the cud of past delight, and lived again his life to the Charmettes. Hence sprang the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," placed among the scenery of his early youth and constantly reviving real experiences. He apologizes for giving us the details of his youth ; but the apology is clearly needless. He gives what he delights in. His youthful memories grow brighter as the

later become effaced ; the least facts of that time please him, because they are of that time. He remembers the place, the people, the time ; the servant moving in the room, the swallow entering the window, the fly settling on his hand while he writes his lesson ; he trembles with pleasure as he recalls the minutest details—and we feel the reflection of his delight. Indeed this is one secret of most autobiography. There is something touching in those introductory fragments which are so common in biographies. The old man, we see, has been enticed to write a book by the charm of the first chapter. He tells us with eager interest the story of his early days ; he remembers the village school and his initiation into the alphabet, or calls up the sacred vision of the mother whose figure still stands out amid the mists of memory ; but as he reaches the point where the light of common day blends with the romantic coloring of childhood, his hand fails, and he sums up the remainder of his history, if he has the courage to continue, in a few barren facts and dates. The phenomenon recurs again and again and leaves us to infer, according to our tastes, that infancy is the time of real happiness, or that the appearance of happiness always belongs to the distant. Rousseau tries to explain it in his own case. He long remained a child, he says ; objects always made less impression upon him than their memories ; and as all his ideas were images, the first engraved were the deepest, and the later rather blended with them than effaced them.

To explain Rousseau's power over his generation, and even his strongest interest for us, we should require to add other considerations. Rousseau's dreams, in fact, were not those of the mystic or of the poetical philosopher. If he cared, in one sense, very little for facts, it was because the past and the present overpowered the future. He could not cut himself apart from the world, as some meditative minds have done who live by choice in the region of abstract speculation. His temperament was too sensuous, his sympathies with those around him too keen, to permit him to find a permanent refuge in the gorgeous but unsubstantial world of poetic imagery. His senses bound him fast

to realities as upon a rock on which he was always struggling impatiently and spasmodically. It is in the vicissitudes of this struggle that the interest of his personal story consists. For it leads him to find that solution which has been preached in one form or other by so many moralists in all ages, and which had a special meaning for the society of his day. Ancient philosophers said that the great secret of life is in placing your happiness in things which depend upon ourselves, and not in things which are at the mercy of circumstance. Happiness, says a modern prophet, is to be found by lessening your denominator, not by increasing your numerator; by restricting your wants, not by multiplying your enjoyments. The great illusion of life is the childish fancy that you can get the moon by crying for it, instead of learning that the moon is beyond your reach. You must learn the great secret of renunciation. Rousseau's version of this doctrine was given with an intensity of conviction which moved the hearts of his contemporaries; and the "Confessions" are a kind of continuous comment upon the text. Are we, it may be asked, to take the ascetic view—to admit that happiness is impossible in this life, and to seek future blessedness by mortifying the affections which seek for present gratification? No, Rousseau would say; happiness is everything; to get as much enjoyment out of life as we possibly can is the one conceivable end of a human being. Nobody could be a more thorough hedonist. Then, should we seek for happiness in active life devoted to some absorbing ambition, or rather in courting those lofty emotions or those intellectual tastes which are the fruit of a thorough cultivation of all our faculties? No, again; for active life means weariness and disappointment, and exchange of substance for vain shadows; and the more men are cultivated, the more sophisticated and unreal become their lives, and the less their real powers of enjoyment. Then should we be Epicureans of the vulgar type, and give ourselves up to the indulgence of animal appetites? That, again, though Rousseau sometimes falls into perilous approximation to that error in practice, is as far as possible from his better mind. Nobody, in

fact—and it is the redeeming quality in his life—could set a higher value upon the simple affections. A life of calm domestic tranquillity—the idyllic life of unsophisticated country villages, of regular labor, and innocent recreation—is the ideal which he sets before his generation with all the fervor of his eloquence. That he made a terrible mess of it himself is undeniable; it is equally undeniable that the praises of domestic life come with a very bad grace from the man who sanctioned the worst practices of a corrupt society by abandoning his own children, though he tries to represent even that amazing delinquency as a corollary from his principles; and it must also be admitted that his Arcadia has too often the taint of sentimental unreality. But the doctrine takes a worthier form, not only in those passages of his speculative writings which manifest his deep sympathy with the poor and simple crushed under an effete system of social tyranny, but in the many passages of the "Confessions" where he recalls his brief approximations to a realization of his dreams. He might claim to have found "love in huts where poor men lie;" and to have been qualified by experience for recognizing the surpassing beauty of simple happiness. That is the secret charm of those eloquent passages to which the jaded fine ladies and gentlemen of his days turned again and again with an enthusiastic sympathy which it would be grossly unjust to set down as mere affectation. Such, for example, is his description of the delicious strolls by his beloved Lake of Geneva, where every scene was redolent of youthful associations; where he seemed to be almost within reach of that sweet tranquil life which was yet for him but a vanishing mirage; and where alone he declares that he might obtain perfect happiness, if he had but a faithful friend, a loving wife, a cow, and a little boat. He smiles sadly enough at the simplicity which has frequently led him to that region in search of this imaginary bliss, and at the contrast between the dream and the reality. Even in Paris he could grasp a like phantom. Here with his half-idiotic Theresa (who had, however, the heart of an angel), he found perfect happiness for a time. He pictures himself sitting

at the open window, the sill forming his table, for a frugal supper; looking down upon the street from the fourth story, and enjoying a crust of bread, a few cherries, a bit of cheese, and a bottle of wine. Who, he exclaims, can feel the happiness of these feasts? Friendship, confidence, intimacy, gentleness of soul, how sweet is the seasoning you bring! And, of course, he soon passes to a confession proving that his paradise had its snake. But the better sentiment, though clogged and degraded by ignoble passions, almost reconciles us to the man. Rousseau represents the strange combination of a kind of sensual appetite for pure and simple pleasures. On one side he reminds us of Keats, by his intense appreciation of sensuous beauty; and, on the other, of Cowper, by his love of such simple pleasures as our English poet enjoyed when sitting at Mrs. Unwin's tea-urn. It is a strange, almost a contradictory mixture; but Rousseau's life is a struggle between antagonisms; and until you admit that human nature is in some sense a contradictory compound, and can take delight in the queer results which grow out of them, you are hardly qualified to be a student of autobiography. Your proper biographer glides over these difficulties, or tries to find some reconciliation. The man who tells his own story reveals them because he is unconscious of their mixture.

Rousseau, I said, was the type of all autobiographers; and for the obvious reason, that no man ever turned himself inside out for the inspection of posterity so completely, and that even when he was unconscious of the exposure. Even his affectations are instructive. But when we think of some other autobiographers we may be inclined to retract. There are, when one comes to reflect, more ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream; and there are more ways of revealing your character than by this deliberate introspection, this brooding over past feelings, and laying bare every impulse of your nature. So, if Rousseau is to be called the typical autobiographer, it is perhaps in virtue simply of those strange contradictions which give piquancy to his "Confessions," and to those of many other men to whom the great problem of existence presented

itself in different terms. So, for example, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete antithesis to Rousseau than we find in Benvenuto Cellini, whose autobiography is almost equally interesting in a totally different way. He is a man in whose company the very conception of sentimentalism seems to be an absurdity; who is so incapable of reflective brooding that he is just as proud of his worst crimes as of his greatest artistic achievements; who tells with equal glee how he struck his dagger into the nape of his enemy's neck, and made a gold button of unparalleled beauty for the pope's cope; who is so full of energy that his life seems to be one desperate struggle, and he is most at home in the periods of most overpowering excitement, whether firing guns at the siege of Rome, or pitching all his plate into the furnace to help the fusing of the statue of Perseus; so full of intense vitality that when we read his memoirs it becomes difficult to realize the fact that all these throbbing passions and ambitions are still forever, and that we peaceable readers are alive; at once a man of high artistic genius, and yet such a braggart and a liar as to surpass Bobadil or the proverbial Ferdinand Mendez Pinto; a standing refutation of that pleasant moral commonplace which tries to associate genius with modesty; a queer compound of reckless audacity and defiance of all constituted authority with abject superstition; a man in short, who makes us wonder, as we read, whether the world has advanced or gone back; whether we have gained or lost by substituting the *douce*, respectable jeweler, and the vulgar blackguard of modern London, for this magnificent goldsmith bravo of the Florence of the sixteenth century. The only writer in our own literature who, at a long interval, recalls this brilliant apparition, is Lord Herbert of Cherbury. In him, too, we find the singular combination of the fire-eating duellist with the man of high intellectual power. Horace Walpole, who procured the publication of his autobiography, says that the reader will be astonished to find that the "History of Don Quixote was the Life of Plato." Herbert, it is true, was not quite a Plato nor a Quixote. His thirst for chivalrous adventures may indeed re-

mind us of the Don or of Cellini ; though somehow, though he wandered through Europe in true knight-errant spirit, always on the look-out for occasions of proving that courage for which, as he declares, he had as high a reputation as any man of his time, and was as irritable, punctilious, and given to dare-devil deeds as the most precise of cavaliers could desire, he seems to have had singular ill-luck. Somehow, the authorities always interpose to prevent his fighting. The vanity of Lord Herbert is of a more reflective and priggish type than that of Cellini. Instead of taking himself for granted, with the superlative audacity of his predecessor, he contemplates his own perfections complacently, and draws his own portrait, for the benefit of his descendants, as an embodiment of the perfect gentleman accomplished in all knightly arts, and full to overflowing of the most becoming sentiments. He has, in fact, a rather obtrusive moral sense, whereas an entire absence of any incumbrance of that kind is one of Cellini's peculiarities ; or at least, the Italian assumes that whatever he does must be right, whereas the Englishman is simply convinced that he does whatever is right. Herbert parades himself as a model with an amazing consciousness of his own perfection, and sets forth his various natural endowments—such, for example, as the delicious odor which exudes from his body and perfumes even his clothes—as a kind of providential testimony to his merits. When a voice from heaven orders him to publish his great book “*De Veritate*,” we feel that no human *imprimatur* would be adequate to so important an occasion. And, in spite of his swelling self-satisfaction, we must admit that he has real claims upon our respect ; in fact, Herbert, though not so great a poet as his brother George, at least wrote one poem which has a curious interest as anticipating, not only the metre, but, in some degree, the sentiment, of “*In Memoriam* ;” and, though, less conspicuous as a philosopher than Bacon or Hobbes, wrote books in which it is possible to trace some remarkable analogies to the teaching of Kant. When Walpole and Gray first tried to read the life they could not get on for “laughing and screaming,”

and Walpole was rather vexed when people took Herbert a little too seriously, and were inclined to admire him as a worthy successor, to Sir Philip Sidney. Yet Herbert is but one of many proofs (perhaps Walpole himself was another) that all coxcombs are not fools.

We have, it is plain, got a long way from Rousseau. We are almost, it may be said, at the very opposite pole of character. If vanity be a determining force in both cases, it is in the two cases controlled and directed by opposite passions. Combined with a morbid tendency to retrospection, a weak self-pity, an effeminate shrinking from pain, it reveals itself as a perverse pleasure in baring to public gaze those viler impulses which most men shrink from revealing to themselves. In the masterful, overbearing, active character, it appears in the more natural shape of straightforward ostentation, though it sometimes leads to the same end ; for it displays follies and vices, not because they are shameful, but for the opposite reason that it sees nothing in them to be ashamed of. Whether it should be called by the same name, as manifested in the one or in the other combination, is a question for the unlucky psychologist who has already a sufficient burden of insoluble problems. And we might find new puzzles in abundance for the same person by tracing the manifold transformations of the same Protean quality. We might skip from the Quixote-Plato—rather, one might say, the Bobadil-Kant—to another autobiographer, like him in little but the power of amusing, the vivacious Colley Cibber. Cibber's vanity is of a simpler type. It seems to be an unaccountable freak of nature that Cibber should have been the descendant of a Schleswig-Holstein father and an English mother. We could have sworn that he was a born Frenchman. His vanity is that which we generally attribute to the race whom we used to call our “lively neighbors.” In other words, instead of being priggish or sulky like the English, it is closely allied to good sense, good humor, and simplicity. It implies unfeigned self-complacency quite unalloyed by self-deception. It supplied the excellent Colley with an armor of proof which made him absolutely impervious even to

the most vicious stings of Pope's poisonous satire. He took all ridicule with the most imperturbable good temper, because he fully recognized and was perfectly reconciled to the fact, that he was ridiculous. He writes his life, as he tells us, with admirable serenity, because he was vain, and liked to talk about himself. What can the critic say more? "Expose me? Why, dear sir, does not every man that writes expose himself? Can you make me more ridiculous than nature has made me?" To hurt such a man by correct portraiture was impossible; and when Pope used to injure him by giving him the absurdly incorrect name of Duncce, the satirist missed his mark too palpably to hurt anybody but himself. And so, though the laughing-stock of all the wits, assailed by Pope and Fielding, the lucky Cibber, lapped in his invulnerable vanity, went gaily through his eighty-six years of life, as brisk and buoyant to the end as when he had only to go upon the stage with his natural manners to be the ideal representative of the Foppingtons and Easys of his own comedy. If the autobiography be slightly deficient on the side of sentiment, we may console ourselves by admitting that some of the descriptions of the actors of the time would not disgrace Charles Lamb. Would we find another variety of innocent and excessive vanity! Take up the memoirs — unfortunately fragmentary — of one whose long life ran side by side with Cibber's for some eighty-two years, though in oddly different surroundings, Swift's "wicked Will Whiston," so called because so transparently guileless and well-meaning that even bigots could only smile at his absurdities. In reading him we fancy that we must be studying a new version of the "Vicar of Wakefield." In truth, however, that good Dr. Primrose was one of Whiston's disciples, and got into trouble, as we may remember, by advocating a crotchet learnt from his predecessor a little too warmly. The master, however, suffered longer than the disciple, and shows just the same innocuous vanity in regard to his own supposed discoveries, and the same simple-minded wonder that others should fail to be converted, or should refuse to sacrifice preferment to crotchets about the date of the Apos-

tolical Constitutions. Whiston's self-complacency reappears with a difference in Baxter's ponderous autobiography. The copious outpourings of the good man help us to understand the report, which he can happily deny, that his multitudinous publications had ruined his bookseller; but it is full of interesting display of character, and nowhere more than in the profound conviction that if he had been able to apply a few more sermons he would have converted Cromwell and his troopers from their rebellious purposes, and the innocent enthusiasm with which he hurls his elaborate syllogisms at the heads of Charles II.'s bishops, believing poor man, in all good faith that the policy of the Restoration government was to be determined by scholastic argumentation.

If we seek for an excellent contrast we may go to those admirable representatives of the worldly bishop of the now extinct type, Newton or Watson. There is something quite touching in Watson's complaints of an unappreciative world. He had been made a professor of chemistry without having studied the very elements of the science, a professor of divinity without having studied theology before, or taking the trouble to study it afterwards. He was appointed to a bishopric because he was a sound Whig, and passed his life in a delightful country town on the banks of Windermere without ever bothering himself to reside in his Welsh diocese. But the stoppage of his preferment at this point is for him a conclusive proof that true Christian principles could not meet with their reward in this world. How else account for this scandalous neglect of one who, in addition to all his other merits, had taken great trouble to plant trees, and to make an honorable provision for his children—as well as giving them a sound education. It is a natural corollary that the man whose memoirs are thus a continuous grumble over the absence of preferment, should specially pride himself on his thorough self-respect. He belongs he says, to the oaks, not to the willows. Whenever he asks for a vacant bishopric, he explains that it is only in deference to the wishes of his friends. For himself he asks for nothing better than a life of retirement, though the king and his ministers will be eternally disgraced for hav-

ing left him to enjoy that blessing. The finest satirist, Fielding or Thackeray, might have been proud of portraying this ingenious and yet transparent self-deception; of unravelling the artifice by which worldliness and preferment hunting is so wrapped in blustering self-assertion as to appear—to the actor himself—as dignified independence of spirit.

Running over such varieties of character, we may ask whether it is fair to set down the autobiographic impulse as in all cases a manifestation of vanity. Or if we call it vanity, must we not stretch the meaning of the word beyond all bearing? The old psychologists used to maintain that every passion was a special form of self-love; and, if we may take such a license, we may call every man vain who takes an interest in his own affairs, and expects that others may be interested. He may hold that opinion even while sincerely believing that his success in the game of life was more due to the cards he held than to his intrinsic skill. If that still imply the presence of some latent vanity, some bias to our judgment lying below the region of conscious reflection, it is certainly of a scarcely perceptible kind. Vanity in this sense is but the inverse side of a man's philosophy of life. It is the value which he sets upon certain qualities of mind and character which is, no doubt, apt to be more or less connected with the trifling circumstance that he takes them to be his own. But in some cases this latter consideration has so little prominence that we almost overlook it. The autobiography takes so much the form of a philosophical sermon on the true principles of conduct, that we quite forget that the preacher is his own text. He treats himself with apparent impartiality, as if he were merely a scientific specimen whose excellent adaptation to the general scheme of things deserves the notice of an impartial inquirer. It happens to be the case nearest at hand, but is interesting only in the light of the general impersonal principle.

It is curious to trace this in one of the most interesting of modern autobiographers. J. S. Mill begins his recollections by disavowing—with obvious sincerity—any egoistic motive. He wishes to show the effect of a particular mode of education, to trace the influence upon

a receptive mind of various currents of modern thought; and, above all, to show how large a debt he owed to certain persons who, but for this avowal, would not receive their due measure of recognition. He is to give a lecture upon his own career as dispassionately as Professor Owen might lecture upon a creature which died in the palæozoic era. In pursuing this end, Mill made more revelations as to his own character than he perhaps knew himself. The book is much else, but it is also an exposition of a definite theory of life. Some readers were astonished to find that, as Mill puts it, a Benthamite might be something more than a mere "reasoning machine." That description, he admits, was applicable in some cases, and even to himself at one period of his life. But nothing could be clearer to readers of the autobiography—as, indeed, it was clear enough to the observers of his later career—that, so far from being a mere reasoning machine, Mill was a man of strong affections, and even feminine sensibility. And in this, as some critics have said, consists the peculiar pathos of the book. It was the story of a man of strong feelings, who had been put into a kind of moral and logical strait-waistcoat, and kept there till it had become a part of himself. The diagnosis of the case showed it, upon this understanding, to be one of partial atrophy of the affections; or rather—for the affections clearly survived—illustrated the effect of depriving them of their natural sustenance. To Mill, himself, it was rather a record of the means by which the strait-waistcoat had been forced to yield. Like Bunyan, he had been locked up by Giant Despair, and had escaped from the dungeons, though by a different method. The account of the crisis in his moral development which corresponds to a conversion in the case of Bunyan, gives the real key to his story. He had been put into the strait-waistcoat by that tremendous old gentleman, James Mill, whose force of mind produced less effect through his books than by his personal influence upon his immediate surroundings. His doctrine repelled most readers till it had been made more sympathetic by passing through the more sensitive and emotional nature of his son. The ultimate effect was not

to suppress J. S. Mill's affections, but to confine them to certain narrow channels. The primary effect, however, was to produce that "reasoning machine" period in which the son was a simple logic-mill grinding out the materials supplied by the father and Bentham. Now old Mill was not simply a kind of personified "categorical imperative"—a rigid external conscience imposing a fixed rule upon his filial disciple, but his doctrine was certainly a trying one. He held that the sole end of morality was to produce happiness, and at the same time he did not believe in happiness. "He thought human life a poor thing at best after the freshness of youth and unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." He and his disciples denounced all emotion as "sentimentality," and fully shared that English prejudice which, as J. S. Mill declares, regards feeling, especially if it has a touch of the romantic or exalted, to be something intrinsically disgraceful. Here then was the uncomfortable dilemma into which the younger Mill was driven, and which made him miserable. A rigid sense of duty was the sole rule of life; duty meant the production of happiness; and happiness was a mere illusion and unsubstantial phantom. No wonder if a period followed during which the world seemed to him weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. To feel that all that is left for one is to be a machine grinding out theorems in political economy is certainly not an exhilarating state of things.

The escape from this condition, as Mill represents, involved two discoveries, which, like all such discoveries, are old enough in the state of abstract theory, and new only in so far as they become actual possessions and active principles of conduct. Happiness, he discovered, was to be found by not aiming at happiness; by working for some external end and not meditating upon your own feelings. And, secondly, he discovered the importance of cultivating those sympathies and sentiments which he had previously been inclined to despise as mere incumbrances to his reasoning machinery. But do not the two doctrines clash? Is not an æsthetic cultivation of happiness a name for that introspective brooding of which Rousseau is the great example, implying precisely that thirst

for happiness as an ultimate end and aim which his other principle showed to be suicidal? Consciously to cultivate the emotions is to become a sentimentalist—the very thing which he was anxious to renounce. The apparent paradox was solved for him by the help of Wordsworth, who taught him that the charm of tranquil contemplation might be heightened instead of dulled by a vivid interest in the common feelings and common destinies of human beings; and that æsthetic delight in nature was perfectly compatible with scientific interest in its laws. The famous ode proved to him that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment could be replaced by a wider interest in our fellows; and that the thoughts which gather round the setting sun are not something distinct from, but really identical with, those suggested by a watch over man's mortality. This teaching, he says, dispensed for ever his youthful depression.

The problem seems a simple one when thus stated. How to cultivate your feelings without becoming sentimental? Find your happiness in the happiness of others; and regard even the grinding of that logical mill as work done for the benefit of your kind. Problems, however, which have to be worked out by modifying your own character take a good deal more labor than is implied in putting together a couple of syllogisms. And it is in this modification of character that the peculiar interest of the autobiography consists. The aversion of his mind from his own private interests, the intense devotion of his mental energies to what he regarded as the great needs of his fellow-men, the constant reference of his apparently most abstract speculation to practical reforms, are obvious and most honorable characteristics of Mill as a thinker. One may doubt whether women will be as much improved by receiving votes as he anticipated; one cannot doubt the generosity with which he revolted against their supposed "subjection." But there is another sense in which the theory of the vast importance of "extra-regarding" habits brings out some curious results. We are all such adepts at self-deception that we need not wonder if the very resolution not to think of oneself sometimes tends to a more refined

kind of self-consciousness. I have often fancied that nobody can be so dogmatic as your thoroughly candid person. The fact that he has listened to all sides gives him a kind of right in his own opinion to speak with the authority of a judge. It has been said that a tendency to be "cock-sure" is a special characteristic of Mill's school; and perhaps we may recognize it in their master not the less because it is combined with a scrupulous desire to grant a hearing to all antagonists. But another manifestation of character is never interesting. No one could be more anxious than Mill to arrogate nothing to himself. Nobody could state more explicitly that his merit was less in original thought than in willingness to learn from others, and thus that his true function was to meditate between the public and the original thinkers. And therefore it is natural to find him insisting with passionate eagerness upon the superlative merits of the woman who was, according to him, the guide of his mature years, as his father had been of his infancy and youth. Here was the practical commentary on the text of cultivating the emotions. If he withdrew from society and many social enjoyments, it was because his whole emotional strength was concentrated upon a single object. We listen with some mixture of feeling to his rather strained and exalted eulogy. It may be true that Mrs. Mill was more of a poet than Carlyle, and more of a thinker than Mill himself; that she was like Shelley, but that Shelley was but a child to what she ultimately became; that her wisdom was "all but unrivalled," and much more to the same purpose. It may, I say, be true, for one cannot prove a negative in regard to a person of whom the world knows so little. Yet it is a weakness, though an amiable weakness, to attempt by force of such language to overcome the inevitable decree of circumstances, and to try to dictate to the world an opinion which it cannot receive upon any single authority. It may be profoundly melancholy that such exalted merit should vanish without leaving more tangible traces; but it is useless to resent the fact, or to suppose that when such traces are non-existent, the defect can be supplied by the most

positive assertions that they might have existed. And Mill would have seen in any other case what was the inevitable suggestion to his readers. He could not, he says, "detect any mixture of errors" in the truths which she struck out far in advance of him. What are the opinions in which a man detects no mixture of error? Plainly his own. But these were far in advance of him? That means that they were deductions from his own. Is it possible, to speak it plainly, to resist a strong impression that these extravagant expressions of admiration may have been lavished upon a living echo—an echo, it is true, skilful enough to anticipate as well as to repeat, but still essentially an echo? We know, for Mill has told us, what he did alone, and we know what he did in co-operation; and if the earlier work was not his best, it certainly contained the whole sum and substance of his later teaching. That his wife must have been a remarkable woman may be a fair deduction from his admiration; that she was all that he then thought her would be, to say the least of it, a very rash conjecture.

Happiness, says Mill, is to be found by aiming at something different from happiness. And if we thus cheat ourselves into happiness, we may attain to the vanity of self-esteem by a similar expedient. By lavishing all our enthusiasm upon one who is but a second self, we may deprive our appreciation of our own merits of its apparent arrogance. This, indeed, is one of the many illusions which give a peculiar interest to the unconscious confessions of autobiographers. But neither is it to be roughly set down as all illusion, and still less as an unworthy sentiment. It in no sort diminishes our interest in discovering that this so-called reasoning machine was a man of the most delicate fibre and most tender affections. It is easy to forgive the illusions against which a thick cuirass of tough selfishness is the only known safeguard of complete efficacy. Rather it helps to convince us that Mill should be classed in some respects with the unworldly enthusiasts of the Vicar of Wakefield type whose very simplicity leads them to a harmless vanity which exaggerates their own infallibility and importance to the world. He

had the character, though not the crotchets, of the life-long recluse. Though his intellect was deeply interested in the great problems of contemporary thought, and though he had been for many years in State affairs, there was a wall of separation between himself and his contemporary society. When he came into Parliament he came as re-entering the world from a remote hermitage. Hermits, whether they come from deserts or from the India office, have a certain tendency to intolerance and contempt for the social part of the species. They have lost some human feeling and preach crusades with a reckless indifference to consequences. I cannot determine how far Mill might be rightly accused of a want of practical sense. But in any case he had nothing of the bitterness or the harsh pedantry of the solitary theorist. Even his enemies could see that his sympathies were fresh and generous, and that his impulses were invariably generous. As a philanthropist, his philanthropy was not of the merciless and inhuman variety. The discovery of the fact was a surprise at the time to those who believed in the traditional Benthamite and Malthusian. The autobiography, with its strange bursts of emotion, perhaps reveals the true secret. If he naturally exaggerated the merits of the partner of his hermitage, he did not necessarily exaggerate her services to him. It is easily credible that her company saved him from ossifying into a mere grinder of formulæ and syllogisms. We shrink a little from certain overstrung phrases, but they reveal to us the pathos of the man's life. Admit that his affection produced illusion, or that it covered and was combined with a sort of vicarious self-conceit, yet at bottom it represents the intense devotion which springs only out of simplicity and tenderness of nature.

It would be tempting here to draw the obvious parallel between Mill and Carlyle, which must just now be in every one's mind; for certainly whatever may be said of the "Reminiscences" just published, they contain one of the most remarkable self-revelations ever given to the world, and the relations of the two men to vigorous fathers and passionately adored wives have singular points of

contrast and resemblance. But I must be content to close this ramble through some famous autobiographies by touching upon one which often seems to me to be the most delightful of its class. I know, as everybody knows, what may be said against Gibbon; against his want of high enthusiasm, his deficient sympathy with the great causes and their heroes, the provoking self-sufficiency and apparent cold bloodedness of the fat composed little man. And yet, when reading his autobiography and contrasting it with some of those we have considered, I find myself constantly led to a conclusion not quite in accordance with the proper rules of morality. After all, one cannot help asking, did not Gibbon succeed in solving the problem of life more satisfactorily than almost anybody one knows? Other autobiographies are for the most part records of hard struggles with fate, plaintive lamentations over the inability to obtain any solid satisfaction out of life, appeals of disappointed vanity to the judgment of an indifferent posterity, vain-glorious braggings over successes which should rather have been the cause of shame, weak regrets for the vanishing pleasures of youth and hopeless attempts to make the might-have-been pass muster with the actual achievement. The more a man prides himself upon his successes, the more we feel how good a case a rival's advocate could make on the other side; and when he laments over his failures, the more we are inclined to say that after all it served him right. But when in imagination we take that famous turn with Gibbon upon that terrace at Lausanne beneath the covered walk of acacias, look up to the serene moon and the silent lake, and hear him soliloquize upon the conclusion of the "Decline and Fall," we feel that we are in presence of a man who has a right to his complacency. He has not aimed, perhaps, at the highest mark, but he has hit the bull's-eye. Given his conception of life, he has done his task to perfection. With singular felicity, he has come at the exact moment and found the exact task to give full play to his powers. Nobody had yet laid the keystone in the great arch of history; and he laid it so well that his work can never be super-

seded. Somebody defines a life to be *une pensée de jeunesse exécutée par l'âge mûr*. It was Gibbon's singular good fortune to illustrate that saying as few men have done. Though his plan ripened slowly and with all deliberation, he acted as if he had foreseen the end from the beginning. If he had been told in his boyhood, You shall live so long a life, with such and such means at your disposal, he could hardly have laid out his life differently. To mistake neither one's powers nor one's opportunities is a felicity which happens to few; and Gibbon had the additional good fortune that even his distractions seem to have been useful. The interruption to his Oxford education made him a cosmopolitan; his service with the volunteers helped him to be a military historian; and even his parliamentary career which threatened to absorb him only gave to the student the tone of a practical politician. It seems as though everything had been expressly combined to make the best of him.

What more could be desired by a man of Gibbon's temperament? Undoubtedly to be a man of Gibbon's temperament is to have a moderate capacity for certain forms of happiness. In the lives of most great men the history of a conversion is a record of heart-rending struggle, ending in hard-won peace. Gibbon merely changed his religion as he changed his opinion upon some antiquarian controversy; it is a question as to the weight of historical evidence, like the question about the sixth *Æneid*, or a dispute about the genealogy of the House of Brunswick. Whatever pangs and raptures may require religious susceptibility were clearly not within his range of feeling. And in another great department of feeling we need not inquire into the character of the author of the inimitable sentence, "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." One is tempted to put it beside a remark which he makes on another occasion, "I yielded to the authority of a parent, and complied, like a pious son, with the wish of my own heart." Perhaps the heart which sanctioned his filial obedience in the latter case was not so opposed to it in the other as he would have us believe. It is better worth noting, however, that in spite of the very tepid

disposition, illustrated by these familiar passages, Gibbon has affections as warm as are compatible with thorough comfort. He was not a passionate lover; and we cannot say, for he was not tried, that his friendship was of an heroic strain; but he had a very good supply of such affections as are wanted for the ordinary wear and tear of life—to provide a man with enough interests and sympathies to make society pleasant, and his family life agreeable. Nay, he seems to have been really generous and considerate beyond the ordinary pitch, and to have been a faithful friend, and excellent in some very delicate relationships. For a statesman, a religious teacher, or a poet, much stronger equipment in this direction might be desirable. But Gibbon had warmth enough to keep up a pleasant fireside, if not enough to fire the hearts of a nation. He clearly had enough passion for his historical vocation. A more passionate and imaginative person would hardly have written it at all. It requires a certain moderation of character to be satisfied with a history instead of a wife, and Gibbon was so great an historian because he could accept such a substitute. No one capable of being a partisan could have preserved that stately march and equable development of the vast drama of human affairs which gives a monumental dignity to his great book. Even if you do not want to write another "Decline and Fall," is not such a disposition the most enviable of gifts? If such a life has less vivid passages, is there not something fascinating about that calm, harmonious existence, disturbed by no spasmodic storms, and yet devoted to one achievement grand enough to extort admiration even from the least sympathetic? Surely it is a happy mean: enough genius to be in the front rank, if not in the highest class, and yet that kind of genius which has no affinity to madness or disease, and virtue enough to keep up to the respectable level which justifies a comfortable self-complacency without suggesting any awkward deviations in the direction of martyrdom. That is surely the kind of composition which a man might desire if he were to calculate what character would give him the best chance of extracting the greatest possible amount of

enjoyment out of life. Luckily for the world, if not for its heroes, men's characters cannot be fixed by such calculations; and a certain number of perverse people are even glad to possess vehement emotions and restless intellects, however conscious that the fiery soul will wear out the pigmy body. We try to persuade ourselves that they are not only choosing the noblest part, but acting most wisely for their own interests. It may be so; for the problem is a complex one. But it has not yet been proved that a man can always make the

best of both worlds, and that the sacrifices imposed by virtue are always repaid in this life. Certainly it seems doubtful, when we have studied the self-written records of remarkable men, whether experience will confirm that pleasant record; whether it is not more probable that for simple employment it is not best to have one's nature pitched in a key below the highest. Most of us would make a very fair compromise if we should abandon our loftier claims on condition of being no worse than Gibbon.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE PERMANENCE OF CONTINENTS.

BY J. STARKIE GARDNER, F.G.S.

"IT is not too much to say that every spot which is now dry land has been sea at some former period, and every part of the space now covered by the deepest ocean has been land." This sentence occurs in the latest edition of Lyell's "Principles of Geology," still perhaps the most authoritative text-book on the subject, and the view it expresses has been generally received as an article of faith by geologists until within a few years, or even months ago.

Lately a change of view has taken place, and now many distinguished men hold the completely opposite opinion that oceans have been permanent from the remotest times, and that continents are, and have ever been, fixed lands, subjected to ceaseless modifications of form. Among the most conspicuous partisans of the new theory are Sir Wyville Thomson, Prof. Geikie, and Mr. Wallace; and the latter especially seems to have collected together and presented in his fascinating book, "Island Life," every kind of evidence that tends to support it. Nothing appears to have escaped him, yet the whole when summed up must seem to every geologist to fall far short of proof. Still, although the evidence upon which the theory is based is as yet wholly insufficient, it by no means follows that the theory itself is improbable.

The chief evidence upon which the Permanence of Continents at present rests, is purely geological. It is argued

that the whole of the sedimentary rocks are littoral deposits, or those of inland seas; and if this can be maintained, the theory would, almost as a matter of course, be accepted. Mr. Wallace, therefore, endeavors by every means to prove it.

Chief among deposits hitherto supposed to be oceanic, is the chalk; and to the discussion of this formation, accordingly, almost a whole chapter is devoted. Mr. Wallace expresses the belief that, far from the chalk sea representing a wide ocean with a few scattered islands comparable to some parts of the Pacific, "it formed as truly a portion of the great northern continent as it does now."

The evidence which he has to set aside, in favor of the chalk being a truly oceanic deposit, is extremely weighty, however, and by no means easily disposed of. Its vast extent—stretching from Sweden to Bordeaux, and from Ireland to China—and its freedom everywhere from impurities derived from the degradation of land, are greatly in favor of its oceanic origin. The areas that are known to have been denuded, and the enormous deposits of flint-shingles which characterize the Eocenes from their base upward to the most recent gravels, show how colossal this denudation has been.

The chalk that has escaped seems but the fragment of a mass which once passed under the Atlantic, for even the

Scilly Isles are strewn with flint, and the last remains of it in Devonshire and the north of Ireland are as pure as elsewhere, and show no signs whatever in the chalk itself, toward its western boundaries, of the proximity of shores. This vast deposit abounds with *Globigerina*, of species identical with those of the modern Atlantic mud, and with coccoliths and discoliths. Representative siliceous sponges are abundant in both, and the recent chalk-mud has yielded a large number of the group *Porifera vitrea*, which find their nearest representatives among the *Ventriculites* of the white chalk. The Echinoderms of the deeper parts of the Atlantic basin are very characteristic, and yield an assemblage of forms which represent in a remarkable degree the corresponding group in the white chalk. Species of the genus *Cidaris* are numerous; some remarkable flexible forms of the Diademidæ seem to approach the *Echinothurta*;^{*} *Rhizocrinus* is closely allied to the chalk *Bourgueticrinus*, while even among fish the genus *Beryx*, so abundant in the chalk, has been found by Dr. Carpenter, and the fresh light that the publication of the deep sea fish of the Challenger expedition is likely to throw on the subject will be looked forward to with much interest.

Prof Duncan,† when investigating corals, became impressed with the remarkable persistence of character and absence of variability in those of the deep-sea fauna. "The dredging in 1095 fathoms off the coast of Portugal, which yielded *Pentacrinus Wyville-Thomsoni*, Jeffreys produced many corals; and the series presented an eminently Cretaceous facies. The genus *Bathycyathus*, whose species, *Sowerbyi*, is so well known in the Upper Greensand, was represented there by numerous specimens of a species closely allied to that form."

A new species of *Caryophyllia*, allied by its structural peculiarities to *C. Bowerbanki* of the gault, and a species identical with the well-known *Caryophyllia cylindracca*, Reuss, sp., were discov-

ered at the same time. The homotaxis of part of the coral fauna of the Atlantic and that of the Cretaceous ocean, Prof. Duncan considers to be very remarkable.

Against this well-nigh irresistible evidence in favor of the oceanic origin of chalk, Mr. Wallace states that no specimens of *Globigerina* ooze yet examined agrees, even approximately, with chalk in chemical composition. The differences between the few analyses that have been published, are chiefly in the relative quantities of carbonate of lime, silica, alumina, and oxide of iron. It is by no means apparent that Sir W. Thomson's sample is the nearest analogous deposit to chalk that could be found in the beds of the Atlantic or Pacific; but supposing it to be so, the great changes in chemical composition to which chalk has been subjected since its consolidation, are entirely overlooked in comparing the analyses.* Chalk is, and probably always has been since its upheaval, constantly saturated with percolating rain-water, which enters as soft water charged with carbonic acid, and comes out in springs of hard water charged with carbonate of lime; and this alone in the course of ages would carry away the more soluble constituents such as iron, alumina, and magnesia. An even more important change is due to the removal by segregation of its silica into the form of flint. This, doubtless, took place when the silica was in a colloid state, and seems to have been arrested, while the chalk was consolidating, wherever harder and softer layers alternate. Its once viscid, almost fluid, state is shown by the manner in

* The analyses relied upon in support of this are by Sir W. Thomson, of *Globigerina* ooze, viz.:

	Per cent.	Per cent.
Carbonate of Lime . . .	43.93	to 79.17
Carbonate of Magnesia . .	1.40	to 2.58
Alumina and Oxide of Iron	6.00?	to 32.98
Silica	4.60	to 11.33
Supposed Volcanic Dust .	4.60	to 8.33

And of Chalk, by David Forbes:

	Grey Chalk, Folkestone.	White Chalk, Shoreham.
Carbonate of Lime . . .	94.09	98.40
Carbonate of Magnesia .	0.31	0.08
Alumina and Phosphoric Acid	a trace	0.42
Chloride of Sodium . . .	1.29	—
Insoluble débris . . .	3.61	1.10

* Sir Wyville Thomson, "Nature" vol. iii. p. 297.

† "Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc." xxvii. p. 437.

which it has penetrated the minutest pores of Echinoderms before destroying the shell; and it seems probable from the way in which it has replaced carbonate of lime,* that it had not parted with its organic acids. That it did not assume the solid state until at least after the partial consolidation of the chalk is obvious, through the filling in of fissures at right angles to the bedding, which could not have existed when it formed the surface sediment of the ocean bottom. In comparing the white chalk analysis with that of the ooze, therefore, we must bear in mind that, as already pointed out by Mr. Sorby, Mr. Sollas, and Dr. Wallich, a portion of flint must be added equal to that which has been separated away. In a similar manner, iron has been removed and segregated together, to be crystallized principally into globular balls with a radiating structure.† The shells composed of carbonate of lime, such as those of Gastropods,‡ Cephalopods, and Dimyaria, seem also to have been dissolved away, perhaps by the rain-water which falls upon the chalk, saturates it, and passes through it by capillary action unceasingly. Another evidence of change is shown in the crystalline condition of shells composed of phosphate of lime, such as the *Aviculidæ*, the *Branchiopoda*, the *Echinodermata*, etc.

It is surprising to find that no allusion whatever is made to this range of facts by Mr. Wallace; and those of his readers who are unacquainted with

them, are left unaware that chalk has undergone such great changes in its composition since it was the bed of the sea as to deprive the unqualified statement that the analyses of chalk and *Globigerina* ooze "do not even approximately agree," of any scientific value.

These facts further tend to show, as indeed is obvious from a comparison of the faunas, that the similarity in the analysis of the Oahu chalk and the white chalk, upon which so much stress is laid, is purely superficial.* In spite of the fact that "this chalk consists simply of comminuted corals and shells of the reef," and is, when examined microscopically, "found to be destitute of the minute organisms abounding in the chalk of England," Mr. Wallace states that in several growing reefs a similar formation of modern chalk, undistinguishable from the ancient, has been observed.

Mr. Wallace thus assumes that the chalk is derived from excessively fine mud produced by the decomposition and denudation of coral reefs; but this view appears to me to be untenable. Mr. Murray expressly states that no *Globigerina* were found in any of the inclosed seas of the Pacific which possess this chalky bottom; and to account for *Globigerina* in the chalk it has to be supposed that the chalk sea was open to the gulf stream, *i.e.* the Atlantic. Further, to provide the necessary conditions we are obliged to suppose this vast sea to have been bordered with islands and coral reefs, and that no large rivers flowed into it; and yet absolutely no traces of these coral reefs remain, while an inland sea could hardly have existed in proximity to a great permanent continent without some rivers draining into it. A curious piece of reasoning is that in the Maestricht and Faxoe chalks "we have a clear indication of the source whence the white calcareous mud was derived which forms the basis of the

* All the carbonate-of-lime shells are replaced in the Blackdown deposits by silica.

† It assumes very beautiful forms in the grey chalk, and has occasionally completely replaced sponges. The iron is frequently ochreous in the white chalk.

‡ Gastropods are found as casts in the grey chalk, slightly coated with iron, and occasionally traces are met in the lower white chalk in the same condition. Higher than this even the most indistinct outlines of the larger forms, such as *Pleurotomaria*, are rare. I have seen but one trace of shell on any spiral Gastropod, and this on a fragment of *Funis* from the white chalk near Norwich. Small thin fragments adhered to the cast, and the circumstance is remarkable, as *Funis* almost alone of the Gastropods preserves its shell in the Cambridge greensand. The shells of Cephalopods seem to possess a slightly greater resisting power, and their casts are, as a rule, more distinct.

* Analysis of Oahu chalk :

Carbonate of Lime	92.800
Carbonate of Magnesia	2.385
Alumina	0.250
Oxide of Iron	0.543
Silica	0.750
Phosphoric Acid and Fluorine	2.113
Water and loss	1.148

—*Geology of the U. S. Exploring Expedition*, p. 150.

chalk." If these local and far newer deposits are seen to be highly coralline and the chalk is not seen to be so, we have rather a clear indication that they were not deposited under the same conditions. The presence of *Mosasaurus* in the Maestricht beds, and the far newer aspect of its fauna, show that it must have belonged to an altogether different period, probably the one represented in America by a great so-called cretaceous series containing a mixture of cretaceous and tertiary mollusca, dicotyledonous plants, and *Mosasaurus*. From every point of view, in fact, the inference that the vast cretaceous deposits are analogous to small local deposits of coral mud in the Pacific does not appear to be the true one.

With regard to the probable depth of the ocean which deposited the chalk, the evidence brought together by Mr. Wallace is less unsatisfactory. Mr. J. Murray, for instance, sees the greatest resemblance to it in mud from depths of less than 1000 fathoms; and Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys finds that all the Mollusca of the chalk are comparatively shallow-water forms. We must bear in mind, however, that the characteristically deep-sea families and genera, such as *Bulla* and the Solenoconchia, *Leda*, *Neera* and *Verticordia*, would have long since been dissolved away if present; while great and highly characteristic cretaceous genera, such as *Inoceramus* and *Hippurites*, are wholly extinct and nothing therefore can be safely predicated concerning their habits.

In the grey chalk near Folkestone dark impressions of nearly all the deep-sea mollusca enumerated above are abundant; and the Gault and a part of the Lower Greensand are full of their shells in perfect preservation. Their absence in England at least, from the chalk, seems very clearly due rather to subsequent destruction than to their never having been present. Of the chalk genera that are preserved, *Pecten*, *Amussium*, *Lima*, *Spondylus*, *Anomia*, and the Brachiopoda are represented by Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys as having been dredged at from 1450 to 1750 fathoms and upward. As for the abundance of Ammonites showing, as Dr. S. P. Woodward once supposed, the water to have been as shallow as thirty fathoms, Mr.

Wallace himself would be the first to repudiate such mere supposition, were it urged against the theory he seeks to establish. Were *Nautilus* and *Spirula* shallow-water forms they would long since have been captured abundantly. The still existing shells of the chalk itself are so few that little weight can be attached to them as an indication of depth, but in the lower cretaceous deposits mollusca abound, as already stated, and in perfect preservation; and their facies, taken with the complete absence of shallow-water forms, implies, Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys believes, a depth of sea in the Gault period of somewhere about 1000 fathoms. Mr. Sorby, from quite other considerations, believed the Gault to be an altered red clay, similar in all essential respects to the red clay now forming at the ocean-bottom. There seems thus to be abundant evidence, indorsed by our greatest authorities, that at least some of the cretaceous deposits were deep-sea, while there is a total absence in them of anything necessarily indicating the proximity of land.* With regard to the chalk itself, however, the facts are still somewhat contradictory, for it far overlaps the Gault and grey chalk in Devonshire, and rests upon greensand; yet although it thins out to the west it remains a perfectly pure rock, without any apparent evidence of the upper part of the formation having gradually shallowed as the seabed became upheaved.

The immensity of the gap, seldom adequately realized, between the true cretaceous and the next overlying beds, implies an interval sufficient to have permitted the grandest changes in the distribution of land and water, and the gulf of the Atlantic, which stretched over the greater part of Europe, to become elevated; and, after enormous denudation, to be converted into land.

But even altogether apart from what is to be learned from the cretaceous rocks, it is not apparent that continents have been uninterruptedly permanent. Australia and Asia, Africa and Madag-

* No American or European so-called cretaceous land-flora can be proved to be as old as our white chalk. The few vegetable remains found in marine cretaceous rocks are not incompatible with the deposit having taken place at a distance from shore.

gascar, New Zealand and Australia, Europe and America, are all supposed to have been united at some more or less remote period; and to explain the present distribution of organisms, seas of a thousand fathoms depth are bridged over as often as it happens to be deemed requisite. But it is still questionable whether these former land connexions, which are admitted by Mr. Wallace, will be found sufficient to explain all the past as well as present peculiarities of distribution. For instance, a much more southerly land connection between England and America seems required to explain the presence of tropical American plants, such as palms, in our Eocene, because their absence in beds of corresponding age in the United States and Greenland implies that they did not pass along the northern route traced out for them. If sea-beds have been elevated to the extent of a thousand fathoms, and if there are forces capable of elevating the highest mountains in the world from below the sea level within a comparatively recent period, why are "hypothetical continents bridging over the deep oceans" "so utterly gratuitous and entirely opposed to all the evidences at our command," as Mr. Wallace wishes us to believe? There appears to be no valid reason why Europe should not have been connected with South America, by the so-called Atlantic ridge, or even Australia with South America by way of Easter, Gambier, and the Fiji Isles; for if these great banks with islands occasionally rising to the surface, do not mean changes of level in the sea bottom, whether of elevation or depression, what do they mean?

To take other instances, in which Mr. Wallace's explanations do not seem to be the best solution of the facts. Sir Joseph Hooker, in his singularly interesting introductory essay to the New Zealand flora, stated that seventy-seven plants are common to New Zealand, Tasmania, and South America, comparatively few of which are universally distributed species. Further, there are upwards of 100 genera or well-marked groups of plants almost confined to lands of the south temperate zone, effecting "a botanical relationship or affinity between them all, which every botanist ap-

preciates." For reasons which appear to be unanswerable, he has rejected the theory that these plants were transported across the seas which now separate these lands, and considers that the plants of the Southern Ocean are "the remains of a flora that had once spread over a larger and more continuous tract of land than now exists in that ocean," and that this land had been broken up by climatic and geological causes. Mr. Wallace supposes an emigration to have taken place from Chili by way of the South Shetland Isles, 500 miles south of Cape Horn, thence by way of an antarctic continent or group of isles, which probably extend around the South Polar area to Victoria Land, again on to the outlying Young Island, across 750 miles of sea to Macquarie Island, and, finally, across another similar distance to the 1000 fathom line, which, he considers, "probably marks the former southern extension of Tasmania." This appears a route beset with obstacles both climatal and geographical, and broken up by extents of sea, which Sir Joseph Hooker has expressly stated many of the plants common to these remote lands to be specially unfitted to traverse.* The bed of the ocean is as undulating as the surface of the land; and this is hardly the condition it would have assumed had its state been that of eternal rest. The objection that oceanic islands, with the exception of New Zealand and the Seychelles, hardly ever afford traces of Palæozoic or Secondary formations, and cannot therefore be remains of continents, is far from insuperable. The smaller oceanic islands, to which the statement alone seems to apply, would, if belonging to continental areas, be only the summits of mountains that are either rising or sinking; and as they are mostly of comparatively recent volcanic origin, it is hardly likely that we should meet with Palæozoic or Mesozoic stratified rocks exposed on them. It is even more curious, if they have been uplifted from the great depths which surround them, that no

* The elevation of from 400 to 1300 feet which Chili and Patagonia have undergone for several hundred miles since the existence of the living species of Mollusca must imply at least correspondingly great subsidence elsewhere.

traces of the bottom sediment, which must have been accumulating continuously from the Palæozoic period, should have been brought up with them. Speculation is, however, useless, for the only geological fact regarding them about which we can be certain is that whatever secrets they have to disclose lie buried deeply under volcanic outbursts. It is certainly strange that Mr. Wallace makes no difficulties whatever in admitting changes of level in the sea bottom to the extent of 1000 fathoms, but will not entertain the possibility of any greater upheaval. Yet some oceanic islands must have been upheaved from vastly greater depths, and mountain chains have been raised to three times that extent in comparatively recent times.

It is well known that these forces are unceasingly acting, yet no reason is put forward to show why an elevating force once set in action in the centre of an ocean, should not continue gradually to act until even a continent is formed. In the words of Prof. Huxley, "Surely there is evidence enough and to spare that the Cretaceous sea, inhabited by various forms, some of whose descendants Sir W. Thomson, as I believe justly, recognizes in the present deep sea fauna, once extended from Britain over the greater part of central and southern Europe, North Africa and Western Asia to the Himalayas. In what possible sense can the change of level which has made dry land of, and sometimes mountain masses of, nine-tenths of this vast area, be said, to be 'in direct relation to the present existing coast-lines.' That the abyssal plains were ever all elevated at once is certainly so improbable that it may justly be termed inconceivable; but there is nothing, so far as I am aware, in the biological or geological evidence at present accessible to render untenable the hypothesis that an area of the mid-Atlantic, or of the Pacific sea-bed, as big as Europe, should have been upheaved as high as Mont Blanc, and have subsided again any time since the Palæozoic epoch, if there were any grounds for entertaining it."*

It is so obvious that the causes which lead to elevation and subsidence must react one upon the other, that I am tempted to speculate upon them and their effects on deep-sea basins. I have long been struck with the almost universal tendency to depression exhibited in areas occupied by deltas and estuaries. The thought has occurred to many, and has perhaps been most clearly expressed by Dr. Charles Ricketts, that this subsidence is produced by the accumulation of sediment.* The cause appears insignificant, yet something must determine the movement of the earth's crust, and even an accumulation of a few feet of clay over several square mile may create disturbance, and eventually lead to a downward tendency. Supposing a sediment, 50 feet in depth and entirely submerged, to have displaced an equivalent of sea-water, we should have an increased pressure per square yard, taking the mean density of the materials composing a delta at 120 lbs. per cubic foot, of rather more than 25,000 lbs., or about 34,848,000 tons per square mile. As soon as the whole of the sea-water on an area is displaced and movement has set in, every cubic yard of sediment deposited adds a weight of about 3240 lbs.; and when we see that deltas have accumulated to depths of perhaps even beyond 1000 feet, and extend, as in the Mississippi, to 19,450 $\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, we can realize how vast a force is present.

The inference as to the origin of depression, which can be drawn from delta and estuary areas, may equally be applied to coral-reefs and islands, and even to great accumulations of ice, as in Greenland; for in almost all such situations there appears to be a nearly continuous downward tendency. There are even grounds for supposing that the depression generally observable round sea-coasts may be due to a similar cause. The sediments from the wasting of the

* Geol. Mag., 1872, vol. ix, p. 119.

† "Report on Mississippi," U. S. War Department, 1864, p. 434.

"Records of boring in deltas are, the Po, 500 feet, Ganges, 481, Mississippi, 630, in which the lowest beds reached were turf and vegetable matter. The total thickness of many deltas, such as that of the Ganges, may be inferred from the depth of the sea in which they are accumulating.

* Review of the first volume of the publications of the "Challenger." *Nature*, vol. xxiii. p. 1.

shore* are known to be thrown down almost wholly upon a belt thirty miles wide. The moving power of waves is not felt to a greater depth than forty feet; and it is therefore difficult to explain, except upon the theory of subsidence, why in the absence of currents, the sea in proximity to shore should ever be more than forty feet deep. All ancient lands should be surrounded by extensive shoals of uniform depth, for tides appear to have no permanent action in removing sediment, and shore currents of the requisite power are local. The prevailing action, indeed, on our own coasts appears to be silting, if we may judge from the way wrecks become imbedded; and the evidences of subsidence are innumerable. The records of submerged land vegetation are frequent, and though, on the other hand, there are in many places raised beaches, it should be remembered that while these are always conspicuous, depressed beaches cannot easily attract notice.

If it were once conceded that sedimentation directly caused subsidence, we should discover a reason for the permanence of ocean basins, for deposition must have been unceasing since Palæozoic times, and would to a large extent have filled in the depths of the ocean were this action not compensated by constant and gradual depression, exceeding perhaps the rate of sedimentation. The mean of four experiments made on the Challenger expedition, determined the quantity of carbonate of lime in the form of living organisms in the surface waters to be 2.545 grammes, so that if these animals were equally abundant in all depths down to 100 fathoms, it would give 16 tons of carbonate of lime to

each square mile of 100 fathoms depth.* The weight of sediment must exercise enormous pressure, tending to make the *greatest depths* of the sea permanent, and to continually elevate lines of least resistance into ridges or banks, leading where the state of tension is extreme, to isolated volcanic outbursts. The lines of absolute least resistance would probably, however, generally coincide with sea-margins, and upon coasts, therefore, while we might find a tendency to local depression, owing to the littoral sedimentation at a few miles from land, there would be inland a far more important and preponderating tendency to elevation.

Thus there would ever be a direct action deepening ocean basins where they are deepest, and raising up the shallower parts to higher levels, thereby slowly lessening the superficial area occupied by seas. On the other hand, the dry land would extend in a corresponding degree, and its surface become more diversified, for new mountain chains would in succeeding ages have a tendency to greater and greater elevation.

I think all we are able to gather from the records of Palæozoic rocks points to a comparative uniformity in the condition of the earth's surface in remote times, there being neither evidence of great depths in the sea, nor of mountainous elevations in the land. These conditions, to judge from palæontological evidence, were increasingly modified during the secondary period, and on to the present day; so that the theory that increasing weight causes increased depth, derives support from the Geological Record.—*Popular Science Review*.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XIV.

DISPUTED.

MR. AGLIONBY, of Scar Foot, had died on a Wednesday, at noon. He was buried on the Saturday morning follow-

ing, in the churchyard of Yoresett Church, beside those of his fathers who had been buried there before him. He

* The denudation has been estimated to equal nineteen feet in 1000 years.

* In great depths shells are reduced to bicarbonate, and this may imply loss of material. The supply of lime does not seem, however to be obtained to any extent from dead organisms, but is probably kept up by rivers.

was laid low with all pomp and respect, and not a town, village or hamlet in the dale but sent its quota to the following. He had been one of the institutions of the dale, one of the inseparable accompaniments of every gathering, and every event almost, that took place in it ; and if he had not been tenderly loved, he had been deeply honored and respected. Therefore gentle and simple came from far and near, and saw him laid to his rest.

Bernard had arrived late on Thursday afternoon at Hawes. There he was met by Mr. Whaley, and driven by him to his bachelor house at Yoresett. Mr. Whaley was the very model of an extremely, if not needlessly discreet country lawyer. Bernard Aglionby was little less reticent. He asked few questions, and seemed satisfied with the short and cautious answers which were given to them. He learned the details of his grandfather's seizure and death. Then he asked :

"And do you think the funeral will be over in time for me to return to Irkford on the same day ? because I assure you my chiefs don't approve of an understrapper like myself absenting himself in this style."

"I have little doubt," returned Mr. Whaley softly, "that should you wish to return to Irkford on the same afternoon, it can be managed."

On the Friday morning, Mr. Whaley proposed to drive him over to Scar Foot.

"You should not allow your grandfather to be buried without paying him the last respect ; you should at least go and see him before he is taken away for ever."

Bernard agreed, with taciturn gravity. Mr. Whaley's dogcart was called, and they drove to Scar Foot.

Aglionby's face was like some mask of bronze, as they drove along that road over which Judith Conisbrough had lately toiled on wearily. Not a word did he say, not a comment did he utter. "Yea, yea," and "nay, nay," were all that could be wrung from him. One sign, and one only, did he give of being moved or interested. As they came suddenly to the top of the hill, from which they first had a view of Shenamere, from end to end, a light leaped

into his eyes, which darted quickly from hill to hill, and then adown the lake. A flash of subtle feeling passed across his face, and he said abruptly :

"That great boulder at the foot of the lake, is it not called the Dipping Stone ?"

"Yes to be sure. How do you know ?"

"I've heard of it," was the laconic reply. He made no further comment, until they had gone down the hill, and then, pointing to the buildings on the left embosomed in their trees, he said, more quietly than ever :

"And that is Scar Foot."

"That is Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby, and you are the last representative of the name of those who have lived there for so many generations."

"Yes, I suppose I am," he answered, as they drove into the farm-yard, and got out of the dogcart.

While it was being taken to the other end of the yard, to water the horse, a woman came out of the back door, and looked at them, then greeted Mr. Whaley as an old acquaintance.

"Good-day Mrs. Aveson," said he, and added, "no one here, I suppose ?"

"No one, sir, but ourselves. The young ladies hasn't been nigh ; not even Miss Judith, nor Mistress Conisbrough."

"No, I daresay. It's a good way, you see. And—" he laid his hand upon Bernard's shoulder—"Mrs. Aveson, you do not know who this is ?"

She gazed intently into Bernard's dark saturnine visage.

"N—no, sir," she hesitatingly said, "but he is—he has surely a look of the old Squire about the een and the mouth."

"Very likely. He is the old Squire's grandson, Bernard—Ralph Aglionby's son."

"Lord-a-mercy !" exclaimed the woman, looking startled. "You don't mean it ! His son that he had by that foreign wife that he married. He doesn't favor his father," she added, in a lower voice—"he's dark and foreign looking," as Aglionby turned away, tired of being stared at, and perhaps moved, more than he cared to confess, at hearing that he was like his forefathers : though he was "dark and for-

eign looking," they could not deny the resemblance. He strolled away toward the front door.

During that short visit, his intensely keen eyes noted every item of every room he went into. He carried the place away with him, as it were indelibly engraved on his memory—carried away too, a vivid impression of the dead face of the old Squire in his coffin, which he looked upon long and intently, trying hard the while to forgive him his trespasses that he had trespassed against him, Bernard Aglionby, and those who had been dear to him. He did not feel clear in his mind as to whether he had succeeded in this forgiveness; even at the last, when he turned away, he was not sure. His mother's face seemed to rise before him, stern and sad, worn with lines of toil and grief, softening into an angel's beauty when it turned to him, or when he had caressed her. No—forgiveness was not easy, and according to his creed, no such thing as forgiveness existed.

As they drove back through Yoresett, Mr. Whaley pointed out to him Yoresett House, with the blinds down.

"That's where Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters live," he said. "She was a niece of old John's; it was about her that he quarrelled with your father."

"Is one of the daughters a tall, pale girl, with rather stately manners?"

"That's Judith—Miss Conisbrough. What of her?"

"Nothing. I saw her at Irkford with my grandfather the other day."

Later in the evening, Mr. Whaley remarked, "We shall have to go back to Scar Foot after the funeral, for the reading of the will, and"—his brow wrinkled—"I'm sorry to say, Mrs. Conisbrough intends to be present at that ceremony too. She sent me word that she should."

"Why sorry?"

"It's so needless. As if I could not have come straight back here and called upon her, and told her all about it! What do women want at such affairs?"

To this, Bernard made absolutely no reply, and this was the last hint, if hints they were, which Mr. Whaley gave to his guest, as to the disposition of his grandfather's affairs.

* * * * *

The funeral was over and they had returned to Scar Foot. Mr. Whaley again inquired of Mrs. Aveson, "Any one here?"

"Mistress Conisbrough, sir, and Miss Judith. That's all, and they're in the parlor."

Bernard, as he followed Mr. Whaley through the houseplace, passed his hand over his eyes. It was all so very strange and dream-like. He followed Mr. Whaley onwards, into the little parlor, where Judith had been received by her uncle a few days ago. Bernard was not thinking of her at all, at the moment; but was considering what was the secret he was at last going to hear, what this will, so soon to be read, was to disclose for him. He was not thinking of her when he followed Mr. Whaley into the parlor, but on entering it he saw her before he saw anything else. He might almost be said to see nothing but her at first. He was not surprised, of course; he was prepared, and he bowed to her as he entered, but she was more than surprised; he saw the look of puzzled bewilderment that passed over her face, as she gazed at him, blankly at first, and then returned his salute slightly. Next, Bernard saw Mrs. Conisbrough; these two with himself and Mr. Whaley comprised the whole of the company. Mrs. Conisbrough was dressed in the deepest mourning, with crape, and every outward trapping of woe. Her handsome, rather highly colored face was flushed more than usual, her hands were restless and her dark eyes roamed nervously and incessantly around. She formed in every way a most startling contrast to her daughter, who looked what she felt, as if she were only there on compulsion. Mrs. Conisbrough had insisted upon coming, and her daughters, after due consultation, had decided that Judith was the proper person to accompany her. Pale, sedate and melancholy, she sat beside her mother on the couch, and Bernard noticed that but for the fact of its being black, her dress was no mourning dress at all, but a somewhat worn one without any trimming; her hat was a little black straw one; she wore a white linen collar, a black cloth jacket, and black kid gloves. She had refused every entreaty of her mother to don what

the latter considered a more appropriate garb, for what reason Mrs. Conisbrough of course could not imagine.

"Mrs. Conisbrough," observed Mr. Whaley, shaking hands with her, "I think you will agree with me that we had better get this business over at once before any of us take any refreshment, or do anything else."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Whaley," she said, in a trembling voice. She could not in the least conceal her great agitation. Mr. Whaley turned to Bernard, who was standing, dark, erect, and observant, by the table. He was grave now, of course, but he was perfectly cheerful. To have curved his features to any pretence of emotion or of lamentation—to subdue his voice to the tones of a sorrow which he did not feel, were things which it was not in his nature to do. The frequent sarcastic smile which decorated his lips was absent, but his spirit of cool and rather bitter cynicism shone in double strength from his eyes. He looked cold, hard, and indifferent—exactly what he felt—as he confronted Mrs. Conisbrough, for he had always understood in a vague way that she had created mischief at the time of his father's marriage. Judith Conisbrough, measuring him with her calm and considerate eyes, clearly read his expression and admitted it in her inmost heart—"He looks a hard, contemptuous, pitiless man," she decided.

"Before I begin to read," said Mr. Whaley, "let me present to you the only near relation of yourselves and the late Mr. Aglionby—his grandson, Bernard Aglionby."

Mrs. Conisbrough gave a quick look at him, with nervously distended eyes and twitching lips. She inclined her head a little, and her lips moved, but no sound came from them; they seemed dry and parched. Bernard merely bowed, in profound silence, and Judith did not repeat her original acknowledgment. Then Aglionby sat down, and while Mr. Whaley broke the seal of the will, there was perfect stillness, broken only by the rustle of Mrs. Conisbrough's dress, as she nervously moved now and then.

Bernard, sitting in the window, could see the head of the lake; he looked at it, his elbow resting on the back of his

chair, his eyes shaded a little by his hand. And Mr. Whaley proceeded to read the will.

When Mrs. Conisbrough heard the date, October 7th, 18—, she started violently. It was the date of Tuesday last, the day on which he had been to see her, and on which he had so cruelly and remorselessly tormented her. A cold perspiration broke out upon her face and her lips trembled.

It was a very concise, unelaborate will; it provided for some legacies to servants and old friends, and one or two very distant relatives or connections. Then the testator left the whole of his real and personal estate, without fetter or condition of any kind, to his grandson, Bernard Aglionby, to dispose of during his lifetime, to give, bequeath, or devise in whatsoever manner seemed good to him.

There was no more; not another word, beyond the necessary little formula, and the signature of the testator and the witnesses. Mrs. Conisbrough's name and the names of her daughters were not even mentioned.

Mr. Whaley's voice ceased. There was a momentary pause. Bernard leaned forward, and looked around the room, with a strange, bewildered sensation; a very strange sensation, as utterly devoid of triumph, or jubilation, or delight, as any sensation he had ever experienced. Rejoicing might come later; he supposed it would, for this was great news, it must be. At present the rejoicing was conspicuous by its absence.

Mrs. Conisbrough had now risen. She advanced from the sofa on which she had been sitting beside her daughter, to the table, and supported herself against it with a trembling hand. Indeed, she trembled all over.

"Is that all, Mr. Whaley?" she inquired, in a fluttering voice.

"I am sorry to say, madam, that that is all, every word."

"And you consider that a just will?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Conisbrough, I do not, and I even went so far as to expostulate with Mr. Aglionby when he desired me to draw it up. I speak plainly, Mr. Bernard Aglionby."

"Yes, you are right to do so."

"Pooh! Expostulating? What is that?" she exclaimed, speaking vehe-

mently, and with strong, passionate excitement. "I tell you, it is monstrous; it is wicked, it is mad. He knew what he had promised, he knew what he had led me to expect—how I had yielded to his wishes many a time, on the tacit understanding that my self-sacrifice was to be made good to me and my daughters at his death. This is a freak, a folly, a frenzy—I shall dispute the will."

"My dear madam, do nothing of the kind, I implore you. You would cut your own throat. No court would find for you, and you would simply ruin yourself."

"I shall dispute the will. And you, sir" (turning with passionate fierceness to Bernard, who had risen, and stood gravely listening to and looking at her) "you, I warn. I warn you not to take possession of this house and property, or to spend the incomes belonging to them, for you shall make restitution of every penny you disburse. No jury of Englishmen will dispute the base injustice of this will. I should wish to be fair, it is what I have always intended; I would not grasp everything and give you nothing, but before the sight of heaven it is no upstart stranger who—"

"Beware, Mrs. Conisbrough!" said Mr. Whaley warningly. "The upstart stranger you speak of is an Aglionby, and so far as descent goes, the direct heir male to every penny his grandfather left behind him, and to every stick and stone on the estate."

"No doubt, sir, it will be to your interest to support the strongest."

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Judith, rising, and putting her hand on her mother's arm. But Mrs. Conisbrough was no longer mistress of herself.

"But might is not always right," she went on, "and occasionally the innocent win their cause against the guilty."

"Shall we not discuss the matter some other time, when you are more composed?" said Bernard, with profound courtesy of tone and manner, as he too bent over the table toward her, leaning the tips of his fingers on the table, and looking with grave inquiry directly into her eyes.

Their faces were very near together. As she met this direct, serious gaze, Mrs. Conisbrough's high color suddenly

faded; she gave a kind of gasp or sob, and shrank away, averting her gaze.

"Dear mother, let us go away now," said Judith soothingly.

"Not until I have told these men who are in league against us, once again that I defy them, and that they had better beware what—"

She stopped suddenly, put her hand to her side, a common gesture with her, for her heart was weak, and strong excitement usually brought on an attack of illness. She sank down upon the sofa now, livid, and unconscious. Judith sprang to her, unfastened her bonnet strings, loosened her mantle, and bent over her anxiously. Aglionby walked up to her, and asked in a low voice, and one which he evidently constrained, to repress some kind of emotion:

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"No, I thank you," replied the young lady, lifting her eyes to his face, with a look of such deep and mournful sadness, that Aglionby, feeling as if he had rashly intruded upon some sacred precinct, said humbly, "I beg your pardon," and retired again to Mr. Whaley's side.

For a short time there was an uncomfortable, brooding kind of silence. Then at last, Judith turned round, her face disturbed, despite its set expression, her voice faltering a little.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but my mother has had these attacks before, and she—I am afraid—I know she must remain here just at present."

"On the sofa, for an hour or two," said Mr. Whaley, almost briskly. "I am sure Mr. Aglionby—"

"For a day or two, at least, I grieve to say. I must send for the doctor—at least," she added hastily, and looking at Bernard with a deep flush of embarrassment, "it is as much as her life is worth to remove her at present."

"Mr. Aglionby," said Mr. Whaley, looking at him, "you are master here now. What are these ladies to do?"

"I beg them to make use of the house and everything there is in it, as long as it suits their convenience to do so," he replied, still in the same courteous, almost gentle tone, and looking earnestly at Judith.

"I thank you," said the latter.

"Then may I ring for Mrs. Aveson, and order a boy to be sent for Dr. Lowther?"

"You know the ways of the place, I imagine, better than I do; will you please take all authority in the matter into your own hands? Pray oblige me by ordering *exactly* what is convenient to you," said Bernard. "Shall I ring the bell for you?" He put his hand upon the rope, and turning to Mr. Whaley, added in a lower voice. "Shall we not leave these ladies at present, and I will inquire later if they have all they want?"

With that he pulled the bell, and then, saying to Judith, "I trust Mrs. Conisbrough will soon recover," he followed Mr. Whaley from the room.

As they closed the door after them, and found themselves in the houseplace, they met Mrs. Aveson, going to answer the summons. Aglionby paused. "Do not leave it to Miss Conisbrough to tell her," he said. And Mr. Whaley, stopping the woman, said.

"Mrs. Aveson, let me present to you your new master, and the old Squire's successor."

"Sir! I thought the young ladies—Mrs. Conisbrough—" She was paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

"Not at all. Mr. Aglionby's property goes to his grandson. And I think the ladies want you. Mrs. Conisbrough is ill."

She made a hasty step toward the parlor. Bernard interposed.

"Listen!" he said. "Will you please attend to Miss Conisbrough's orders as if they were my own. Find out everything that she can possibly want, and see that it is got for her, and—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Aveson. "You may be master here, or not, but I need no *orders* to attend to those ladies that are in there;" and without condescending to give him another look, she swept onward.

"Good!" remarked Aglionby, with a saturnine smile. "I like that woman. She's honest. I hope she will stay here."

CHAPTER XV.

JUDITH.

MRS. AVESON, closing the parlor door, bent over Mrs. Conisbrough.

"Eh, but she's very bad, Miss Judith, this bout. Something's upset her, I guess."

"Yes, indeed!" said Judith, abstractedly. She was forced to withdraw her attention from her mother for the moment while she wrote with flying pen to Delphine:

"Very bad news. *All* is left to uncle's grandson, Bernard Aglionby, of whose existence we hardly knew till to-day. I have seen him before. Not one of our names is mentioned. Mamma has taken it to heart, made an awful scene, and had one of her attacks in consequence. She is unconscious now, and cannot be moved. Prepare some things for us, and I will instruct Toby to call for them as he returns from the doctor's. Mr. A. is very courteous and gentle, despite the terrible things mother has said to him. He has placed the house at our disposal. If the doctor thinks you ought to come, I will get him to call and tell you so on his way back.

"Yours, sorrowfully,
"JUDITH."

"Now, Mrs. Aveson, will you give this to Toby, and tell him to make all speed with it to Yoresett House first, then on to the doctor's; then he must return to Yoresett House, and wait for a parcel? Let him go as fast as he can."

Mrs. Aveson took the note, and very soon Toby rode out of the yard, on a stout brown cob, which he astonished by his liberable use of a tough switch. Mrs. Aveson returned to the parlor, where Mrs. Conisbrough still lay unconscious. Sometimes these attacks lasted two hours or rather once she had had one that lasted so long, and this seemed likely to be as tedious. In vain they applied all the restoratives they could think of, or knew of; she lay rigid, and with a livid, deathly hue upon her face.

Judith was not at first alarmed, nor Mrs. Aveson, who was in every sense of the word "a friend of the family." In the intervals of their exertions the woman asked:

"Miss Judith, tell me, is this true, what old Mr. Whaley says? Was the old Squire's will so very unjust?"

"Very unjust, from a moral point of

view, Mrs. Aveson. Legally, there was no fault to be found with it."

"It's a bad hearing. Do you really mean that he has left *all* to that black-looking young man?"

"Yes, all. He is his grandson. I know nothing of where he found him; yes, I do, though. He must have seen him when we were at Irkford, a week ago to-day! But I know nothing of what passed between them. All I know is that this will was made the night he died—"

"Ay! We were witnesses, me and ohn Heseltine, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time. Had I known how it was going, never would I have signed. It's a crying shame! People have no right to act in that way, I say; though he was my master, and I liked him well enough for all his queer ways. And this stranger, he's no Aglionby in looks, except that he has a glint of the een something like old master, and a twist in the mouth that's a bit akin to him that's gone. But that long thin body, and that lean black face! No Aglionby was ever like that before. I don't know how we shall tak' to him, I'm sure. M'appen we'll have to flit."

"Oh, I hope not, Mrs. Aveson, or we shall have lost all our friends, indeed. But see! is she not coming round a little?"

The hope was deceptive. For two long hours Mrs. Conisbrough lay without consciousness, until her daughter, without losing her presence of mind, began to grow almost faint with fear, and Mrs. Aveson openly expressed her opinion that Mrs. Conisbrough was either dead, or in a trance which would end in death.

She went out of the room at last, in search of some restorative which occurred to her mind, and to look up the road at the back in the hope of catching sight of the doctor on his roadster at the top of the hill, and it was during this absence that at last a flicker of life appeared in the lips and eyes of the unconscious woman.

Her eyes at last opened, slowly and fully; she moved them deliberately and blankly round, fixed them upon Judith without appearing to recognize her, and said, in a toneless voice:

"Bernarda told me so, uncle. She

said they would take him, and that sooner than touch a crust of your bread she would starve."

"Mother dear, it is I. You are at Scar Foot. Try to remember."

"And if you had only waited that morning, instead of going off in a passion without leaving me time to explain, I could have told you all about it. But you were selfish and tyrannical to the last, to the last! Oh dear! It is a weary, weary world, and weariest of all for women that are poor!"

She turned her face to the wall, and closed her eyes, but Judith saw two large tears force their way from under the lids and course slowly down her cheeks. All her soul went out in love and pity. Her mother's wandering remarks were for the moment forgotten, though they had at first struck her as strange and inexplicable. "Bernarda!" Surely that was the name of the woman her uncle Ralph had married. This grandson was called Bernard, too. And her uncle in a passion with her mother? What did that mean? But she could think of none of these things now; she could only stoop over her mother, and wipe her eyes, and kiss her hand and conjure her to look up. To her great relief, too, she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and directly afterward the doctor was in the room.

The doctor's orders were what Judith had expected. Her mother must be carried upstairs and put to bed, where she must have the most absolute quiet and repose. A state of the most alarming weakness and prostration had succeeded to the intense agitation and excitement which had brought on the attack. It was long before all was arranged, and before Dr. Lowther could leave his patient, white and weak and hardly conscious where she was, or what was going on around her. He promised to call the next day, Sunday, enforced again and again the necessity for the most absolute rest, strictly forbade almost all conversation, and departed.

Never had Judith experienced such a feeling as overwhelmed her when she was at last left alone with her mother in the bedroom—the well-known blue bedroom which she had occupied many a score of times—with the lamp lighted on the table, and the dusk outside rapidly

gathering into darkness. When the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away over the hill, there fell upon the place a silence utter and profound, such as can only be known in the very heart of the country—far away from men that strive, from clanging bells remorselessly summoning the multitudes to their toil, from railways that deafen, and traffic that makes weary the heart of man. She went to the window—the broad deep-set window—and leaning one knee on the window-seat, she curved her hands upon the pane into a kind of arch, and pressed her aching forehead upon them. Indistinctly, by the light of a young moon, she could see what Sir Bedivere called “the waves wap, and the waters wan,” of silent Shennamere, and the shadowy forms of the great fells on the other side, and one solitary steadily burning light from the village of Busk on the hill across the lake.

It was beautiful, and she loved it—loved it dearly : but was it always to be thus ? Was her prospect never to be larger than this ? and even this she now no more felt to be her own. In the house of her forefathers she had suddenly become a stranger, a casual guest, and every hour that she now passed there was like a fresh load upon her heart. Surely there must be some way of getting out of it all. Even now her mind was busy with thoughts of escape, as the minds of prisoners and caged birds are wont to be, and will be, to the world's end. Shennamere, and Scar Foot, and Yoresett, and her own home, and this existence, which was neither life nor death, without either the fulness of the one or the repose of the other—they had long been bitter realities to her ; would the time ever come when they would seem but as a dream that has vanished ? Would she ever be able to look back upon them from some height attained, of usefulness, or hopefulness, or successful endeavor, and to say with a smile, “Once upon a time I had no more than those in my life ; no prospect wider than Shennamere Water and Raydaleside Fell ?” The wonder, the longing, the strenuous effort to force the future to lift its veil were at that moment more passionate, more intense, than she had ever known them. Hard hours she had passed, when her heart

had fretted as if it must burst with impatience to snap its bonds—bitter hours of self-interrogation, “Why am I here ? What was I born for ? Who wants me ? What is there for me to do ?” Such hours as thousands of young women fight through or sink under every day that dawns, in this glorious kingdom of England, under the model laws, protected by the immaculate social institutions of which we are so proud, in this grandest and greatest of great empires.

Some, whom Fortune favors, come out of the storm into a clear haven, but generally battered more or less. Others are rescued by a man's hand ; they marry, have children, and rear them, and we are wont exultantly to point out these cases, and to say, “See, would you alter the laws under which flourish so beautifully all these talented women who make money, and earn honorable fame ; these happy wives and mothers, loved and looked up to by husbands and children and friends ?” We are chary of inquiring whether the talented and successful authoresses and artists, the happy wives and mothers, may not have attained their proud position rather in spite of than in consequence of some of our supremely wise and benevolent legal and social institutions, and we most distinctly do not turn to the other side and look over the hedge into that gray twilight country where the failures dwell—the withered-up old maids ; the disappointed strugglers after fame or even independence ; the heaps and heaps of lives *manqués*, of vitality crushed, of promptings of intellect, or talent, or genius repressed—the dreadful limbo of the spirits which have failed to make good their claim to a place in the world.

Judith Conisbrough, though she did not put the situation tangibly before herself, even in her own mind, vaguely felt herself trembling on the brink which divides these two worlds ; for it is a narrow ledge, though we trip so carelessly along it ; trembling on the verge of that path which separates the “successful women,” “the happy wives and mothers,” from this holocaust composed of the failures ; of those who had not found favor in the eyes of the world or of men, and who had withered, or were withering away without having known any joys, whether of love and maternity,

or of published books, pictures that sold, or establishments that succeeded. Sometimes she viewed the matter in a half-bantering, half-cynical way, and was inclined to smile—as we are all inclined to smile—at the failures; but to-night deeper emotions were astir—she felt in deadly earnest; she could see no smiling side to the matter; she told herself that she had been suffered to grow to womanhood in the hope that an old man would leave her some of his money when he died; that he had died and left her none, and that she was worse than useless—she was as a withered tree that cumbered the ground; that she must make a struggle soon, or it would be too late; and she asked herself by what right had those who had doomed her to this fate done so?

Thus she stood, leaning against the window, her eyes straining out into the night, her heart beating fast with a vague excitement, her spirit stretching invisible hands toward heaven, uttering an inaudible but passionate, terrible cry, "Lord, help me!"

A footstep behind her roused her; she turned, bewildered, as one who wakens from a dream, and saw Mrs. Aveson.

"Miss Judith," said she softly, "you're doing wrong to be standing here, tiring yourself, and you're in want of food. You've tasted neither bite nor sup since breakfast-time. Go yer ways down into t' parlor, and there you'll find some coffee, and something to eat, as I've got ready for you. Now, go honey, and I'll bide with Mistress Conisbrough the while. And don't be in any hurry back again. I've nought to do. Go and rest a bit. You'll want your strength."

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Aveson," she said, in a voice weak from fasting and exhaustion following upon excitement and suspense.

Mrs. Aveson took her seat by the bedside, and Judith slowly went downstairs and into the parlor—the fatal parlor in which she had endured so many hard blows. How pleasant it looked! How cozy and homely, and dear it was with the glowing, generous Yorkshire fire, and the bright lamp, and the oaken rafters and panels; the white cloth on the table, and the inviting little meal which

Mrs. Aveson had spread for her—coffee in the old square silver coffee-pot, and cream in the ancient ewer of the same shape; the white and the brown bread-and-butter, the egg and the marmalade and the cold fowl—creature comforts, no doubt, and infinitely beneath the dignified notice of a romance-writer of the highest order, but to Judith the sight of them was overpowering. They were so exactly what she had always been used to see at Scar Foot; they were what had been at her service all the years of her life whenever she came there, and now they every one belonged to a stranger, one with whom she foresaw they were to be at strife—at daggers-drawn—unless her mother's bitter resentment subsided; this stranger's bread she was forced to eat, to sustain bodily weakness, with a feeling that it would almost choke her. Truly, it seemed as if she were destined to eat her bread with tears, and she foresaw no end to the grief in store for them all.

She leaned her elbows on the table, breaking down utterly, and cried piteously; not loudly, but with silent intensity. Her head ached, her heart throbbed—she was wretched.

The handle of the door turned; a footstep paused, a voice curt and surprised, said:

"Oh, Miss Conisbrough, I beg your pardon. I will not intrude upon you."

Judith started up, and saw Bernard Aglionby, this "new master;" this strong man, who seemed to her to have stepped to the front, and put his hand with remorseless grip upon the one chance of peace and happiness that there had been for them all, and crushed it as if it had been a fly. Her tears dried as if by magic.

"Pray come in!" she said; "Mrs. Aveson asked me to come down and have something to eat, and I had forgotten—"

She had almost added, "your very existence," but paused in time. He accepted her invitation, came forward, and closed the door; accepting her hint, and taking no open notice of her tears, though she dried them without disguise, before his very eyes. He looked at her, and his face wore a keen, sharp, hard expression, as it always did when he was studying those whom he did not know;

an expression which by no means betokened dislike of the said persons, but was simply a mask which his own face took in his reserve. To show himself as he was, to those of whose nature he knew nothing, was a thing which it was not in his nature to do. To fulfil the duties of host could however commit him to nothing, and he had decided quietly to ignore poor Mrs. Conisbrough's warnings, and distinctly to assume the position of master in the house which now belonged to him.

"I am glad Mrs. Aveson has persuaded you to come down," he said. "You must have fasted long, and, after all your anxiety, must stand in need of something. Would you not prefer wine to this coffee?"

"No, thank you; I seldom touch it," said she, seating herself, and pouring out the coffee.

"Pray send me away, if my presence annoys you," he added, standing against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire and his face in the shade.

"Not in the least," replied Judith coldly, as she leaned back, languid and exhausted, too exhausted to eat. He saw this, and stepping forward urged her to try to eat something.

"You must eat," he said. "Dr. Lowther—that is his name, isn't it—?"

"Yes."

"I saw him, and he told me that Mrs. Conisbrough would require many days of absolute repose before she could possibly leave."

"I—yes—I am afraid so. I—we—you cannot imagine how I regret having thus to inflict my mother and myself upon you, at such an inopportune time, and—and after such a scene."

She spoke with a deep blush of mingled pride and embarrassment, and her last words came with difficulty.

"Pray do not think of that. Mrs. Conisbrough's recovery must be your first consideration," said Bernard, who was, unaccountably to himself, fascinated by the voice and manners of his guest. There was something in the situation which appealed to his fancy. He had imagination enough to understand that he saw Miss Conisbrough under exceptional circumstances, trying ones also, and he felt a keen interest in watching her behavior under those circum-

stances. So far he had found it admirable. He took cynical views of life and human nature, which views his new prosperity and easy circumstances would be sure to mellow and modify. As yet, there had not been time for this effect to take place. He was still the old Bernard Aglionby, sardonic and *moqueur*; and he thought he had found confirmation of his views on human nature in Mrs. Conisbrough's fury at being left penniless—even in Mr. Aglionby's brutal caprice (as such he regarded it, though it so greatly benefited him) in thus leaving her penniless—in her threat to dispute a will which no English court would for a moment think of setting aside. So far, he felt his theories as to the predominance of self-interest over all other interests strongly supported by facts. As for Miss Conisbrough, he did not know yet. He very much wished to know. He had not been able to forget the sadness, the deep sorrow of her eyes, as she had turned to look at him while her mother lay fainting. All these various, considerations prompted his words, "Pray do not think of that," to which she answered:

"You are very kind, but I do and must think of that. It is the sort of thing one cannot help thinking of."

"Is it?" said he. He had been watching her as she leaned back in her chair, trifling with her knife and fork, and now with his usual impetuosity he exclaimed:

"You really must excuse me, but you are my guest, and I must look after you. Do have some more cold fowl. I beg you will. You will need your strength; and you must not starve yourself."

He seized the dish, and placed another piece on her plate.

Judith looked surprised, but overcoming her languor, tried to eat the fowl, and succeeded better.

"Nothing like trying," observed the new ruler of Scar Foot, rubbing his nervous-looking hands together, and with a gleam of encouragement in his dark eyes. Judith, looking at him ever more and more attentively, came to the conclusion that his was a face of which it was impossible to say whether the agreeable or disagreeable in feature and expression predominated in it. Now and again the lips relaxed in their cynical

curve, and the dark eyes softened, and the corrugated brow grew smooth and pensive. Then seizing this fleeting moment of softness, one was tempted to say, "Good!" Again, the cynical curve returned to those lips and marred their carving. The eyes were filled with a spark of anything but kindly feeling, and the brow was wrinkled up in lines which seemed to imply that its owner had ceased to expect the sun to shine, or the moon to be bright again, and that he experienced a faint wonder at finding others who still cherished any delusions on those points; and then, Judith and others must infallibly have said of that face, "Not good." Of one thing alone she felt sure, and that was that his face was neither a common nor an uninteresting one.

She smiled faintly in answer to his last remark. It had not occurred to her to wonder how she should treat him. For her own part, she was not sorry for the result of her uncle Aglionby's will—all that she regretted in it was that Scar Foot had passed to a stranger, and that her mother had said things to that stranger, of such a nature as to offend the meekest of men, and, however doubtful she might be as to some points of his character, she was very sure that meekness was not one of them. What had overwhelmed her, had been the utter *bouleversement* of all that had appeared to her most trustworthy and most stable—her uncle's regard, his good intentions, his plighted word. And she was terribly ashamed of the display of anger made by her mother that morning.

"It is strange that we should have met before," she observed, not wishing to maintain a churlish silence.

"Yes, very. I little thought, as I stood beside you at the Liberal Demonstration, that you were the nearest relations I had."

"I—a near relation?"

"Surely you are my third cousin. That's near, when one has no others nearer."

"Third cousins—I suppose we are," said Judith musingly. "I had not thought of it in that light."

"And you are resolved that you never will think of it in that light," he said, a flash of sarcasm in his smile. "Well,

I cannot wonder at that. To you, my conduct in turning up at such a time must have appeared more scurvy than cousinly, to say the least of it."

"I never said so," said Judith gravely. "I do not wish to say so; for I do not understand the circumstances. How did you meet my uncle? The next time we saw you, you were at the theatre with—" She stopped suddenly short and looked at him.

"With Lizzie—Miss Vane, I mean—the girl I am engaged to," replied Bernard composedly. "Did you notice her?"

"Yes, but I scarcely saw her, really. I caught a glimpse of her face, which seemed to me exceedingly pretty. But you did not speak to my uncle then."

"He came to see over the warehouse in which I was one of the salesmen; I was deputed to show him round. We got into conversation. But I think he saw some likeness, or something, that made him suspect who I was. He asked my name. Then he told me by degrees who he was, and invited me to come and visit him here, which proposal I declined with scant courtesy, I fear. He pressed a few home-truths upon my consideration: I returned his presents in the same coin; we shook hands, as a concession on either side and parted. You must know the rest better than I do."

"Yes, we all know the rest pretty well, I imagine. We know the end of it."

"I hope not, Miss Conisbrough," he said earnestly. Judith seemed to him so calm, so staid and eminently reasonable a person, that he felt he could speak to her on terms of almost business-like equality; it struck him that here was an admirable opportunity for declaring his views upon the vexed subject of his grandfather's will, to one who would hear them without heat or prejudice. As for Mrs. Conisbrough, he considered, with an inward feeling of some contempt, that a woman who could conduct herself as she had done that morning, was quite hopeless; he was resolved not to have any further consultation with her. If he could enlist Judith on his side, no doubt she could bring about an arrangement. She must have some influence over her weaker mother, and he would infinitely

prefer to conduct the negotiation he contemplated, through her.

"I hope not," he repeated. "If you suppose that I consider my grandfather's will a just one, or that I am capable of taking advantage of it to the full extent, you do me injustice, indeed. I am a very rough fellow, I know. I have had to fight the world inch by inch, and have been battered about from my childhood up, and I know it has soured me, and made me an uncivil, pessimistic creature. The only time Fortune ever smiled upon me was when she threw me in the way of my sweetheart, and made her take pity on me and promise to marry me." ("His face is more good than bad, I am quite certain now," Judith decided.) "But in all my knockings about, I don't think I ever took a mean advantage of any one weaker or worse off than myself—at least, I hope not. Mrs. Conisbrough is unfit to speak of business at present; indeed, to me it seems that with her evident tendency to become violently agitated, she ought not to speak of it at all. Perhaps she will name you her delegate. I am sure you have a cool head. At any rate, we must have a discussion as soon as may be. I cannot consider anything settled until that has been settled. Mr. Whaley will help us, I am sure, for so monstrously unjust a will cannot possibly be literally carried out."

"I see you wish to be fair," said Judith calmly, "but such things are difficult to arrange. I cannot answer for my mother; I think she has been iniquitously treated. But for myself and one of my sisters I can answer. I know that nothing short of starvation would induce us to touch a penny of Mr. Aglionby's property."

She said this without heat, but with a calm determination which he saw was earnest.

"Because that property has been left to me?" he said hastily, "because you would not?"

"Not at all; but because of certain events which have lately occurred—certain things which passed between my uncle and me. This will is a decisive thing at last. I hope that now my sister and I will be able to carry out the desire we have always had, and work, as

we should have been taught to do, and made to do from our childhood."

"I am sorry you do not altogether agree with me. But," he added quickly, "you will not oppose my wish that your mother, at any rate, should receive the treatment which is her due?"

"No, I shall not oppose that," replied Judith. And so impressed was he by her manner, and by every word she said, that he felt as if the cause were gained whose side she took.

"Thank you very much for that promise," he answered. "It will make it much easier for me. You will of course be the best judge as to when it is fitting to speak to Mrs. Conisbrough of the matter."

"It must not be now, nor for some days to come," replied Judith, rising. "I will wish you good-night, Mr. Aglionby, and go to my mother, who I am sure must want me."

"Must you go? Then good-night." He rose too. "Miss Conisbrough, are you my enemy?"

"No."

"Then will you prove it, and acknowledge our cousinship by shaking hands with me?"

Judith looked at the hand he held out—at him—at the hand again; put her own into it, and repeated, "Good-night."

"I hope you will rest well," he replied, holding open the door as she passed out.

"I have shaken hands with him—what will Delphine say?" was Judith's reflection as she went upstairs. She found her mother asleep. She let Mrs. Aveson go, and seated herself beside the bed, folded her hands together, and thought.

"No, he does not know," she reflected. "I should be paralyzed by the possession of that money—of any of it. But it shows a generous mind to wish to give us some of it, after what mamma said this morning. He has had his troubles, too—any one can see that. I daresay he could tell a tale of how he has been neglected, and disappointed. His eyes are good—they are not afraid to meet yours. When they are not mocking you they are pleasant. Oh, I hope mamma will come to terms with

him ! A long strife would be so fearful—and then if he did get angry with her, he could crush her to atoms."

CHAPTER XVI.

A LANDOWNER.

WHEN Judith had gone, Bernard felt he had a duty to fulfil. His conversation with Miss Conisbrough had brought it again to his mind. It was the duty of writing to Lizzie Vane, to acquaint her with his new fortunes—and hers, for of course she was to be the partaker for the future of all his joys and sorrows. He distinctly felt it to be a duty : was it not also a pleasure ? As that thought occurred to him, he started up, muttering, " By Jove ! of course it is ! " And he seized pen and paper, and [scrawled off these lines, in the fulness of his heart :

" MY DEAREST LIZZIE : You will see from the date of this that I am in the house of my fathers. You will wonder, too, what I am doing here, after all I said to you about my determination never to enter it. What I have to tell you, my darling, is a very serious matter for both of us. You remember my telling you last Monday about my accidental meeting with Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot, my grandfather. On Wednesday last he died. They telegraphed for me to attend the funeral. He was buried this morning, and on his will being read, it turns out that he has left the whole of his property to me. I was astonished, I own, and in a measure gratified ; one naturally is gratified at finding oneself suddenly rich when one had least reason to expect to be anything of the kind.

" But there are shades to the picture, and drawbacks to the advantages, and you, my dear Lizzie, with your tender heart, will easily understand when I explain that my joy is not unmixed. It seems that the Mrs. Conisbrough whom I told you about, and who lives with her daughters at Yoresett, the market town, had always been given to understand that she would inherit the property.

" My grandfather's will was made only the night before he died, in a fit of pique, for some reason which no one seems able to understand. They are entirely ignored—not even mentioned in it. Mrs. Conisbrough and her eldest

daughter were present at the reading of the will. The poor lady has taken it very much to heart ; her means are exceedingly small, and she thinks the will a most unjust one. (So do I, for that matter—an egregiously unjust will.) And she threatens to dispute it. She will have no chance, of course, but I feel my hands in a measure tied until I know the worst she can do, and until some compromise is come to for her benefit. Meantime, she is ill upstairs in this very house ! her agitation having brought on an attack of the heart. She is attended by her daughter, for whom I feel very sorry. I feel sorry for them all. They are gentlewomen, and evidently have had a hard struggle all their lives. There is such a sad, patient, yet dignified expression upon Miss Conisbrough's face. She cannot but command respect and admiration. I wish you knew her. One dreams fast sometimes, and since this morning I have been dreaming of you settled here, and myself, having effected a compromise with Mrs. Conisbrough, and proved to her that I am not the rapacious upstart she takes me for—and of you and the Misses Conisbrough getting on very well together, and being great friends. I think this is not so foolish as most dreams. I see no reason why it should not come true. Miss Conisbrough is as far as possible from being forbidding, though she looks so grave, and I am sure your winning ways would soon make her love you. This is a most beautiful old place—very different from the din and dust of the town. To-morrow I must try to make a little sketch of the lake and the house, and send you them. As soon as I can snatch the time I shall run over to Irkford and see you, and discuss future plans. I can hardly realize yet that our wedding, which we thought must wait for so many years, need not now be long deferred—no longer than a certain wilful young woman chooses to put it off. Remember me to your mother ; and heaven bless you, my own darling, is the wish of your faithful sweetheart,

" BERNARD AGLIONBY."

His heart warmed as he wrote the words, and thought of his beautiful Lizzie, and cherished his little plan of mak-

ing her and the Misses Conisbrough into great friends. Poor Bernard! He wrote out of the innocence and the fullness of his heart, not out of his knowledge of either men or women.

He had chosen to remain at Scar Foot rather than accept Mr. Whaley's invitation that he would return with him to Yoresett and be his guest. Mr. Whaley may easily be pardoned for not having surmised for a moment, what Aglionby's demeanor certainly did not suggest, the unspoken impulse which urged him to remain—the longing which lay deep at his heart, to become better acquainted, in silence and undisturbed, with this old place where his fathers had lived, and where now he was to live after them; to imbibe, as it were, some ideas of the life, of the home, that was to be his. Unspoken though it was, the sentiment, the desire, was there. Deep down in his rough heart, and crusted over with the bitterness which with him came too readily to the surface, there were wells of something very like romance and sentiment. Since this morning a thousand schemes had come crowding into his mind, a thousand not wholly selfish plans and purposes, which now he could carry out to his heart's content. All his poetic instincts had been cramped, if not warped, by the life he had led, but under his unpromising exterior they were there—they did exist; and it was they and they alone which had prompted him to refuse Mr. Whaley's invitation.

His sleep, on that first night that he rested under this roof, was sweet and undisturbed. When Sunday morning dawned, and he awoke, he at first could not imagine where he was, so profound was the silence, except for the chirping birds and the smothered rush of the brook at the back of the house. Gradually his senses returned to him. He remembered it all, sprang out of bed, went to the window and lifted the blind.

The air of the October morning was sharp; the sun was brilliant, the atmosphere clear; the view before him struck with a strange thrill upon him—a thrill half pleasure, half pain. The clear moors just opposite; the dimmer forms of the great fells behind them; the glittering silver surface of the little lake;

the garden just under his eyes, filled with homely flowers, and with the green field beyond, sloping down to the water's edge—it was, indeed, very fair for any one who had eyes to see! But to him it was more—it was a revelation; there was the peculiar stillness of a country Sunday morning over it all; it was the end of the world. Most of us are acquainted with one sensation—that of arriving when it is dark at some seaside place—of sleeping soundly all night; of awakening the next morning, and on looking out, finding oneself confronted by the open sea. That is a sensation which never grows old or stale. Something of the thrill and joy which attends its first time of being experienced, hangs also about each recurrence of it. It was with just such a sensation that Bernard Aglionby's eyes rested now on the prospect before him. Vague, unconscious contrasts were formed in his mind—this place and that—Scar Foot on a Sunday morning, and 13 Crane Street on a Sunday morning! He opened the window, and inhaled the pure, frosty, fragrant air—Arcadian air. It was very early, he found, not yet six o'clock; but going to bed again was a thing not to be thought of; and he dressed, went downstairs, and out of doors, and walked to the lakeside with the feeling that he was in a dream. It was as wonderful to him, and certainly quite as agreeable, as her first ball to a girl of seventeen who has been brought up in strict seclusion. He wondered at the intensity of his own enjoyment, and its *naïveté*.

"It is hereditary, I suppose," he thought, "and I can't help it. It's the stock I come of. When a man's forefathers have lived and moved and had their being for hundreds of years in a spot like this, and have appreciated it, a love of such things must be implanted in that man's nature at his birth. So it is with me, I suppose. I fear Lizzie won't delight in it as I do."

Bernard spent almost the whole of that day out of doors, literally "exploring" with the avidity and the interest of a schoolboy who has found a promising place for birds'-nests. He walked completely round the lake, and thus, from under the village of Busk at the opposite side, he got a fine view of

Scar Foot, and gazed at it till he could gaze no longer.

He met a farmer's boy, and asked him the names of some of the great grey fells in the distance, and the boy told him, and added that there must have been rain in Lancashire, for "look at t' Stake," which, as Bernard saw, was flecked with irregular white lines. "All the becks is oot," added the boy, and Aglionby smiled. At Irkford—for miles around Irkford—the "becks" were black as ink, and foul as only the streams of a town can be with all manner of pollution.

He went in again, to his dinner, in the middle of the day, and sent a message by Mrs. Aveson to inquire after "those ladies." The answer brought by the housekeeper was, "Miss Conisbrough's compliments, and she was quite well; but Mrs. Conisbrough was rather poorly this morning." On her own account, Mrs. Aveson added that Mrs. Conisbrough was terribly weak, and had to lie on her back as still as a mouse, or palpitations would come on again. Dr. Lowther had called, and said that complete rest was still necessary. Miss Conisbrough had been reading the Morning Service to her mamma, and she was going to have her dinner

with her upstairs. With this he had to be satisfied. Then, after dinner, he sat at the open window of the parlor for an hour or two smoking, and making believe to read a county newspaper, with which Mrs. Aveson had supplied him; but it was as if a spell drew him out of doors, and he again set out for what he intended to be a short walk, but on what developed into a long, aimless ramble over hill and dale; he got by mistake on to the road which leads to the great waterfall at Hardraw Scar, which was thundering in indescribable splendor, hurling itself over the rocky ledge into its deep and dark and fearful basin below. Then he climbed a long road, over some great hills; discovered some vast and awful-looking "pots," crevasses of limestone, sinking for unknown depths into the ground—fearsome places indeed, bearing the unromantic title of "Butter-tubs;" and a little farther on, found himself just beneath bleak Shunner Fell, gazing down into dark Swaledale, and in full view of such a "tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops" as he had never seen before. Then he thought it was time to return, and retraced his steps downward, and by the light of the moon, homeward.—*Temple Bar.*

ON NOVELS AND NOVEL-MAKERS.

BY AN OLD NOVELIST.

"SET a thief to catch a thief." Well—even so! And "Honor among thieves"—you may always find the proverb and counter-proverb—is an equally noble sentiment. I am not going to lay bare the secrets of the prison-house.

Still, may not the ancient gladiator be allowed to haunt his former arena, to examine and criticize the combatants, to watch with interest the various throws? And the old vocalist, who has quietly dropped, let us hope in good time, into the teacher of singing—is it unnatural that he should sometimes like to frequent the stalls, and make his own comments on his brethren still before the footlights? For he loves his art as much as ever; he understands its secrets perhaps better than ever—only— But

peace? Is he not an aged gladiator—a tired singer? Happy for him if he is wise enough to recognize this fact and act upon it.

Yes—there comes a time when we authors must accept the truth, that it is better for us, as well as our books, to be "shelved." We ought never to write at all unless we have something to say, and there are few things sadder than to see a writer, to whom the world has listened, and listened with pleasure, go on feebly repeating himself, sinking from originality into mediocrity, and then into the merest commonplace. "Stop in time," is the wisest advice that can be given to all who live by their brains. These brains—even if the strongest—will only last a certain time, and do a certain

quantity of work—really good work. Alas for those authors who have to live upon their reputation after their powers are gone.

But though the impulse of genius melts away, and even talent can be worn out in time, there is one thing which, among much lost, is assuredly gained, and that is experience. The quickness to detect faults won through fighting with our own, and the knowledge how to rectify these errors when found, are advantages we possess still, and should not lightly underrate. Therefore, if after having written novels for more than a quarter of a century, I have lately tried reading them, may I be allowed a few words which I trust none of my co-mates will misconstrue, nor their readers, and mine, misapprehend?

Novel-making—I use the word designedly, for it is a mistake to suppose that a novel makes itself—is not an impulse, but an art. The poet may be “born, not made;” but the novelist must make himself one, just as much as any carpenter or bricklayer. You cannot build a house at random, or without having learned the bricklayer’s trade, and by no possibility can you construct a three-volume story, which shall be a real, enduring work of art, without having attained that mechanical skill which is as necessary to genius as the furnace to the ore and the lapidary’s tool to the diamond. And since most long-experienced workmen are supposed to know something of their tools, and the way to use them, as well as to be tolerable judges of the raw material in which they have worked all their days, I do not apologize for writing this paper. It may be useful to some of those enthusiastic young people who think—as a fashionable lady once said to me—“Oh how charming it must be to write a novel. Couldn’t you teach me?” No; I was afraid not. And though work is genius—as some one has said, and not quite without truth—I could not advise my young friend to try.

Novel—the word, coming from the Italian *novella*, implies something new: a *rifacciamento*, or re-making, in an imaginative shape, of the eternally old elements of mortal life, joy and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, love and death. Also virtue and vice; though whether

the novel should illustrate any special moral, is a much-debated question

Apparently, beyond some vague notions of virtue rewarded and vice punished, the old romancists did not consider a “moral” necessary. There is certainly no “purpose” in the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,” or the “Decameron of Boccaccio;” nor very much in Sir Charles Grandison. Probably less than none in “Tom Jones,” and others of the same age and class. Even the author of Waverley, the Shakspeare of novelists, only teaches us, as Shakspeare does, by implication. It has been left to modern writers to convert the novel into a sort of working steam-engine, usable for all purposes; to express through it their pet theories of religion or morality, their opinions on social wrongs and remedies, and their views on æsthetic and philosophical subjects. From the art of cookery up—or down—to the law of divorce, anybody who thinks he has anything to say, says it in three volumes, mashed up, like hard potatoes, in the milk and butter of fiction.

A portion, however, of our modern novel-writers repudiate the idea of having any moral purpose whatever; and, truly, few of their readers can accuse them of it. Amusement pure and simple—not always either simple or pure, but always amusement—is their sole aim. They—that is, the cleverest of them—are satisfied to cut a bit at random out of the wonderful web of life, and present it to you just as it is, wishing you to accept it as such, without investigating it too closely, or pausing to consider whether the pattern is complete, what the mode and reason of the wearing, and whether you only see a part or the whole. That there is a whole—that life is not chance-work, but a great design, with the hands of the Divine Artificer working behind it all—so seldom comes into their calculations that they do not expect it to come into yours. Therefore, with a daring and sometimes almost blasphemous ingenuity, they put themselves to play Providence, to set up their puppets and knock them down, and make them between whiles “play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,” that one feels heaven’s commonest law of right and wrong would to them

be, to say the least, extremely inconvenient.

But to return. Certainly—whatever my fashionable young friend might think—no one can be *taught* to write novels. But to suppose that novel-writing comes by accident, or impulse—that the author has only to sit with his pen in his hand and his eyes on the ceiling, waiting for the happy moment of inspiration, is an equal mistake.

To make a novel—that is, to construct out of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of human fate a picture of life which shall impress people as being life-like and stand out to its own and possibly an after generation, as such—this is a task that cannot be accomplished without genius, but which genius, unaided by mechanical skill, generally fails to accomplish thoroughly. Much of what is required comes not by intuition, but experience. “How do you write a novel?” has been asked me hundreds of times; and as half the world now writes novels expecting the other half to read them, my answer, given in plain print, may not be quite useless. The shoemaker who in his time has fitted a good many feet, need not hesitate to explain his mode of measuring, how he cuts and sews his leather, and so on. He can give a hint or two on the workmanship; the materials are beyond his power.

What other novelists do I know not, but this has been my own way—*ab ovo*. For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. A novel “with a purpose” may be intolerable, but a novel without a purpose is more intolerable still—as feeble and flaccid as a man without a backbone. Therefore the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being or the trunk of a tree. Yet as nature never leaves either bare, but clothes them with muscle and flesh, branches and foliage, so this leading idea of his book will be by the true author so successfully disguised or covered as not to obtrude itself objectionably; indeed, the ordinary reader ought not even to suspect its existence. Yet from it, this one principal idea, proceed all aftergrowths; the kind of plot which shall best develop it, the characters which must act it out, the incidents which will

express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents, all are sequences, following one another in natural order; even as from the seed-germ result successively the trunk, limbs, branches, twigs, and leafage of a tree.

This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art; that though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole, still, in another, the novel is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topsy, “Spects I growed.”

Not even as to the mere writing of it. Style or composition, though to some it comes naturally, does not come to all. When I was young, an older and more experienced writer once said to me, “Never use two adjectives where one will do; never use an adjective at all where a noun will do. Avoid italics, notes of exclamation, foreign words and quotations. Put full stops instead of colons; make your sentences as short and clear as you possibly can, and whenever you think you have written a particularly fine sentence, cut it out.”

More valuable advice could not be given to any young author. It strikes at the root of that slipshod literature of which we find so much nowadays, even in writers of genius. To these latter indeed it is a greater temptation; their rapid, easy pen runs on as the fancy strikes, and they do not pause to consider that in a novel, as in a picture, breadth is indispensable. Every part should be made subservient to the whole. You must have a foreground and background, and a middle distance. If you persist in working up one character, or finishing up minutely one incident, your perspective will be destroyed, and your book become a mere collection of fragments, not a work of art at all. The true artist will always be ready to sacrifice any pet detail to the perfection of the whole.

Sometimes, I allow, this is hard. One gets interested—novel-writers only know how interested! in some particular character or portion of the plot, and is tempted to work out these, to the in-

jury of the rest. Then there usually comes a flat time, say about the second volume, when the first impetus has subsided, and the excitement of the denouement has not yet come, yet the story must be spun on somehow, if only to get to something more exciting. This may account for the fact that so many second volumes are rather dull. But a worse failure is when vol. iii. dwindles down, the interest slowly diminishing to nothing. Or else the story is all huddled up, everybody married or killed somehow—not as we novelists try to do it, “comfortably”—but in a hasty, unsatisfactory manner, which makes readers wonder why the end is so unworthy of the beginning.

Either mistake is fatal, and both commonly proceed from carelessness, or from the lack of that quality, without which no good work is possible, the infinite capacity of taking trouble. “Look at my MS.,” said a voluminous writer once to me; “there is hardly a single correction in it, and this is my first draught. I never copy, and I rarely alter a line.” It would have been uncivil to say so, but I could not help thinking that both author and public would have been none the worse if my friend had altered a good many lines, and re-copied not a few pages!

While on the question of MSS. let me say one practical word. Authors are apt to think that any sort of “copy” is good enough for the press. Quite the contrary. An untidy, useless, illegible MS. is an offence to the publisher, dangerous irritation to his “reader,” and to the printer an absolute cruelty. Also, many proof corrections often made so wantonly, and costing so much trouble and money, are severely to be condemned. Doubtless the *genus irritabile* has its wrongs, from hard-headed and often hard-hearted men of business, but volumes might be written about the worry, the loss, the actual torment that inaccurate, irregular, impecunious and extravagant authors are to that much-enduring and necessarily silent class—their publishers.

An accusation is often made against us novelists, that we paint our characters, especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters, from life. Doubtless many second-rate writers do this—

thereby catching the ill-natured class of readers, which always enjoys seeing its neighbor “shown up.” But a really good novelist would scorn to attain popularity by such mean devices. Besides, any artist knows that to paint exactly from life is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Study from life he must—copying suitable heads, arms, or legs, and appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncrasies, making use of the real to perfect the ideal. But the ideal, his own, should be behind and beyond it all. The nature to which he holds up the mirror should be abstract, not individual; and he must be a poor creator who can only make his book by gibbeting therein real people, like kites and owls on a barn-door, for the amusement and warning of society.

We authors cannot but smile when asked if such-and-such a character is “drawn from life,” and especially when ingenious critics fancy they have identified certain persons, places, or incidents—almost always falsely. Of course, we go about the world with our eyes open—but what we see and how we use it, is known only to ourselves. Our sitters are never aware they are being painted, and rarely, if ever, recognize their own likenesses. Whether or not it may be allowable to hold up to public obloquy a bad or contemptible character, I suppose it would be fair to describe a perfect character—if we could find it! which is not too probable. For me, I can only say that during all the years I have studied humanity, I never met one human being who could have been “put in a book,” as a whole, without injuring it. The only time I ever attempted (by request) to make a study from nature—absolutely literal—all the reviewers cried out, to my extreme amusement, “This character is altogether unnatural.”

Hitherto I have considered the novel simply as a literary achievement—a book “clever,” “interesting,” above all, a book “that will sell.” But there is a higher and deeper view of it, which no writer can escape, and no conscientious writer would ever wish to escape. If we, poor finite mortals, begin telling stories, we take into our feeble hands the complicated machinery of life, of which none can understand the whole,

and very few even the smallest bit ; we work it out after our own fancy, moral or no moral ; we invent our own puppets, and put them through their marionette-like antics, in imitation of the great drama which a mysterious hand is for ever playing with us human beings—and sometimes we think we can do it quite as well, if we had the chance ! But do we ever consider that in making up from imagination a picture of reality, we are, in rather a dangerous way, mimicking Providence ? much as children do with their dolls when they make them go to school, or be put to bed, or have the measles : imitating ordinary child-life, so far as they understand it, in their innocent way. But our ways are not always innocent, and our wisdom is sometimes less than a child's. A bad novel, which does not "justify the ways of God to men"—as Milton vainly tried to do in "Paradise Lost"—but leaves behind it the impression that the world is all out of joint, that there is no difference between right and wrong, and nothing in life worth living for—such a novel does more harm than a dozen atheistical books, or a hundred dull, narrow-minded sermons. Poison taken as such, may find an antidote ; there is no defence against it when administered in the form of food.

That the novel, not only in its literary but moral form, is an engine of enormous power, no one could doubt who had the reading of the letters received, say in a single year, or even a single month, by any tolerably well-known author, from all parts of the world, and from total strangers of every age, class, and degree. Not merely the everlasting autograph beggars, or the eulogists, generally conceited egotists, who enjoy the vanity of corresponding with celebrated folk, but the honest, well-meaning, and often most touching letter writers, who pour out their simple hearts to the unknown friend who has exercised so strong an influence over their lives. To this friend they appeal not only for sympathy but advice—often of the most extraordinary kind—on love affairs, the education of children, business or domestic difficulties, impulses of gratitude, revelations of perplexing secrets, outcries of intolerable pain, coming sometimes from the very ends of the earth,

in a mixture of tragedy and comedy, to the silent recipient of these strange phases of human life—stranger than anything he or she has ever dared to put into any novel. Yet so it is ; and any conscientious author can but stand mute and trembling in face of the awful responsibility which follows every written line.

This, even of the ordinarily good books—but what of the bad ones ?

I believe a thoroughly "bad" book, as we of the last generation used to style such—bad either for coarseness of style, as "Tristram Shandy," or laxity of morals, like "Don Juan"—does infinitely less harm than many modern novels which we lay on our drawing-room tables, and let our young daughters read *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam* ; novels chiefly, I grieve to say, written by women, who, either out of pure ignorance, or a boastful morbid pleasure in meddling with forbidden topics, often write things that men would be ashamed to write.

Absolute wickedness, crime represented as crime, and licentiousness put forward as licentiousness is far less dangerous to the young and naturally pure mind than that charming sentimental dallying with sin, which makes it appear so piteous, so interesting, so beautiful. Nay, without even entering upon the merits of the favorite modern style of fiction—in which love to be attractive must necessarily be unlawful—there is a style of novel in which right and wrong are muddled up together into a sort of neutral tint, the author, and consequently the reader, taking no trouble to distinguish between them. The characters are made interesting not by their virtues but their faults ; a good woman worships a bad man, and *vice versa*. Now this may be true in real life, though I doubt ; but to present it in fiction, to make a really noble woman the abject willing slave of a contemptible brute not worthy to tie her shoes, or an honorable man doing all sorts of erring things for the sake of a feeble or vile woman, whom her own sex, and the best of the other, would heartily despise—the effect of such a picture as this is to confuse all one's notions of good and bad, and produce a blurred and blotted vision of life, which, to those

just beginning life, is either infinitely sad or infinitely harmful. Besides, it is *not true*. Time brings its revenges; and if there is one certainty in life, it is the certainty of retribution—ay, even in this life: and alas! down to the third and fourth generation—a creed, by the young doubted or despised, but which the old, whether optimists or pessimists, know to be only too true.

There is another favorite subject of modern fiction: a man or woman married hastily or unhappily, and meeting afterward some “elective affinity,” the right man, or woman, or apparently such. No doubt this is a terrible position, pathetic, tragic, which may happen to the most guiltless persons, and does happen, perhaps, oftener than any one knows. Novelists seize upon it as a dramatic position, and paint it in such glowing, tender, and pathetic colors that, absorbed in the pity of the thing, one quite forgets its sin. The hapless lovers rouse our deepest sympathy; we follow them to the very verge of crime, almost regretting that it is called crime, and when the obnoxious husband or wife dies, and the lovers are dismissed to happiness—as is usually done—we feel quite relieved and comfortable!

Now, surely this is immoral, as immoral as the coarsest sentence Shakspeare ever penned, or the most passionate picture that Shelley or Byron ever drew. Nay, more so, for these are only nature—vicious, undisguised, but natural still, and making no pretence of virtue; but your sentimentalist assumes a virtue, and expects sympathy for his immorality, which is none the less immoral because, God knows, it is a delineation often only too true, and perhaps only too deserving of pity—his pity, who can see into the soul of man. Many a condemned thief and hanged murderer may have done the deed under most piteous and extenuating circumstances; but theft still remains theft, and murder murder. And—let us not mince words—though modern taste may enwrap it in ever such pathetic, heroic, and picturesque form, adultery is still adultery. Never do our really great authors—our Shaksperes, our Scotts, our Thackerays, our George Eliots—deny this, or leave us in the slightest doubt between virtue and vice. It is the mild sentimentalists who, how-

ever they may resent being classed with the “fast” authors—alas! too often authoresses—of modern fiction, are equally immoral; because they hold the balance of virtue and vice with so feeble and uncertain a hand, as to leave both utterly confused, in the writer’s opinion and the reader’s mind.

But, putting aside the question of morality, there is another well deserving the consideration of novelists, viz. whether the subjects they choose are within the fair limits of art? Legitimate comedy ought to be based on humor and wit, free from coarseness and vulgarity; and in true tragedy the terrible becomes the heroic by the elimination of every element which is merely horrible or disgusting. In the dying martyr we ought to see, not the streaming blood or the shrivelling of the burnt flesh, but the gaze of ecstatic faith into an opened heaven; and the noblest battle ever represented is misrepresented when the artist chooses scenes fit only for a hospital operating-table or a butcher’s shambles.

I cannot but think that certain modern novels, despite their extreme cleverness, deal with topics beyond the legitimate province of fiction. Vivid descriptions of hangings, of prison-whippings, of tortures inflicted on sane persons in lunatic asylums, are not fit subjects for art; at least, the art which can choose them and dilate upon them is scarcely of a healthy kind, or likely to conduce to the moral health of the reader.

The answer to this objection is, that such things are; therefore why not write about them? So must medical and surgical books be written; so must the most loathsome details of crime and misery be investigated by statesmen and political economists. But all these are professional studies which, however painful, require to be gone through. No one would ever enter into them as a matter of mere amusement. Besides, as is almost inevitable in a novel “with a purpose,” or one in which the chief interest centres in some ghastly phase of humanity, there is generally a certain amount of, perhaps involuntary, exaggeration, against which the calm, judicial mind instinctively rebels. “Two sides to every subject; I should rather like to hear the other side.”

Without holding the unwise creed that ignorance is innocence, and that immunity from painful sensations induces strength of character, I still maintain that these are topics which are best kept in shadow, especially from the young. We sometimes admit to our public galleries—though I question if we should—the magnificently painted but gross pictures of a few old masters, and the realistic horrors upon which a certain French school has made its fame. But few of us would choose a Potiphar's wife or a newly guillotined Charlotte Corday for the adornment of the domestic hearth. Such subjects, though manipulated by the most delicate and yet the firmest hand, are apt, either in art or literature, to do more harm than the moral drawn from them is likely to do good.

Of course, the case may be argued pretty strongly from the other side. Life is not all "roses and lilies and daffydownillies," therefore why should fiction represent it as such? Men and women are not angels, and bad people are often much more "interesting" than good people in real life: why should we not make them so in novels?

I answer, simply because it is *we* who make them—we short-sighted mortals, who take upon us to paint life, and can only do so as far as our feeble vision allows us to see it; which in some of us is scarcely an inch beyond our own nose. Only a few—but these are always the truly great—can see with larger eyes, and reproduce what they see with a calm, steady, and almost always kindly hand, which seems like the hand of Providence, because its work is done with a belief in Providence—in those "mysterious ways"—by which, soon or late, everything—and everybody—finds its own level; virtue its reward, and vice its retribution. To judge authors solely by their works is not always fair, because most people put their best selves into their books, which are the cream of their life, and the residuum may be but skimmed-milk for daily use. But, in the department of fiction at least, the individual character gives its stamp to every page. Not all good novelists may be ideal men and women, but I doubt much if any really

immoral man, or irreligious woman, ever made a good novelist.

I wish not to malign my brethren. Most of them do their best, and I think we may fairly decline to believe such stories as that of the "popular authoress" who, having starved as a moral, prosy, and altogether unpopular authoress for several seasons, was advised to try "spicy" writing, and now makes her thousands a year. And even after weeding from our ranks the "fast," the sentimental, the ghastly, the feeble and prosy, the clap-trap and altogether silly school, there still remains a good number of moderately clever and moderately wholesome writers of fiction, who redeem our literature from disgrace, or could do so if they chose—if they could be made to feel themselves responsible, not to man only, but to God. "For every idle word that men shall say"—(how much more write?)—"they shall answer in the day of judgment."

To us, who are old enough to have read pretty thoroughly the book of human life, it matters little what we read in mere novels, which are at best a poor imaginary imitation of what we have studied as a solemn reality; but to the young it matters a great deal. Impressions are made, lessons taught, and influences given, which, whether for good or for evil, nothing can afterward efface. The parental yearning, which only parents can understand, is to save our children from all we can—alas, how little! They must enter upon the battle of life; the utmost we can do is to give them their armor and show them how to fight. But what wise father or mother would thrust them, unarmed, into a premature conflict, putting into their pure minds sinful thoughts that had never been there before, and sickening their tender hearts by needless horrors which should only be faced by those who deal with evil for the express purpose of amending it? Truly, there are certain novels which I have lately read, which I would no more think of leaving about on my drawing-room table, than I would take my son to a casino in order to teach him morals, or make my daughter compassionate-hearted by sending her to see a Spanish bull fight.

Finally, as an example in proof of many, almost all, the arguments and

theories here advanced, I would advise any one who has gone through a course of modern fiction, to go through another, considered a little out of date, except by the old, and I am glad to say, the very young. Nothing shows more clearly the taste of the uncorrupted healthy palate for wholesome food, than the eagerness with which almost all children, or children passing into young people, from thirteen and upward, devour the *Waverley Novels*. A dozen pages, taken at random this moment from a volume which a youthful reader, I might say gormandiser, has just laid down, will instance what I mean.

It is the story of Nanty Ewart, told by himself to Alan Fairford, on board the *Jumping Jenny*, in "*Redgauntlet*." Herein the author touches deepest tragedy, blackest crime, and sharpest pathos (instance the line where Nanty suddenly stops short with "*Poor Jess !*"). He deals with elements essentially human, even vicious ; his hero is a "*miserable sinner*," no doubt of that, either in the author's mind, or the impression conveyed to that of the reader. There is no paltering with vice, no sentimental gloss-

ing over of sin ; the man is a bad man, at least he has done evil, and his sin has found him out, yet we pity him. Though handling pitch, we are not defiled ; however and whatever our author paints, it is never with an uncertain or feeble touch. We give him our hand, and are led by him fearlessly into the very darkest-places, knowing that he carries the light with him, and that no harm will come. I think it is not too much to say that we might go through the *Waverley Novels* from beginning to end, without finding one page, perhaps not even one line, that we would hesitate to read aloud to any young people, old enough to understand that evil exists in the world, and that the truly virtuous are those who know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good. And I—who having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great novelist—should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cart-load of modern fiction into the gutter, often its fittest place, in order to clasp a huge wholesome armful of Walter Scott.—*Good Words*.

THE LOVE OF THE PAST.

As sailors watch from their prison
 For the long, grey line of the coasts,
 I look to the past rearsen,
 And joys come over in hosts
 Like the white sea-birds from their roosts.

I love not th' indelicate present,
 The future's unknown to our quest,
 To-day is the life of the peasant,
 But the past is a haven of rest—
 The joy of the past is the best.

The rose of the past is better
 Than the rose we ravish to-day ;
 'Tis holier, purer, and fitter
 To place on the shrine where we pray—
 For the secret thoughts we obey.

There, are no deceptions nor changes,
 There, all is placid and still ;
 No grief, nor fate that estranges,
 Nor hope that no life can fulfil,
 But ethereal shelter from ill.

The coarser delights of the hour
 Tempt, and debauch and deprave ;
 And we joy in a poisonous flower,
 Knowing that nothing can save
 Our flesh from the fate of the grave.

But surely we leave them, returning,
 In grief to the well-loved nest,
 Filled with an infinite yearning,
 Knowing the past to be rest—
 That the things of the past are the best.

The Spectator.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE.

IF any one were to ask what is the origin of hunger or what is the origin of thirst, the idleness of the question would be felt at once. And yet hunger and thirst have had an origin. But that origin cannot be separated from the origin of Organic Life, and the absurdity of the question lies in this—that in asking it, the possibility of making such a separation is assumed. It involves either the supposition that there have been living creatures which had no need of food and drink, or else the supposition that there have been living creatures which, having that need, were nevertheless destitute of any corresponding appetite. Both of these suppositions, although not in the abstract inconceivable, are so contrary to all that we know of the laws of nature, that practically they are rejected as impossible. There always is, and there always must be, a close correspondence between the intimations of sensibility and the necessities of life. Hunger is the witness in sensation to the law which demands for all living things a renewal of force from the assimilation of external matter. To theorize about its origin is to theorize about the origin of that law, and consequently about the origin of embodied life. The Darwinian formula is not applicable here. Appetite cannot have arisen out of the accidents of varia-

tion. It must have been coeval with organization, of which it is a necessary part. The same principle applies to all elementary appetites and affections, whether they be the lower appetites of the body or the higher appetites of the mind. They exist because of the existence of certain facts and of certain laws to which they stand in a relation which is natural and necessary, because it is a relation which is reasonable and fitting. Really to understand how these appetites and affections arose, it would be necessary to understand how all the corresponding facts and laws came to be. But in many cases—indeed in most cases—any such understanding is impossible, because the facts and the laws to which every appetite corresponds are in their very nature ultimate. They are laws behind which, or beyond which, we cannot get. The only true explanation of the appetite lies in the simple recognition of the adjusted relations of which it forms a part ; that is to say—in a recognition of the whole system of nature as a reasonable system, and of this particular part of it as in harmony with the rest. Any attempted explanation of it which does not start with that recognition of the reasonableness of nature must be futile. Any explanation which not only fails in this recognition, but assumes that the origin of anything can be interpreted without it, must be not only futile but erroneous.

Men have been very busy of late in speculating on the origin of religion. In asking this question they generally

make, often as it seems unconsciously, one or other of two assumptions. One is the assumption that there is no God, and that it must have taken a long time to invent him. The other is that there is a God, but that men were born, or created, or developed, without any sense or feeling of his existence, and that the acquisition of such a sense must of necessity have been the work of time.

I do not now say that either of these assumptions is in itself inconceivable, any more than the supposition that at some former time there were creatures needing food and drink and yet having no appetites to inform them of the fact. But what I desire to point out is, first, that one or other of these assumptions is necessarily involved in most speculations on the subject, and secondly, that, to say the least, it is possible that neither of these assumptions may be true. Yet the method of inquiry to be pursued respecting the origin of religion must be entirely different, according as we start from one or other of these assumptions, or as we reject them both. If we assume that there is no God, then the question how mankind have come so widely to invent one or more of such imaginary beings, is indeed a question well worthy of our utmost curiosity and research. But, on the other hand, if we start with the assumption that there is a God, or indeed if we assume no more than that there are intelligences in the universe superior to man, and possessing some power greater than his own over the natural system in which he lives, then the method of inquiry into the origin of religion is immensely simplified. Obviously the question how man first came to recognize the existence of his Creator, if we suppose such a being to exist, becomes in virtue of that supposition relegated to the same class as the question how he first came to recognize any other of the facts or truths which it concerns him most to know. Indeed from its very nature this truth is evidently one which might be more easily and more directly made known to him than many others. The existence of a being from whom our own being has been derived involves, at least, the possibility of some communication direct or indirect. Yet the impossibility or the improbability of any such communica-

tion is another of the assumptions continually involved in current theories about the origin of religion. But no such assumption can be reasonably made. The perceptions of the human mind are accessible to the intimations of external truth through many avenues of approach. In its very structure it is made to be responsive to some of these intimations by immediate apprehension. Man has that within him by which the invisible can be seen, and the inaudible can be heard, and the intangible can be felt. Not as the result of any reasoning, but by the same power by which it sees and feels the postulates on which all reasoning rests, the human mind may from the very first have felt that it was in contact with a mind which was the fountain of its own.

No argument can be conducted without some assumptions. But neither ought any argument to be conducted without a clear understanding what these assumptions are. Having now cleared up the assumptions which are usually made, we can proceed with greater confidence in the discussion of the great problem before us. The origin of particular systems of religious belief is, of course, a mere question of fact. A few of these systems belong to our own time; others have arisen late in the historic ages and in the full light of contemporary evidence. Some, again, are first recognized in the dawn of those ages, and their distinctive features can only be dimly traced through evidence which is scanty and obscure. Religion is the origin of all these systems of belief, but no one of them represents the origin of religion. None of them throw any other light on the origin of religion than as all exhibiting the one essential element in which all religion consists. And it would be well if men, before philosophizing on the origin of religion, had a more accurate conception of what they mean by it. The definitions of religion have been even worse than the definitions of morality. Just as the attempt is made to account for morals apart from the sense of duty or of obligation in conduct, so is the attempt made to account for religion apart from the sense of mind or will in nature. The great effort seems to have been to try how the essential idea of religion

could be either most completely eliminated or else most effectually concealed. For example, a feeling of absolute dependence has been specified by Schleiermacher as the essence of religion. Yet it is evident that a sense of absolute dependence may be urgent and oppressive without the slightest tincture of religious feeling. A man carried off in a flood, and clinging to a log of wood, may have, and must have, a painful sense of absolute dependence on the log. But no one would think of describing this sense as a feeling of religion. A savage may have a feeling of absolute dependence on his bows and arrows, or on the other implements of his chase; or disease may bring home to him a sense of his absolute dependence on the organs of his own body, which alone enable him to use his weapons with success. But it does not follow that the savage has any feeling of religion toward his bow, or his arrow, or his net, or his fish-spear, or even to his own legs and arms. Any plausibility, therefore, which may attach to the proposition which identifies religion with the mere sense of dependence, is due entirely to the fact that when men speak of a sense of dependence they suggest the idea of a particular kind of dependence—namely, dependence upon a Being or a Personality, and not dependence upon a thing. That is to say, that the plausibility of the definition is entirely due to an element of thought which it is specially framed to keep out of sight. A sense of absolute dependence on purely physical things does not necessarily contain any religious element whatever. But, on the other hand, a sense of dependence on personal or living agencies, whether they are supposed to be supreme or only superior to our own, is a feeling which is essentially religious.* But the element in that feeling which makes it religious is the element of belief in a being or in beings who have power and will. When we say of any man, or of any tribe of men, that they have no religion, we mean that they have no belief in the existence of any such being or beings, or at least no such

belief as to require any acknowledgment or any worship.

The practice of worship of some kind or another is so generally associated with religion, that we do not usually think of it otherwise than as a necessary accompaniment. It is a natural accompaniment, for the simple reason that in the very act of thinking of superhuman beings the mind has an inevitable tendency to think of them as possessing not only an intellectual but a moral nature which has analogies with our own. It conceives of them as having dispositions and feelings as well as mere intellect and will. Complete indifference toward other creatures is not natural or usual in ourselves, nor can it be natural to attribute it to other beings. In proportion therefore as we ascribe to the superhuman personalities, in whose existence we believe, the authorship or the rule over, or even a mere partnership in the activities round us, in the same proportion is it natural to regard those beings as capable of exercising some influence upon us, whether for evil or for good. This conception of them must lead to worship—that is to say, to the cherishing of some feeling and sentiment in regard to them, and to some methods of giving it expression. There is, therefore, no mystery whatever in the usual and all but universal association of worship of some kind with all conceptions of a religious nature.

It is to be remembered, however, that, as a matter of fact, the belief in the existence of a God, or of more Gods than one, has come, though rarely, to be separated from the worship of them. Among speculative philosophers this separation may arise from theories about the divine nature, which represent it as inaccessible to supplication, or as indifferent to the sentiments of men. Among savages it may arise from the evolution of decay. It may be nothing but "a sleep and a forgetting"—the result of the breaking up of ancient homes, and the consequent impossibility of continuing the practice of rites which had become inseparably associated with local usages. Among philosophers this divorce between the one essential element of religion and the natural accompaniments of worship, is well exhibited in the Lucretian conception of the Olym-

* Professor Tiele's definition of religion corresponds with that here given: "The relation between man and the superhuman powers in which he believes." (*Outlines of the History of the Ancient Religions*, p. 2.)

pian gods, as well as in the condition of mind of many men in our own day, who have not rejected the idea of a God, but who do not feel the need of addressing Him in the language either of prayer or praise. Of this same divorce among savages we have an example in certain Australian tribes, who are said to have a theology so definite as to believe in the existence of one God, the omnipotent Creator of heaven and of earth, and yet to be absolutely destitute of any worship.* Both of these, however, are aberrant phenomena—conditions of mind which are anomalous, and in all probability essentially transitional. It has been shown in the preceding pages how impossible it is to regard Australian or any other savages of the present time as representing the probable condition of primeval man. It needs no argument to prove that it is equally impossible to regard speculative philosophers of any school as representing the mind of the earliest progenitors of our race. But neither of savages nor of philosophers who believe in a God but do not pray to Him, would it be proper to say that they have no religion. They may be on the way to having none, or they may be on the way to having more. But men who believe in the existence of any personal or living agency in nature superior to our own, are in possession of the one essential element of all religion. This belief is almost universally associated with practices which are in the nature of worship—with sentiments of awe, or of reverence, or of fear.

It is not inconsistent with this definition to admit that sects or individuals, who have come to reject all definite theological conceptions and to deny the existence of a living God, have, nevertheless, been able to retain feelings and sentiments which may justly claim to be called religious. In the first place, with many men of this kind, their denial of a God is not in reality a complete denial. What they deny is very often only some particular conception of the Godhead, which is involved, or which they think is involved, in the popular theology. They are repelled, perhaps, by the familiarity with which the least elevated of human passions are sometimes attrib-

uted to the Divine Being. Or they may be puzzled by the anomalies of nature, and find it impossible to reconcile them intellectually with any definite conception of a Being who is both all powerful and all-good. But in faltering under this difficulty, or under other difficulties of the same kind, and in denying the possibility of forming any clear or definite conceptions of the Godhead, they do not necessarily renounce other conceptions which, though vague and indefinite, are nevertheless sufficient to form the nucleus of a hazy atmosphere of religious feeling and emotion. Such men may or may not recognize the fact that these feelings and emotions have been inherited from ancestors whose beliefs were purely theological, and that it is in the highest degree doubtful how long these feelings can be retained as mere survivals. It is remarkable that such feelings are even now artificially propped up and supported by a system of investing abstract terms with all the elements of personality. When men who profess to have rejected the idea of a God declare, nevertheless, as Strauss has declared, that "the world is to them the workshop of the rational and the good"—when they explain that "that on which they feel themselves to be absolutely dependent is by no means a brute power, but that it is order and law, reason and goodness, to which they surrender themselves with loving confidence," we cannot be mistaken that the whole of this language, and the whole conceptions which underlie it, are language and conceptions appropriate to agencies and powers which are possessed of all the characteristics of mind and will. Order and law are, indeed, in some minds associated with nothing except matter and material forces. But neither reason nor goodness can be thus dissociated from the idea of personality. All other definitions which have been given of religion will be found on analysis to borrow whatever strength they have from involving, either expressly or implicitly, this one conception. Morality, for example, becomes religion in proportion as all duty and all obligation is regarded as resting on the sanctions of a divine authority. In like manner, knowledge may be identified with religion in proportion as all knowledge is

* "Hibbert Lectures," by Max Müller, 1878, pp. 16, 17.

summed up and comprehended in the perfect knowledge of One who is all in all. Nor is there any real escape from this one primary and fundamental element of religion in the attempt made by Comte to set up man himself—humanity—as the object of religious worship. It is the human mind and will abstracted and personified that is the object of this worship. Accordingly, in the system of Comte, it is the language of Christian and even of Catholic adoration that is borrowed as the best and fullest expression of its aspirations and desires. Such an impersonation of the human mind and will, considered as an aggregate of the past and of the future, and separated from the individual who is required to worship it, does contain the one element, or at least some faint outline and shadow of the one element, which has been here represented as essential to religion—the element, namely, of some power in nature other than mere brute matter or mere physical force—which power is thought of and conceived as invested with the higher attributes of the human personality.

Like methods of analysis are sufficient to detect the same element in other definitions of religion, which are much more common. When, for example, it is said that “the supernatural” or “the infinite” are the objects of religious thought, the same fundamental conception is involved, and is more or less consciously intended. The first of those two abstract expressions, “the supernatural,” is avowedly an expression for the existence and the agency of super-human personalities. It is objectionable only in so far as it seems to imply that such agency is no part of “nature.” This is in one sense a mere question of definition. We may choose to look upon our own human agency as an agency which is outside of nature. If we do so, then, of course, it is natural to think of the agency of other beings as outside of nature also. But, on the other hand, if we choose to understand by “nature” the whole system of things in which we live and of which we form a part, then the belief in the agency of other beings of greater power does not necessarily involve any belief whatever that they are outside of that system. On the contrary, the belief in such an agency may

be identified with all our conceptions of what that system, as a whole, is, and especially of its order and of its intelligibility. While, therefore, “the supernatural,” as commonly understood, gives a true indication of the only real objects of religious thought, it complicates that indication by coupling the idea of living agencies above our own with a description of them which at the best is irrelevant, and is very apt to be misleading. The question of the existence of living beings superior to man, and having more or less power over him and over his destinies, is quite a separate question from the relation in which those beings may stand to what is commonly but variously understood by “nature.”

The other phrase, now often used to express the objects of religious thought and feeling, “the infinite,” is a phrase open to objection of a very different kind. It is ambiguous, not merely as “the supernatural” is ambiguous, by reason of its involving a separate and adventitious meaning besides the meaning which is prominent and essential; but it is ambiguous by reason of not necessarily containing at all the one meaning which is essential to religion. “The infinite” is a pure and bare abstraction, which may or may not include the one only object of religious consciousness and thought. An infinite being if that be the meaning of “the infinite,” is indeed the highest and most perfect object of religion. But an infinite space is no object of religious feeling. An infinite number of material units is no object of religious thought. On the other hand, infinite power not only may be, but must be, an object of religious contemplation in proportion as it is connected with the idea of power in a living will. Infinite goodness must be the object of religious thought and emotion, because in its very nature this conception involves that of a personal being. But if all this is what is intended by “the infinite,” then it would be best to say so plainly. The only use of the phrase, as the one selected to indicate the object of religion, is that it may be understood in a sense that is kept out of sight. And the explanations which have been given of it are generally open to the same charge of studied ambiguity. “The infinite” has been defined as that

which transcends sense and reason—that which cannot be comprehended or completely and wholly understood, although it may be apprehended or partially conceived.* And no doubt, if this definition be applied, as by implication it always is applied, to the power and to the resources, or to any other feature in the character of an infinite being, then it becomes a fair definition of the highest conceivable object of religious thought. But, again, if it be not so applied—if it be understood as only applying to the impossibility under which we find ourselves of grasping anything which is limitless—of counting an infinite number of units—of traversing, even in thought, an infinite space—of living out an infinite time—then “the infinite” does not contain the one essential element which constitutes religion.

Similar objections apply to another abstract phrase, sometimes used as a definition of the object of religious feeling, namely, “the invisible.” Mere material things, which are either too large to be wholly seen, or too small to be seen at all, can never supply the one indispensable element of religion. In so far, therefore, as invisibility applies to them only, it suggests nothing of a religious nature. But in so far as “the invisible” means, and is intended to apply to, living beings who are out of sight, to personal agencies which either have no bodily form, or who are thought of and conceived as separate from such form—in so far, of course, “the invisible,” like “the infinite,” does cover and include the conception without which there can be no religion.

Definitions of meaning are more or less important in all discussions; but there are many questions in which they are by no means essential, because of the facility with which we refer the abstract words we may be using to the concrete things—to the actual phenomena to which they are applied. When, for example, we speak of the religion of Mahomet, or of the religion of Confucius, or of the religion of Buddha, we do not need to define what we mean by the word “religion,” because in all of these cases the system of doctrine and the conceptions

which constitute those religions are known, or are matters of historical evidence. But when we come to discuss the origin, not of any particular system of belief, but of religion in the abstract, some clear and intelligible definition of the word religion becomes absolutely essential, because in that discussion we are dealing with a question which is purely speculative. It is idle to enter upon that speculative discussion unless we have some definite understanding what we are speculating about. In the case of religion we cannot keep our understanding of the word fresh and distinct by thinking of any well-known and admitted facts respecting the beginnings of belief. There are no such facts to go upon as regards the religion of primeval man. Those, indeed, who accept the narrative attributed to the inspired authority of the Jewish lawgiver have no need to speculate. In that narrative the origin of religion is identified with the origin of man, and the Creator is represented as having had, in some form or another, direct communication with the creature He had made. But those who do not accept that narrative, or who, without rejecting it altogether, regard it as so full of metaphor that it gives us no satisfying explanation, and who assume that religion has had an origin subsequent to the origin of the species, have absolutely nothing to rely upon in the nature of history. There is no contemporary evidence, nor is there any tradition which can be trusted. Primeval man has kept no journal of his own first religious emotions, any more than of his own first appearance in the world. We are therefore thrown back upon pure speculation—speculation, indeed, which may find in the present, and in a comparatively recent past, some data for arriving at conclusions, more or less probable, on the conditions of a time which is out of sight. But among the very first of these data, if it be not indeed the one datum without which all others are useless, is a clear conception of the element which is common to all religions as they exist now, or as they can be traced back beyond the dawn of history into the dim twilight of tradition. Of this universal element in all religions “the infinite” is no definition at all. It is itself much more vague and indefinite

* Max Müller, “Hibbert Lectures,” 1878.

in meaning than the word which it professes to explain. And this is all the more needless, seeing that the common element in all religions, such as we know them now, is one of the greatest simplicity. It is the element of a belief in superhuman beings—in living agencies, other and higher than our own.

It is astonishing how much the path of investigation is cleared before us the moment we have arrived at this definition of the belief which is fundamental to all religions. That belief is simply a belief in the existence of beings of whom our own being is the type, although it need not be the measure or the form. By the very terms of the definition the origin of this belief is and must be in ourselves. That is to say, the disposition to believe in the existence of such beings arises out of the felt unity of our own nature with the whole system of things in which we live and of which we are a part. It is the simplest and most natural of all conceptions that the agency of which we are most conscious in ourselves is like the agency which works in the world around us. Even supposing this conception to be groundless, and that, as some now maintain, a more scientific investigation of natural agencies abolishes the conception of design or purpose, or of personal will being at all concerned therein—even supposing this, it is not the less true that the transfer of conceptions founded on our own consciousness of agency and of power within us to the agencies and powers around us, is a natural, if it be not indeed a necessary, conception. That it is a natural conception is proved by the fact that it has been, and still is, so widely prevalent; as well as by the fact that what is called the purely scientific conception of natural agencies is a modern conception, and one which is confessedly of difficult attainment. So difficult indeed is it to expel from the mind the conception of personality in or behind the agencies of nature, that it may fairly be questioned whether it has ever been effectually done. Verbal devices for keeping the idea out of sight are indeed very common; but even these are not very successful. I have elsewhere pointed out* that those naturalists and

philosophers who are most opposed to all theological explanations or conceptions of natural forces do, nevertheless, habitually in spite of themselves, have recourse to language which derives its whole form as well as its whole intelligibility from those elements of meaning which refer to the familiar operations of our own mind and will. The very phrase "natural selection" is one which likens the operations of nature to the operations of a mind exercising the power of choice. The whole meaning of the phrase is to indicate how nature attains certain ends which are like "selection." And what "selection" is we know, because it is an operation familiar to ourselves. But the personal element of will and of purpose lies even deeper than this in the scientific theory of evolution. When we ourselves select, we may very often choose only among things ready made to our hands. But in the theory of evolution, nature is not merely represented as choosing among things ready made, but as at first making the things which are to be afterward fitted for selection. Organs are represented as growing in certain forms and shapes "in order that" they may serve certain uses, and then as being "selected" by that use in order that they may be established and prevail. The same idea runs throughout all the detailed descriptions of growth and of development by which these processes are directed to useful and serviceable results. So long as in the mere description of phenomena men find themselves compelled to have recourse to language of this sort, they have not emancipated themselves from the natural tendency of all human thought to see the elements of our own personality in the energies and in the works of nature.

But whether the attempt at such emancipation be successful or not, the very effort which it requires is a proof of the natural servitude under which we lie. And if it be indeed a natural servitude, the difficulty of getting rid of it is explained. It is hard to kick against the pricks. There is no successful rebellion against the servitudes of nature. The suggestions which come to us from the external world, and which are of such necessity that we cannot choose but hear them, have their origin in the whole con-

* "Reign of Law," chaps. i. and v.

stitution and course of things. To seek for any origin of them apart from the origin of our whole intellectual nature, and apart from the relations between that nature and the facts of the universe around us, is to seek for something which does not exist. We may choose to assume that there are no intelligences in nature superior to our own; but the fact remains that it is a part of our mental constitution to imagine otherwise. If, on the other hand, we assume that such intelligences do exist, then the recognition of that existence, or the impression of it, is involved in no other difficulty than is involved in the origin of any other part of the furniture of our minds. What is the origin of reason? The perception of logical necessity is the perception of a real relation between things; and this relation between things is represented by a corresponding relation between our conceptions of them. We can give no account of the origin of that perception unless we can give an account of the origin of man, and of the whole system to which he stands related. What, again, is the origin of imagination? It is the mental power by which we handle the elementary conceptions derived from our mental constitution in contact and in harmony with external things, and by which we recombine these conceptions in an endless variety of forms. We can give no account of the origin of such a power or of such a habit. What is the origin of wonder? In the lower animals a lower form of it exists in the shape of curiosity, being little more than an impulse to seek for that which may be food, or to avoid that which may be danger. But in man it is one of the most powerful and the most fruitful of all his mental characteristics. Of its origin we can give no other account than that there exists in man an indefinite power of knowing, in contact with an equally indefinite number of things which are to him unknown. Between these two facts the connecting link is the wish to know. And, indeed, if the system of nature were not a reasonable system, the power of knowing might exist in man without any wish to use it. But the system of nature, being what it is—a system which is the very embodiment of wisdom and knowledge—such a departure from its unity is im-

possible. That unity consists in the universal and rational correspondence of all its essential facts. There would be no such correspondence between the powers of the human mind and the ideas which they are fitted to entertain, if these powers were not incited by an appetite of inquiry. Accordingly, the desire of knowledge is as much born with man as the desire of food. The impression that there are things around him which he does not know or understand, but which he can know and understand by effort and inquiry, is so much part of man's nature that man would not be man without it. Religion is but a part of this impression—or rather it is the sum and consummation of all the intimations from which this impression is derived. Among the things of which he has an impression as existing, and respecting which he desires to know more, are above all other things personalities or agencies, or beings having powers like, but superior to his own. This is religion. In this impression is to be found the origin of all theologies. But of its own origin we can give no account until we know the origin of man.

I have dwelt upon this point of definition because those who discuss the origin of religion seem very often to be wholly unconscious of various assumptions which are necessarily involved in the very question they propound. One of these assumptions clearly is that there was a time when man existed without any feeling or impression that any being or beings superior to himself existed in nature or behind it. The assumption is that the idea of the existence of such beings is a matter of high and difficult attainment, to be reached only after some long process of evolution and development. Whereas the truth may very well be, and probably is, that there never was a time since man became possessed of the mental constitution which separates him from the brutes, when he was destitute of some conception of the existence of living agencies other than his own. Instead of being a difficult conception, it may very well turn out to be, on investigation, the very simplest of all conceptions. The real difficulty may lie not in entertaining it, but in getting rid of it, or in restraining its undue immanence and power. The reason of

this difficulty is obvious. Of all the intuitive faculties which are peculiar to man, that of self-consciousness is the most prominent. In virtue of that faculty or power, without any deliberate reasoning or logical process of any formal kind, man must have been always familiar with the idea of energies which are themselves invisible, and only to be seen in their effects. His own loves and hates, his own gratitude and revenge, his own schemes and resolves, must have been familiar to him from the first as things in themselves invisible, and yet having power to determine the most opposite and the most decisive changes for good or evil in things which are visible and material. The idea of personality, therefore, or of the efficiency of mind and will, never could have been to him inseparable from the attribute of visibility. It never could have been any difficulty with him to think of living agencies other than his own, and yet without any form, or with forms concealed from sight. There is no need therefore to hunt farther afield for the origin of this conception than man's own consciousness of himself. There is no need of going to the winds which are invisible, or to the heavenly bodies which are intangible, or to the sky which is immeasurable. None of these, in virtue either of mere invisibility, or of mere intangibility, or of mere immeasurableness, could have suggested the idea which is fundamental in religion. That idea was indeed supplied to man from nature; but it was from his own nature in communion with the nature of all things around him. To conceive of the energies that are outside of him as like the energies that he feels within him, is simply to think of the unknown in terms of the familiar and the known. To think thus can never have been to him any matter of difficult attainment. It must have been, in the very nature of things, the earliest, the simplest, and the most necessary of all conceptions.

The conclusion, then, to which we come from this analysis of religion is that there is no reason to believe, but on the contrary many reasons to disbelieve, that there ever was a time when man, with his existing constitution, lived in contact with the forces and in face of the energies of nature, and yet with no

impression or belief that in those energies, or behind them, there were living agencies other than his own. And if man, ever since he became man, had always some such impression or belief, then he always had a religion, and the question of its origin cannot be separated from the origin of the species.

It is a part of the unity of nature that the clear perception of any one truth leads almost always to the perception of some other, which follows from or is connected with the first. And so it is in this case. The same analysis which establishes a necessary connection between the self-consciousness of man and the one fundamental element of all religious emotion and belief, establishes an equally natural connection between another part of the same self-consciousness and certain tendencies in the development of religion which we know to have been widely prevalent. For although in the operations of our own mind and spirit, with their strong and often violent emotions, we are familiar with a powerful agency which is in itself invisible, yet it is equally true that we are familiar with that agency as always working in and through a body. It is natural, therefore, when we think of living agencies in nature other than our own, to think of them as having some form, or at least as having some abode. Seeing, however, and knowing the work of those agencies to be work exhibiting power and resources so much greater than our own, there is obviously unlimited scope for the imagination in conceiving what that form and where that abode may be. Given, therefore, these two inevitable tendencies of the human mind—the tendency to believe in the existence of personalities other than our own, and the tendency to think of them as living in some shape and in some place—we have a natural and sufficient explanation, not only of the existence of religion, but of the thousand forms in which it has found expression in the world. For as man since he became man, in respect to the existing powers and apparatus of his mind, has never been without the consciousness of self, nor without some desire of interpreting the things around him in terms of his own thoughts, so neither has he been without the power of imagination. By

virtue of it he re-combines into countless new forms not only the images of sense but his own instinctive interpretations of them. Obviously we have in this faculty the prolific source of an infinite variety of conceptions, which may be pure and simple or foul and unnatural, according to the elements supplied out of the moral and intellectual character of the minds which are imagining. Obviously, too, we have in this process an unlimited field for the development of good or of evil germs. The work which in the last chapter I have shown to be the inevitable work of reason when it starts from any datum which is false, must be, in religious conceptions above all others, a work of rapid and continuous evolution. The steps of natural consequence, when they are downward here, must be downward along the steepest gradients. It must be so because the conceptions which men have formed respecting the supreme agencies in nature are of necessity conceptions which give energy to all the springs of action. They touch the deepest roots of motive. In thought they open the most copious fountains of suggestion. In conduct they affect the supreme influence of authority, and the next most powerful of all influences, the influence of example. Whatever may have been false or wrong, therefore, from the first in any religious conception must inevitably tend to become worse and worse with time, and with the temptation under which men have lain to follow up the steps of evil consequence to their most extreme conclusions.

Armed with the certainties which thus arise out of the very nature of the conceptions we are dealing with when we inquire into the origin of religion, we can now approach that question by consulting the only other sources of authentic information, which are, first, the facts which religion presents among the existing generations of men, and, secondly, such facts as can be safely gathered from the records of the past.

On one main point which has been questioned respecting existing facts, the progress of inquiry seems to have established beyond any reasonable doubt that no race of men now exists so savage and degraded as to be, or to have been when discovered, wholly destitute of any con-

ceptions of a religious nature. It is now well understood that all the cases in which the existence of such savages has been reported, are cases which break down upon more intimate knowledge and more scientific inquiry.

Such is the conclusion arrived at by a careful modern inquirer, Professor Tiele, who says: "The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observations or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings, and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterward refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion, in its most general sense, an universal phenomenon of humanity."*

Although this conclusion on a matter of fact is satisfactory, it must be remembered that, even if it had been true that some savages do exist with no conception whatever of living beings higher than themselves, it would be no proof whatever that such was the primeval condition of man. The arguments adduced in a former chapter, that the most degraded savagery of the present day is or may be the result of evolution working upon highly unfavorable conditions, are arguments which deprive such facts, even if they existed, of all value in support of the assumption that the lowest savagery was the condition of the first progenitors of our race. Degradation being a process which has certainly operated, and is now operating, upon some races, and to some extent, it must always remain a question how far this process may go in paralyzing the activity of our higher powers or in setting them, as it were, to sleep. It is well, however, that we have no such problem to discuss. Whether any savages exist with absolutely no religious conceptions is, after all, a question of subordinate importance; because it is certain that, if they exist at all, they are a very extreme case and a very rare exception. It is notorious that, in the case of most savages and of all barbarians, not only have they some religion, but their religion is one of the very worst elements in their savagery or their barbarism.

Looking now to the facts presented

* "History of Religion," p. 6.

by the existing religions of the world, there is one of these facts which at once arrests attention, and that is the tendency of all religions, whether savage or civilized, to connect the personal agencies who are feared or worshipped with some material object. The nature of that connection may not be always—it may not be even in any case—perfectly clear and definite. The rigorous analysis of our own thoughts upon such subjects is difficult, even to the most enlightened men. To rude and savage men it is impossible. There is no mystery, therefore, in the fact that the connection which exists between various material objects and the beings who are worshipped in them or through them, is a connection which remains generally vague in the mind of the worshipper himself. Sometimes the material object is an embodiment; sometimes it is a symbol; often it may be only an abode. Nor is it wonderful that there should be a like variety in the particular objects which have come to be so regarded. Sometimes they are such material objects as the heavenly bodies. Sometimes they are natural productions of our own planet, such as particular trees, or particular animals, or particular things in themselves inanimate, such as springs, or streams, or mountains. Sometimes they are manufactured articles, stones or blocks of wood cut into some shape which has a meaning either obvious or traditional.

The universality of this tendency to connect some material objects with religious worship, and the immense variety of modes in which this tendency has been manifested, is a fact which receives a full and adequate explanation in our natural disposition to conceive of all

personal agencies as living in some form and in some place, or as having some other special connection with particular things in nature. Nor is it difficult to understand how the embodiments, or the symbols, or the abodes, which may be imagined and devised by men, will vary according as their mental condition has been developed in a good or in a wrong direction. And as these imaginings and devices are never, as we see them now among savages, the work of any one generation of men, but are the accumulated inheritance of many generations, all existing systems of worship among them must be regarded as presumably very wide departures from the conceptions which were primeval. And this presumption gains additional force when we observe the distinction which exists between the fundamental conceptions of religious belief and the forms of worship which have come to be the expression and embodiment of these. In the religion of the highest and best races, in Christianity itself, we know the wide difference which obtains between the theology of the church and the popular superstitions which have been developed under it. These superstitions may be, and often are, of the grossest kind. They may be indeed, and in many cases are known to be, vestiges of pagan worship which have survived all religious revolutions and reforms; but in other cases they are the natural and legitimate development of some erroneous belief accepted as part of the Christian creed. Here, as elsewhere, reason working on false data has been, as under such conditions it must always be, the great agent in degradation and decay.—*Contemporary Review*.

THACKERAY AS A POET.

It has come to be belived that there is one language for poetry and another for prose, and indeed it is seldom that one and the same man attains to excellence as a poet and a prose writer. The diction of a certain modern school of poetry has, to use their own favorite though singular metaphor, "a coloring" which is both unnatural and monotonous, and which would not for a single

moment be tolerated in prose. Against this tendency, however, a healthy reaction has set in. The writers of *vers de société* choose no subjects which are out of the reach of ordinary men, and no language but what is readily understood, and for this very reason their intrinsic excellence is frequently overlooked.

As in society we endeavor to hide our feelings and emotions under a calm exte-

rior, which cannot however entirely prevent our moods from being seen, so these unconsidered trifles have some real feeling just visible beneath the surface. Their great charm in fact is that, while they are written in ordinary language, they convey a *souffçon* of extraordinary thought and pathos. Such productions reveal themselves in their full force only to the sympathetic reader, while to many they remain merely superficial. But for their rhythm, such compositions appear at first sight to be little more than prose, and yet they possess a vein of the truest poetry. Præd's sparkling wit and finished satire are already highly valued, and he has been rightly termed the father of the school of poetry. Father Prout's humorous songs, Calverly's inimitable odes, and Locker's elegant lyrics, are good examples of the merits of *vers de société*.

It has been said that poetry is above and beyond all rules and reason. If this be true and sublimity be taken as the test of poetical excellence, Thackeray, we fear, cannot be considered a poet. There is in his poetry nothing but what is within the comprehension of all who are susceptible to the touch of humor and the tear of pathos. He deals only with familiar feelings and affections. But if poetry is "a criticism of life and the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question how to live," to Thackeray must be assigned a high place among the poets of the century. His theme is life as it is. His verses teach no new philosophy, they only depict in pure coloring and true outline the objects and feelings which are around and within us as we live our daily lives. They may seem to be the spontaneous overflow of unstudied fancy, but most of them are in reality the result of deep thought.

The exact position of these writers has to be determined. They combine in their poetry the essential features of the lyric and the ballad. Their verses are an expression in ordinary language of the ordinary feelings of humanity.

They perhaps go farther than this, and present to us human nature *as it is*, and that side of human nature with which we are most familiar. There is a peculiar charm in light lyrical and ballad verse. "Ballad," says a critic, "is a word fre-

quently used as synonymous with song, but it properly denotes an historical song, or a song containing a narrative of adventures or exploits, either serious or comic." The numerous old English and Scotch ballads extant vividly represent the habits and thought which existed in remote times. The modern ballad in like manner preserves a record of our own; but the artificial needs of our advanced refinement are not supplied "by a short chronicle in verse of a well-defined transaction" as the ballad has been aptly called. Among the writers of the present century are many whose lyrics and ballads will ever be remembered, and with the foremost of these we may place Thackeray himself. Vivid description and smooth rhythm are the characteristics of his poetry; depth and simplicity of thought are united with ease and elegance of style. Like his prose, it is both grave and gay, tender and humorous. Imagination is not its predominant feature; but satire, playfulness, and tenderness are abundant. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" might serve as a model of these qualities. Its writer shows here the wonderful attachment he felt for old things, old places, and old faces. It is also a good example of Thackeray's inimitable versatility, and we can read it now with the light of his life's story upon the page.

"But who could doubt the 'Bouillabaisse'?" says Mr. Trollope (whose recent life of Thackeray in 'English Men of Letters' is a valuable contribution to contemporary literature).

"Who else could have written that? Who at the same moment could have gone so deep into the regrets of life, with words so appropriate to its jollities? I do not know how far my readers will agree with me that to read it always must be a fresh pleasure. . . . If there be one whom it does not please, he will like nothing that Thackeray ever wrote in verse."

Take for example:—

"There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
On James's head the grass is growing;
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

Thackeray's humor is infectious because of his own thorough sympathy with human nature. It is not cynical, but smiles through tears. Of this quality, and of his rare dexterity of language, "The White Squall" is a good instance. This ballad was written in 1844, after his visit to Turkey and Egypt, and it appeared in his "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo."

"On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!"

Again, there is a touch true to nature in the closing lines:—

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splend
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

We may read Thackeray's poetry again and again, and wish there was more of it, and though it is not, of course, to be understood that it is all of equal merit, yet most of it is very good. No better example of his style can be given than "The Cane Bottom'd Chair." It is natural and flowing, and affords glimpses of greater power and breadth of thought than appear on the surface:

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And with a ragged old jacket perfumed with
cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its
cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of
stairs.

* * * * *

"This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all
nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old
books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keep-
sakes from friends.

* * * * *

"But of all the cheap treasures that garnish
my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with
hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd
chair.

"'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shouldered, worm-
eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and silly old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat
there,
I bless and I love thee, old cane-bottom'd
chair.

* * * * *

"And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a
prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd
chair.

* * * * *

"She comes from the past and revisits my
room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and
bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane bottom'd
chair."

"At the Church Gate," a poem familiar to all who have read "Pendennis," is exquisite in many ways, and its tenderness, unsullied by mawkish sentimentality, must touch all hearts. Thackeray's poetry is not seldom distinguished by the true feeling which peeps out in simple pieces like this. "The Chronicle of the Drum," too, is a thoroughly natural and unstrained ballad. It is a

"story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum."

It was composed at Paris, at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon. The picture here given of the French nation is very true to life: the drummer tells the story of the wars of France through which he and his ancestors have drummed. Through the whole there runs a deep undercurrent of love of his country, whether it be under a monarchy, a republic, or an empire. Seldom, perhaps, has anything been depicted in a more realistic manner, than the graphic portrait of "Mère Guillotine" contained in this ballad:

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.

Ventrebleu ! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a king !

" She called for the blood of our king,
And straight from his prison we drew him ;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
' The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance :
' I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, ' as my gage of defiance.' "

Thackeray gives his pen a tongue in
" The Pen and the Album," and it
speaks to us eloquently of its master's
life :

" Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through this queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and
page.

* * * * *
" I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused
pain ;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

" I've helped him to pen many a line for bread ;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head ;
And make your laughter while his own heart
bled."

Who does not remember the light
dancing music of " Peg of Limavaddy"
in " The Irish Sketch Book ?"

" Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city ;
Weary was his soul
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy."

In striking contrast with this may be
placed the lines " Abd-el-Kader at Tou-
lon," they seem to give us a glimpse of
what Thackeray might have done in
heroic poetry.

" No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk,
of desert life for thee ;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou
go swooping free ;
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of
thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er
may'st spread again."

The teaching of Thackeray's poetry is
well summed up in that grand ode
" Vanitas Vanitatum," which is said to
have been written in a lady's album,
containing the autographs of kings,
princes, poets, diplomats, musicians,
statesmen artists and men of letters of

all nations, between a page by Jules Janin
and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador.
It is not a dirge, withering up energy,
and paralysing effort ; it is written in a
healthy, if regretful tone, and there is
nothing in it which leads one to de-
spend, although it has been objected to
upon that ground. It is doubtful if
" truer words were ever spoke by ancient
or by modern sage."

" O vanity of vanities !
How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are !

* * * * *

" Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

" The Ballads of Policeman X." have
long been famous. They appeared in
the pages of *Punch*, with which journal
Thackeray was associated during the
earlier part of his literary career. They
are truly humorous, and though some-
what unequal, yet show throughout that
vigor of thought, and facility of expres-
sion, for which their author became
afterwards remarkable. " The Wofle
New Ballad of Jane Roney and Mary
Brown" is inimitable ; but perhaps the
most popular is " Jacob Omnium's
Hoss." Thackeray's humor often
enough disguises indignation as well as
pathos, and, " though he rarely uttered
a word, either with his pen or with his
mouth, in which there was not an inten-
tion to reach our sense of humor, he
never was only funny."

Thackeray's place among the writers
of *vers de société*, nay, perhaps among the
poets of his time, will be decided in
years to come. His present reputation
as the greatest novelist of his time, is
still an almost insuperable bar to any
recognition being given to the poetical
value of his scattered verses. Who
could support both reputations ? In all
examples which occur to us we find that
the one gives place to the other ; but
Thackeray may be the exception which
proves the rule.

Mr. Frederick Locker, in his " Lon-
don Lyrics," says :

" Light lyrical verse should be short, elegant,
refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished
by chastened sentiment, and often playful, and
it should have one uniform and simple design.

The tone should not be pitched high, and the language should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness, for, however trivial the subject-matter may be, indeed, rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition, and perfection of execution, should be strictly enforced. Each piece cannot be ex-

pected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential."

We may accept these conditions as the true test of excellence, and applying this test to the poetry of Thackeray we can arrive at some definite conclusion as to its intrinsic worth.—*Temple Bar*.

A STORY OF THE WHITE CZAR.

I

EVERY one remembers, or has read, how, for some years after the Peace of Paris and the accession of the late Czar, it was said that Russia "*sulked*," or that Russia "*rested*"—the words getting to be characteristic in England, the one of the Patriotic School (those who had been, or who would like to be thought to have been, "in the Crimea, damme"), the other of the Manchester School and its humble admirers. In a certain narrow sense, both terms were true; in a wider and better sense, neither—as has been abundantly testified by recent competent writers. Russia was smitten with wonder and shame at her defeat, and at the utter collapse of the magnificent autocratic system of Nicholas. But these feelings did not last long. Only those who know the Russian character can believe how quickly shame and indignation passed in all sincerity into penitence before heaven, and how the wild throes of that again gave speedy birth to ecstatic resolves, and schemes for the most searching social and fiscal reforms—in theory.

The *philosophe* liberals in particular, when the country got wind of the Czar's emancipation idea, were carried away by the most unbounded enthusiasm, such enthusiasm as ordinary Englishmen have no conception of, as seems possible to be felt on this side of Europe only by people of Celtic stock. Englishmen have a foolish insular habit of sneering at anything of this kind they fail to understand as "sentiment," by the mere name condemning and dismissing it, or of denying its reality, and calling it hypocrisy. Of the genuineness of this Russian enthusiasm there can surely be scarce a doubt, when it is remembered

that very many, if not most, of the enthusiasts were nobles, who fully expected to lose seriously by the great emancipation and other projected reforms, but who were ready to sacrifice their interests for the good of their country, to prove in a fine theoretical way how sweet it is *pro patria mori*. They expected that in "something less than no time" their dear country, with a reforming White Czar at its head, would be not merely abreast of the nations of Western Europe, but far ahead of them, in the very van of liberty and civilization. Whether it was a wise enthusiasm, likely to lead to much practical result, is another question.

It will be remembered how these generous gentlemen were disappointed and snubbed as soon as the great ideas began to take practical shape; how the *noblesse* had been asked to send through their marshals to the Czar suggestions as to the great emancipation and cognate questions, how they rejoiced at this, because they took it for a sign that the Czar was to break the *Tchinovnik*, or bureaucratic yoke, and to settle and arrange all reforms in consultation with a parliament of his nobles and notables; and how after all it was apparent that the bureaucracy had triumphed over both Czar and nobles, and were arranging things pretty much as they pleased. The following authentic story concerns that crisis, and is very characteristic of the temper to which the Russian nobles had been brought.

In the winter of 1860-61, Olgaroff, a wealthy noble of a northern district, was at home sulking and smarting under what he considered the humiliating trick that had been played on him and his peers. He was marshal of his district, and the long, elaborate, and eloquent

report he had drawn up and sent in to St. Petersburg had been, like other reports, disregarded and thrown aside for waste paper. He was eight-and-twenty, liberal, philosophic, and excitable; he was unmarried, and had now for company in the house with him his old mother, a shrewd, cheerful friend, of a squat Finnish figure, and a collection of new books, mostly magazines.

One morning Olgaroff and his friend sat smoking in the stifling, stove-warmed room he called his own, when in the still crisp air without could be heard the jingle of bells, and presently the strange, remonstrant cry with which a Russian driver appeals to his horses.

"Iván," cried Olgaroff, letting the magazine drop which he had been loosely looking in his fingers. "Iván Iván' itch!"

In the passage was heard a growling like that of a big dog, a heavy flop like that of a big dog leaping, and the door was opened, and disclosed a big old man in a sheepskin, with sharp, fearless eyes looking out of a mass of gray hair. He stood in the doorway without a word.

"Oh," said Olgaroff, "go and see who that is come."

Iván went out, leaving the door open for his return. In a few moments he returned leisurely and said, "Feodor Demidoff."

"Iván," said Olgaroff, turning to his friend, "is quite independent and republican already. It only wants to turn his sheepskin the other way to make him a free citizen at once."

"See," said Iván, taking no notice of his words, "you are burning your shoes on the stove."

"Go," said Olgaroff, "and bring Feodor here."

Feodor entered, a tallish, fair, middle-aged man, wrapped in furs. With an easy nod to Olgaroff and his friend, he began ridding himself of his wraps.

"See there, blockhead," said Olgaroff to Iván, who stood looking on, "can't you help?"

"Old sticks," said Iván, lending an unwilling hand, "must still stir about, while young ones get warped with being idle."

Feodor, with a laugh, and with an inclination of his head toward Iván, and

a quick glance to Olgaroff, as if to say, "He is still the same Iván, then," shook off his wraps into Iván's hands and sat down. But, turning suddenly as the old fellow was going out, he cried, "No, no, Iván, my friend, I am not going to lend you those things to curl yourself up and go to sleep in. See, you had better leave them here." Iván turned and did as he was bid, with a look of disgust. "Now you can go and warm yourself with praying for the Little Father, and with confessing the many sins you must have committed in your foolish old life."

"Feodor Demidoff," said Iván, coming a step nearer, without a trace of anger, "I have never in all my life done any wrong I know of; except, perhaps," he added after an odd reflective pause, "that I have never had enough food or enough sleep." And he went out.

"The lazy dog!" exclaimed Feodor. Olgaroff looked at the stove and was silent. The Finnish friend smiled. "Does he," continued Feodor, "know? Does he understand what is going to happen?"

"He knows, as they all do. He believes what he hears said, that the good Little Father is going to take all the land from the masters to give to them, and he thinks it good. But as to understanding liberty and that, it is to him nothing. He has been all his days more independent than if he were free and earning wages."

"Yes," said Feodor; "my creatures all think the land is going to pass all into their possession. I used to find them on the sly, before the ground was covered, standing alone coveting some desirable plot; and, of course, they feel sure of it, because it looks as if their Little Father were doing this against the will and over the heads of the nobles."

"It is unbearable! It is atrocious treachery!" exclaimed Olgaroff, starting up.

"It is!" echoed the Finnish friend.

"But of course we know," said Feodor with a quick look, "that we have the officials and the court to thank for this. I knew Alexander Nicola'tch well enough before he became Czar; if he had been surrounded by his old friends, he would never have put this disgrace on his loyal, generous nobles."

"No," said Olgaroff; "but what does that matter now?"

"Well, this. I have a magnificent idea; I have driven over express to have dinner and to discuss it with you. We must strike a *grand coup*. See here: the Czar is coming in a day or two to Zeliakoff's for bear-hunting; there will then be many old friends about him: the ukase, as you know, is not yet issued. Could we not in a week or so get many of our party, of our way of thinking, assembled at Moscow, and—*hey, presto!*—whisk our Little Father off there, impress him with the injustice and shame he is doing us, and get him to cancel this *Tchinovnik* business before it goes farther? He has a kind, gentle heart, has the Little Father. Could not this in some way be done?"

Olgaroff looked in silence at Feodor, and from him to his friend, who looked trustfully back to him. He grew pale, and bit his nails; his fingers trembled visibly; his excitable nature was seized by the audacity of the idea, though he could not disregard its peril.

"Yes; but how?" said he, walking up and down. "How can you get him to Moscow?" He stopped full before Feodor.

"That's it. That's what I came to advise with you about. You are rather clever at hitting upon plots and expedients."

Olgaroff resumed his pacing up and down, showing by his little nervous actions—biting his fingers, picking his teeth, grinding his hands together, kicking at scraps of paper on the floor—the stew of excitement he was in. The little Finnish friend puckered his good-humored face, and tried to look as if he were thinking hard. Olgaroff seized a book and threw it into his friend's lap; a magazine, and threw it to Feodor. "Try," said he, "and get hold of a hint." He himself restlessly poked about and walked about; taking up a magazine, peeping into it, and throwing it down with an impatient "Tush!" snatching a book from the shelves, and playing the same tricks with it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly, "bear-hunting, you said? Here, I have it!"—reading from a book—"Enter a man dressed as a bear."

That's the very thing! Look!" He dashed at one of Feodor's furs, a fine bearskin, with the head dressed to serve as a hood. This he threw about the Finnish friend, calling to him to "stand up." "He will be the very figure to enter as a bear. There is upstairs a very fine complete skin of a big bear my father shot. We will disguise him in it. We must have no confederates; only we three; it might miscarry else. Him there, and a handkerchief with chloroform—you have heard of chloroform?—we make our simple, harmless means. Is it not a good idea?"

"I do not quite understand—"

"Here, sluggish head! We write at once to our friends all round to meet at once in Moscow, and wait. In a few days after the Czar has come and settled himself comfortably with the Zeliadoffs, we are sure to be invited to join a hunt. You and I are both known as good hunters. Presently we get the Little Father's ear. He likes an adventure—does he not?"

"He does."

"We whisper him that we know of a most huge bear across our way in the forest, and get him to draw himself away from his attendants and the rest, that we may have a good shot all by ourselves. He"—pointing to his friend—"shall be our great and tight-hugging bear. Oh, do not fear, little one, our rifles shall be without ball, and we shall see that the Little Father's is the same. This bear shall be in a pre-arranged difficult spot—that bit of defile, fifteen versts from here, is best—you know it? We shall let the Little Father advance to give the shot; the bear, of course, comes on; we shoot; the bear comes with a rush and hugs the Little Father, lets him smell his handkerchief, and we carry him insensible to the sledge we have in waiting, and away through the forest to Moscow. Does it please you?"

"It is perfect!" exclaimed Feodor.

"And I am to be the bear?" said the friend with a shrewd twinkle. "I must practice hugging. Have you any—?"

"No, no, little one!" cried Olgaroff "Not that."

There was a shuffling in the passage, a fumbling at the door, and Iván appeared and said, "Dinner."

II.

In the still, hard winter, travelling is much more rapid than at any other time of the year. Friends were quickly communicated with, and advised to *rendezvous* by a certain time at Moscow and wait, and they would see what they would see. I have had no precise information as to how long this took, nor how long it was before the invitation came to the two chief conspirators to join the imperial hunt; but I have understood it all fitted well with their expectations. The Finnish bear was at his savage post in the head of the stiff little defile, and the sledge waited withdrawn some little way in the forest.

The Czar always fretted against the ceremonials of "attendance." The Zeliadoffs were particularly obsequious and troublesome in these respects, and the Czar, when he chanced to overhear (as he was meant to do) one famous bear-hunter, Demidoff, say to another, Olgaroff, "I wish we could let the Little Father know, without anyone else knowing, of that big brute over our way in the forest. Wouldn't it be grand sport?"—

"Ah, what's that?" said he, aside.

"A great bear, sir," whispered Demidoff, "we would like you to get a shot at. Only, sir, we think there would be no adventure nor sport in it if we go to find him in a crowd."

"Yes; let us get away, Demidoff," said the Czar. "But I should have my trusty old huntsman with me, should I not?"

"If you had him with you, sir, how could you slip away from the company? You and he both absent, they would soon miss you, and come hallooing about and spoil the whole game; and we have an old man with us, the finest bear-hunter in the country. See, there is Berinsky, something like you, sir, and keeps always well in the front of the hunt; tell your old huntsman to attach himself to him, then they will think there you are in front."

"A good idea. So, gentlemen, I am with you," said he, with the zest of a schoolboy to get out of bounds. "I will slip away among the trees—this way, is it not?—as soon as ever I can."

Olgaroff stood a little aloof, gnawing his finger.

When the hunt was well started into the forest, they observed the Czar at a favorable moment slip behind a tree, and then, when the hunt had passed on, from tree to tree into the haze of the forest. They—Demidoff and Olgaroff, that is, with their stolid attendant, Iván Ivan'itch—hurriedly followed. When they came up with the Czar, he laughed cheerily like a schoolboy, and seemed not a little surprised at their glum looks.

"Think it is rather a rash adventure after all, perhaps;—eh?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Demidoff. "We are numerous enough and strong enough to face and kill the fiercest bear that ever trod the forest. Only we must get on the track quickly and quietly; the place where we last saw him is not far off. Permit me, sir, to look to the loading of your gun."

"Feodor," whispered Olgaroff, "I don't like it at all. It's mad. Is there no way of getting out of it?"

"Eh?" said the Czar with a turn.

"Olgaroff was saying sir, am I sure I am not getting out of the way? See; here is the track, the marks of his big 'cushions.' Peace, little one; peace child;"—to the dogs Iván, held in leash, which were growing restless, sniffing and whining.

They pushed on steadily and in silence, Demidoff supporting well the pretence of tracking the bear, Olgaroff scarcely at all. On and on, among the trees, over the smooth, hard snow, till they neared the defile.

Iván Ivan'itch was leading. Presently he stopped, and motioned to the others to stop, too. He laid his ear to the ground, and almost immediately rose, looking as alert as his dogs. He pointed forward into the little defile, which seemed to have been originally a mere wide crooked crack or fissure in a roughish hillock, and to have been further widened and worn by the weather of centuries. Iván led on into a turn in the defile. Peeping from behind a tree that grew at the angle, he whispered eagerly, "Oh, Holy Mother, what an infidel of a brute! Come, Little Father, stand behind this tree. It is odd. He looks terribly roused, and

growls deep. Hark ! . . . Mark for the left shoulder, Little Father, a little behind it. So, so ; there's for you, my big black hugger !"

"Tush !" exclaimed the Little Father. "Missed !—Be quick, friends," cried he, hastily reloading ; "he is coming on apace."

The sight of the reloading—with ball of course—and the sound of the bear's deep growl struck a strange fear to Olga-roff's heart.

"I never heard the little one," whispered he to Demidoff, who was quietly taking aim, "growl like that !"

"Tush !" said Demidoff. "He takes his part better than you do. He growls well." He fired. "Pah ! Splintered only the bark of a tree ! Now, Olga-roff ; he is not ten yards off."

Iván looked amazed at this ineffectual shooting ; but his master, at least, was a cool, steady shot. Olga-roff went behind the tree, but had no sooner looked than he started back white and trembling, and exclaiming :—

"It *is* a bear ! There is blood on his shoulder and his muzzle ! It *is* a bear !"

"God confound the man !" cried the Czar, advancing for a shot. "What did he think it was ?—a jackass ?"

"Oh, fly, sir ! fly ! he is here !"

"Fly, sir ? Are you an Olga-roff ?"

He fired, and this time the bear was hit ; but still on he came, with greater fury and deeper growls now that he saw his assailants. There was no time to reload before he would be upon them. If they attempted to escape out of that difficult place, he would overtake them before they had got twenty yards. Demidoff was now alive to the fact, and roused his energies ; Olga-roff stood white and helpless, leaning against the tree.

"Let loose the dogs, Iván," said Demidoff.

One was at once seized in a fatal hug, and the bear, leaving the other to bark and "gnaw at his toes," advanced upon his hind legs against Demidoff, who met him with his knife. But the bear seemed with ease to brush aside the weapon and at once to get the man in his embrace. There was a crunch.

"Great God !" cried Olga-roff, and fled.

The Czar advanced with his knife, when an exposed tendon of the tree-root tripped him up. The knife flew from his hand, and he sprawled on the ground at the very feet of the bear. The brute growled, and loosened his embrace of Demidoff.

"Hist, Little Father !" whispered Iván, the old hunter. "Lie still !"

At the same moment he stepped coolly forward and drove his knife into the bear's heart.

* * * * *

And that was the end of the Olga-roff-Demidoff Conspiracy ; of which the Czar himself never knew more than that it was a rather exciting adventure with a big bear, made the more memorable by the death of one companion and the extraordinary cowardice of another, by the discovery some little distance off of the crushed and torn body of a man in a complete bearskin, and by the acquisition of a faithful servant in Iván Ivan'-itch. How long "the friends," cooled their heels in Moscow, waiting to see what they would see I never heard ; nor did Olga-roff. He left Russia that very day, and has never returned.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

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WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A STRANGE and difficult life, and the production of much art-work in poetry and painting of which the merit has been fiercely debated, give interest of a peculiar kind to the story of William Blake. *Pictor Ignotus* he was styled years ago, and to a large portion of the public an unknown painter he still remains. Prob-

ably the amount of uncouth design of which he must perforce be accused, and the volume of incomprehensible verse in which he expressed a part of his aspirations, have largely contributed to delay the universal admission of success to the designs which are not uncouth and the verse which is not incomprehensible. The

debate about the merits of William Blake has never been of a very satisfactory kind. Some people have been too enthusiastic, and many have been too ignorant. We owe much, however, to the late Mr. Gilchrist, to Mr. Rosetti, Mr. Swinburne, and one or two writers who have yet more lately expressed themselves. None of these gentlemen are to be charged with the worst exaggerations. All are patient and sympathetic students to whom Blake's genius has opened itself—Mr. Gilchrist undoubtedly foremost among them, and always the chief. And indeed there are few persons who can take up the study of Blake—his life and his poetry still more than his design—without submitting in some sort to a spell, a fascination, such as Blake personally exercised upon the best of those who came near to him in the flesh. Probably the strongest proof of Blake's real genius—despite his many deficiencies and his occasional wildness—is to be found in the inevitableness of the charm he exercises over all minds that are not quite hopelessly commonplace. To know Blake is to be glad to be with him. To know a little of his design and nothing of his life and of his poetry, may perhaps be to deride and undervalue him. But a more complete knowledge of him, and of the various ways in which his spirit was manifested, brings about the rare joy that it is proper to feel in presence of a sweet nature and of a high mind.

The essential unworldliness of Blake is one of the most interesting of his characteristics; he was unworldly, not in the sense of the theologian who is more occupied with points of doctrine than with the facts of life, but as one upon whom the deepest facts of life have a strong hold—as one who is in love with Nature, and with beauty wherever it is seen, who values and delights in the simplicity of children, appreciates entirely the matters of sex, and because he is wiser than clever men is himself as simple as a child. His unworldliness was of the kind that sees toward the bottom of things, through the appearance of things. His long brooding meditation had deeper results than the surface observation with which many painters and writers must needs be content. He watched and considered, now with sweet-

ness and now with indignation, men's chequered destiny. In his mind, in the end, it was the sweetness that triumphed. He lived obscure and died in indigence—was born over a shop in Broad Street, Golden Square, and died, an old man, in a mean court out of the Strand. In his age, and in his poverty, and in his experience that the world had brought him few of its recognized goods, he could yet say to a child, as his blessing, "May God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me." So much was his own life, as has been well said, "instinctive and wholly interior"—so faithful was he to a conception of life untainted by the bitterness of evil chance.

The Broad Street, Golden Square, of Blake's childhood—the middle of the last century, for he was born in 1757—was not quite so dull a place in which first to see the light as it would be now. For the neighborhood has greatly fallen. Mr. Gilchrist—who must have had much of that rare love of imaginative men for cities and the associations of cities—has properly reminded us that the Golden Square neighborhood, the neighborhood immediately east of what is now the lower part of Regent Street, and yet immediately west of Soho proper, held social status at least equal to the Cavendish Square neighborhood of our own day. Wardour Street, the busy manufactory of new old furniture; Poland Street, with its small printing-offices, its coffee-houses, its dwellings apportioned in many tenements to the lodgings of theatrical artists not yet celebrated and of dressmakers never to be in vogue; Golden Square, itself, with its one or two foreign hotels, its minor hospital, its mansions devoted to the bookbinder or the fencing-master, all this was then fairly "fashionable," if not precisely "aristocratic." And Broad Street, like the Wigmore Street, or the Mount Street, or North Audley Street, of to-day, was a street chiefly of good shops, varied by a few private houses, instead of the decayed if spacious thoroughfare which we see at present, where a barber who occasionally sells a cheap violin to a member of the *Royalty* or of the *Princess'* orchestra, has a shop next to that of a furniture dealer's, at which you pick up brass fenders bought at country sales, and where next again comes the French

washerwoman's—the *blanchisseuse de fin*—whose apprentices are ironing delicate linen in the open room as you pass by. Thus, though Blake's first associations were prosaic—since he was a draper's son—they were not sordid nor mean.

It is strange, however, to think of the wonderful artist and poet, the man of high imagination, brought up among even these surroundings. A poetic spirit of weaker quality would have found itself crushed by them. On Blake they had no effect, for it was in the main truly that in his maturest years, he was able to write, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action." Where other people saw the sun rise—a round disc like a guinea—Blake saw "an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying Holy! holy! holy!"—and praising God—not indeed for Broad Street, Golden Square—but for the wealth of Nature and beauty that were so much outside of it.

But Blake's pre-occupation with spiritual matters, with the lasting essentials of life, did not prevent him, from observing keenly the people he met, and from judging their characters with a rapid correctness which belongs only to the man of the world, and to that deeper man of the world, a great poet. A story of his boyhood confirms in us this belief. He was fourteen years old when it was finally decided that he should be educated as a professional engraver, and it was at first proposed that a quite noted engraver of the day, one Ryland, should become his master. Father and son went to Ryland's work-room, to see the engraver at work. "I do not like the man's face," said William Blake to his parent, on coming away; "it looks as if he will live to be hanged." Twelve years afterward, the then prosperous engraver fell into evil ways—committed a forgery—and was hung as the boy had predicted. Blake's dislike to Ryland's countenance had had the effect of causing his father to seek some other master. The one selected was James Basire, the most distinguished member of a family of engravers, a man whose sterling but necessarily uninspired work is worthy even nowadays of quite as much respect as it receives. It is amusing to remember how Blake, affectionate and ardent,

earnestly upheld it long after he had ceased to be Basire's pupil. For him, Basire's name was the symbol of all that was good in recent engraving, and the more popular Woollett's the symbol of all that was bad. Of course Blake's zeal outstepped his judgment here: the real beauty of William Woollett's work, obtained by delicate observation and patient hand, no one who is removed from the controversies of the moment will care to gainsay. Masters of classic grace and of elegant pastoral—masters like Berghem, Claude, and Richard Wilson—he was born to interpret. But Blake said that Woollett did not know how to grind his graver; did not know how to put so much labor into a hand or foot as Basire did; did not know how to draw the leaf of a tree. "All his study was clean strokes and mossy tints."

At James Basire's, in Great Queen Street, nearly opposite Freemasons' Tavern, young William Blake's prentice-hand began to grow into the hand of a master. Also he was sent into Westminster Abbey and various old churches to make drawings from the monuments and buildings, which Basire was employed by Gough, the antiquary, to engrave, "a circumstance he always mentioned with gratitude to Basire," and one which, as Blake's best biographer has rightly discerned, was much adapted to foster the romantic turn of his imagination, and to strengthen his natural affinities for the spiritual in art. The character of Blake was fast developing: there were seen already those many-sided sympathies, with art which made him engraver, painter, and poet. The task of the engraver, however artistic as one, was too slow and too little spontaneous to content Blake wholly. A copyist, even of the most intelligent and learned kind, he was not satisfied always to remain. He would not only reproduce—he must directly create. And so we come upon the first of his inventions in design and upon the first of his poems. In both, with whatever faults of execution, he showed himself original; but at first perhaps more particularly in poetry. The poetry of Nature and of natural sentiment, that a generation or two later was to sweep all other poetical effort away, had then hardly begun in Eng-

land. Blake composed his earlier verses years before Burns addressed the public of Kilmarnock ; years before William Cowper, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, had issued his "Poems"—still longer before the "Lyrical Ballads" which, in 1798, Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, gave to but few readers, had proceeded from the close association and friendship of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

A freedom of natural sentiment was in these earliest poems of Blake's—a happy and inspired carelessness as to the way the thing was said, if only the feeling at the bottom of all did get itself expressed—very remarkable indeed in a generation which had for its models poetry quite obviously artificial, poetry in which thin thought and shallow feeling were wrought into fineness of phrase. But yet these earliest poems are not the poems by which Blake secures his immortality. They are not the poems which thoughtful and tasteful folk will most care about, nor are they the obscure if profound work which, as days went on, Blake himself, it may be, got to consider his highest productions. A little time had yet to pass before Blake's poetic genius found full expression—before there came to him both the best theme and the artless art to treat it. He had to pass through his period of studentship at the newly formed Royal Academy, he had to be a lover and he had to be an independent artist, before his mind was ready with the "Songs of Innocence," or could be delivered later of the "Songs of Experience."

Blake's marriage was a marriage of consolation. He had thought himself in love—he had perhaps been actually in love—with that mysterious being whom the sentimental dramatist and the sentimental novel-writer describe as "another." And "another" had been careless about the young painter and poet ; "another" had been obdurate and unkind. Having suffered his addresses for a certain season—having talked and walked with him in unconventional ways which bred great hopefulness in his mind—she suddenly tired of it. And the young lover was left, not pining in silence, but somewhat loudly lamenting. A girl, who was more of a bystander than an acquaintance, said very frankly, that "she pitied him

from the bottom of her heart," and William Blake began to love her for her pity, and she accepted his love. Catherine Sophia Boucher, born of humble parents in the then remote suburb of Battersea, was a good-looking brunette, with a fine figure, with industrious hands, an active mind, and little or no education. She could not sign her name in the parish register kept at Battersea Church, where she and Blake were married ; but she was capable of learning, and for many long years after he first met her—from his youth to the time of his old age, when she alone watched by him in his last moments—she was a pleasure and a help to Blake. A little of the spirit of the artist seems to have been in her. As time went on, she was found capable of making a very few designs in the Blake manner, and both during Blake's life, and, we suppose, after his death, she colored some of the prints which he published—if almost private issue can be called publication—along with his poems. She did not, it is true, color them very well, and the Blake collector likes to have his copies colored by the more skilled hand of the original inventor ; but still she seconded him to the best of her powers—had always a wise interest in her husband's work, and a full belief in him.

Employed to engrave designs after Stothard and other in the *Wits' Magazine*—which was by no means a wholly comic miscellany, but politely intended rather for people who had wits than for witty people—Blake fell into various employment. In 1784 he made his second appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and in the following year he likewise exhibited. His father was now dead, but Blake was living in the street of his birth—Broad Street—in partnership for a time with one Parker, as it seemed necessary to be print-seller as well as artist. Parker and he disagreed—the partnership was dissolved—and Blake moved a short way from Broad Street, to Poland Street, near the top on the eastern side. He was very poorly off, and Mrs. Blake, in household matters, had to practise the severest economy. There had already long been evident much in Blake's character that was incompatible with the attainment of material success.

The man who, on the death of his brother Robert, whom he had greatly loved, had been able to declare that that brother's spirit, loth at first to leave the earth, had at length clapped its hands for peaceful joy at departure, as it passed upward through the ceiling, was a man whose imagination was not likely to be of the kind admired by the ordinary picture buyer. That indeed was the crazy side of Blake—a craziness absolutely harmless except as far as concerns the material prospects of the person who is a prey to it—but such occasional craziness in Blake was inseparably united to the fineness of his imagination. The force of his vision of spiritual things brought with it, almost as a necessity, these fancies, and both incapacitated him for popular work. Both would have told against him perhaps at any time, but never more decidedly and surely than in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when intellect was constantly sceptical and hardly at all imaginative—when there was the least disposition and the least ability to make allowance for the vagaries of a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

Unencouraged then, and uncommissioned, by the public—thus far in the cold and dark of general neglect—the simple man set himself to the accomplishment of a congenial task, and the "Songs of Innocence" were gradually written and furnished with their appropriate designs. Of late years "Songs of Innocence" have been given to the public in the form of common print, like the work of every other poet, who has written and published, since printing was known. But it was not so that Blake sought to present his poems to that limited world for which alone he expected to cater. He laboriously engraved the verses, as he engraved the designs, and the ornamental borders, and having printed it all off—picture, verse, and ornamental border—he set himself, as copies were wanted for sale, to fill in the picture and the border with wash and stroke of color, and this plan, first conceived for the "Songs of Innocence" he adhered to throughout his life. The pecuniary reward of such a plan was not necessarily so slight as in Blake's experience it turned out to be. A painter-poet of our own day could

make it yield a sufficient harvest of money, if he tried. Curiosity would be roused about it; there would be ecstatic brethren to sing its praises in society; it would be written about in the weekly newspapers—especially if it were not going to be exhibited. But with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs—their outlines printed indeed, but their colors filled in by hand, so that no two copies could be alike—with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs did not so greatly enhance the price of the verse. Whoever chose to buy the wonderful work could buy it at a price that was absolutely insignificant. Moreover, the demand for it was always limited, though it never quite ceased.

In each department of Art that Blake essayed in the "Songs of Innocence" he was without doubt triumphant. He made homely and beautiful designs, poems which in their order of merit are yet more unique than the drawings, and in the treatment of the ornamental borders he showed himself a fine decorative artist. There is present in the designs, as we know them by the necessarily uncolored examples in Gilchrist's "Life," something that is common to a group of eighteenth century artists and much that is only Blake's. Fuseli said that Blake was good to steal from. Blake, later in his life, charged Stothard with stealing from him in "The Canterbury Pilgrims;" and with many of Blake's other designs Stothard's have much affinity. In both men's work there is apparent the easy and simple grace in movement and costume which belonged to the end of the eighteenth century, and which—often, however, with some touch of the masquerade—is with us again to-day. To those who do not know Blake himself, to say that the grouping of figures in the simple costume of the period very slightly idealized, very slightly classicized—as in the "Echoing Green" for instance—is Stothard-like, is to convey a first general idea. But in such a drawing as that of "The Lamb," wherein a naked child extends his arms, welcoming, to creatures made and loved like himself by God (for that is the moral of the poem), it is a pure naturalist who conceives the situation and expresses it in line—his only reminiscences being, seemingly, of Florentine art. In the

landscape, too, whether it be the thatched roof of the cattle shed, or the thick-spreading elm tree, or the bit of bending willow, there is more of naturalism than would have been quite acceptable to the orderly art of Stothard. And with all appreciation of Stothard's art—of its more constant suavity, its greater general correctness—we are bound to hold it, in its rendering of the gesture of the figure, less expressive than Blake's. It is more occupied with an external grace. There is less emotion in it. The designs for the "Songs of Experience," that after some lapse of years followed the earlier series, are—as fitting accompaniments to the poems themselves—at once bolder and more obscure, with figures of gesture more fearful or more enraptured, with a passionate abandonment, never sought for, and never wanted, in the "Songs of Innocence."

And now we have come to the brief consideration of these two collections of poems. The two collections of designs may be considered apart, but the poems must be considered together. The mood in each collection is so different, yet it is the same nature that is at bottom of the passing mood.

The "Songs of Innocence" were written when the young manhood of Blake, filled with the joy of his work, had hardly realized how much of failure there was in the world—still less how much of failure was coming to him. In the "Songs of Innocence" the spiritual man entered into the heart of a child, and sang, in joyous temper, of the life of children in country and town. The "Echoing Green" is a piece of delightful music made to celebrate the pleasures of the place where village children make holiday. "Holy Thursday" sings pleasantly, and touchingly about the charity children at St. Paul's. The introduction to the series—the poem beginning "Piping down the valleys wild"—tells by an allegory how Blake was singing for children and for those who cared for them; a piper, he says, was piping to a child, and the child made him repeat his tune, and "sing his songs of happy cheer," and told him finally, in sign of satisfaction, that he must sit down and write, "in a book that all may read." "So he vanished from my side," says

William Blake, in the character of the piper,—

"So he vanished from my side,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear."

The "Songs of Experience" were written only a few years after, but in a temper widely different. It would be particularly interesting if some one of the few people who know Blake profoundly and minutely, and who have derived a part of their knowledge from old men still living who came into intimate contact with him—John Linnell is one of these—it would be interesting, we say, if some one so qualified would tell us what brought in so comparatively short a time a change of temper so complete. The problem is one which Mr. Gilchrist's admirable book does not absolutely solve. Blake himself must have been conscious of the thoroughness of the change—conscious too, as we have declared before, that the same nature lay behind the varying moods. For by a method peculiar to himself he may almost be said to have called attention to the change—to have emphasized the difference. To begin with, his very titles establish a sort of antithesis between "Innocence" and "Experience." Clearly the one is to be contrasted with the other. Again, at least two of the separate poems have their titles repeated; the title of something in the first publication is found again in the second. "The Chimney Sweeper" and "Holy Thursday" are the cases in point. Both are poems of the city, and naturally so; for, first, the country never suggested the contrasts which are here in question, and, secondly, the "Songs of Experience" are little occupied with the country at all. The "Chimney Sweeper," as we find it in the two volumes, presents the contrast most sharply: from the *allegro* of the first song we proceed suddenly to a depth "deeper than ever the *andante* dived." The first tells of a little boy—one Tom Dacre—who

"cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved,"
and to whom the speaker, a little boy sweep also, spoke reassuringly:

"And so he was quiet, and that very night
 As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight;
 That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned,
 and Jack,
 Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.
 And by came an angel who had a bright key,
 And he opened the coffins and set them all
 free;
 Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing,
 they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine in the sun."

And the angel speaks very hopefully
 to the chimney sweeper, telling him
 chiefly that if he were a good boy he
 would have "God for his father, and
 never want joy." The two promises
 express Blake's conception of Heaven:
 the sense of the reality of the first was
 constantly with him.

Now the "Chimney Sweeper" in
 "Songs of Experience," breaks in upon
 this innocent peace. Even the little
 child, who speaks in the poem, catches
 the shadow of the writer's gloom. He
 says that his father and his mother are
 gone up to the church to pray, having
 taken him from the heath where he was
 happy, to make him the little black
 slave of his master. They clothed him
 in "the clothes of death," and by the
 hard fate to which they condemned him,
 they taught him to "sing the notes of
 woe." Somehow, as Blake so subtly
 saw, the youth of his spirit asserted it-
 self. They could not quite crush out of
 him his childhood and its instinctive
 joy. But they had done their worst,
 and there was the bitterness of it.

"And because I am happy and dance and
 sing,
 They think they have done me no injury,
 And are gone to praise God and his Priest
 and King,
 Who make up a Heaven of our misery."

In the two "Holy Thursdays," again,
 two different views are taken of the
 lives of children. The one is the view
 suggested to an easily satisfied man by
 the spectacle of the charity children under
 the dome of St. Paul's. He sees,
 complacently, "their innocent faces
 clean." They are to him "these flow-
 ers of London town." To him they
 have "a radiance all their own." But
 in the second "Holy Thursday," Blake
 wants to know whether it is "a holy
 thing" to see, in a rich and fruitful land,
 "babes reduced to misery?"

"Is that trembling cry a song,
 Can it be a song of joy,

And so many children poor?
 It is a land of poverty."

And the moral, to the poet, still sim-
 ple in his bitterness, is that things are
 very wrong:

"For where'er the sun does shine
 And where'er the rain does fall,
 Babes should never hunger there,
 Nor poverty the mind appal."

Having stated which truth, or truism,
 in his strongest poet's way, and so done
 his part, he ends—leaving the matter to
 the political economists, who, as it would
 appear, have not, during these hundred
 years, succeeded in settling it.

But the strongest and most passionate
 note uttered in "Songs of Experience"
 is one which is uttered only there, and
 there only once. It is in the poem
 which he calls simply "London"—in it,
 before his mental eye, the evils of the
 town are concentrated, are brought to a
 focus. It seems that as he walks in
 London the faces that he sees make him
 wretched. His view, however it may be
 morbid and exaggerated, shows at all
 events one side of a truth—he sees, in
 every face he meets, "marks of weak-
 ness, marks of woe." There is some-
 thing sad to him in "the cry of every
 man"—the infant's, the chimney sweep's,
 the ill-fated soldier's. But most it is a
 woman's cry that strikes upon his spirit-
 ual ear.

"Most through midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful harlot's curse
 Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
 And blights with plagues the marriage
 hearse."

His feeling here has waxed too strong
 for his power of expression. He is so
 intense that he becomes obscure. But
 his obscurity, with his volume of pas-
 sion, is worth, many times over, the
 lucid mediocrity of less inspired bards.

Perhaps we have now succeeded—as
 far as brevity allowed—in making clear
 to some the order of beauty, both of de-
 sign and of song, which is to be found,
 if it is properly sought, in the finest
 works of Blake—in the things by which
 he will certainly live. That is what we
 wanted to do. In other places it is easy
 and convenient to find accounts of his
 later and more voluminous writings, of
 his more ambitious designs; such a
 great series as that, for instance, which
 he executed for the "Night Thoughts"

of Young; such poems of his own as those included under the name of the "Prophetic Books," some of them strange visions and strange prophecies which we take to be more curious than finally satisfactory.

To return, with however short a treatment, to the story of his outward life. He lived long in Lambeth after he was in Broad Street—Hercules Buildings—the abode, if we mistake not, of another neglected genius, the Triplet of "Masks and Faces." Hayley, the biographer of Romney, and himself quite a considerable poet in his own day—people estimated him, of course, a good deal by his riches and by the excellence of his country house—Hayley encouraged Blake for awhile, and induced him to remove to Felpham in Sussex, at the foot of that Sussex Down country which Copley Fielding afterward painted, and which Mr. Hine, in our own day, is painting with even more wonderful subtlety. Hayley lived in that countryside—had the good house of the district—it was there that the too frequent painter of the "Divine Emma" came on his annual visit. And Hayley gave Blake commissions, during Blake's residence there. But at length the almost inevitable fussiness of a wealthy *dilettante* of absolute leisure began to annoy Blake very much—began to disturb and to thwart him. He wrote to London friends that he felt bound to return. He looked for the day of his deliverance, and at last it came. In London, at that period, Mr. Butts was his best patron: the friendly and always businesslike purchaser of so many of Blake's designs. Interesting accounts between them are furnished in Mrs. Gilchrist's new edition of her husband's book.

Returning to town, and living long in South Molton Street, Blake was associated more or less with Flaxman and Stothard; he was considerably wronged, it seems, by Cromek; and he had the faithful friendship of John Linnell. Linnell lived then at a remote farmhouse on the far side of Hampstead, and there Blake used very often to visit him, unbending, giving himself out in genial chat. It must have seemed pretty clear to the poet by that time that no wide popularity was coming to his verses—that no great prices, such as the most

impudent of incapacity cheerfully asks in our own day, were ever to be got for his pictures. But he, and his wife with him, went contentedly on—she, believing altogether in her husband; he, believing altogether in the paramount importance of his spiritual world, the comparative insignificance of material things. Poverty closed round him. He had no studio rich with the spoils of the East and of Italy, and adroitly enhancing to the innocent purchaser the value of all work done in it. He had now a few bareish rooms in Fountain Court, out of the Strand. There ill-health and enfeebled age fell upon him. He engraved what plates he could—realized what inventions he could—sometimes even when confined not only to his rooms, but to his bed. Getting out, now and again, he fetches his own beer from some public house at the corner—meets, under those circumstances, an artist who is just sufficiently celebrated to be careful with whom he is seen, and not exalted enough to be indifferent to what may be thought of the company he chooses to keep. And the just sufficiently celebrated artist does not, under those circumstances, think it prudent to speak to him. Blake goes home, only a little amused by the incident, to the rooms in Fountain Court.

There he was known by, among other artists, an artist then quite young, and now venerable—Samuel Palmer. Mr. Gilchrist wanted Mr. Samuel Palmer's impression of Blake, and in a very graphic, touching, and significant letter, Mr. Palmer gave it. This is how he concludes:

"He was one of the few to be met with in our passage through life who are not in some way or other 'double-minded' and inconsistent with themselves; one of the very few who cannot be depressed by neglect, and to whose name rank and station could add no lustre. Moving apart, in a sphere above the attraction of worldly honors, he did not accept greatness, but confer it. He ennobled poverty, and by his conversation and the influence of his genius, made two small rooms in Fountain Court more attractive than the threshold of princes."

Such, in the testimony of one who knew him—of one who was able to appreciate him—was William Blake. And so died on the 12th of August, 1827—watched chiefly by his wife—the great in-

ventor, the seer of visions so powerful and so terribly direct, engaged at the last in "composing and uttering songs to his Maker." His wife, Catherine, thought them so beautiful that the poor old man had need to tell her his belief that they were not *his* songs; he was but the instrument that uttered them. A lowly neighbor, who went away when

the old man had finally sunk, declared that she had been at the death of an angel. Was there then, in that humble room, any vision to gladden him like to his own most beautiful and most impressive design, "the Morning Stars singing for joy"—the expression of an aspiration of his life, at last, after long years, to be realized?—*Temple Bar*.

LOST.

A STRANGE stillness and darkness, a gray, black twilight everywhere, broken only by a whiteness beneath; yet the darkness and stillness were nothing to me save as conditions that existed, but in which I had no concern. I passed out of the room, though no door opened for me, and down the stairs. There were faces I knew dimly, as in a dream; they went by sad and silent, not even seeing me. In a room beneath, where a flickering candle burned, were two human beings, the one a babe sleeping in its cot; I stood by its side for a moment, not knowing what made me stay, but I saw the child's face, and felt a strange comfort from the sight. The other was a man sitting by a table, his arms stretched out across it, and his head resting down upon them. He did not move or stir, his face was hidden, but I knew that he was bowed down by sorrow, and there was something that drew me to his side, that made me long to comfort him, to say pitying words, telling him how short were sorrow and sleep, how long were thought and waking. But the longing was undefined, and had no power to shape itself into action, and I stood silent and still. Then I put out my hand and touched his shoulder. He did not raise his head, but for the first time he moved, his frame was suddenly convulsed, and he sobbed bitterly. And so the night passed, he weeping and I watching, and stealthily and cruelly the morning light crept in at the staring uncurtained windows.

I was in the upper room again; I knew not how, nor how long after, for time and space had no more measure for me. I looked round the room; it was draped with white, and at one end there was a bed, and on it the outline of a hu-

man form covered by a sheet. There seemed some dim memory hanging about the room; but that was all, for consciousness returns but slowly, and knowledge remains but of few things, and only of those beings that have made a mark upon our souls that even death cannot efface. The door opened, and the man who had been weeping below entered, and suddenly I remembered and knew my husband. His face was sad and pale, his eyes were dim, his head was bent, but he raised it for a moment as he entered, and looked nervously round the room. I held out my arms to him, but he passed me by taking no notice; I called him by his name, but he did not hear me. He went up to the bed, and, kneeling down, took the handkerchief from over the dead face; step by step I went forward to look at it.

It was my own!

"Ah! no, no, no!" I shrieked, "it is not I! I am here beside you, my husband! Oh! my love—my love—it is not I! I am here! Look at me, speak to me—I am here!" but the words died away, and he did not hear them, and I knew that sound had gone from me for ever. And still he knelt by the dead, giving it dear names, and showering down kisses upon it; and I stood by longing for all that was given for love of me, and yet not to me; stood looking with strange fear and shrinking at the white face and the still lips and the closed eyes—at that which had been my own self and was myself no more. But still he knelt there calling it me, and crying out to that which heard not, and saw not, and was but waiting for the black grave to hide it.

At last he covered the face with the handkerchief again, and rose and left the room. I could not follow him, and

waited in unutterable longing, to weep, but having no tears ; to speak, but having no words ; to die, but finding that time and death had passed by—that to death I had paid tribute and yet remained.

I looked round the room, and slowly there came dim memories of many things—of pain, and sorrow, and parting ; of pain, that death had conquered, and that lay forever vanquished in that still form ; of sorrow, that death had left, and that only one soul could conquer—a soul still living within a human body. I knew the room now : it was the one I used to sleep in and had called my own ; they had covered the furniture with white, and yet around and about lay things my hands had fashioned—hands that never more might stir a single leaf or move one atom from its place. Suddenly, in a corner of the room, I saw the uncovered looking-glass, and, wondering, remembered ; and fearing and shrinking with a strange terror, I went forward, and standing before it, looked and saw—nothing. All else I saw—the room, the shrouded furniture, some fading flowers in a vase, the outline of the dead woman lying on the bed—everything ; but of me that stood before it there was no sign, no trace—nothing—nothing. And still, scarce believing, and holding out my hands to it in my agony, I stood before it, but the vacant glass gave no sign, no trace ; showed nothing—nothing. Then I understood—then I realized—that sight and sound knew me no longer, and that the eyes I loved were blind to me in their waking hours—blind for evermore while time should last : and time, that heaps dust on all things, would heap it up higher and higher between the memory of my face and him. But did he not feel my presence ? did he not know that I was by him, and would be by him, until, at last, from out of the worn body, the soul should slowly lift itself into that which is but one step higher in the universe ?—till meeting should be again, and sorrow and parting no more ?

. . . . For as the clay-fetters fall, dear, and the earthly chains one by one give way, our souls shall draw nearer and nearer, until slowly the mist shall clear and we shall see each other once

more face to face, and out of the darkness of human pain shall come everlasting light. How the knowledge of this would help you ! how it would comfort you to know that though sight and sound have gone, yet there is one thing that links the worlds together—one memory that binds the mortal to the immortal ! For love, that is stronger than life, shall be stronger than death, and, passing on, shall look back upon death—the love that came to us from without, and shall pass out with us into that which ever has been and shall be, unto which no end is. . . .

Through all the long days that followed I was with him, through all his lonely hours and passionate grief. I stood by him while he slept, and whispered loving words into his ears, and he heard them and was comforted. And we traveled back together along the dream-road to all that had been in the far-off time, and the remembrance of old sweet days came before his sleeping eyes ; but things were not as we had left them, but shaped themselves differently, and wore strange and terrible faces that made him start from his sleep and look round the dark room, half fearing, half wondering, and he saw, not me standing beside him, but only the black hopelessness of the night. Or I would say strange words to him as he slept—words that in life I had never said, so that he might know there was a meeting-time yet to come, for of that I dared not speak ; but he would not hear them.

“Come to me in my waking hours,” he cried, and I could make no sign, no response. It is only in dreams that the dead have power over the living, for theirs is the land of which the living see only fitful gleams in their sleep—a land where, to the living, all seems, and nothing is, and nothing earthly has an abiding place. “It is only a dream,” he would cry out in his despair ; “it means nothing, it is only the fevered picture-making of my own brain.” Yet a world of our own creation we can in some way control ; but in the world that we enter in our sleep, we have no power, no control.

At first I was always with him, for his thought and will and longing had power to bring me, to give me a voice in his

dreams, to grant me a sight of his face, but I could not tell him ; I could but wait and hope and wait again. . . .

Dear, was it only the clay that held you, was it only the touch of my hands that caressed you, the tone of my voice that ever had tender words for you, and the sound of my eager feet that hurried swiftly toward you ever, and stayed before you waiting? Was it not my soul you loved, and its human form but as the house in which that soul dwelt? For the body is but a mere accident, a chance garment flung aside and dropping to decay when no longer strong enough to hold the soul it covers, a refuge in which for a time we take shelter and use human symbols to do our work and say our say ; a place of lodging for that which has been and is for ever, and which, while it stays in the body, is fed and strengthened and beautified, and then goes forth again, or is weakened and starved and disfigured, and at last is scattered to be gathered up no more. Was it not my soul you loved, dear, and that is not sleeping in the dead woman? Life was not only in the beating heart and aching head, but in the hurrying feet and tender hands and the little eager fingers, in every atom of flesh, and from every one of these it has gone forth and waits till you shall choose whether eternity shall be ours or not. . . .

I came to him and knew by his face that a long time had passed since our last meeting, and he was changed. Strange faces were around him, and strange voices pleased him, and the old tenderness was not in his eyes when he thought of me, and my flowers were no longer on his table, my portrait no more before him, and songs that had not been mine were on his lips. The brightness came back to his face and the happy ring to his voice, and he passed on into a world in which I had no part or memory. But I knew that it must be so, I would not have had him grieve always, and is not life sweet, even to those to whom death will be sweeter?

Fearing and dreading, I stood by his side once more, but only to know that the thought of me saddened him, to watch him struggle with the past, and try to shut out the remembrance of the dead face we had stood beside. . . . and with him there was a woman, young and

fair, fairer than I even in my fairest days, and in her eyes there was a look of love, and on her lips were tender words, and he looked down upon her face and listened to her, just as long ago, he had looked down at my face and listened to my words. I stood beside him and put my hand upon his arm, and he started as if he felt a deathly coldness. I tried to look into his eyes, but shudderingly he turned away. I whispered old words into his ear, and he heard them in his heart and remembered them, and I knew that thoughts of me were strong upon him ; yet with a sigh he turned away and wound his arms round the woman who had taken my place. "He is lonely and sad," I cried ; "he cannot be always alone, without mortal hands to soothe him, and human tones to comfort him ; it is this that draws him to her, for he is yet human. It is her humanity he craves to help him along the lonely road ; the sound of a voice, the sight of a face, and all that I can be to him no more ; but it is me he loves, it is my face he shall see once more before him in his dying hour, when the companionship of human life is ended.

It is not her soul that will know his when only love gives recognition, and only love may guide him over the great threshold. . . .

He rested his head down upon her hair, and she whispered longingly, "If I had only had your first love!" He looked at her sadly and gravely, and into his voice there came a sweetness I had never heard, as he answered her slowly, "You have my *best* love." . . . And still I stayed looking at him and listening to him, knowing that I should do so nevermore—that now indeed was the great parting between us. For that which he had called love had been but a delight in sound and sight and touch, born of the flesh and dying with it, and not worthy of the name, and nothing else could bring me to him. And I would have been content, since he had willed it so, had she that was with him had power to give him a perfect love ; but I knew that it was not so. And still I stayed, even while he clung to her until he shut his eyes so that in fancy he might not see me, and hid his face so that he might not hear me, and with a wrench he shut all remembrance of me out of his heart

and turned to her again. . . . And then I fled out into the night, knowing that if we met again there would be no memory of me with him, for memory dies with the body unless it is strong enough to outlive death, or love is there to carry it on. And even if he saw my face again in some dim future of which I knew not yet, it would be strange to him, as a flickering thought that can be identified with no past and which we dare not call memory, is strange. For as the body knows much the soul may not remember, so has the soul secrets that can never be known to the body. . . . And I cried out to the darkness in my anguish, and the wind lent me its voice and shrieked in at the crevices and beat against the windows; but I knew he standing within heard not or took no heed, and thought of nothing save of the woman beside him. "Oh, could you but know!" I cried, "could you but know how with our own hands we make our heavens and hells of those we love!" For that which is in our hearts to the end is always, and so ourselves do we work out our own immortality. The choice is with us, and the material in our own hands, to live or die even as we will; but to live the soul must have strength—strength that is greater than death, greater than the power that comes after to gather us in until separate life is ours no more, and the strength that is greatest is born of love that is perfect. And of perfect love are all things born, of love that in its highest has gathered beauty and knowledge and wisdom to itself, until the mortal life has become immortal and passes on with all things in its hands.

I do not know how far I went, on and on, into what strange lands, on and on, borne by the wind and hurried by the

storm, making no sign, leaving no footprint behind. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind that met me understood, and went by moaning and pitying, and carried on, perhaps to him, some sad message, for in its tone there seemed a cry of parting and despair that was my own. . . . And then I went back once more to see the babe that had slept in its cot the night I had first stood beside my husband in his sorrow. There is only one being with which one's soul longs for affinity, an affinity born of love and sympathy; and now my soul knew that this was denied it, my thoughts went back to the child that was mine and his. And I loved it chiefly for the life that was in it—life that was his once and might know me still. I stole in the darkness through the quiet house and found the room where the child lay sleeping in its bed. I saw its face and its soft hair and closed eyes, and heard the sweet sound of breathing that came through its parted lips, and I longed for human life again, and would have given my soul up thankfully to have had my flesh and blood back for one single instant, to have held that little one in my arms. And I stooped and kissed it, but it turned shrinkingly away even in its sleep, and then, affrighted, woke and cried "Mother, mother!" And from an inner room the fair woman came; but I stood close to the child still, and touched it softly; and again, shrinking and affrighted, it held out its hands to her and cried "Mother, mother!" and she took it into her arms, and the child looked up at her face and smiled, and was satisfied. . . . And I passed out into the night, and on and on for evermore, farther and farther away—on and on, seeking the infinite and finding it never. . . . —*Macmillan's Magazine.*

WHAT IS A MOLECULE?

MODERN science declares that every substance consists of an aggregation of extremely small particles, which are called molecules. Thus, if we conceive a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, each molecule being magnified to the same extent, it would exhibit a structure about as coarse-grained as

shot; and these particles represent real masses of matter, which, however, are incapable of further subdivision consistently with their existence as matter. A lump of sugar crushed to the finest powder, retains its qualities; dissolved in water, the mass is divided into its molecules, which are still particles of sugar, though

they are far too small to be seen by the highest powers of the microscope. The physical subdivision of every body is limited by the dimensions of its molecules; but the chemist can carry the process farther. He "decomposes," or breaks up these molecules into "atoms;" but the parts thus obtained have no longer the qualities of the original substance. Hence the molecule may be considered as the smallest particle of a substance in which its qualities inhere; and every molecule though physically indivisible, can be broken up chemically into atoms, which are themselves the molecules of other and elementary bodies.

No one has ever seen or handled a single molecule, and molecular science therefore deals with things invisible, and imperceptible by our senses. We cannot magnify a drop of water sufficiently to see its structure; and the theory that matter is built up of molecules depends, like the philosophy of every science, on its competence to explain observed facts. These are of two kinds—namely, physical and chemical. A physical change in the condition of a body is illustrated by dissolving a lump of sugar in water. The sugar disappears, but remains present in the water, from which it may be recovered by evaporation. But if we burn a lump, we effect a chemical change in its condition. The sugar again disappears, and in its place we get two other substances—namely, carbon and water.

Similarly, water is converted by boiling into the invisible vapor, steam; but the change in its condition is physical only, for the steam condenses to water on being cooled. If, however, we pass water through a red-hot iron tube, it disappears, and is replaced by the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. In the latter case, the liquid suffers a chemical change, or as we say, is "decomposed" into its constituent elements. Those changes, therefore, which bodies undergo without alteration of substance are called physical; while those which are accompanied by alteration of substance are called chemical.

Turning our attention first to the physical side of the question, let us inquire how far some of the fundamental laws of science are illustrated by the molecular

hypothesis. Among the most important of these is the law of Boyle, which declares that the pressure of gases is proportional to their density. The theory under review is based at present on the phenomena of gases, and considers these as aggregations of molecules in constant motion. Their movements are supposed to take place in straight lines, the molecules hurrying to and fro across the containing vessel, striking its sides, or coming into contact with their neighbors, and rebounding after every collision, like a swarm of bees in a hive flying hither and thither in all directions.

We know that air, or any gas, confined in a vessel, presses against its sides, and against the surface of any body placed within it. This pressure is due to the impact of the flying molecules; and the constant succession of their strokes is, according to this theory, the sole cause of what is called the pressure of air and other gases. As each molecule strikes the side of the vessel the same number of times, and with an impulse of the same magnitude, the pressure in a vessel of given size must be proportionate to the number of molecules—that is, to the quantity of gas in it; and this is a complete explanation of Boyle's law. Let us next suppose that the velocity of the molecules is increased. Then each molecule will strike the side of the containing vessel not only more times per second, but with greater force. Now, an increase in the velocity of the molecules corresponds in theory to a rise of temperature; and in this way we can explain the increase of pressure, and the proportions of such increase which result from heating a gas. Similarly, Charles's important law, that the volume of a given mass of gas under a constant pressure varies directly as its temperature, follows obviously from the hypothesis.

Priestley was the first to remark that gases diffuse through each other. This fact is familiarly illustrated by the passage of odorous gases through the atmosphere. If a bottle of ether is opened in a room, its vapor diffuses through the air, and its presence is soon recognized by the sense of smell. In this case, the ether molecules may be figured as issuing from the bottle with great velocity; and if their course were not interrupted

by striking against the molecules of the air, the room would be instantaneously permeated by their odor. But the molecular particles of both air and ether are so inconceivably numerous, that they cannot avoid striking one another frequently in their flight. Every time a collision occurs between two molecules, the paths of both are changed; and the course of each is so continually altered, that it is a long time in making any great progress from the point at which it set out, notwithstanding its great velocity.

We must next inquire how these velocities are measured, and what is their amount. We have seen that the pressure exerted by a gas is due to what may be appropriately called the molecular bombardment of the walls of its containing vessel; and knowing this pressure, we can calculate the velocity of the projectiles, if we can ascertain their weight; just as we can estimate the speed of a bullet when its weight and mechanical effect are known. Now, a cubic centimeter of hydrogen at a pressure of one atmosphere weighs about one-thousandth part of a gramme; we have therefore to find at what rate this mass must move—whether altogether or in separate molecules makes no difference—to produce this pressure on the sides of a cubic centimeter. The result gives six thousand feet per second as the velocity of the molecule of hydrogen; while in other gases the speed is much less.

The question of molecular weights brings us face to face with the chemical aspect of the hypothesis; and we have now to examine the support which is given to it by chemical phenomena, and show how wonderfully these are correlated with the physical proofs. Bearing in mind the distinction between physical and chemical changes, we know that we can make a mixture of finely divided sulphur and iron, for example, in any proportion. But these bodies when heated combine chemically to form a new substance called sulphide of iron; and the two classes of products exhibit great differences, which are indicated by a most remarkable characteristic. Chemical combination, unlike mechanical mixture, always takes place in certain definite proportions. Thus fifty-six grains

of iron combine with exactly thirty-two grains of sulphur; and if there is any excess of either substance, it remains uncombined. This principle is known as the law of definite combining proportions, and the Atomic Theory, which, in one shape or another is as old as philosophy, was first applied to its explanation by the English chemist Dalton, in 1807. He suggested that the ultimate particles of matter, or atoms between which union is assumed to take place, have a definite weight; in other words, that they are distinct masses of matter. In the combination of the two elements in question, therefore, an atom of iron unites with an atom of sulphur to form a molecule of sulphide of iron; and the union takes place in the proportion by weight of fifty-six to thirty-two, simply because these numbers represent the relative weights of the two sorts of atoms. Now, Dalton may be wrong, and there may be no such things as atoms; but every science postulates fundamental principles, of which the only proof that can be offered is a certain harmony with observed facts; and the chemist assumes the reality of atoms and molecules because they enable him to explain what would otherwise be a chaos of unrelated facts. The combining proportions of substances, then, indicate their relative molecular weights; and bearing this in mind, we must turn again for a moment to the physical side of the question, to inquire whether, and in what way, the physicist can determine the weight of a molecule.

Water, alcohol and ether expand when heated like other forms of matter, but they do so very unequally. Their vapors on the other hand are expanded by heat at exactly the same rate under like conditions. The theory supposes that the molecules which are close together in the liquids become widely separated when these are converted into vapors; and the action of the particles on each other becomes less and less as they are driven farther apart by heat, until at last it is inappreciated. When the molecules of the vapors in question are thus freed from other influences, it is found that heat acts in an exactly similar manner upon each of them; and this is found to be true of all gaseous bodies. The obvious explanation in the case be-

fore us is, that there are the same number of particles within a given space in the vapors of all three liquids. This is the law of Avogadro, which is formulated as follows: "Equal volumes of all substances when in the form of gas, contain the same number of molecules;" and we shall see how simply this conception is applied for the purpose of determining the molecular weights of all bodies which are capable of being vaporized. It will be understood that we are still dealing, as in the case of chemical combination, with relative weights only. We have no means of ascertaining the absolute weight of a molecule of any substance; but we can state with perfect accuracy what relation these weights bear to one another. For this purpose, the molecule of hydrogen, which is the lightest body known to science, has been selected as the unit. Calling the weight of a litre of hydrogen one, we find by the balance that a litre of oxygen weighs sixteen; and as, by Avogadro's law, both litres contain the same number of molecules, the molecule of oxygen is sixteen times heavier than that of hydrogen. The molecular weight of any substance, therefore, which can be brought into the gaseous condition, is found by simply determining experimentally the specific gravity of its vapor relatively to hydrogen.

In this way the physicist ascertains the molecular weights of all easily vaporizable bodies, and these are found to be in uniform and exact agreement with those which the chemist deduces from the law of combining proportions. The molecular hypothesis is thus brought to a crucial test; and two entirely independent lines of inquiry agree in giving it support of such a character as compels conviction. The law of gravitation and the undulatory theory of light do not command more cogent circumstantial evidence than this.

We have now briefly reviewed the fields from which the certain data of molecular science are gathered. We have weighed the molecules of gases, and measured their velocity with a high degree of precision. But there are other points, such as the relative size of the molecules of various substances, and the number of their collisions per sec-

ond, about which something is known, though not accurately.

With regard to the absolute diameter of a molecule and their number in a given space, everything at present is only probable conjecture. Still, it may be interesting to state the views which are held on these questions by such investigators as Sir William Thompson and the late Professor Clerk-Maxwell; but we give these without attempting to indicate the character of the speculations on which their conclusions rest.

Summing up then both the known and unknown, we may say that the molecular weights and velocities of many substances are accurately known. It is also *conjectured* that collisions take place among the molecules of hydrogen at the rate of seventeen million-million-million per second; and in oxygen they are less than half that number. The diameter of the hydrogen molecule may be such that two million of them in a row would measure a millimeter. Lastly, it is conjectured that a million-million-million hydrogen molecules would weigh about four grammes; while nineteen million-million-million would be contained in a cubic centimetre. Figures like these convey no meaning to the mind, and they are introduced here only to show the character and present state of the research.

A few concluding words must indicate the tremendous energy residing in the forces by which the molecules of matter are bound together. The molecules of water, for example, cannot be separated from each other without changing the liquid into a gas, or in other words, converting the water into steam; and this can only be accomplished by heat. The force required is enormous; but since the determination, by Joule, of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we are able not only to measure this force, but also to express it in terms of our mechanical standard. It has been found that in order to pull apart the molecules of one pound of water, it is necessary to exert a mechanical power which would raise eight tons to the height of one hundred feet. Such is the energy with which the molecules of bodies grasp each other; such is the strength of the solder which binds the universe together.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE profession of letters has been lately debated in the public prints ; and it has been debated, to put the matter mildly, from a point of view that was calculated to surprise high-minded men, and bring a general contempt on books and reading. Some time ago, in particular, a lively, pleasant, popular writer devoted an essay, lively and pleasant like himself, to a very encouraging view of the profession. We may be glad that his experience is so cheering, and we may hope that all others, who deserve it, shall be as handsomely rewarded ; but I do not think we need be at all glad to have this question, so important to the public and ourselves, debated solely on the ground of money. The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is a matter for your own consideration ; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honor and morality are concerned. If the writer to whom I refer succeeds in persuading a number of young persons to adopt this way of life with an eye set singly on the livelihood, we must expect them in their works to follow profit only, and we must expect in consequence, if he will pardon me the epithets, a slovenly, base, untrue, and empty literature. Of that writer himself I am not speaking ; he is diligent, clean, and pleasing ; we all owe him periods of entertainment, and he has achieved an amiable popularity which he has adequately deserved. But the truth is, he does not, or did not when he first embraced it, regard his profession from this purely mercenary side. He went into it, I shall venture to say, if not with any noble design, at least in the ardor of a first love ; and he enjoyed its practice long before he paused to calculate the wage. The other day an author was complimented on a piece of work, good in itself and exceptionally good for him, and replied in terms unworthy of a commercial traveler, that as the book was not briskly selling he did not give a copper farthing for its merit.

It must not be supposed that the person to whom this answer was addressed received it as a profession of faith ; he knew, on the other hand, that it was only a whiff of irritation ; just as we know, when a respectable writer talks of literature as a way of life, like shoemaking, but not so useful, that he is only debating one aspect of a question, and is still clearly conscious of a dozen others more important in themselves and more central to the matter in hand. But while those who treat literature in this penny-wise and virtue-foolish spirit are themselves truly in possession of a better light, it does not follow that the treatment is decent or improving, whether for themselves or others. To treat all subjects in the highest, the most honorable, and the pluckiest spirit, consistent with the fact, is the first duty of a writer. If he be well paid, as I am glad to hear he is, this duty becomes the more urgent, the neglect of it the more disgraceful. And perhaps there is no subject on which a man should speak so gravely as that industry, whatever it may be, which is the occupation or delight of his life ; which is his tool to earn or serve with ; and which, if it be unworthy, stamps himself as a mere incubus of dumb and greedy bowels on the shoulders of laboring humanity. On that subject alone even to force the note might lean to virtue's side. It is to be hoped that a numerous and enterprising generation of writers will follow and surpass the present one ; but it would be better if the stream were stayed, and the roll of our old, honest, English books were closed, than that esurient bookmakers should continue and debase a brave tradition and lower, in their own eyes, a famous race. Better that our serene temples were deserted than filled with trafficking and juggling priests.

There are two just reasons for the choice of any way of life : the first is inbred taste in the chooser ; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist ; and in a degree peculiar to itself among the arts,

it is useful to mankind. These are the sufficient justifications for any young man or woman who adopts it as the business of his life. I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing. If not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner at night. Whatever be your calling, and however much it brings you in the year, you could still, you know, get more by cheating. We all suffer ourselves to be too much concerned about a little poverty; but such considerations should not move us in the choice of that which is to be the business and justification of so great a portion of our lives; and like the missionary, the patriot, or the philosopher, we should all choose that poor and brave career in which we can do the most and best for mankind. Now nature, faithfully followed, proves herself a careful mother. A lad, for some liking to the jingle of words, betakes himself to letters for his life; by-and-by, when he learns more gravity, he finds that he has chosen better than he knew; that if he earns little, he is earning it amply; that if he receives a small wage, he is in a position to do considerable services; that it is in his power, in some small measure, to protect the oppressed and to defend the truth. So kindly is the world arranged, such great profit may arise from a small degree of human reliance on oneself, and such, in particular, is the happy star of this trade of writing, that it should combine pleasure and profit to both parties, and be at once agreeable, like fiddling, and useful, like good preaching.

This is to speak of literature at its highest; and with the four great elders who are still spared to our respect and admiration, with Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson before us, it would be cowardly to consider it at first in any lesser aspect.* But while we cannot follow these athletes, while we may none of us, perhaps, be very vigorous, very original, or very wise, I still contend that, in the humblest sort of literary work, we have it in our power either to

do great harm or great good. We may seek merely to please; we may seek, having no higher gift, merely to gratify the idle nine-days' curiosity of our contemporaries; or we may essay, however feebly, to instruct. In each of these we shall have to deal with that remarkable art of words which, because it is the dialect of life, comes home so easily and powerfully to the minds of men; and since that is so, we contribute, in each of these branches, to build up the sum of sentiments and appreciations which goes by the name of Public Opinion or Public Feeling. The total of a nation's reading, in these days of daily papers, greatly modifies the total of the nation's speech; and the speech and reading, taken together, form the efficient educational medium of youth. A good man or woman may keep a youth some little while in clearer air; but the contemporary atmosphere is all powerful in the end on the average of mediocre characters. The copious Corinthian baseness of the American reporter or the Parisian *chroniqueur*, both so lightly readable, must exercise an incalculable influence for ill; they touch upon all subjects, and on all with the same ungenerous hand; they begin the consideration of all, in young and unprepared minds, in an unworthy spirit; on all, they supply some pungency for dull people to quote. The mere body of this ugly matter overwhelms the rarer utterances of good men; the sneering, the selfish, and the cowardly are scattered in broad sheets on every table, while the antidote, in small volumes, lies unread upon the shelf. I have spoken of the American and the French, not because they are so much baser, but so much more readable, than the English; their evil is done more effectively, in America for the masses, in France for the few that care to read; but with us as with them, the duties of literature are daily neglected, truth daily perverted and suppressed, and grave subjects daily degraded in the treatment. The journalist is not reckoned an important officer; yet judge of the good he might do, the harm he does; judge of it by one instance only: that when we find two journals on the reverse sides of politics each, on the same day, openly garbling a piece of news for the interest of its own party, we smile at

* Since this article was written, only three of these remain. But the other, being dead, yet speaketh.

the discovery (no discovery now!) as over a good joke and pardonable stratagem. Lying so open is scarce lying, it is true; but one of the things that we profess to teach our young is a respect for truth; and I cannot think this piece of education will be crowned with any great success so long as some of us practise and the rest openly approve of public falsehood.

There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the business of writing: truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment. In every department of literature, though so low as hardly to deserve the name, truth to the fact is of importance to the education and comfort of mankind, and so hard to preserve, that the faithful trying to do so will lend some dignity to the man who tries it. Our judgments are based upon two things: first, upon the original preferences of our soul; but, second, upon the mass of testimony to the nature of God, man, and the universe which reaches us, in divers manners, from without. For the most part these divers manners are reducible to one, all that we learn of past times and much that we learn of our own reaching us through the medium of books or papers, and even he who cannot read learning from the same source at second hand and by the report of him who can. Thus the sum of the contemporary knowledge or ignorance of good and evil is, in large measure, the handiwork of those who write. Those who write have to see that each man's knowledge is, as near as they can make it, answerable to the facts of life; that he shall not suppose himself an angel or a monster; nor take this world for a hell; nor be suffered to imagine that all rights are centred in his own caste or country, or all veracities in his own parochial creed. Each man should learn what is within him, that he may strive to mend; he must be taught what is without him, that he may be kind to others. It can never be wrong to tell him the truth; for, in his disputable state, weaving as he goes his theory of life, steering himself, cheering or reproving others, all facts are of the first importance to his conduct; and even if a fact shall discourage or corrupt him, it is still best that he should know it; for it is in this world as it is, and

not in a world made easy by educational suppressions, that he must win his way to shame or glory. In one word, it must always be foul to tell what is false; and it can never be safe to suppress what is true. The very fact that you omit may be what somebody was wanting, for one man's meat is another man's poison, and I have known a person who was cheered by the perusal of "Candidate." Every fact is a part of that great puzzle we must set together; and none that comes directly in a writer's path but has some nice relations, unperceivable by him, to the totality and bearing of the subject under hand. Yet there are certain classes of fact eternally more necessary than others, and it is with these that literature must first bestir itself. They are not hard to distinguish, nature once more easily leading us; for the necessary, because the efficacious, facts, are those which are most interesting to the natural mind of man. Those which are colored, picturesque, human, and rooted in morality, and those, on the other hand, which are clear, indisputable, and a part of science, are alone vital in importance, seizing by their interest, or useful to communicate. So far as the writer merely narrates, he should principally tell of these. He should tell of the kind and wholesome and beautiful elements of our life; he should tell us unsparingly of the evil and sorrow of the present, to move us with instances; he should tell of wise and good people in the past, to excite us by example; and of these he should tell soberly and truthfully, not glossing faults, that we may neither grow discouraged with ourselves nor exacting to our neighbors. So the body of contemporary literature, ephemeral and feeble in itself, touches in the minds of men the springs of thought and kindness, and supports them (for those who will go at all are easily supported) on their way to what is true and right. And if, in any degree, it does so now, how much more might it do so if the writers chose! There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary. There is not a juncture in to-days' affairs but some useful word may yet be said of it. Even the reporter has an office, and, with clear eyes and hon-

est language, may unveil injustices and point the way to progress. And for a last word : in all narration there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact. To be vivid is a secondary quality which must presuppose the first ; for vividly to convey a wrong impression is only to make failure conspicuous.

But a fact may be viewed on many sides ; it may be chronicled with rage, tears, laughter, indifference, or admiration, and by each of these the story will be transformed to something else. The newspapers that told of the return of our representatives from Berlin, even if they had not differed as to the facts, would have sufficiently differed by their spirit ; so that the one description would have been a second ovation, and the other a prolonged insult. The subject makes but a trifling part of any piece of literature, and the view of the writer is itself a fact more important because less disputable than the others. Now this spirit in which a subject is regarded, important in all kinds of literary work, becomes all important in works of fiction, meditation, or rhapsody ; for there it not only colors but itself chooses the facts ; not only modifies but shapes the work. And hence, over the far larger proportion of the field of literature, the health or disease of the writer's mind or momentary humor forms not only the leading feature of his work, but is, at not-tom, the only thing he can communicate to others. In all works of art, widely speaking, it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated, though in the attitude there be implied a whole experience and a theory of life. An author who has begged the question and reposes in some narrow faith, cannot, if he would, express the whole or even many of the sides of this various existence ; for his own life being maim, some of them are not admitted in his theory, and were only dimly and unwillingly recognized in his experience. Hence the smallness, the triteness, and the inhumanity in works of merely sectarian religion ; and hence we find equal although unsimilar limitations in works inspired by the spirit of the flesh or the despicable taste for high society. So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader

of the minds of men ; and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright. Everything but prejudice should find a voice through him ; he should see the good in all things ; where he has even a fear that he does not wholly understand, there he should be wholly silent ; and he should recognize from the first that he has only one tool in his workshop, and that tool is sympathy.*

The second duty, far harder to define, is moral. There are a thousand different humors in the mind, and about each of them, when it is uppermost, some literature tends to be deposited. Is this to be allowed ? not certainly in every case, and yet perhaps in more than rigorists would fancy. It were to be desired that all literary work, and chiefly works of art, issued from sound, human, healthy, and potent impulses, whether grave or laughing, humorous, romantic, or religious. Yet it cannot be denied that some valuable books are partially insane ; some, mostly religious, partially inhuman ; and very many tainted with morbidity and impotence. We do not loathe a masterpiece although we gird against its blemishes. We are not, above all, to look for faults but merits. There is no book perfect, even in design ; but there are many that will delight, improve, or encourage the reader. On the one hand, the Hebrew Psalms are the only religious poetry on earth ; yet they contain sallies that savor rankly of the man of blood. On the other hand, Alfred de Musset had a poisoned and a contorted nature ; I am only quoting that generous and frivolous giant, old Dumas, when I accuse him of a bad heart ; yet, when the impulse under which he wrote was purely creative, he could give us works like "Carmosine" or "Fantasio," in which the lost note of the romantic comedy seems to have been found again to touch and please us. When Flaubert wrote "Madame Bovary," I believe he thought chiefly of a

* A foot-note, at least, is due to the admirable example set before all young writers in the width of literary sympathy displayed by Mr. Swinburne. He runs forth to welcome merit, whether in Dickens or Trollope, whether in Villon, Milton, or Pope. This is, in criticism, the attitude we should all seek to preserve, not only in that, but in every branch of literary work.

somewhat morbid realism ; and behold ! the book turned in his hands into a masterpiece of appalling morality. But the truth is, when books are conceived under a great stress, with a soul of nine-fold power nine times heated and electrified by effort, the conditions of our being are seized with such an ample grasp, that, even should the main design be trivial or base, some truth and beauty cannot fail to be expressed. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness ; but an ill thing poorly done is an ill thing top and bottom. And so this can be no encouragement to knock-kneed, feeble-wristed scribes, who must take their business conscientiously or be ashamed to practise it.

Man is imperfect ; yet, in his literature, he must express himself and his own views and preferences ; for to do anything else, is to do a far more perilous thing than to risk being immoral : it is to be sure of being untrue. To ape a sentiment, even a good one, is to travesty a sentiment ; that will not be helpful. To conceal a sentiment, if you are sure you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth. There is probably no point of view possible to a sane man but contains some truth and, in the true connection, might be profitable to the race. I am not afraid of the truth, if any one could tell it me, but I am afraid of parts of it impertinently uttered. There is a time to dance and a time to mourn ; to be harsh as well as to be sentimental ; to be ascetic as well as to glorify the appetites ; and if a man were to combine all these extremes into his work, each in its place and proportion, that work would be the world's masterpiece of morality as well as of art. Partiality is immorality ; for any book is wrong that gives a misleading picture of the world and life. The trouble is that the weakling must be partial ; the work of one proving dank and depressing ; of another, cheap and vulgar ; of a third, epileptically sensual ; of a fourth, sourly ascetic. In literature as in conduct, you can never hope to do exactly right. All you can do is to make as sure as possible ; and for that there is but one rule. Nothing should be done in a hurry that can be done slowly. It is no use to write a book and put it by for nine or even ninety years ; for in the writing you will

have partly convinced yourself ; the delay must precede any beginning ; and if you meditate a work of art, you should first long roll the subject under the tongue to make sure you like the flavor, before you brew a volume that shall taste of it from end to end ; or if you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy. It is this nearness of examination necessary for any true and kind writing, that makes the practice of the art a prolonged and noble education for the writer.

There is plenty to do, plenty to say, or to say over again, in the meantime. Any literary work which conveys faithful facts or pleasing impressions is a service to the public. It is even a service to be thankfully proud of having rendered. The slightest novels are a blessing to those in distress, not chloroform itself a greater. Our fine old sea-captain's life was justified when Carlyle soothed his mind with "The King's Own" or "Newton Forster." To please is to serve ; and so far from its being difficult to instruct while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other. Some part of the writer or his life will crop out in even a vapid book ; and to read a novel that was conceived with any force, is to multiply experience and to exercise the sympathies. Every article, every piece of verse, every essay, every *entre-filet*, is destined to pass, however swiftly, through the minds of some portion of the public, and to color, however transiently, their thoughts. When any subject falls to be discussed, some scribbler on a paper has the invaluable opportunity of beginning its discussion in a dignified and human spirit ; and if there were enough who did so in our public press, neither the public nor the parliament would find it in their minds to drop to meaner thoughts. The writer has the chance to stumble, by the way, on something pleasing, something interesting, something encouraging, were it only to a single reader. He will be unfortunate, indeed, if he suit no one. He has the chance, besides, to stumble on something that a dull person shall be able to comprehend ; and for a dull person to have

read anything and, for that once, comprehended it, makes a marking epoch in his education.

Here then is work worth doing and worth trying to do well. And so, if I were minded to welcome any great accession to our trade, it should not be from any reason of a higher wage, but because it was a trade which was useful in a very great and in a very high degree; which every honest tradesman could make more serviceable to mankind in his single strength; which was difficult to do

well and possible to do better every year; which called for scrupulous thought on the part of all who practised it, and hence became a perpetual education to their nobler natures; and which, pay it as you please, in the large majority of the best cases will still be underpaid. For surely, at this time of day in the nineteenth century, there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves.—*Fortnightly Review.*

ONE YEAR IN A GERMAN COOKERY SCHOOL.

Dienen lerne bei Zeiten das Weib nach ihrer Bestimmung;
Denn durch Dienen allein gelangt sie endlich zum Herrschen,
Zu der verdienten Gewalt, die doch ihr im Hause gehört.

Goethe.

It was the last day of April, at half-past ten in the evening. Bed-time had come; and my father embraced me more tenderly than usual, saying, "God bless you, my child," and then left me alone. I was alone, alone for the last time in my father's house, in my own dear friendly room, which I had to leave next morning early for the first time in my life.

I was sixteen years of age; and, according to a common custom of German families, I had now to go for twelve months to what is called a Cookery School, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German housewife. This custom is not universal in Germany; but it prevails in many districts, especially in the north-western provinces. A girl may be a countess, or a baroness; a clergyman's or a general's daughter; or else the child of a butcher or shoemaker. It does not signify how or where she has been born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden. Of course I do not mean to say that all girls, even in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are *forced* to undergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it; and some parents do not

feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the good sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that, whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself or not, and even if her position in the world allows her to keep as many servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work which she requires of them. There is only one difference between a baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have mentioned in her father's house and from her mother; while the former leaves her home to learn the same details of domestic service in a strange house.

My luggage was prepared and everything was finished. I had nothing to do but to lie down once more in my white-curtained bed, with my head full of all sorts of pictures of my immediate future. They were not very nice pictures that bothered my poor brain that evening. Every girl is more or less conceited, and I am not at all ashamed to confess that I was kept awake far beyond midnight by the idea that my hands, which until now had never touched anything nasty, would from the next day begin to peel potatoes, and kill ducks and pigeons, and that my complexion would be spoiled by the heat of the kitchen fire.

Morning came, and with it the farewell from my father, brothers, sisters, and all dear friends. They all accompanied me to the station; another kiss,

another shaking of the hand, and the train started, carrying me toward unknown people and unknown work.

The same afternoon I arrived at the station of S—, in the Thuringian Forest. The train had scarcely stopped, when a very venerable-looking tall old clergyman, with long white curly hair and kind blue eyes, opened the door of my carriage, asking if Fräulein H— was in there. I said yes, and, shaking hands with me, he told me that he was the clergyman K— from Bellstädt, my foster-father for the coming year.* He told me to follow him to his carriage, which was waiting outside the station. Although I was not otherwise than pleased with the old pastor's appearance, my heart beat fast that moment; and while Mr. K— went to inquire about my luggage, I felt such a wish to cry that, in order to restrain my tears, and regardless of the strange coachman who was standing by, I stepped up to the horses and embraced them tenderly, whispering into their sympathetic ears that I was very, very unhappy! I think the coachman, fond as he was of his horses, liked my caressing them.

He came up to me, tapped my shoulder familiarly, and asked me in his homely Thuringian dialect, not to be unhappy. "Oh," he said, "my dear fräulein, about forty young girls have I fetched at this station in these last years; everyone was unhappy then, or at least pretended to be so; but oh! how much more unhappy they were when they had to leave this station! And, fräulein," he continued, "believe in my prophecy:—*you* do not look as if *you* were going to be the first to leave this place without regret!"

I blessed that simple sincere man with all my heart; and it may be said here that to the very last day of my stay at Bellstädt he and I were good and faithful friends. After half an hour we started. The weather was splendid; and we enjoyed a delicious drive through the fascinating valleys of the Thuringian Forest, till at last our carriage, after having passed a small but pretty village, stopped before the front door of a two-

* *Pflege-Vater* is the name given to the head of the house where the German girl is sent to learn her household duties, and indicates that for the time he has become her guardian.

storied house, overgrown with vines and ivy, which lay nestled behind old and shadowy linden-trees. A rather small but neatly kept garden, with a beautiful green grass-plot, roses and other flowers in beds, was to be seen at the right side of the house; while another bigger one, full of fruit-trees, potatoes, and all the vegetables required in the kitchen, lay behind the house. From this second garden I heard the joyful voices of girls at play, while a lady, the mistress of the house, kindly greeting me, was standing in the doorway. According to our education, and the courtesy we use toward elderly ladies, I went and kissed her hand; and she in return kissed my forehead, wishing me a most hearty welcome. Then she took me by the hand, and asked my Christian name, telling me at the same time, that all girls in her house were called by their Christian names. After this, we went to my room, where I and two other girls had to dwell. Everything was nice and comfortable, but without luxury. She—"Aunt Mary," as we all had to call her—told me that I had seven companions, and that she hoped I would make friends with them. Then she helped me to unpack my luggage, making a close inspection, to be sure I had everything I wanted. And yes, it was all at hand. There were two winter and two summer dresses, made with short sleeves of dark and useful stuff; besides twelve large dark-blue aprons or pinafores for hard and dirty kitchen-work, twelve white ones for house work, and twelve nice and neat ones for serving at dinner. After having praised my useful things, Aunt Mary smiled at my pretty dresses and hats, which we were allowed to wear on Sundays, for picnics, and other occasions. "You little vanity," she said, kissing me, "come now, I will show you the house and introduce you to your companions."

After dinner, where two of the "Pensionairinnen," as we were called, had served, Mr. K. read out of the Bible, gave us his blessing, and we went to bed, for the next morning had to see us up early. At five, Aunt Mary came to call us; we took our bath, and then one girl helped to comb the other's hair. This—probably because of our German nationality, but assuredly not (as the au-

thor of "German Home Life" kindly pretends) in consequence of our never having had our heads washed as children—was very long and strong; and therefore would have taken too much time to comb it out ourselves.

From half-past five in the morning our day was divided in the following manner. The newly-arrived and still stupid girls began with easy work, two and two always working together. Two had to clean the rooms and lamps, and to mend the linen; two worked in the garden, and had to feed the animals; but except during the first month, they were only expected to attend to the poultry. Two had to arrange the dinner, tea and coffee table, and to wash the dishes we used at meals. Two again were busy in the kitchen. All of us had to go every afternoon to milk the cows, and on a wash or ironing-day to take part also in that labor. According to this plan we changed our work every week.

I began my studies. Aunt Mary was the head of all, the minister of the interior and foreign affairs, as we used to say; while four under-ministers supported her in both departments. These four were those girls who had been in her house for six months; and each of the newly-arrived girls was given to the special guardianship of one of these. It would be too detailed if I were to describe every day of my training. I began the first week by cleaning the rooms and the lamps. This, by the way, is a very unpleasant duty. We were not allowed to complain of any work; and I am glad and proud to say we never did, for we knew "it must be!" The first week is not the worst, for the work is easy. The next begins to be harder; for our backs, quite unaccustomed to bend all day, digging earth, planting flowers, and weeding borders, ached badly in the evening. The third week again is a sort of repose. With a neat coquettish apron pinned upon one's frock, one serves at the meals and washes the dishes, accompanying that monotonous work by cheerful songs. But then, last but not least, that fourth week—oh! I shiver, only thinking of it! I see myself again, standing in the kitchen, peeling my potatoes, preparing the vegetables, and ah! killing the poul-

try; while my six-months-experienced companion looks at me, pitifully smiling at my tears that I can't restrain, when Aunt Mary for the first time teaches me how—to kill poultry! What I suffered that moment no pen possibly could describe. It was my first kitchen-day. I had just, mournfully looking at my hands, finished my potatoes, when Aunt Mary came in with six pigeons, telling me that I had to kill them. My heart beat impetuously; I went up to her; she took one pigeon; touched its head and—turned it round. "You see that it is simple," she said then; "do it now."

She gave me a white pigeon with dear dark eyes. I held it in my left hand; I looked at it; and oh! everything seemed to turn round with me; I felt as if I could not move one limb. I was silently looking at the pigeon in my hand, wishing myself far, far away in the land where the pepper grows; but suddenly, Aunt Mary shook my arm, saying: "Well, Elizabeth, are we going to stand here all day, dreaming heaven knows about what?"—"One, two, three," she counted with a voice that permitted no disobedience, and one, two, three, and my right hand was holding the poor pigeon's head that I myself in my bitter duty had twirled off. Tears were streaming out of my eyes; my companion had to kill the four other pigeons. While I was spending the dimmest day of my life, the eyes of my dead pigeon followed me everywhere. Even that night was restless; all the pigeons of the world pursued me in my dreams, calling out for revenge on me for their dead sister.

The following weeks brought hard work. To remain in the hot kitchen day after day, was not easy. To wash the greasy crockery was no joke. And then when we had to stand and wash from morning to night at the sheets, table-napkins, and all the body-linen, then afterward to iron, mangle it, and all that, I assure you that was not just a pleasure for spoiled young ladies. It is the custom in Germany to wash table-linen and sheets as seldom as possible. Indeed, it is even a sign of wealth when one washes these things but four times a year, because it shows that lots of them are possessed by the family. Whether

the custom is a nice one or not, there can be no doubt about the work it causes.

As soon as this great wash began, we gave up all but the most important house and kitchen-work ; and you might have seen us standing all eight of us round a huge tub, rubbing with soap in hot water the sheets and napkins. Certainly it was severe labor, and my hands bled fast the first evening. But while standing and washing, even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part-songs. When the washing was finished, Carl, the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after, and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinse out the linen in the clear flowing water. I dare say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one ; whether it was the kneeling at the river, or the happy thought that all would be soon at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shoots of water that we extravagant girls sent at him !

So the weeks went on, each bringing its appointed task, and yet never anything seemed to be too hard. Having once got accustomed to our work, we did it with good temper and love. This was the reason, I think, why the spirit of the house was merry and cheerful. Aunt Mary was our best friend ; and in Mr. K—— we admired the real type of a country clergyman. I said that I never found my work too hard, but still there was one which I always did with show-ers of tears. That, as you can guess, was—killing poultry : ducks, geese, pigeons. I think I killed about three dozen, but I am sure that their sufferings were not half as bad as mine !

After six months' hard work I had learned enough to get a new girl under my care, and there was no roast meat, no vegetable, no pudding or cake I could not cook. Now the pleasure came ; for in teaching others I saw for the first time how much I knew.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have had enough of our German Cookery School,

and I see many a young lady comfortably leaning back in her arm-chair saying, "Nothing in the world would induce *me* to lead such a dull, hard life ! Thank God that I am not a German girl !" Fiddlesticks ! Noah's ark ! My proud young lady, it is not quite so dull as it seems, and I am sure that after having read what follows of my story, you will understand my saying that the year in the Cookery School was one of the happiest I ever spent.

I said that the place I lived in was a village. It was a dear old place, and I should like to tell you a little more about it. It was situated, as I said before, in the Thuringian Forest, and was full of all the charm a place possesses that is far away from railroads. The village was surrounded by splendid old fir woods, and pleasantly animated by a small, swiftly running, sun-bright river. The population was made up of middle-sized folk, neither especially good nor yet bad looking, but dressed in a very pretty bright costume. The men wore light-blue trousers and a wide blue blouse ; the women short red petticoats, colored apron, a black velvet bodice, and white short sleeves. Their hair, plaited in about eight tresses, was coiled about the head, with a red or blue handkerchief twisted over it.

The village contained about twenty-four houses, all (except the Squire's and parson's) with a straw-thatched roof, and on nearly every third roof a stork was nested. Those dear storks ; what a pleasure they are to every German heart ! It seems as if they belonged to the family, and no greater joy is ever seen on any face, be it young or old, than on the day when the stork, after a long absence, comes home to his old nest, first of all looking into it, and then, convinced that everything is in order, beginning to clatter with his bill, giving greeting to all his friends who are standing about beneath, waving their pocket-handkerchiefs in welcome. We have a sort of divine adoration for our storks ; a stork's nest on a roof is called the greatest sign of luck. No one ever thinks of killing a stork, and if this happens, the crime is punished with from seven to ten years of imprisonment.

Never in my life but once have I heard of a stork being wilfully killed.

It happened in this village, and often, indeed, have I heard the event talked about. The story is so sad and strange that I should like to tell it here. It took place as follows. A young man, out of mere boyish wantonness, shot the hen-stork some days before they began their long and troublesome journey to Africa. Winter was gone; the stork's nest was again without snow, and the warm sun and mild spring air made people look forward to the arrival of the storks. At last they came. All the nests, except the one which through human cruelty had lost its mistress, were soon full of eggs, which the hen birds were busy hatching. One day, a stork which was flying alone toward the village, came to the nest upon the parsonage roof. The female stork, unmindful of approaching danger, was sitting silently in her nest alone, when the strange bird swooped passionately down, and began a furious fight with her. She defended her nest, her eggs, herself, as bravely as she could, but at last her strength failed, and the stranger stork succeeded in hacking the eggs to pieces and throwing them out of the nest. Then, but not till then, he seemed satisfied with what he had done, and with a savage rattling in his throat, he flew away. The villagers, meanwhile, stood watching this horrible scene without being able to help the injured mother bird. This story shows curiously that the feelings and passions both of men and animals are very much alike. The poor stork, pining for his mate who had been murdered, sees another in her full maternal happiness. Mad jealousy comes over him, and being himself unhappy, he wants to make others unhappy too. The wretched bird, it may be added, was never seen again after the tragedy. Most probably he put a speedy end to his own miserable life.

We had not much society in our village. There was only the squire's family, consisting of a father, mother, three grown-up sons and four young men who were being taught farming. The Sundays were our usual days for meeting. Sometimes we were all invited to the Squire's house, or else they used to call on us. The greatest pleasure for us girls was of course to go there, for then we had no work to do, and could enjoy our holiday. And oh, how well we

knew how to do that! The old people left us to ourselves, giving us full leave to do whatever we liked. The dining-room was at our disposal; and, by the by, this noble old room is worth while making acquaintance with. It was in the old part of the house, built about two hundred years ago. The walls and ceiling were panelled with wood, admirably carved. An old-fashioned chandelier that with the brightness of its lights had served at many happy and sad family occurrences, hung in the middle of the room, while the walls were decorated with magnificent horns of stags and deer, shot long ago by ancestors of the house. To this room we went; a cupboard containing an old hand-organ was opened; and while one played this oft-used and obedient instrument, the rest of us danced waltzes and gallops. Sometimes we had games or acted plays; and when tired of all these, it was pleasant to sit or walk about arm-in-arm, under the moon-lighted oak-tree that from generation to generation had secretly harkened to the ever-old and ever-new whispering of young and hopeful love.

I see, dear friends, you don't trust your eyes any longer, reading about love, real poetical love in a Cooking School, where you expected that sentimentality and higher feelings would dry up in the hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Yet if you will promise not to tell about it, I may confess to you that my best friend and companion in the school, while she was there, engaged herself secretly to the Squire's eldest son, and she is now a happy wife. It must be admitted that not every love-story which began there, ended so happily. I know of one young man, who once under the oak-tree asked a certain young lady to become his wife, but she refused, pretending that long before she came there her heart had been given away irrevocably.

Again the last day of April arrived; my year was at an end. I had to leave my dear school, Aunt Mary, my companions. I did not dare to think of it.

But the day appeared, and again the carriage was waiting at the door; and, embracing them all with tears of gratitude and love in my eyes, I drove away, easily reading in my driver's good-natured smiling face, "I told you that you would not be the first to leave the place without regret!"—*Cornhill Magazine*.

PRESAGES OF APPROACHING ILL.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

THERE can be little doubt of the unhealthy influence exercised over the minds of all but the most philosophic by the innumerable presages of future ill which our country folk long cherished. Burton tells us two stories of the power of imagination in causing disease; the first of a good woman who was told by her physician that she had cramp (from which she had never suffered), "and straightway, on the force of imagination, went home and was sore troubled;" the second of a parson's wife in Northamptonshire in the beginning of the seventeenth century, who fell into a grievous fit of sciatica, shortly after being told that she suffered from it, but when she really had not been ill;* and if disease of a serious nature could be conjured up on the simple assertion of a medical man, it was even more likely to appear when the mind had been prepared for some unusual and terrible occurrence by an unhealthy brooding over events to which the traditions of generations had imparted a semi-religious mystery. If an untrimmed candle folded over on the cooling grease, the Cornwall peasant saw in its folds the handle of a coffin, and danger was surely in store for him to whom the handle seemed to reach. If a piece of bituminous coal burst, and the upper section of it seemed oblong, he would say that one of the group round the fire must be prepared for the worst. In Veryan parish there is a tradition that if the church clock strikes during the singing of the hymn before the morning sermon, or before the third collect at evening prayer, there will be a death in the parish before another Sunday comes round.† A sudden incursion of mice denotes in some parts an approaching death (though a flippant one might think it denoted principally the absence of the cat), and mice squeaking behind an invalid's bed or running over his person were regarded as infallible signs of ill.‡

The late Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow was staying with a friend; the table suddenly gave a crack, and Mr. Hawker started: "Mark my words," he said, laying his hand on the table, "there has been a death in my family." Unfortunately for the perpetuation of such superstitions, the next post brought news of the death of one of the Miss I'ans.* In my grandfather's family the old cook was accustomed to bake cakes in large rounds, which she cut into four with a sharp knife, each quarter being put to bake by itself. She was most careful that during baking the pointed end of each of these quarters should not be broken, otherwise a death might shortly be expected. Even the slipping of a piece of soap from a person's hands when washing has been construed to mean that the death of some relative is imminent, as indeed is also the persistent burning of a fire on one side only of the grate. Every one knows that to dream of losing teeth means that some calamity may be looked for. If the eyes of a corpse are difficult to close, they are said to be looking for a successor; and if the limbs do not become quickly stiff, it is supposed that some one of the family will be soon also among the dead.† If the house-door is closed upon the corpse before the friends have come out to take their places in the carriages, Sheffield people say another death will happen before many days; and if at a funeral where the mourners walked, the procession went in a scattered or straggling manner, this was thought in the west of Scotland to betoken the same misfortune. Even if the mourners walked quickly, the omen was bad.‡ To walk under a ladden betokens misfortune, if not hanging, as it does in Holland. To meet a funeral when going to or coming from a marriage was considered very unlucky in Lanarkshire; for if the funeral

* Burton: "Anatomy of Melancholy," p. 168.

† Hunt: "Romances and Drolls of the West of England," 2d Series, pp. 165, 166.

‡ R. Passingham in *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, i. 204; "Choice Notes," p. 12."

* Baring Gould: "Life of R. S. Hawker," p. 165.

† *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, iv. 9; *ibid.* 5th Series, iii. 247. Hunt: "Romances and Drolls," 2d Series, p. 241.

‡ "Choice Notes," p. 25. Napier: "Folk-lore," p. 63.

was that of a woman, the newly made wife would not live long, and if it was that of a man, the fate of the bridegroom was sealed. If one heard a tingling in his ears it was the "deid bells," and news of the death of a friend or neighbor might soon be expected. If knocks were heard at the door of a patient's room, and no person was found there when the door was opened, there was little chance of recovery; and if a man caught a glimpse of a person he knew, and found on looking out that he was nowhere to be seen, this was, says Mr. Napier, a sign of the approaching death of the person seen.* Yet the apparition of a wraith did not always bode evil. If the wraith was that of a person ill at the time, and it appeared in the forenoon the sick man would recover; a curious belief, which may recall the belief of the Zulus that if they dream of the funeral rites being paid to a man they know to be sick at the time, they may with confidence say on waking, "Because we have dreamt of his death he will not die." In the same way the Scotsman, when he saw the spirit of his friend in the morning—that wraith which would so certainly betoken approaching death if seen in the afternoon or evening—thought that the appearance foreshadowed complete recovery.†

If a patient found a dead worm in the well of Ardnacloich in Appin, he knew he must die, as certainly as he knew that had he found a live one there, or in the spring at Strathden, he would have recovered. If a sixpence were dropped into water, and the cross-side (this proves that the superstition belongs to a bygone generation) turned up, then enquirers after the health of an absent friend knew he was well—if not, that he was unwell; and if, when water for the use of an invalid was drawn from the well near the Chapel of Killemorie in Kirkholme parish, the water suddenly rose, good health was anticipated; but if the well of Muntluck in Kirkmaiden was found almost dry when sought for the same purpose, it was known that the distemper was mortal.‡

The tapping of a robin thrice at a window, the appearance of a white dove, the entrance of a wild bee into a cottage are bad omens. To hear a hen crow is generally feared; when a cock crows at midnight, they know in Cornwall that the angel of death is passing; the cries of the seven whistlers—the souls of those Jews who mocked at the Crucifixion—forebodes disaster.* A raven's croaking fills a Cornwall family with as much dread as the hooting of an owl does a Chinese family, or the chirping of a cricket one in Wälsch-Tirol. Before the death of a farmer, his poultry go to roost at noonday.†

To hear a dog howl in the night has been regarded of old with the same dislike as in modern times, and arises from the belief that the dog can see things which are not visible to other eyes. In the "Odyssey," when the dogs knew Athene, they "fled to the stalls' far side," and the dogs of the north were conscious "wenn Hel umgeht." Rabbi Bechai, in his Exposition of the Five Books of Moses, says: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said when the dogs howl, then cometh the angel of death into the city; but when the dogs are at play, then cometh Elias into the city;" and in the exposition of another Rabbi: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said, when the angel of death enters into a city, the dogs do howl. And I have seen it written by one of the disciples of Rabbi Jehudo the Just, that upon a time a dog did howl, and clapt his tail between his legs, and went aside for fear of the angel of death, and somebody coming and kicking the dog to the place from which he had fled, the dog presently died."‡ German peasants believe that if a dog barks looking upwards, a recovery may be expected, but if he looks towards the earth, death is certain. In Cornwall the howling of a

land," pp. 506, 112, 113, citing Martin, "Western Isles," and Symson, "Description of Galway."

* "Choice Notes," pp. 13, 15. Hunt, ii. 166; *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, ii. 264; "Lancashire Folklore," p. 167.

† Hunt, 2d Series, p. 166; Denny's "Folklore of China," p. 34; Miss Busk: "Valleys of Tirol," p. 439; "Choice Notes," p. 13.

‡ *Odyssey*, xvi. 160; Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," ii. p. 555; *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, iii. p. 204.

* *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, p. 387; Napier, pp. 51, 57.

† Napier: "Folklore," p. 58. Callaway: "Religion of Amazulu," quoted in Tylor, "Primitive Culture," ii. 110.

‡ Dalyell: "Darker Superstitions of Scot-

dog is always a sad sign, but "if repeated for three nights, the house against which it howled will soon be in mourning." In Lancashire, where the death-tick is still feared, it is reported as "a curious circumstance" that the real death-tick must only tick three times on each occasion. When we remember that Mr. Darwin says that death-ticks (*Anobium tessellatum*) are known to answer to each other's ticking, or, as he has personally observed, a tapping noise artificially made, it is evident that if a Lancashire maid is disturbed by the three dread ticks, she should wait for answering ticks, or stimulate them by an artificial tick, before allowing her superstitious fears to get the better of her reason.

The Chinese assert that if bridges are not placed according to the law of geomancy, visitations of small-pox or sore eyes may be expected. If Brandenburg people, when they have killed a pig, find the spleen turned over, there will be another overthrow by a death in the family before the year is out; negroes in Jamaica believe the smell of musk when no musk is near to be a sign of death; to destroy a swallow's nest was in Scotland fit reason for a prophecy that death would overtake the destroyer or some of his family within a twelvemonth; and to rock an empty cradle has every grandam's condemnation, for in that event soon the cradle will be empty indeed.*

Significance is also attached to more personal details or characteristics. A blue vein across the nose has been interpreted in the west of England to mean that the child who was so distinguished could not live long; in Devonshire it is said that if you have a mole on your back you are sure to be murdered, which fate will also overtake the man who is called by the same name as his father, if his father does not fall the victim. Both have the alternative of sudden death. Even speaking to one's self is supposed by the Dutch to presage a violent death.*

Enough has perhaps been said without entering into further details to show the extent of the net which superstition set about our father's lives. There was scarcely an act which could not be capable of teaching in some way the uncertainty of human life. It would require a volume to discuss all the recorded examples of bad omens and illustrate their infinite variety, and it is enough here to have gathered only a few cases, as well of familiar as of less known superstitions, to show the extent to which the minds of the ignorant were prepared for the charms of the wise woman, and the supernatural efficacy of words and letters, as well as the narrowing and debasing effect of a daily life which was agitated by every flight of a magpie and every midnight bark of a dog.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

OVER-EATING.

THE world does not advance, morally, very fast, but one of the Seven Deadly Sins has, nevertheless, become so infrequent that men are a little puzzled to know what it precisely meant. Gluttons are so rare in Western Europe that divines are sometimes perplexed to understand the rank in the scale of sin which old theologians, and especially the early Christian writers, assigned to gluttony, and are inclined to explain the word as covering any kind of inordinate interest in eating, or expenditure of energy upon it. It is very probable

that the condemnation of gluttony did cover gourmandise—which may be carried to the point of distinct viciousness, the duties of life being postponed or sacrificed in the pursuit of a sensual enjoyment of a very inferior kind—and that the belief in the value of controlled asceticism, which can never be quite wanting to Christian philosophers, did something to influence their strong language; but we suspect there was more than this—that actual gluttony, in the ordinary sense, was once a common vice, and a much more injurious one than the West, which is intemperate as

* Denny's "Folklore of China," p. 70. *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, iv. 463. Napier "Folklore," p. 113.

* Hunt, 2d Series, p. 238; *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, ii. 184; "Choice Notes," p. 8.

to alcohol, but temperate as to meat, is inclined to believe. The testimony of theologians, of historians, and of an immovable tradition, embodied in most, if not all, European languages, proves that among our remote though civilized ancestors it was a common thing for men to cultivate the appetite for quantities of food till it became diseased, and that they gorged themselves with it habitually, till they became almost as incapable of the business and duties of life as drunkards now do. They sought quantity, they ate for eating's sake until they could eat no more, and when they ceased, were as incapable as many animals after a similar indulgence. (It is a popular mistake to suppose that only pigs are gluttons. Horses and cattle will kill themselves with certain kinds of food, and so will individual dogs, while all the wild carnivores are liable at times to eat themselves into temporary imbecility.) They could not work, they could not converse, and they could not think. They were full to bursting, and repeated the feeding until their lives became one long debauch, and their faculties died away as completely as if they had been drunkards, though, of course, the remedy, protracted fasting, was easier to apply. Many of the Roman nobles were gluttons as well as gourmands; indeed, the accounts of their feasts indicate a deep delight in over-eating as well as epicurism, and it is probable that the vice existed in Syria, and amid a generally abstemious population—a Jew to this day is rarely a drunkard, and an Arab never—may have seemed specially disgusting. Another bit of evidence is the continuance of the practice in the East. Men who eat enormously, who crave for huge quantities of food, and seek in over-eating a torpor which pleases them as much as the calm before stupefaction pleases the drunkard, or apathetic rest the opium-smoker, or *kef* the tobacco-smoker, are perfectly well-known types throughout India, where every district has its notorious glutton, in China, and among some African tribes. Indeed, Captain Colville, in his recent ride through Morocco, became convinced that even Moors, who are distinctly abstemious by habit, count in their ranks men to whom over-eating is so attrac-

tive that they renew the practices of Vitellius, which scandalized even Rome, and obtain by emetics the power of swallowing two or three successive dinners straight on end. Wealthy negroes have been accused of a similar habit of over-eating, Red Indians are constantly guilty of gorging like snakes till they can hardly move, and we are not sure that gluttony in the old sense is wholly unknown even in this country. It is doubtful if the horrible exhibitions of eating-power sometimes made in the country districts are not given by men to whom the excessive supply of food is an enjoyment, while experienced clergymen often doubt whether in one or two households in a village gluttony in the old sense is not chiefly restrained by poverty. They tell astounding stories of quantities consumed on special occasions, though they never indicate gluttony as a popular vice. The disposition appears, too, among children. There are few public schools without a glutton or two, boys who can never be satiated with food, who will eat all day, even to severe illness; and it is noteworthy that such boys are, with hardly an exception, of a hopelessly debased type. The tutor has more hope of anybody. In maturer years, if they reach them, they are restrained by the opinion, or rather etiquette, in favor of moderation, which, considering the decay of the vice, is so curiously strong; but doctors could still, we imagine, relate very singular instances of addiction to food.

Gluttony, however, must be rare. We cannot remember, in an experience of some range and duration, ever to have met an educated man who was addicted to it in the sense in which it becomes a vice, though in two cases we have known men with an appetite for food so abnormal as to be the subject of remark and the cause of nicknames. We question if during the last twenty years a sermon has been preached against it, and certainly it has not become a subject for popular lecturing or Social Science Congresses. There is a society for most things, but no society to regenerate mankind by eating once a day. The poor are very often abused, and sometimes very unjustly, for their passion for expensive food—a bit of imitativeness sometimes, and sometimes, as in the

fancy of Lancashire for ham, a bit of combined frugality and caste-feeling ; but they are seldom denounced for the quantity they devour, and the consumption of the rich is noticed only by doctors. Theologians have given up the subject, or attend to it only to condemn gourmandise—that is, overattention to the quality of the food eaten, or excessive expense upon the table. Very little, indeed, is said even about these, not perhaps as much as might be said, for the taste for good food, though in itself sound and favorable both to longevity and high vitality, is often carried to a vicious excess ; and over-eating has tacitly been dropped out of the area of dominion conceded to the moralists. We should not wonder, however, if it were once more taken up by the Utilitarians, backed by a few of the medical profession. Nothing consumes the general wealth of the world like the feeding of its populations, and it is by no means yet completely settled that the majority of men, once above the imperative restrictions of poverty, do not eat a good deal too much. An idea has been very generally spread that it is healthy to eat often, till certain classes, more especially servants, eat five times a day ; and the end of the medical aphorism, that those who eat often should eat little, is very often forgotten. The *Lancet* of September 4th, in a curiously cautious article, hints that the modern world eats too much in positive bulk of food—a statement certainly true of great bread-eaters, a distinct and well marked type—and thinks the modern regularity of meals has induced us to regard appetite as the guide rather than hunger, which is the true one. Regularity of meals develops appetite, not hunger. We rather question the previous proposition, as a very hungry man is apt to eat too much ; but we believe that the extension of wealth and the extreme public ignorance upon the subject tend to foster a habit of taking too many meals. Men and women eat three in ten hours and a half, breakfast at 10 A.M., lunch at 1.30 P.M., and dinner at 7.30 P.M.—a division of the twenty-four hours of the day which can hardly be healthy. It leaves thirteen hours and a half without food, while in the remaining ten and a half there are three meals.

It would be better, we imagine, for sedentary men to reduce theirs to two, taken at considerable intervals ; or if that is too worrying, to confine the intercalary meal to the merest mouthful, taken without sitting down, and with no provision to tempt the appetite. Lunch for those who work with the brain is the destruction of laboriousness, and for those who work with the hands is the least useful of the meals. It is very doubtful whether the powerfully built races of Upper India, who eat only twice a day, at 10 A.M. and 10 P.M., are not in the right, exactly equalizing, as they do, the periods of abstinence, though it is difficult to decide from the example of hereditary teetotal vegetarians, the bulk of whose food is out of all proportion to its nourishment. The great evil to be removed is, however, not so much the midday meal, as the profound ignorance, even of educated men, as to the quantity of food indispensable to health, and the quantity most beneficial to it. On the first subject most men know nothing, or at best only the amount of a convict's ration, which is fixed at the standard found most conducive to severe labor in confinement, and is no rule for ordinary mankind. Cannot the doctors tell us some handy rule of thumb about this. They have told us that the beneficial quantity of alcohol is the equivalent of a pint of ordinary claret a day, but what is the beneficial quantity of food ? It must differ according to diet, physique, and occupation, but still there must be some formula which will convey in intelligible fashion the average maximum required by men of different weights. We believe most men would be surprised to find how very low it is, and how very much they exceed it, especially in the consumption of meat. Vegetarianism, which some among us exalt as a panacea, has been tried for thousands of years, by millions of people, and has, on the whole, failed, the flesh-eating peoples out-fighting, out-working, and out-thinking the eaters of vegetables only ; but between vegetarianism and the flesh-eating habits of well-to-do Englishmen there is a wide distance. Mr. Banting, too, wrote wild exaggerations, but the way in which Englishmen of reasonable intellectual capacities will swallow crumbs of bread,

often not half baked, by the pound at a time, would account even for severer melancholy than that under which they

labor. We want an intelligible rule, to be obeyed or disobeyed, but to be remembered.—*The Spectator*.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

BY A CAMBRIDGE M.A.

CAMBRIDGE has been recently the scene of considerable excitement, occasioned, our lady readers may be interested to learn, by the claims of their own sex. For some time the idea of female education has been very visibly before the eyes of the University, presenting itself in the form of two additional colleges, and more than a hundred young ladies; and now a proposal to admit these students formally to the Honor Examinations of the University has been adopted by the overwhelming majority of 398 to 32.

Now that this new position has been officially conceded to Girton and Newnham, it may be interesting to our readers to have some sketch of these colleges. The elder of the two is Girton, which was opened in 1869. The buildings, either from economical reasons, or perhaps from some feminine timidity on the part of their founders, were erected two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road, or *Via Devana*. Many virtues may possibly be implanted in the mind by the contemplation of the relics of old Rome, and directness and businesslike habits may perhaps be unconsciously promoted, but the feeling of beauty, we imagine, is not much stimulated in the students by the flat straight line of telegraph poles, skirting a cemetery, and threading one of the most squalid suburbs of Cambridge. The site of the college is also dreary enough, a bare field having been pitched upon by the side of the road, and ten years has added hardly anything in point of picturesqueness; the trees and shrubs are not happy in their soil, and even the ivy does not appear to be vigorous. The buildings themselves are well designed, and are in Mr. Waterhouse's French chateau style, in dark red brick. These form two sides of a square, in which the hall and chief rooms face the road, at some little distance; a wing, which ap-

proaches it, having been added subsequently. The size of the building can be gathered from the number of the inmates; these exceed fifty, each of whom has two rooms about equal to the average rooms occupied by undergraduates at Cambridge. The hall, library, and lecture-rooms are in fair proportion. The students are rarely received before the age of eighteen; before entering, an examination has to be passed, and it is expected of each that real interest shall be taken in the studies of the University. The course, as in the case of undergraduates, takes about three years, half of which time, in terms of about eight weeks each, is spent at the college. Many of the university and college lectures are open to the students, and besides female lecturers resident at Girton, there is quite an array of lecturers from Cambridge who give instruction in the college. For some time the results of all this work have been tested informally and voluntarily by the University examiners, the same papers being set to the students as to the undergraduate candidates. These results have been very encouraging. During the first ten years about 41 Girton students have passed the standard for the B.A. degree, and 31 have passed in Honors; 11 in classics, 9 in Mathematics, 7 in Natural Sciences, 3 in Moral Sciences, and 1 in History.

Some of our readers may remember the sensation caused by the extraordinary success of one of these students, who last year was pronounced equal to the 8th in the First Class in Mathematics.

Newnham, the younger sister, a rival of Girton, dates from 1875, in which year a rather plain but business-like building, in the Queen Anne style, was erected by an association formed to promote the higher education of women. In this case the error was avoided of

placing the college at an inconvenient distance from Cambridge, and a pretty site was chosen close to the long avenue west of the colleges, which is one of the most beautiful features of the place. The object of the founders was rather to provide residence, supervision, and instruction for female students, than to prescribe, as at Girton, a course of studies identical with those of undergraduates. Selected candidates were, at the same time, encouraged to compete in the Honor Examinations, with results as satisfactory as at Girton. In the first six years 22 Honors were gained in the various examinations; 3 in Mathematics, 4 in Classics, 5 in Moral Sciences, 4 in Natural Sciences, and 6 in History. Encouraged by these results, and by the demands made upon them by candidates for admission, the Association have now erected a second building, so that together about seventy students are housed. The arrangements seem to be on a more economical scale than at Girton, and single rooms are the rule. The charge for board and instruction is also less; that at Newnham being seventy-five guineas, while that at Girton is one hundred guineas, a year. In both colleges many advantages are offered to deserving students in the form of scholarships, and of other pecuniary assistance when required.

The social life of the students is not very different from that of undergraduates. There are the regular lectures in or outside the college, the recreation and meals in common, with considerable freedom allowed in the employment of their leisure. Too much praise cannot be given to those ladies directly responsible for the supervision of the students, and the success of this very novel institution in a place like Cambridge is mainly due to the tact and good sense of these managers. Considerable prejudice existed at first against the experiment, and failure was freely prophesied. If the chief characteristics of the students had been other than what they have been seen to be—steady and unobtrusive work—and if the *trop de zèle* which might have been unduly developed by the novelty of the situation had not been judiciously kept in hand, we may be sure that the two colleges would not have received so readily the recogni-

tion of their merits from such a Conservative body as the University of Cambridge. The students have strictly maintained among themselves a wholesome public opinion—they have had the *esprit de corps* of pioneers—many, probably the majority, looked forward to educational careers, to which success at the University would readily lead; none, at any rate, were there, like so many young fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, almost avowedly idling some of the best years of their lives away. Whatever dangers may befall Girton and Newnham in the future, if success should bring with it its attendant evils—if, especially, it should ever become as fashionable for young ladies to go to college as it now is for young men—there can at least be no doubt that all dangers have been successfully avoided hitherto. Mrs. Grundy, who is as powerful at Cambridge as elsewhere, has even acquiesced in the *fait accompli*.

That the course of training is healthy, is attested by the evidence of one of the chief physicians in Cambridge, who stated in a recent public discussion on the subject that he knew of no instance of harm to brain or body having occurred to any student who had distinguished herself in the University examinations, and that the chief evils caused to girls by the strain of mental work at home, when combined with social requirements, were in his opinion avoided by residence at the University. As far as can be observed within so short a time the subsequent careers of students, who have passed through Girton and Newnham, have been impressed for good by the training there received. Some of them are usefully employed in the education of others; some are busied quietly at home; many have married happily. All speak with affection of their college days, and are conscious of having derived from them wider sympathies and interests and a more extended knowledge than would otherwise have been open to them. This testimony is very valuable, as there must be many girls to whom Girton and Newnham may prove of equal service, and who may have the opportunity of availing themselves of the advantages they offer. Many of course have duties elsewhere, and especially at home; but there are others on whom no

such imperative call is made, and to these residence at one of the colleges may well be recommended. The old prejudices against female education are now fast disappearing ; girls are not turned into blue stockings of the old offensive type any more than boys necessarily become prigs and pedants after similar studies at the University ; neither need the true sphere of woman be interfered with at all. People who expect to find specimens of the "emancipated female" to be common at Cambridge, must look elsewhere for their ideal. Had it been otherwise, failure on the part of Girton and Newnham would before this have been visited on their heads, and a very different verdict pronounced upon their work than that just delivered by the University.

MEMORY'S SONG.

BY A. MATHESON.

THE earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes ;—
The breath of Spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the Spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God ! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she said,
He always found the first ;—but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said ;
The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain.
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But Spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RABBI JESHUA. An Eastern Story. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Though the work thus entitled is described by its author in a graceful circumlocution as "the history of a brief but eventful career," it is quite obviously a life of Christ, written from the standpoint of one who chooses to regard him as simply one of the numerous teachers and enthusiasts who illustrate every period of the Jewish annals, and who in almost all ages have been the natural and familiar outcome of the peculiar conditions of oriental society. Dismissing in a few scornful phrases the "apocryphal accounts" of Rabbi Jeshua's life "composed by his followers within a century after his death," and "so self-contradictory as to make it clear to the critical reader that the disciples mingled their own teaching with that of their master," our author explains that he has based his own version on the chronicle of Simeon has Saddik, a companion of one of Rabbi Jeshua's first disciples.

"Simeon himself," says our author, "was an illiterate peasant, a man probably older than Rabbi Jeshua, but who survived him more than forty years, and retired before the fall of Jerusalem to the neighborhood of Gadara, east of the Jordan. The recollections of this aged puritan were recorded by one of his companions. The historical sequence of the events appears to have been carefully followed, and many of the maxims of Rabbi Jeshua are preserved, interspersed among descriptions of the main events of his short career. Thus, though scanty and imperfect, the information contained in this work appears to be genuine; and it has evidently served as the original basis of the other accounts, for this reason, that in no case do they agree in any statement which contradicts one made by Simeon has Saddik. All the versions are in agreement when they follow that which may be considered to be the original, and, on the other hand, no two of the later versions are in accord concerning facts not noticed by Simeon. Thus we have the indication of genuineness in the one case and of fanciful elaboration in all the others, and our attention should be confined to those statements which have the best right to be considered truthful because they are found to be common to every version." Even the chronicle of Simeon has Saddik, however, cannot be fully accepted, because "the superstitious beliefs" of the age in which it was written find frequent expression in its pages. We must discount, as far as possible, "the idiosyncrasies of the writer," and strive to form some kind of idea of the "actual facts" which he relates.

According to the chronicle of Simeon, as

purged and elaborated by our author, Rabbi Jeshua was a Galilean peasant, converted to the tenets of the monastic sect of the Hasaya by the preaching of Hanan (John the Baptist), and initiated by the latter through the preliminary rite of ablation. By reason of the medical knowledge for which his sect was noted, the Rabbi Jeshua, after the period of retirement in the deserts was passed, gained a remarkable hold upon the ignorant and credulous peasantry, and his kindness to them and solicitude for their welfare caused him to be known among them as the "gentle Rabbi," and he was soon followed by a throng of devoted "disciples." At last they and he, convinced that he was the promised Messiah, unfortunately went up to Jerusalem, where in less than two days he was caught in the toils of his enemies, hurried to crucifixion, and buried in a rock-sepulchre among the gardens outside the city, whence his body was mysteriously carried away, so that unto this day no man knows his burial-place. After his death, many legends were clustered round his name, and many marvellous acts and powers were attributed to him; but his doctrines were gradually worked up into the fabric of pagan theology and taught as Christianity by zealous apostles, while for upward of four centuries the slowly dwindling community of genuine Haſaya, to which Rabbi Jeshua belonged, lived peacefully and obscurely among the rich plateaux and deep gorges of Perea, awaiting the "day of the Lord," which should come as a thief in the night; but which came not till they were extinct, nor has yet come.

In a closing chapter, which is full of trenchant satire, the author exposes what he regards as the sham Christianity of modern England. The substance and moral of this chapter is to be found in the statement that "were Rabbi Jeshua to be re-born in the England of to-day it would probably be his fate to be imprisoned as a vagabond and an impostor;" and the author represents himself as searching in vain through the churches and society of London for any echoes of the teachings or traces of the influence of the great Galilean Rabbi.

It cannot be denied that the book is written with much ingenuity and literary skill, or that it abounds in striking passages of picturesque description; but it is greatly deficient in that serious and reverent spirit in which such a work should be written, if it is to be written at all. It is not possible now, even if it were desirable, to induce the world to contemplate the life of Christ from the purely secular point of view; and when the attempt is made to trick out a narrative composed from this point of view

with imaginative flights and the drapery of fancy, an impression of levity is likely to be the result.

BURIED ALIVE; OR, TEN YEARS OF PENAL SERVITUDE IN SIBERIA. By Fedor Dostoyeffsky. Translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Precisely to what extent the facts narrated in this book are a record of actual events and observations, it would be difficult to say; but that they are at least based upon personal experience would be sufficiently proved by the book itself, even if we did not know from other sources that the author had been a member of the numerous class of Russian political convicts. There are touches here and there in the narrative—whole scenes, we might say—that are beyond the power of mere imagination to conceive; and while it is probable that the form and certain accessories of the story are inventions, yet the record as a whole has a force and intensity and directness that could come only from the fidelity with which it depicts real occurrences and actual persons.

Accepting it, then, as on the whole a trustworthy record, the book is one of the most painful ever written; there is scarcely another, indeed, that arouses in the reader so poignant a sense of the extent to which "man's inhumanity to man" can be carried. There is some mitigation in the knowledge that the state of things represented belongs to a period some thirty or forty years back, and that since then a few of the more brutal features connected with flogging and prison-life have been abolished; but the scars left upon the social body by such wounds cannot be eradicated in a generation, and it is easy to see that the degradation of the people which such treatment necessarily involved was far more serious than the mere suffering inflicted, cruel as that was in individual cases.

In reading the utterances and noting the deeds of the Nihilists, every one has been astonished as well as shocked by the frantic ferocity which they exhibit; they bewilder at the same time that they repel. We venture to think that M. Dostoyeffsky's book, while not directly touching upon the subject at all, yet throws a flood of light over it. For there is no law of human nature more certain than that the force of reaction when it comes will be precisely proportioned to the repression which preceded and provoked it. Inexorable as fate itself, immutable as the nature of man, is the great social law that brutal tyranny will arouse ferocious and vindictive reprisals.

In any event, the book is one that should be read. Regarded as a record of actual experience, it is thrillingly interesting. Regarded

as a story, it reveals a great and hitherto unknown artist.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE JEWISH CHURCH. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In our review of "Scotch Sermons" in a recent number, we spoke of the evidence which they afforded of the extent to which the citadel of Scotch orthodoxy had been undermined by the scientific and critical spirit; and the book whose title stands at the head of this notice furnishes additional and striking testimony to the same fact. It will be remembered that Professor Robertson Smith was recently tried and condemned for heresy, and deprived of his chair in the University of Aberdeen, because of certain conclusions regarding the historical books of the Old Testament which he had expressed in articles contributed to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Shortly after this "temporary victory" of his theological opponents in the church, he was invited by six hundred prominent Free Churchmen in Edinburgh and Glasgow to explain and define his position before the Scottish public; and the twelve lectures of which the present volume is composed were delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow during the first three months of the current year before large audiences, which comprised a considerable portion of the culture and intelligence of the two cities.

The Lectures are printed substantially as they were delivered, and are designed for the intelligent public rather than for critics and students. "I have striven," says Professor Smith, "to make my exposition essentially popular in the legitimate sense of that word—that is, to present a continuous argument, resting at every point on valid historical evidence, and so framed that it can be followed by the ordinary English reader who is familiar with the Bible and accustomed to consecutive thought. There are some critical processes," he continues, "which cannot be explained without constant use of the Hebrew text; but I have tried to make all the main parts of the discussion independent of reference to these. Of course it is not possible for any sound argument to adopt in every case the renderings of the English Version. In important passages I have indicated the necessary corrections; but in general it is to be understood that, while I cite all texts by the English chapters and verses, I argue from the Hebrew." For the benefit of students a number of notes have been appended, which complete and illustrate the details of the argument, and at the same time supply hints for further study.

The almost simultaneous appearance of the Revised Version of the New Testament ren-

ders the present work especially timely ; for while Professor Smith deals exclusively with the Old Testament, yet what he has to say about the formation and history of the Canon, and about the various versions and translations, throws nearly as much light upon the New Testament history as on that of the Old. One entire lecture and part of another is devoted to "The Septuagint," and the same attention is given to the Canon. Another lecture deals with the Psalter, another with the Prophets, and still others with "The Traditional Theory of the Old Testament History" and "The Law and the History of Israel before the Exile." Perhaps the most interesting, however, in view of Professor Smith's recent difficulties with his fellow-churchmen, are those on "The Pentateuch" and on "The Deuteronomic Code and Levitical Law." It should be said, however, that all are parts of one continuous exposition or argument, the aim of which is to show that "Biblical Criticism is not the invention of modern scholars, but the legitimate interpretation of historical facts."

COMPANION TO THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Alex. Roberts, D.D. With American Supplement. New York : Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

"The object of this little work," to quote the preface, "is to explain to the English reader the general grounds of those departures from the Authorized Version which he will find in the Revised translation. Not one of these alterations has been made without what appeared to a majority of the Revisers an adequate reason. They are all to be traced to one or other of two causes—either to a change of the Greek text which it was found necessary to adopt, or to a change of translation which stricter fidelity to the original seemed to require." The greater portion of the work is due to Dr. Roberts, who was a member of the English Committee of Revision ; but a supplement has been added to the American edition which explains the American appendix to the Revised Version and the relation of the American Committee to the whole work. Without the "Companion" the average reader would hardly be able to make out either what the Revisers have done or what considerations have influenced their work ; and hence its utility and value can hardly be doubted. The present "authorized edition" is very neatly and clearly printed.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. J. ROLFE's excellent editions of Shakspeare's Plays, the School and College Series, are to be introduced into the English market.

A BENGAL lady, Maharanee Surnomoyee, has recently subscribed 8050 rupees for the endowment of scholarships for the encouragement of Sanskrit learning.

THE printing press of the Propaganda has just issued in an elegant form a collection of Latin hymns, written by Pope Leo XIII. in honor of two bishops and martyrs.

SHAKSPERE's works are being rendered into the Malo-Russian language by a well-known writer in that dialect, M. Kulish, who has already completed a translation of six of the plays.

THE other day, at an old book-stall in Paris, the discovery was made of a MS. commentary upon the *De Anima* of Aristotle by Théophile Corydalleus, a French grammarian of the seventeenth century.

DR. REICKE, of Königsberg, is engaged along with Dr. Sintenis, in collecting materials for a complete edition of Kant's correspondence. They have already got about six hundred letters to Kant, and a smaller number from him.

THE Japanese Government has just published a great dictionary of military and naval terms in five languages—Japanese, French, English, German, and Dutch. This is said to be the first Japanese dictionary arranged on the European plan. The compiler is Col. Kadumitê.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish a series of reading books upon the principles of agriculture, prepared by Prof. Tanner for use in elementary schools. "The Alphabet of the Principles of Agriculture" will be the first in the series, and will appear at a very early date.

THE whole of the last volume of M. Renan's "Origines du Christianisme" is now in type. The author is at present busy with the huge index for the seven volumes. Before writing his history of the Jews up to the second exile, he intends to visit, if his health will permit, the Holy Land as well as Sinai.

M. JOSEPH HALÉVY is preparing an essay on the Sanskrit alphabet, which he believes to be based on the Greek alphabet. In a second part he is going to prove that the "Pânini," as well as the "Prâtichhya," refer in their quotations from the "Veda" to a written copy of that book.

WE understand that the Rev. W. B. Crickmer, of Beverley, is engaged on the "Greek Testament Englished," a translation in which he proposes to give the absolute value and force of each Greek word in the corresponding English equivalent, irrespective of its grammatical order. The work will be published at an early date by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE French Société des Etudes Historiques has selected the following subjects for the two Raymond prizes (of 1000 frs. each) for 1882 :—The condition of the peasantry in the sixteenth century, from the accession of Francis I. to the death of Henri II. ; The history of the Danubian principalities, from the Turkish invasion to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi.

THE French novelist, M. Alphonse Daudet, has written a sort of literary autobiography, under the title of "*Histoire de mes Livres*," which is now appearing in the pages of the *Indépendance Belge*. The first instalment gives the genesis of *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*, by which his fame was established. Incidentally he gives an interesting glimpse of a group of five writers, then equally unread and moneyless, who used to meet on Sundays in the rooms of one of their number, Gustave Flaubert. The other four were—Daudet himself, Tourguéneff, Goncourt, and Zola.

THE *Court Journal* says that when Mr. Disraeli was scarcely twenty-one he aided in founding and conducting the *Representative*, a new daily paper, which it was fondly hoped would be to the *Times* what the *Tory Quarterly* had been to the Whig *Edinburgh*. The experiment signally failed. Started in the January of 1826, the *Representative* expired in the following July ; and when schemes of new daily papers were broached in his presence, Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, the proprietor, it is said, used to point to the bound volumes of the *Representative* on his shelves, and say, "That is all that remains of £50,000!"

MR. FURNIVALL sends the following letter to the *Academy*—

"In an old deed—a copy of which is in my possession—relating to the tythes of the parish of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, in the year 1539, are the following entries :—

" ' Marke Antonio Bassano, $\frac{3}{4}$ tithe.

Jeronomy Bassano, $\frac{1}{4}$ tithe.

"Is it not possible that one of the Bassanos may have been the friend of Shakspeare, or known to him by name, and so have furnished the name for Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*?

"The 'Theatre' being in the same parish would, I venture to think, support this view.

"R. H. HILLS."

THE Berlin police are a hard-worked race. Not only have they to read every newspaper, but, it appears, every novel as well. No wonder then that these Arguses are often behind time in making their astute discoveries. On this account, as we learn from Berlin, a number of the *Berliner Tageblatt* that appeared some weeks ago has only just been confiscated, the official mind having discovered something disagreeable to its notions in a chapter

of Spielhagen's new work, "*Angela*," that is running thorough the pages of this newspaper. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity how very efficacious is such retrospective paternal supervision.

WE quote from the *Manchester Guardian* the following letter addressed by George Eliot to Mr. James Thompson, the author of "*The City of Dreadful Night* :"—

"The Priory, 21 North Bank, Regent's Park, May 30th, 1874—Dear Poet—I cannot rest satisfied without telling you that my mind responds with admiration to the distinct vision and grand utterance in the poem which you have been so good as to send me. Also, I trust that an intellect informed by so much passionate intensity as yours will soon give us more heroic strains with a wider embrace of human fellowship in them—such as will be to the laborers of the world what the odes of Tyrtæus were to the Spartans, thrilling them with the sublimity of the social order and the courage of resistance to all that would dissolve it.—Yours sincerely, M. E. LEWES."

A GERMAN having "written" on a postal card an incredible number of words (25,000, we believe) in a style of stenography used in Germany, the author of the system set up the claim that it was superior to any other in use. The claim was disputed by the disciples of Pitman in England, and a prize was offered for the largest number of words written in Pitman's style on an English post-card, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The card of the winner, Mr. G. H. Davidson, is said to have contained 32 363 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "*She Stoops to Conquer*," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "*Road to Ruin*."

A LADY, who has been working for twenty years on Lord Bacon, specially with a view to comparisons between his thoughts and phrases and Shakspeare's—whose plays she thinks Bacon wrote—has found, in one of Bacon's notebooks of 1595, jottings-down of two phrases successively which occur within six lines of one another in *Romeo and Juliet*. This evidence strengthens the position of those who hold the early date for that play, 1591-93. The extent of the likeness between these two great authors, Bacon and Shakspeare, and of the difference between them and any third writer compared with them, is certainly very striking. An enormous amount of careful and faithful work has been bestowed on the subject by Lord Bacon's fair devotee ; and, though Shaksperians will absolutely reject her conclusion—that Shakspeare as a writer is a myth, though as a manager a fact—they will be thankful for her most valuable illustrations of Shakspeare's words and work.

SCIENCE AND ART.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH.—M. J. Coudray, telegraphist, of Montreux, in a little *brochure*, describes a remarkable electric phenomenon that lately came under his observation. Two years ago, at the instance the proprietor of the Hotel des Alpes, at Territet-Chillon, he placed that establishment in telephone communication with a chalet on the hill-side, about 500 mètres above the hotel. The conducting wire was insulated in the usual way by glass, and the circuit completed through the earth. When he applied his ear to the telephones, M. Coudray often heard crepitations, similar to the sounds observed in telephones the conducting wires of which run parallel and close to the wires of a telegraph. But as the telephone in question is at right angles to the telegraph, which runs on the railway by the lake side, and is separated from it by a distance of 80 to 100 mètres, there being no other wire in the neighborhood, M. Coudray ascribed these crepitations at first to the possible contact of the telephonic wire with the branches of trees, whereby a thermo-electric current was induced. He soon, however, saw reason to abandon this theory, for one morning in the month of May last, being at the Hotel des Alpes, he put his ear to the telephone and heard the sound of messages which were being sent through the post-office wires on the railway, 100 mètres distant, so clearly that he was able to distinguish the purport of two, one of which was being transmitted from Montreux to Geneva, the other from Ouchy to Monthey, in the Valais, but in order to read messages it is necessary that there should be only one going at the time, and the very moment of its passage should be seized by the listener. This is a conjunction that rarely occurs. When two or more messages are in course of transmission the result is merely crepitation, and not intelligible words. M. Coudray's explanation of the phenomenon is as follows:—The electric circuit, as is well-known, is completed by the earth—that is a current sent from A to B through a wire returns from B to A by the earth. If an isolated piece of wire be placed on any part of the ground traversed by a current and connected with a telephone, an infinitesimal, albeit sufficient, current is derived from the earth to actuate the telephone. Physicists and electricians have hitherto denied the existence of terrestrial currents, holding, rather, that the earth, acting as a reservoir of electricity, balances the electricity at the two extremities of the wire; but M. Coudray thinks the facts he had observed prove that electric currents circulate in the soil just as if it were a metallic body. The second of his conclusions is, that the secrecy of telegraphic messages,

whenever there is a telephone in the neighborhood of the wires, cannot be considered inviolable. In practice, however, the difficulty of distinguishing them will probably be a sufficient bar to impertinent curiosity.—*London Times*.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE AURORA.—An interesting report on systematic observations of aurora, at 132 Northern stations, under Herr Tromholt. At Bergen, during 1878–9, has been lately published. The stations were situated between $71^{\circ} 7'$ and $55^{\circ} 3' N.$ lat. It appears that there were but very few evenings on which the aurora was not observed somewhere (though the year was a minimum one). Herr Tromholt also concludes that polar light is often a pretty local phenomenon, and developed at but a little height above the earth's surface. Unfortunately the data as to height are but scanty; the best give 0.24, 0.25, and 0.15 of a geographical mile above the earth. As to frequency, the following figures are given: 71° to 68° , 100; 68° to 65° , 30.6; 65° to 62° , 18.2; 62° to 59° , 12.6; 59° to 55° , 7.6. The region affected by an aurora is found to be generally by no means large. Only thrice was aurora observed on the same day at different stations, and it is a question if it was the same aurora in each case. Herr Tromholt thinks he has found a connection between frequency of aurora and phases of the moon, but a longer series of observations as to this is desirable. A comparison with the magnetic variations at Upsala led to no result: as also a comparison with meteorological phenomena. Herr Tromholt has never perceived aught of noise accompanying aurora.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—At the last meeting of the Ophthalmological Society a report was presented by a committee of sixteen members recently appointed by the Society. No less than 18,088 persons have been examined, of whom 1657 were females. The average percentage of color defects among these latter was .4, that of the males being .476, the pronounced cases only among males being 3.5 per cent. Certain classes of persons show an exceptionally high percentage of color defects. The most striking in this respect are deaf-mutes, among whom every fifth child is defective. The average is also higher than normal among members of the Society of Friends, especially among those belonging to the poorer classes. It is distinctly high among Jews, and the forms of color-blindness occurring among these are very pronounced. The secretary attributes color defects in some cases to a congenital physical defect, either in eye or brain, occurring as an accidental variation from the normal structure. When once existing it is capable of being transmitted to descendants. In other cases he

thinks that they may arise, more especially the slight forms, from defective education in colors in infancy. This might account for the superiority of the female sex in respect to colors. It would also account for the high percentage exhibited by the deaf and dumb, and to some extent for that of members of the Society of Friends. It would also be compatible with a greater prevalence of color defects among the poor. The third factor, which is by no means an unimportant one, is intermarriage. He is strongly of opinion that among Jews, and to a less degree among Friends, intermarriage during generations has strengthened the defects existing among them not only in number but in degree.

THE TURQUOISE IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.—Under Pliny's name of *Callais*, M. Damour some years ago described a greenish mineral, apparently a variety of turquoise, which had been found, worked into ornamental forms, in some of the dolmens of the Morbihan, and had evidently been employed for purposes of personal decoration in prehistoric times. M. Cazalis de Fondue has had occasion to examine a large number of objects worked in this material, and found not only in various parts of France, but also in Portugal. Thus M. Ribeiro obtained no fewer than 214 beads of *callais* in his exploration of the artificial grotto of Palmella. M. Cazalis de Fondue has collected all the facts connected with the subject, and has contributed an interesting paper to the last number of M. Cartailhac's *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*. He believes that the *callais*, or turquoise, must have been imported into Western Europe from the East, probably toward the close of the Neolithic period; at any rate, it was largely used at the commencement of the Bronze age. It is difficult to speak definitely as to the ethnical characteristics of the prehistoric people who used this material, but it is suggested that they may have been the Ligurians, the Indo-European precursors of the great Celtic invasion.

VISIBLE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—To Dütter, of Greifswald, is attributed the first visible demonstration of the circulation of blood in the human body. In this operation, the patient's head being fixed in a frame having a contrivance for supporting a microscope and a lamp, his lower lip is drawn out and fixed on the stage of the microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost, and having a strong light thrown upon it by a condenser. This arrangement being complete, all the observer has to do is to bring the microscope to bear on the surface of the lip, using a low power objective, and focussing a small superficial vessel; at once he sees the endless and wonderful procession of the blood corpus-

cles through the minute capillaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks dotting the red stream.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PHOTOMETRY.—A promising application of photography to precise measurement of phenomena of light has been recently tried by M. Janssen. The method is advantageous in that photography reveals the action of the extremely weak luminous and the ultraviolet rays; but the chief advantage lies in the permanence of the results as against the fugitive nature of ordinary photometric comparisons, which, too, require the simultaneous presence of the two light sources. The various amounts of metallic deposit on the photographic plate cannot well be weighed, so M. Janssen measures by the degree of opacity produced. His photometer consists of a frame with sensitized plate, before which is passed at a known rate of uniform motion a shutter having a slit. If this slit were rectangular, a uniform shade would be produced on the plate; but by making it triangular he obtains a variation of shade, decreasing from the side corresponding to the base of the triangle to that corresponding to the apex. It is further proved that the photographic deposit does not increase as rapidly as the luminous intensity. Now, to compare the sensibility of two plates differently prepared they have merely to be exposed successively in the frame under like conditions, and the points where they show the same opacity being compared to the points of the triangular slit corresponding to them, the ratio of the apertures at those points expresses the ratio of sensibility. Thus the new gelatino-bromide of silver plates are proved to be twenty times as sensitive as the collodion plates prepared by the wet process. Again, to compare two luminous sources, they are made to act successively on two similar plates in the photometer, and the points of equal shade in the plates indicate, as before, the relation sought. M. Janssen has compared the light of the sun and some stars on these principles, preparing from the former "solar scales" (with uniform degradation of shade), under exactly determined conditions as to sensitive layer, time of solar action, height of the sun, etc. Circular images of stars are obtained by placing a photographic plate a little out of focus in the telescope, and a series of these, got with different times of exposure, are compared with the scales obtained from sunlight. M. Janssen will shortly make known some of his results.

LOCALIZING BY THE EYES.—At the recent meeting of the Physical Society, Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, gave an account of the factors which enter into our ability to fix the position and distance of an object by the eyes. That the binocular effect is not all-powerful is

shown by the fact that single-eyed persons can estimate distance about as well as those with two eyes. A person suddenly blinded, however, has to acquire the new art of judging by one eye. This consists, according to Professor Helmholtz, of two elements, namely, the appearance of the objects with respect to other bodies, and the parallel of motion. The outlines of the more distant objects are always covered by those of the nearer ones where they cross, and hence the difficulty of recognizing that the image projected by a convex lens or a concave mirror is nearer to the observer than the lens or the mirror. Further, the object which projects a shadow upon any surface is always situated before that surface. These two elements go to make up the appearance of the objects, and they are really overpowered by others, for example, stereoscopic combinations. This is demonstrated by Dove's pseudoscope, an instrument composed of two rectangular prisms, and showing to each eye a reflected image inverted from right to left. The parallax of motion is seen as a shifting of the head, especially if it is near, on moving the head from side to side or up and down. This element also overpowers the stereoscopic combination of the images of the two eyes.

—••—
MISCELLANY.

" BEACONSFIELD UNDER STRESS OF FEELING.—

Those who closely watched the health of the deceased gentleman during the last fifteen years particularly cannot fail to have noticed the struggle which has been maintained by the mind against, and to some extent at the expense of, the body.

While Mr. Disraeli sat in the House of Commons his life was an almost continuous effort. His imperturbable bearing, his habit of emotional self-restraint, his almost uniformly placid style of delivery—artistically, and always as the result of purpose, never involuntary, varied by lighter and brighter passages of elocution—were the fruits of effort. The statuesque posture, the motionless face, the abstracted or seemingly indifferent manner which the superficial observer mistook for indications of a constitutional lack of sensibility, were, in truth, tokens of the intensity of the emotional nature they disguised. Lord Beaconsfield was a man of profoundly deep feeling and a highly sensitive temperament, but with an indomitable will, habituated to self-control, the customary expressions of such feeling as he possessed were interdicted. For example, in place of movements of the ordinary excito-motor type, the noble Lord's physical habit was in the later-middle period and toward the end of his career in the Commons characterized by slight

and seemingly automatic but really conscious acts of the slightest kind often repeated. It was very curious and profoundly interesting to study these movements from the psychological standpoint. Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Disraeli would sit for long stretches of time during the violent or terribly irritating attack of a political opponent with nearly closed eyes, as though asleep.

When the onslaught waxed furious, he would, as though with all-engrossing intent, fix his gaze at the toes of his boots, moving them slowly so as to bring all points under observation. If the taunts or reproaches hurled at him were of so grievous a nature as to make any other man furious, he would straighten himself and brush some particle of dust from the front of his buttoned frockcoat or from the sleeve of his left arm. Then he would examine his nails, and as a climax, when few statesmen so assailed could avoid some token of emotional restlessness, he would perhaps take out his single eyeglass, and fixing it firmly, look for an instant at the clock in the front of the gallery opposite Mr. Speaker, dropping the glass with one quick elevation of the eyebrow: this last-mentioned trick being the only part of a series of actions which, though familiar to his observers, was never a mere matter of habit. Probably—and it is worth noting in reference to the recent incident of his approaching the Ministerial bench in the House of Lords after the division at the close of the Candahar debate—the noble Lord was less a man of habit in the true sense of the term—that is, as implying the relegation of large classes of actions to the sub-consciousness, to be performed automatically—than the average brain-worker. The fact is interesting as throwing light on the type of his physico-mental constitution, and as illustrating the character of strain which the life and enterprise of the deceased statesman imposed on his mind-power.

It was practically too late when Mr. Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield to prolong a valued life by the means adopted. Speaking now freely, we believe the deceased statesman would have lived longer if he had not thus late retired to a scene of comparative quiet upon which he ought, in the interest of his health, to have entered when the queen urged him to do so some years before. As it was, Lord Beaconsfield was deprived of his accustomed mental stimulus at the precise moment when he most needed it, and, although his immediate personal feelings were those of relief, the physical ease was purchased at too great a price.
—*The Lancet*.

DEATH OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—The stock of genius in England has been again reduced. Lord Beaconsfield died at his house in Curzon

Street, at 4.30, on the morning of Tuesday, the 19th inst. His illness had always been more serious than his physicians admitted, there being a visible want of recuperative power in the system, but for the three or four days preceding Monday the soft spring weather benefited him so much that even the doctors had hope. On Sunday, however, the bitter east wind was again raging, the thermometer fell to 40°, and in the evening of Monday Lord Beaconsfield sank into a state of partial coma, or heavy sleep, from which he never wholly revived. Just before he died, however, he "raised himself from the pillows, threw back his arms, expanded his chest, and his lips were seen to move, as if he were about to speak," the whole action producing in those who watched him a conviction that he thought himself again in the Commons, rising to some great effort of debate. Then he sank down, the difficult breathing ceased, he drew a few regular inspirations, and so, as calmly as if in sleep, he died. He had throughout little hope of recovery, but he feared death as little as any other opponent; his mordant humor broke out at intervals, and, though usually silent, he sometimes conversed with all his old clearness and incisiveness upon public affairs. He was a childless man, almost a kinless one, but his oldest friends were about his bedside; the man he liked best, Lord Rowton, was with him to the last; and what he would have preferred to all things, Europe was listening for tidings from his room. His death, like his life, was far from an unhappy one.—*The Spectator*.

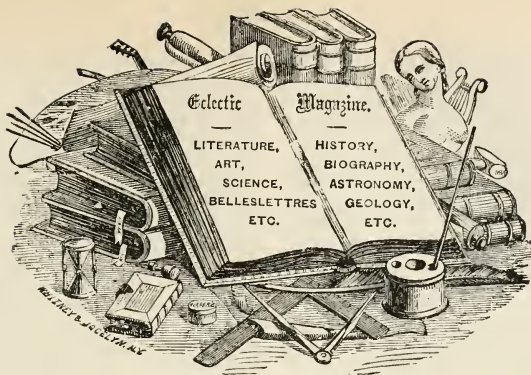
REALITIES OF WAR.—A popular writer thus describes a battle: "We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns.' We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and struggled. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe, for the first time in three hours, as we form a lane and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using a short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a battle-line three miles long,

and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out, and shatter, and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swathe and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle-line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what! Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us is the living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the gun cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over rows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw *murder*, where historians saw *glory*."

NATURÆ PENETRALIA.

A SLUGGISH little stream, that loiters slow
Between gnarled tree-trunks and thick tangled grass
And giant reeds, in a deep, wet morass
For many a league, screened from the fiery glow
Of tropic sunlight; here and there a row
Of small red bitterns, sitting patiently,
Watch for the passing of their finny prey,
All silent as the water's voiceless flow.
Flash, like live opals through the gloom, a pair
Of bronze-winged doves; and in the inmost heart
Of this deep wilderness, alone, apart,
With mighty limbs outstretched and half-shut eyes,
Lord of the pathless forest, dreaming lies
The dreadful tiger, in his reedy lair.

H. C. I.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIV., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1881.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE SWORD.

THE march of democracy is not limited to mankind alone ; the uprising of *nouvelles couches* is not confined to the peoples of the earth ; the undermining of the upper classes is not restricted to humanity. The dismantling of aristocracies is no longer a merely mortal operation ; it has sapped away the bases of other privileges than those of princes ; it has exterminated other prerogatives than those of blood ; it has suppressed other rights than those of birth. The revolutionary spirit is swelling beyond politics and parliaments ; its action is stretching outside societies, and is reaching above nations ; it is pervading nature herself, and is even permeating matter. The subversiveness of our time extends to metals as well as to men ; under its dissolving action—alas that we should have to say it !—steel has ceased to be a gentleman.

Until this nineteenth century steel had retained its exalted place. It had been assailed by gunpowder, and it had been

debilitated by the gradual diminution of duels, but it had held its own ; its superb traditions had not yet faded ; the knightly sword was still its accepted expression, still its representative idea. It is true that steel—though used in Asia from all time—though seen, perhaps, in imperial Rome, and though introduced into Spain by the Arabs in the ninth century—had only been seriously known to Europeans since the First Crusade ; it is true that the swords of Greece, of Spain, of Germany, of Gaul, contained no sign of it : but for the last eight centuries the world had learned to associate the sword and steel together, and to instinctively regard them as implying the same conception. To-day, that stately unity has disappeared. The sword has been dethroned ; and steel, meanly forsaking its former self, repudiating its lineage, its alliances, and its traditions, has gone in for demagoguery. And we are the sad spectators of its fall.

What a superb career it has renounced !

It had shaped the world ; it had carved out history ; it had formed the nations ; it had fixed the limits of languages and the geography of character and thought ; it had vanquished the strong ; it had rebuked the proud ; it had succored the weak ; it had been the arbiter of honor, and the accomplisher of justice. The sword was, as the ancient chronicler said, " the oldest, the most universal, the most varied of arms ; the only one which has lived through time. All peoples knew it ; it was everywhere regarded as the support of courage, as the enemy of perfidy, as the mark of commandment, as the companion of authority—as the emblem of sovereignty, of power, of force, of conquest, of fidelity, and of punishment." And all this has steel abandoned—to become rails ! Look at what it was, and at what it is. Its aspect was brilliant ; its habits were punctilious ; its manners were courtly ; its connections were patrician ; its functions were solemn ; its contact was ennobling ; even its very vices were glittering, for most of them were simply the defects of its superb qualities. It is true that it was sometimes cruel, and that its processes of action were distinctly sanguinary ; but those reproaches apply to all other weapons too. Throughout the ages it grandly held up its head, and haughtily bore its name. It lost no caste when it allied itself with lance and dagger, with battle-axe and helm, for they were of its natural kindred, and even when, in later times, it stooped to generate such lowly offspring as razors, lancets, knives, and needles the world saw no real abasement in the act, for the chivalrous blade was still the image which represented steel to man. But now its whole character has changed ; now, it has thrown aside its gallantry, its grace, its glory ; now, it has forsworn its pride for profit, its pomp for popularity. Steel is now bursting coarsely on the earth at the rate of thousands of tons a month. It is positively being made into steam-engines, and cannon, and ships, and all sorts of vulgar, heavy, uncomely, useful objects. Worse than all, it is becoming cheap ! Steel cheap ! The steel of old, the steel of legend and of story, the steel of the paladin and the chevalier, the steel of the noble and the brave, the steel of honor and of might, the steel that was

above price, that knew not money and cared nought for profit—that steel is no more. It has been driven contemptuously out of sight by metallurgic persons called Bessemer, and Krupp, and Siemens, and these destructive creators have put into its place a nineteenth century substance, exactly fitted to a mercantile period, but possessing no tie whatever with time or fame.

No more will steel append its personal signature, its glaringly recognizable autograph, to the great events of history. The dagger that slew Cæsar, the glaive that Brennus hurled into the scale to weigh against the liberty of Rome, the axe that gashed off Mary Stuart's head, the knife that armed the hand of Charlotte Corday (of course they were not all steel, but they admirably represent the notion of it), are mere faded antiquities. Steel has other functions to discharge now ; it has given up marking dates in the world's life, and has gone in for trade ; it has ceased to be history, and has become actuality ; it is in a state of new departure ; it no longer incarnates a sentiment ; it is nothing but a fact. It has turned its back on the blades of Damascus, on the armor of Milan, on the shields of Augsburg, on the rapiers of Ferrara, on the halberds of Flanders, on the poniards of Bilbao, and, at this very moment, is forsaking almost the last refuge which was left to it and is deserting the marvellous sabres of Japan. In the place of its former glories it is taking up all sorts of low associations ; it is being manufactured in big furnaces ; it is being " cast," as if it were mere clownish pig-iron ; it is being rolled, as if it were uncouth " bar ;" it is condescending to be boiler plates, and axle-trees, and driving-shafts, and girders. To this is steel reduced.

In what else has evolution worked a sadder change than this ? Where else has relentless progress stamped out a nobler past ? Of course the present development of steel is very serviceable, and very commercial, and very profitable ; and it is, perhaps, our duty to be delighted at it. But views and opinions are, after all, like religious faiths, affairs of temperament rather than of reason. Just as some people regret post-chaises, and just as some others mourn over the divine right of kings, so

is it comprehensible that a few of us may deplore the disappearance of swords, and the desecration of steel. The feeling may be absurd, and it is certainly purely sentimental, and altogether impractical and out of date ; but in a conservative country like ours, there is some excuse for lamenting the disappearance of landmarks, and never was there a bigger or more universal sign-post than the sword, for it pointed the road to almost all the ends of life. Men were what their swords made them. To be "as brave as his sword" was the highest aim of a warrior's heart. And yet the sword has vanished so completely that we can scarcely suppose the world will ever see it at its true work again. A lingering survivor of the family is still to be detected in the French duelling tool ; but, with the exception of that pallid, sickly inheritor of a fallen crown, all direct descendants of the once mighty race have died out. No one can seriously pretend that the soldier's sabre of to-day is anything but a bastard of the kin ; it is a vulgar article of commerce—like skewers, or chisels, or nails, supplied by contract from Liège or St. Etienne, from Solingen or Birmingham. It has no place in the glorious lineage of fighting steel ; it is a mere article of military accoutrement ; among the tools of actual war it stands a long way below knapsacks, a little above chin-straps, and about on a level with shovels ; it has been cast out into the cold shade by breech-loaders and rifled barrels ; it has scarcely any blood relationship with the real sword—with the sword which was the one essential weapon of every man who fought. That trusty friend is gone forever—an awkward instrument of inferior iron, which, like Charles the Second's promises, "no man relies on," has assumed its place. Never again will poet sing of puissant falchions, or of adamantine blades. The Balmung of Siegfried, the Escalibur of Arthur, the prodigious Mistelstein, which expunged two thousand four hundred men, the Joyeuse of Charlemagne, the Flamberge of Renaud, the Altecler of Oliver, the Quersteinbeis of Hakon, which chopped in two a millstone, the Tisona and the Colada of the Cid—all these, and all their like, have faded into "dreams that tempt no more." Even Durandal, the epic

Durandal of Roland, the wondrous brand that cleft the cliff at Roncesvaux, and left its yawning mark upon the Pyrenean crest, has flickered into night, and is bewailed by none. A rusty rough-edged bar, purporting to represent it, is shown to curious travelers in the Armory at Madrid ; and an equally veracious rival is exhibited in the Church of Rocamadour, in the department of the Lot ; but the true Durandal is, of course, as the legend tells us, still lying in the waters into which the dying hero flung it, as the last blast of the Olifant expired on his lips, in the vain effort to call back Charlemagne to the field ; it is still, undoubtedly, at the bottom of the enchanted poisoned stream "which passed by there." And there, we may presume, it will remain, unless somebody finds it. No more will champions hew a foe in half at one wild sweep, as Godfrey and Conrad did to several Paynim in the Holy Land. No more will shields be split from top to bottom, as Renaud treated the buckler of the wicked infidel Sacripant. All that sort of behavior is no longer in our ways ; we do not work so laboriously in conflicts now ; battles have become lazy, in company with most other acts of modern life. Like stone cannon balls, the rack, the toga, and cups of hemlock, hard hitting has passed out of our wants.

The ferocity of sharp strokes, the immensity of savage smiting, which constituted, for thousands of years, the essential characteristics of the sword, form, however, but a poor part of its vast story. There came into it, with time, new lineaments, fairer and nobler than these. By small degrees, as centuries passed on, the sword began to mount, its uses rose, its functions soared. It never ceased to be a slaughterer, for killing is the essence of its being ; but it grew to be a creator as well as a destroyer ; men made of it their great ennobler. Its touch upon the shoulder conferred the knighthood which soldiers longed to win ; and reverence for it waxed so deep that its simple presence on the hip was taken to be sufficient evidence that its wearer was, to some extent at least, a gentleman. It came to be regarded as the one accepted emblem of manly pride, as the outer symbol of all that men prized most—their courage,

their liberty, and their honor. The practice of disarming captives had naturally engendered the idea that to give up a sword was an act implying defeat, bondage, and disgrace; and by a not incomprehensible extension of opinion, its possession was counted as indicating the exact contrary of all this, as constituting evidence that its wearer was undegraded and free, as supplying an unquestioned certificate of his liberty. It was the visible badge of birth, of bravery, of freedom. No other material object ever attained such a place in the eyes of men; the sword stood absolutely alone in its honor-bestowing efficacy. The crown, the sceptre, and the robe of ermine were for the elect alone—even the spur was only for a narrow class; but the sword was for large numbers at once, and it made no distinctions between its holders, it treated them all alike, and rendered precisely the same service to each of them. This enormous power was, however, of slow growth. This highest of the attributes of the sword, this noblest of its privileges, was, after all, almost modern, the earth got on without it for long ages. The Greeks and Romans (who only handled swords in war, and discarded them in peace time) knew naught about it; they contemptuously scoffed, indeed, at the barbarians their neighbors for carrying weapons when they did not want them, and saw therein conclusive evidence of their savageness. It was not until a state of life was reached in which almost every man bore arms as a distinction, until the sword became a daily and cherished companion, that its value as a mark of personal position stood out complete. But when it did, at last, attain the faculty of bestowing repute on all who touched it, it added a new and special glory to its previous splendors. Its legendary, historical, and political aspects, which were all stately enough already, became supplemented by another and a still higher phase.

And so the sword went forward, noble and ennobling, until another totally new life began for it with the sixteenth century. Until that period it continued to be the vehicle of honor and of blows; cleaving, slashing, mangling, and making gentlemen, were its perpetual occupations; and very grand they were—so

grand, indeed, that they would have sufficed for any other lesser ambition. But the sword was not content; it wanted more. Before it died it seized a new and still more wonderful position. There came a day when it assumed another function, acquired another potentiality, and claimed another place. Radiant as had been the sparkling brilliancies which light up its regal history, a still brighter effulgence suddenly illuminated it about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. That glorious epoch, so full of dates and memories, was the starting-point of further splendors which the sword, with all its accumulated majesty, had not yet known. In Spain, four hundred years ago, it was converted from a weapon of pure attack into a mixed arm of offence and defence combined. In contradiction to all its previous usages and aspects—which had been exclusively aggressive—it burst forth with a new complexion, and became a protector as well as an assailant. It remained the sword, but it replaced the shield; it lost no atom of its ancient powers, but it added to them new ones, which, so far, no one had suspected it of possessing. It unexpectedly duplicated its operations; it went on being itself, but it simultaneously became its contrary. Never did the nature of things protest more strangely against its own essence. The destroyer set itself to save, the slayer to rescue. The sword had always possessed the cut and thrust; it obtained the guard and parry. Fencing was invented!

Fencing could have had no possible existence while bucklers were alive. It was, equally, an impracticability while armor was employed. But, when the ægis and the coat of mail had disappeared together—when the road was opened, without barriers, to each man's skin—when the ponderous glaives that hewed heavily through casque and cuirass had lost the reason of their being, then the long thin *coutille* of the Germans—a prodding utensil, originally devised to find out holes in breastplates—was seized by the lithe ready hand of Spain, and swordsmanship was. In the first shape of the new invention the memory of the shield was too vivacious to be effaced; the rolled-up cloak upon the left arm supplemented the action of the blade

and comforted the combatant by the notion that he was behind a fortification. But this subterfuge died out, and the true fence of open onset and unaided ward appeared upon the earth, alone. The soldiers of Charles the Fifth carried the new science into Italy, where it was taken up with wild enthusiasm, and where it found its ablest professors. Profoundly Spanish in its origin and language, fencing became Italian in its teaching. "The great Tappa of Milan," as Brantôme calls him, was its first famous expositor ; and the first scientific treatise on it, the well-known "*Arte degli armi*," was published by Marozzo at Venice in 1536. The craft of swordsmanship dashed into life, instantly great, suddenly magnificent—it stood abruptly before the world, as real an art as cookery or hairdressing. And then began the superbest moments of the course of the sword. Its noble day had fully come. The earth went mad about fence—as mad, almost, as if it had been a tulip, a furbelow, or a wig. And then it turned French (as many other fashions have done, before and since). When Louis Treize was king—when the Mousquetaires fought hourly duels in the *Pré aux Clercs*—when Athos and D'Artagnan (who happened on that occasion to be on opposite sides without knowing it) recognized each other in an accidental set-to on a pitch-dark night, by the manner of their swording, then, most undeniably, France had grown to be the mistress of this new cunning, and thenceforth her thirty two-inch blade became the adopted combat-weapon of all gentlemen.

The sword at that moment reached its highest. The handling of it was a process by itself ; nothing like it had been known before ; it was of its own day and of no other. Of course, the method of employing swords had always varied with their shape and size ; of course, the long swinging of the two-handed claymore was distinct from the short chopping of the Greeks ; of course, the fantastic flourishing of the scimitar was other than the straight stabbing of the dagger ; but the rapid lunging of the rapier, and the complicated double action of the sword and poniard, were absolutely new shapes of procedure, involving, for the first time, theories, prin-

ciples, and rules. Thereon steel rose to its pinnacle ; it reached its triumph ; it attained its consummation. Its fall has been all the more immense. Its ruin has been more especially complete by reason of the very greatness of its fortune.

The vastness of its adversity would alone suffice to prevent our forgetting the sword ; but we have additional motives of memory, for its suppression has brought about a severance of a very particular kind between the present and the past, and has produced a gap that nothing can fill up. Other ancient engines have disappeared, and none but archæologists have sought for their traces ; other venerable usages have melted away, and the world has gone on as if they had never existed ; other antique fashions have died out, and no one has wept over them ; but the sword has left a staring vacancy behind it ; its place remains untenanted ; its functions are discharged by no successor. Its overthrow has entailed such vast and varied consequences, that it may really be counted, without exaggeration, among the events which have palpably affected and directed the destinies of humanity. Its effects have been felt in every land and every home ; for the disappearance of the sword has radically transformed the character of war, and has largely modified the character of men. The sword was not a mere momentary weapon, like a catapult or a crossbow ; it was not a passing custom, like breaking on the wheel or keeping a jester ; it was not an accidental style, like wearing masks or building pyramids. It was an essence, a fact, a part of existence, a world's need ; it outlived nations and centuries ; it endured when all else changed around it. And yet it was not always the same thing—it varied largely with time and place ; it made itself everything to everybody.

The discarding of this universal, indispensable, and perpetual weapon has brought about a transformation of two distinct kinds in the features of European war. Its material result has been the almost total abolition of hand-to-hand hitting ; its moral outgrowth has been to change the nature of the courage which is required in soldiers, and to give a new form to the manifestations of that

courage. With the exception of such cavalry charges and of such infantry rushes as result in a *mêlée* (and they are growing rare in the actions of to-day), there is an end in Europe of close quarters, and of the savage tussels which formerly made up almost the whole of a battle. Instead of delivering his stroke with his own arm, and within the reach of his arm, the soldier now transmits his blow through the barrel of his gun, to a distance of a mile or two; instead of demolishing a personal antagonist, whose eyes are glittering at him two feet off, he knocks over an indifferent stranger out of sight. Strength, activity, and hard hitting are replaced by skill in shooting straight and in keeping under cover. Shelter-trenches have replaced single combat. Smart fighting consists now in slaughtering people you cannot see, and to whom you are yourself invisible; you lie down in a hole and aim at a puff of smoke somewhere in front, and try to detect the consequences through a field-glass. Whirling a two-handed claymore was less scientific than this, but it was decidedly more immediate and more personal. And furthermore, it was infinitely more murderous, which was a merit, inasmuch as the object of war is to slay. When armies got face to face, and man to man, they hammered at each other until scarcely anybody was left; as is distinctly proved by the tremendous proportions of killed and wounded reported from the combats of the middle ages. At Poitiers, for instance, Charles Martel is said to have slain 375,000 Saracens. The suppression of swords has certainly rendered warfare a good deal less destructive than it was; and it has also considerably affected the nature of wounds; but it is by no means sure that the world has really derived any advantage from that. It is possible, indeed, that we should gain immensely in the long run by augmenting the abominations of war instead of diminishing them; by rendering them so insupportably hideous, that nobody would consent to face them. If it were made a certainty, beforehand, that every fight would end, necessarily, on both sides, with the massacre of every man engaged, fights would probably become more rare. Instead of that we are going directly the other way, and are introducing a

sort of affected gentleness into war; we are pretending to make it a matter of cleverness instead of murder, by which we are incontestably corrupting its real nature and distorting its true position in sociology. War means butchery, and nothing else; and the more butchery there is, the more does war present itself in its own character, and the less disguise and sham is there about it. The sword was straightforward and ingenuous; every blow was meant to hack flesh somewhere; it was all in earnest; it was all savage, brutal, and monstrous; it was all blood and mutilation, and horror; it meant all it did, and had no shame about it. But the theories and the processes of to-day are of another sort; they have none of the simplicity and none of the frank honesty of the sword. Strategy (which means stratagem) has assumed the place of strength and struggling. The object of a campaign is to take the other people prisoners rather than to kill them. Little linesmen, who weigh nine stone, are fancied to be more fit for soldiering than brawny giants are, because they have less weight to carry on a march, and can be more easily hidden away in a furrow or behind a bush. Physical power is no longer indispensable, for there are scarcely any occasions in which it can be used.

But these transformations in the nature of war, great though they be, are even less striking than the immense changes which have come about in the composition and the demonstration of modern military courage. We all well know what bravery used to be. In the days of steel the soldier very soon got up to his enemy, and went at him in person. The employment of distant arms, whether they were slings, or javelins, or arrows, did not keep armies long apart; they got together and battered each other. The sort of valor required for such fighting as that was of a very elementary and common sort; no training, no obedience, no discipline, no example, were required to lead a man to combat when he was in personal danger, when his life depended on his own stoutness, and when he would be killed at once if he did not use his weapon to protect himself. And furthermore, he had the stimulus of physical exertion, of

active effort and strife, of passion and conflict. His blood was up, and all his senses were concentrated on attack. He had no time to be afraid, and his entire case, corporeal and mental, was opposed to running away. In such a condition ferocity came of itself; it was an unavoidable, self-born result of the situation; all the aids to it were collected round the fighting man; all its sources were present in him, hard at work; he combated in battle as naturally as he would eat at table. There was no high courage in his doings, as we understand courage now.

The pluck that we ask from our soldiers to-day is of a very different sort. It is indeed so infinitely other and so infinitely higher that it is scarcely possible to make a serious comparison between the old and the new shapes of valiance. The invention of long-range fighting has brought into the world a type of fortitude which has been hitherto totally unknown (excepting in occasional isolated cases), which is just as much a product of our century as railways or electric telegraphs, and which is as distinguishable from the animal courage required for sword-work as is prophecy from fortune-telling. Instead of dashing at the enemy in fierce excitement, instead of the hot emotion of savage struggle, instead of furious muscular exasperation, instead of the intensest development of the combative faculties, our soldiers have now to exhibit their intrepidity by remaining placid, motionless, undisturbed, amid a hail of death and wounds. They have to stay quiet under distant fire, to let themselves be knocked to pieces, without the chance or even the possibility of doing anything whatever to defend themselves in an eager, efficient, satisfying form; the one solution open to them is to treat the other people in the same fashion, and to pelt impersonal missiles at them from afar. Not a man on either side has the pleasure of identifying the particular opponent who slaughters him. There is scarcely any of that individuality of carnage which is so contenting in hand-to-hand fight. And worse than all, there is none of the output of effort, of the bitter strain which necessarily accompanies the exhibition of brute hardihood. The bravery of to-day is a nerv-

ous contemplative process; there is no action, no movement, no tug about it. It principally consists in waiting obedience until you are hit by a chance shot. Troops do not like it. They are always wanting to get out of it, to rush ahead, to strike, to do something violent and comforting on their own behalf. They feel that it is absolutely unnatural to stand still to be killed, that it is totally anomalous to rest unaggressive under a tempest of ambient peril, that it is contrary to all the tendencies of humanity to make no vigorous attempt to ward off destruction; and yet that is precisely what they have learned to do. They may use shelter if they can find it (it is no longer cowardly to hide), but they may not use action. In one of Raffet's caricatures, a regiment is halted in the middle of a river, with the water up to the men's necks; the colonel says to them, "My children, I forbid you to smoke, but I permit you to sit down;" and that is very much the situation in which European soldiers are placed in battle now; it is permitted to be killed, but it is forbidden to fight. In Asia, it is true, there is still a chance of getting to close quarters and of using the right arm, as a good many of our people who have been in Afghanistan can testify. But in modern fighting on the Continent the rule is that the foe is so far off that no hitting can reach him. The consequence is, that our new shape of courage is based on the suppression of direct effort; it has become a passive process, in which we endure instead of acting. The old sword-daring was impetuous, emotional, and intuitive; the new gun-courage is deliberate, logical, and subjective; the one was material and substantial, the other is abstract and theoretical. They are as different from each other as credulity and faith, as astrology and astronomy, as dreams and thought.

Now, how has this strange transformation come about? Where lies its root? Can it really be that it is solely because soldiers go to battle now with guns instead of swords, that this prodigious change in the character of bravery has grown up? Or is there another cause for it besides that one? The answers to these questions are not difficult to find. The influence of sword or gun is, cer-

tainly, at the bottom of them, but another and a greater action overlies it. The use of the sword was essentially personal ; while the use of the gun is, as essentially, impersonal. The sword was the expression of the individual man who fought with it ; the gun is a machine. Each sword had its own special manner of operating, its own particular method, according to the hand which held it ; while each gun is but one in a total. The sword could not be wielded without liberty ; the gun cannot be worked without system. The one means independence, the other means discipline ; and there—in that last word—is found the true secret of modern courage. The swordsman was himself alone, therefore his qualities were positive ; the shooter is a unit in a regiment, therefore his qualities must be negative. We see proof enough of that at every match. The men who win prizes are precisely those who are animated by the least emotion, who have reduced themselves the most completely to a condition of impassibility. The difference between the swordsman and the rifleman is as great as between the Japanese workman, who never reproduces the same pattern twice, but throws a fresh invention of his own into every object he fashions, and the Birmingham artisan, who goes on mechanically making the one same identical spoon or tray throughout his life. And yet, though the independence of the sword is, manifestly, a more intellectual condition than the discipline of the gun, it is discipline, not independence, which has generated the loftiest type of courage that the world has seen. It is discipline alone which has popularized coolness, by enabling entire armies to acquire and practise it. Single examples of it have existed since history began ; but it is in our day that, for the first time, hundreds of thousands of men exhibit stoicism together. There lies the reply to our questions. The actual shape of military courage is the fruit of a particular training, which has suppressed the importance of the parts by transferring it to the whole. That training was unattainable while the sword forced fighters to be individual. It has only become achievable since the gun has obliged soldiers to be collective.

Here, at last, is a point on which the sword has to confess itself beaten.

But if it has to admit its inferiority as regards the quality of the courage which it provoked, it rushes to the front again directly we try to measure the influence it exercised on character. The gun has done nothing, absolutely nothing, to develop either qualities or defects in man. The peculiar new shape of bravery which has accompanied its adoption in war, is due, after all, to no merit in the gun itself ; it is simply an additional example, evolved by circumstances, of that progressive substitution of the idea of duty for the idea of honor, which constitutes so vivid and so absolute a distinction between the motives and the objects of the past and of the present. The gun has in no way aided us to form our temperaments, our dispositions, our desires, or our capacities : its action on us, as a moulder of our natures, has been null. But the sword, on the contrary, has been one of the most powerful of the factors which have contributed to shape the tenor of men, both in body and in mind. The work it did is self-evident ; it stares us in the face. Its operation was so direct, so immediate, so personal—it went so straight to its end—there was such a total absence of hesitation or of complexity about it—that it would indeed have been astonishing if it had produced a less vast result. Of course the manner and the quantity of its action have varied largely with time and place ; but that action was, in general terms, constant, until a century ago. Everywhere and always the usage of the sword has told, for evil and for good, upon a large proportion of mankind. Physically, its work was excellent : it stimulated activity, strength, rapidity of movement, dexterity and certainty of hand and foot. Morally, its doings were opposite and conflicting. In one direction it engendered self-reliance, the habit of resource, the consciousness of responsibility ; a keen sentiment of dignity, of loyalty and of honor ; the desire to protect the suffering and the weak ; and a curious, fantastic, very noble generosity, proper to itself alone, which stands before us in history under the misty name of “ the spirit of chivalry ; ”—but in its

other bearings, it bred irritability, bullying, provocation, violence, the vainglory of force. In all these resultances, however, composite and even contradictory as they were between themselves, the sword invariably maintained, unchanged and unchangeable, the great striking characteristic of its form of proceeding—it was uniformly and persistently personal. It acted on each man separately; it guided one to the right, another to the left. Never did it proceed by groups; the absolute individuality of its teaching was the most remarkable of the many features it presented. It was a private tutor, not a schoolmaster.

Well, this energetic educator has been suppressed. Its peculiar lessons have ceased to act upon us; the influence it exerted has vanished; it no longer prompts us to good, or pushes us to evil. We have become free to act as we like, without any of the guidance which, during centuries, the sword imposed on Europeans. Have we lost, or have we gained, by the cessation of that guidance? The majority of us would probably declare that we have largely gained: that the sword was a blusterer, a bully, and a tyrant; that an incubus has been lifted off our backs; that we have escaped from a domination and a cruelty; and that we are well rid of the intimidation of steel. But a minority would perhaps proclaim that the sword performed a moral function, and exercised a social action; that it was not a mere swaggerer, a mere despot, or a mere killer; that it did service upon earth by forcing men to respect each other; that it kept up the sentiment of mutual responsibility as no other external agent has ever sustained it. Some of us might indeed go further still, and assert that, since the downfall of the sword, the notion and the practice of deference and of manners between man and man have palpably diminished; that the conception of honor has grown distinctly feeble; that an undeniable development of the meaner instincts has supervened; and that, if hectoring and violence have decreased on the one hand, punctiliousness, courtesy, dignity, and fair name have still more ebbed away on the other. And all this may be said without the slightest desire to defend duelling. It is the abstract idea of the sword, not the

practical misuse of it, which lies at the bottom of such thoughts as these. The sword, with all its faults, was a gallant gentleman; and there is neither folly nor exaggeration in maintaining that, when a just balance-sheet is struck, the world comes out a loser, not a winner, by its discomfiture.

All this, however, is only the moral and sentimental aspect of the subject. It has a material side as well, which, though it is far less interesting, would form an even bigger part of it if it were set forth in its full proportions. Its dimensions are indeed enormous. Never has any manufactured product exhibited more elastically than the sword the faculty of adapting itself to circumstances; even clothes have scarcely been more multiform, even houses have hardly been more sundry. The sword has been made of many sorts of matters and metals; of stone, of wood, of bone, of copper, of brass, of bronze, of iron. It has assumed deviating shapes and profuse sizes; it has been short and long, heavy and light, straight and curved, wide and narrow, pointed, round, or square, tapering or expanding, sharp on either side, or on both, or on neither. There have been, in each European language, at least thirty different names of breeds of swords, from the horseman's huge *espadon* of six feet long, to the garter stylet of six inches. The catalogues of armories, and the special books on weapons, contain so many details, so many descriptions, and so many distinctions of types and sects and characters, that no enthusiast can pretend to know them all. Specimens have come to us from all the hiding-places and all the countries, from tombs and caves and river-beds and ruins, from under ground and under marsh and under water, from Mexico and Persia, from Scandinavia and Japan, from ancient Dacia and Peru, from Africa and China, from Rome, Assyria, and Ireland, from Switzerland and Denmark, from Germany and Sicily, from everywhere and anywhere, and other places. The earth, the lake, and the stream have disgorged their swallowed specimens; the sepulchre and the temple have given back their offerings; the buried city has unclutched its relics; the battle-field has rendered up its vestiges. And from all these subterranean pillag-

ings the museums have grown full. There is the Greek sword, so curt that it was little more than a large knife, pre-eminently fit for scrambling, hacking, strenuous stabbing at unflinchingly close quarters. There is the Roman sword, of differing lengths, almost as various, indeed, as the countries it conquered. There is the Gallic sword, of such soft pliant metal that its users had to stop in fight, after each hard blow, in order to straighten it under their feet, thereby enabling the enemy to knock them over uncontestedly. There are the hooked scimitars of the Turks, with an inside edge, and the curved Arab yataghans, with the edge outside. There is the cross-handled sword of the Crusader, with which he prayed and slew alternately. There is the weapon whose pommel served for a seal, like that of Charlemagne, who said, when he used it to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept." There are the Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, and Moorish swords, each one of them with a type or detail proper to itself. There are the glaives of red-clothed headsmen of the middle ages; there are Malay *krisses*, and the notched blades of Zanzibar, and old sabres (the parents of our contemporaneous tribe) from India, Armenia, and Khorassan. There is the *espada* of the Spanish *matador*, the *schiaivona* of Venice, the Albanian cutlass, the Kabyle *flissa*, the Turkish *kandjar*, the Court sword of a century ago, the claymore of Scotland. There are all the incalculable assortments of German, Spanish, and Italian swords. All these, and a thousand others, are to be found in the collections, with their capricious varyings of blade and handle, of pommel, spindle, and hilt, of inlaying and engraving, of complicated basket-guards, of every sort of ornament and complement and supplement that can be added to an implement. Damaskeening, particularly (which is the incrusting of gold and silver into iron and steel, and which, though said by Herodotus to have been invented by Glaucus of Chio, and though cultivated by the Romans, was not seriously practised in modern Europe till the fifteenth century), gives a remarkable beauty and artistic value to many swords; it is per-

haps, indeed, the most distinctive and the most graceful of all the adornments which have been lavished upon them. And the scabbards! Why, they form a special race; if they were not, by the essence and condition of their being, a mere adjunct to something else, they would occupy a place of their own in the world. Their sorts and shapes are so many that they are beyond arithmetic.

Then there are the inscriptions on the blades. They almost constitute a literature, in poetry and in prose. For the most part they are brag and bluster; but here and there some few of them are pious, wise, or silly. The mighty glaive of Conrad Schenk of Winterstetten (4 feet 8 inches long, and 4 inches wide), which is in the Dresden Museum, bears, in antiquated German, the tenderly swaggering advice—"Conrad, dear Schenk, remember me. Do not let Winterstetten the Brave leave one helm uncleft." The sword of Hugues de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight the noble motto won by his ancestor in the fight at Bouvines, "*Mon sang teint les bannières de France.*" In the Erbach Collection is an old Ferrara blade, with the sage device, "My value varies with the hand that holds me." A sword in the Paris Cabinet de Médailles, is reverently inscribed, "There is no conqueror but God." The rapiers of Toledo were engraved in hundreds with the wise counsel, "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor." The invocation of saints are very frequent; and so are prayers, like, "Do not abandon me, O faithful God," which is on a German sword in the Az Collection at Linz; and ejaculations, like the Arabic, "With the help of Allah I hope to kill my enemy." There are vaunting mottos, like the Spanish, "When this viper stings, there is no cure in any doctor's shop;" and pompous announcements, like the Sicilian, "I come;" and critical observations, like the Hungarian, "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely;" and matter-of-fact declarations, like, "When I go up you go down" (only that is on an axe). This "cutler poetry," as Shakespeare called it, presents itself all over Europe, in all languages, mixed up with the maker's address or the owner's arms. And so, if you go to Toledo now and buy a

dozen blades for presentation to your friends at home, you have their names engraved upon the steel, with some sonorous Castilian phrase of friendship and gift-offering.

As for manufacturing details, properly so called, they are (with one exception) too technical to be talked of here; they interest nobody but blacksmiths. All that need be said about them is that the secret of a modern sword lies exclusively in the tempering, and that almost each maker has his own fashions and his own tricks. To make steel sharp, it must be hard; to make it elastic, it must be tough. Cast-steel gives hardness, sheer-steel gives toughness, but in no ordinary process can the two qualities be united. So, excepting at Toledo and one or two other places, all actual makers have abandoned the attempt to produce elastic blades, and have gone in for edge alone. There is, however (or, more exactly, there was), a treatment which really does unite the two contrary capacities in the same blade. The curious product called damask-steel possesses them both, and all the great Eastern swords owe to it their celebrity. It is true that the art of damasking (which is a very different matter from the damaskeening alluded to just now) has lost its use since swords have ceased their service; but still it looms out with such distinctness in the mechanical part of the history of swords, it occupies so large a place in its atmosphere, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence. It constitutes the exception which has just been mentioned.

All steel which exhibits a surface figured with lines is called damask, but the true oriental product of that name united extraordinary interior qualities to this generic exterior aspect. It combined two distinct classes of merit. First, as regards its inner nature, it was so ductile and so malleable that it could be hammered cold; yet it became "as hard as tyranny" when tempered, and took an edge as sharp as the north wind; and, with all this, was as supple as whalebone, so that no accident could break it. Secondly, as regards its external appearance, it was covered with meandering lines like water-marks; its hue was gray, brown, or black, and presented, over all, a varying sheen, blue,

red, or golden. The quality rose with the size, the shape, and the clearness of the lines. In very high class specimens they were an eighth of an inch thick; when they were only as wide as ordinary writing they were not regarded as really good; and if they were scarcely visible they were altogether contemptible. Pattern was as important as size: straight parallel ribs constituted the lowest type; as the lines curved the merit rose; it went on increasing with the multiplicity of twists; it became admirable when ruptures of the marks appeared, with dots between them; it was distinctly noble when the lines were so contorted and so broken that they formed a network of little threads, twisted in different directions; and it attained its highest possible perfection when those threads assumed the shape of chevrons or of bunches of little grapes, spread equally all over the blade. If, to these peculiarities of pattern, a deep dark ground with a true golden gloss was superadded, then the work was a masterpiece, and was worthy to have been made at Damascus.

These definitions were laid down some thirty years ago by a man who followed out the art of damasking to its inmost mysteries—who made himself its apostle, and preached its creed. This enthusiast—Colonel Anosoff, manager of the imperial factory of Zlatoust in the Urals—succeeded in reproducing the true oriental damask—at least he obtained steel of such striking character, and of such beauty and merit, that it was not possible to detect any difference between it and the most finished old Syrian performances. The lines which his work showed were in the metal itself, and could not be ground out of it; his color and prismatic lustre were altogether perfect; and he frequently (but not always) united extreme hardness and extreme elasticity in the same specimen. He made some swords which would bend till the point touched the hilt, and which would also cut through an iron bar. More than this no blade can do, or ever has done; and the same two faculties have never been conjoined in any other steel than damask. There are swords now made in Europe which will sweep a gauze in two in the air; and at Toledo, every day, blades may

be seen packed in coils like watch springs. But no metal can be persuaded to do both unless it be damasked, and not always even then.

To attain these results, Colonel Anosoff tried several processes of manufacture, and reached fair results with most of them; but his best work was effected by mixing pure native graphite with the highest quality of iron, using dolomite as a flux. A good many minerals are known to possess the property of damasking steel, but none of them to the same extent as graphite—so far, that is, as European experience extends. It is, however, almost certain that the great Asiatic steels were obtained by some unknown process of mere tempering, without any special mixtures; unless, indeed, Nature did the adulteration herself, which is possible, for Faraday thought he saw in many Eastern specimens faint traces of something more than pure iron, carbon, and azote, which is the composition of chemically unsophisticated steel. In the Indian "wootz" steel, for instance, which possesses remarkable toughness and sharpness, he fancied he found aluminium. But no analysis of oriental swords has revealed any really perceptible difference of ingredients between them and ordinary modern products. The water used for cooling may, not impossibly, have had a share in the work; for it is well known that its particular character exercises a clearly recognizable influence on the metal chilled it. When the Toledo factory was removed to Seville, to keep it out of the hands of the French during the Peninsular war, the quality of the steel fell instantly, and rose again on the return to Toledo—showing, according to all the judges, that the Guadalquivir did its business less well than the Tagus. In the same way the dyes for the Gobelin tapestries are said to owe their infinite delicacy of hue to the effect of the Bièvre—a little stream which is employed in their preparation; and the beer of Allsopp and of Bass to be what it is, because it is made of the water of the Trent. Anyhow, whatever may have been its fashioning, the Asiatic damask-steel was far away the best material for swords that the world has ever seen—for it would cut through most obstacles, and could be fractured by none.

Even the amazing sabres of Japan, despite their bewildering sharpness, cannot compete with damasked blades, because they have no elasticity. They are as hard as diamond; they take and keep an edge so ideally acute that they will go through a pillow or a poker as if they were air. If you hold them vertically in a river the leaves that float down with the current will, unknowingly, cut themselves in two against them; they flick off a man's head with a twist of the wrist; you can shave with them—at least all this is said of them, and very possibly it is true. But, stupendously as they cut, they can do nothing else; and they are heavy and double-handed, and awkward to use by foreigners. In their own country, however, they have been so cherished and so prized that some of them have been deified, and have had temples built to them. It is true that this happened a long time ago, when the sword, the mirror, and the ball were still revered as the three treasures sent from heaven with the first ruler of the country in 700 B.C. But though the sabre soon ceased to enjoy the advantage of becoming a god itself, it continued always to be regarded as a worthy offering to other gods, which explains why so many of the finest specimens have been preserved in the temples. Yet, with all this adoration of them, the manufacture of swords developed slowly in Japan. Until the end of the fifth century Chinese and Korean blades were considered to be better than the local products; and it was only on the creation of the Ministry of War in A.D. 645 (has any other land a War Office twelve centuries old?) that a Government arms factory was established, and a stimulus given to the trade. From that date it grew rapidly. The famous Yastsuma invented new processes of treating steel; and in the eleventh century the Japanese swords exported to China aroused such admiration that a notable wise man of the period composed a poem, which is still popular, to celebrate their merits. About the year 1400, the illustrious maker Yoshimitsu, and his followers, carried the manufacture to the highest perfection it ever attained. From that date it progressed no further, but it remained active and prosperous, because, as every gentleman wore two

swords, the demand was large and constant. The destruction of the feudal system by the revolution of 1868 has suppressed swords in Japan, as they had already been uprooted in Europe; henceforth those wonderful razors will only be found in museums, side by side with mummies and stuffed birds.

And when, from the cold standpoint of those museums, with all enthusiasm chilled out of us by catalogues and glass cases and rust, we look back at the career of swords in their totality—when we consider them as things of the past with which we have no longer any concern, excepting as curiosities—we see even more plainly than before the main outlines of their record, and the salient features of their work. The stages of their history stand forth distinctly; the periods are as clearly marked as the rows of seats in an amphitheatre. First comes the pure carnage epoch, elementary and ruthless. Then follows the legendary era of impossible feats of arms, stupendous and puerile. Next arrives the feudal time, devout and murderous, with its curious mixed processes of religion and butchery, and the simultaneous sentimental elevation of the sword to the sovereign place of fountain of honor. After it springs up the noble season of fence, gymnastic and superb. And, finally, there is the downfall, sad, ah sad! Through these five ostensibly registered terms the sword traveled unceasingly onward and upward, till it had completed its allotted evolution, and reached the plenitude of its development. It followed out its varying destiny to the end, attaining, before it fell, a glory of fulfilment which no one, certainly, foresaw in the days of its uncouth youth, when naked savages splintered each other with flint choppers. But the radiant completion of its imperial course presented certain local disparities; it was not equally magnificent all over Europe. It attained its fullest perfection only in the countries where chivalry was established, and even in them there were visible differences from land to land. The ideal conception was not the same everywhere; the psychological sentiment shifted; the creed fluctuated; and, above all, the external expression veered about. So widely, indeed, did all this vary, that, strange to tell, in the North

the sword was either male, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany (where, indeed, girls are neuter too); while in the South it was uniformly female! What a discord of appreciation is revealed by this single fact! And what consequences resulted from it! The elegance, the poetry, the graceful dignity of the sword were incontestably most ripened on the sunny soils of France, Italy, and Spain, where it was feminine; while its force, its overwhelmingness, and its harshness, found a more congenial place in the colder regions, where it was maculine or neuter. Of course, in all this, national temperaments made themselves felt. Latitude and climate and genders were not alone at work; local character, local usages, and local necessities assisted to bring about local deviations; and, between them, they made up a very perceptible collection of variations. And yet all these external influences, numerous and contradictory as they were, never got beyond mere details; they were purely superficial in their action; not one of them ever told upon the real intrinsic fortune of the sword. Surrounding circumstances never exercised a substantial effect upon that fortune. They altered shapes, or names, or sizes, and they changed views, impressions, and fancies; but they went no further. Even natural laws, universal and irresistible as is their domination, were powerless to affect the fate of steel; they had to make an exception in the case. The sword persisted in being as independent of their sovereign puissance as of mere local conditions of life; it scoffed at predestination and order, and proclaimed free-will and liberty. Headlong, impetuous, and dazzling, it furnished a wonderful example of Pelagianism and Molinism in their application to matter; and there were no St. Augustin and no Jansenists to preach against it. Unlike the motion of light, the growth of potatoes, the orbits of planets, and everything in general, the reckless blade alone has always been unregulated by principles. The eternal edicts which steer all other substances whatever, which govern comets and earthquakes, the sun and electricity and sound, apple-trees, diamonds, and rain, and ordinary things of that sort—which make them do what they do in the way

they do it, simply because they cannot help themselves—have had no grasp whatever upon swords. Politics, and headache, and appetite, and all other human weaknesses whatever, have to be submissively obedient to the great central guiding forces ; but the sword has acknowledged no higher volition than its own. It stands alone as the successful defier of Nature and her laws. It has always been itself, unchanged, enfranchised, and heroic, the arch-type of arrogant audacity, of fantastic spontaneity, of resplendent freedom.

And really it did not make a bad use of the wild liberty it arrogated to itself. It went fairly straight along its vagabonding road, and did not yield too contemptibly to the seductions and temptations which surrounded its steps. It was neither too haughty nor too capricious—neither too cruel nor too childish. It is true that Clotaire II. did slay all the Saxons who were taller than his sword (which makes us hope they were a small race) ; but Procrustes went through the same curtailing proceeding with his bed ; and we might as well accuse beds in the one case as swords in the other. No, decidedly ; the sword used its vast power well. Its memory is not that of a tyrant ; it scarcely ever lost the consciousness of its high estate, of its duties and responsibilities ; it felt that *noblesse oblige*, and behaved accordingly. With what can we seriously reproach it ? What has it done that was particularly disgraceful ? Or, more exactly, what has it done that was more disgraceful than what everything else around it was doing every day ? More people have died of the sea than of the sword, and with quite as much unpleasantness of treatment ; but nobody has ever presumed to blame the waves for that ; they have simply carried on their legitimate business, which is drowning. And the sword has similarly followed its own calling, and has made holes in people to let out their lives, that is all. In every other of its acts it has been so high and admirable that mankind instinctively adopted it as the natural and essential symbol of lofty thoughts. The list of the attributes which have been conferred upon it includes nearly all the generous aspirations of which the heart is susceptible ; and it must be remem-

bered that it possessed them not merely in its representative capacity as an emblem, but to a great extent also in its effective being as an achiever. The proverbs of all nations (which are the truest measurers of popular conviction) speak of it with reverence and trust ; it was everywhere regarded as an all-sufficient type and token of the higher sentiments and higher tendencies of men. It was only by exception that it became sometimes associated with low longings or with vulgar thirsts. It inspired poets, bards, and troubadours ; it was the theme of glorious song, the burden of true tale, the subject of strange romance. The blood which dripped from it did not defile it ; it remained almost unceasingly and almost universally, the "good sword ;" its fair fame never faded, excepting for short rare moments. How, otherwise, could it have held, for thousands of years, so supreme a place, as the model, the sign, and the expression of all that men most hallowed ? How else could it have reached and kept so marvellous a position of ideal nobility, so splendid a height of illustrious personification. It represented almost all the ambitions, the exaltations and the prides of men. Fame, courage, and glory ; rank, dignity, and renown ; greatness, victory, and truth ; majesty and honor—have all been incarnated in the blade of steel, have all been expressed by its pregnant name, have all been contained in the suggestive ideas which it conveyed. What other word in language has had such meanings ? What other image has betokened such import ? What other sign has pointed to such associations ?

With such a prodigious function as this, the sword seemed destined to immortality, for it was difficult to conceive that men would be able to do without an assistant whose uses and whose senses were so all-applicable. And yet the immensity of its position did not save the sword. All this magnitude of meaning, all this significance of symbol, all this accumulation of elevated thoughts, served for nothing when the day of ruin came. They cannot be forgotten, but they go back further from us each day. The poetic aspects of the sword have already become legendary ; no one selects it as a figure now ; it is a sword, in our time,

and nothing else. Steel is no more to us than lead or putty ; it is, like them, a substance used in manufacture, and the generation of to-day would no more think of assigning virtues to it than of conceiving that putty can make love, or lead teach swimming. The change which has fallen on the sword is not a mere cessation of business—it is a stoppage of life. The sword is no longer either a weapon or an idea ; we no

longer fight with it, we no longer think with it, we no longer respect it.

It had remained from the beginning until yesterday ; and then it became mortal and died. It is gone : and when we stand in armories and gaze at the relics which testify what it once was, we say, with a sigh in spite of common-sense and commerce, "A great soul has passed out from among us."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

MR. FROUDE AS A BIOGRAPHER.

BY JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THAT we should speak only good of the dead—which means, of course, of the recently dead—is a maxim founded on respect to the best part of our nature. There is almost always some one on whom, at such a moment, any harsh judgment on the one who is gone inflicts a peculiarly painful wound, and if by any sad chance there should be no one, then the sense of a common humanity should replace the peculiar ties which have been loosened or broken, and demand, with an even superior claim, that we should pay so forlorn a being the tribute of a respectful silence. We hurt the sense of pity, of reverence within, when we needlessly allow ourselves to put hard judgments of one recently gone from us into words, even if they are just words. And in ordinary circumstances such words are needless. That chapter is closed—with that person our relations are ended, his faults can hurt us no more. Most people are soon forgotten, their memory, while it lasts, may well be allowed a little undue fragrance. We should not disturb the silence of the newly-closed grave for any reason that is not weighty.

The consciousness of these truisms (as they may perhaps be considered) generally delays any attempt at the record of a life, till such time as a judgment may be expressed on it without offence. It jars on our sense of moral fitness when those whose empty place still seems, as it were, to affect our spiritual equilibrium, are presented to us in a light which demands any moral investigation, even if this should end in ac-

quittal. For if they are so presented, the judgment must be expressed. It is not so great an evil to speak ill of the recently dead as to contribute to a false account of them. Hardly any duty of which the law takes no cognizance is more important than that of the biographer ; some duties of which it does take cognizance are less important. Some kinds of dishonesty for which men were, at no distant period, condemned to the gallows, seem to us more pardonable than the careless or malignant word which diminishes an honorable reputation ; some kinds of cruelty which our more lenient penal code still regards with severity, are trifling beside the injustice which sets before thousands the calumny which can be refuted only in the hearing of a few score ; or than the record, even if it be accurate, of some event or circumstance which, without throwing any valuable light on character or history, revives forgotten pain, and undoes the soothing work of time. Nor do the claims of literary decency strike us as less urgent than those of literary humanity. The duty of reticence grows with a man's audience. Much truth must be reluctantly spoken ; but we do not believe that even cowardly silence does so much harm as indecent utterance, and when a wise man feels that he must choose between possibly speaking what should be withheld, and possibly withholding what should be spoken, we will always choose the latter, at all events when he is speaking to the world.

These remarks apply to every kind of

biographical record—to that which a man makes of himself, and to that which another makes of him. There are some very different temptations in the two cases, and some that are identical. A certain reserve should be the common aim of both; a biography or an autobiography should alike show us a man at his best. This may be thought even too much the aim of most biographers, but they would rarely gain truthfulness by losing affection. Nor would self-portraiture be more truthful if, in any self-review, a man failed to repress the faults that he has failed to overcome. It is no less desirable than it is natural that literary utterance should act as a moral filter. We are all the gainers by being made to repress the worse half of ourselves. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things;" the evil treasure, it is implied, is left by the good man unopened. It is not that any one should desire to have a portrait of himself given to the world which is fairer than the original. It is that he and we should desire that in all self-revelation a noble idea should give the key-note to utterance, that while unfaithfulness to that ideal should be confessed; yet in this self-revelation, as in all other actions, a man should aim at rising above himself, and setting the influence of his words on the side of that greater permanence in what is pure and lofty, which, as contrasted with the superior present effectiveness of evil, forms our only hope of the final triumph. This aim, which should be included within the code of the most insignificant of us, is by no means—as at first sight it may seem—a small or easy part of duty. Much natural impulse, and perhaps some logical theory, would lead toward an impartial expression of the whole being, often the easiest, sometimes to all appearance, the more noble kind of utterance. In resisting the temptation let us not lose the mighty aid of the example of genius. We underrate the influence of such an example. Miss Cobbe has finely said of the influence of law on general morality, that it is like that of an organ on a choir. The same image may be applied to that unwritten law which the standard of great men imposes on the rank and file of humanity. If the key-note is struck wrong, if

the powerful instrument is out of tune, where shall we look for connection to our own feeble voices and false ears? A biographer is a model not merely to biographers. He gives all his readers a lesson in moral judgment, especially in the discrimination of character and circumstance, one of the most important elements of judgment. Men of genius are subject to decay like their inferiors. Old age blunts the judgment, distorts the taste—above all, slackens the power of reticence. But when those who have the privilege of watching and remedying that decay give to the public what is marked by the characteristics of a time of weakness and suffering, they inflict gratuitous pain. The very accuracy of their observation is misleading. A mind in ruins is not, like a castle in ruins, a record from which we may revive, to our mind's eye, the original structure. It resembles rather some such strange confusion as might be found in the shattered *débris* left by an earthquake, where we should vainly seek to trace the causes which have combined or separated different objects, and can only recognize that nothing has been created by the shock. The utterances of second childhood do not, any more than the utterances of first childhood (and indeed they do it much less), reveal the man. Of the needs of age and disease such utterances have much to teach; the lesson, if we obtained it legitimately, would be a very pathetic one. But nothing is pathetic that is thrust upon unwilling eyes. Such utterances remind us that:

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow;"

but a portrait of Marlborough at that stage adds nothing to the lesson, takes off, indeed, much of its impressiveness. There are truths that we enfeeble when we illustrate them. We must recognize that old age brings with it many kinds of weakness; but in the very act of such recognition we should hide its object from the gaze of indifference. To do so is our interest no less than our duty. The hope of each one of us must be that in the twilight of our day some tender hand will draw the curtain that shuts us from the world, and that it shall be the largest part of filial care to hide our weaknesses from every eye but that of

love. Such books as that which all England has been lamenting do much to frustrate this common hope. To bring into the glare of full daylight that which tells of mental decay is to weaken all the resources of forbearance, of tolerance in dealing with mental decay. There is a profound connection between forbearance and reserve which we shall too surely discover if we allow ourselves to do, on our small scale, what Mr. Froude has done. But we incline to hope that these volumes will do more than the most eloquent sermon to preach the claims of a merciful and reverent silence.

For no one is blind to the error of him who, in discharge of a responsibility bequeathed with a pathetic confession of conscious incapacity of judgment, such as ought to have delayed this vicarious decision with a sense of anxious and scrupulous caution, has flung before the world, with haste barely allowing correction of the press,* the utterances of a mind diseased. We never remember a book, concerning which opinion was so unanimous, as concerning the *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle. That it should not have been written is the opinion of most of those whose opinion was worth having, but that it should not have been published seems to us the opinion of everybody, except those who regarded Carlyle as a preacher of mischievous doctrine, whom it was desirable to bring into disrepute. "This book will destroy the Carlyle-idol," was the gleeful exclamation, it is said, of an eminent Radical, who honestly believed Carlyle-worship to be an impediment in the way of the true Gospel.

Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.

At times we could almost imagine that this line furnishes a key to Mr. Froude's true motive. So bewildered are we by the decision, that the cloud of dotage shall eclipse a striking and interesting character, that we are tempted to ascribe to him the part of Sino toward Priam, and to believe that under a guise of meek inoffensiveness he has intentionally admitted the foe into the very

heart of the citadel. But we must vary the Virgilian narrative to make it suit our purpose. It is a duteous Hector, a pious Æneas, to all appearance, who has played the part of Sino. It is the trusted son who has opened the gates to the hostile crowd.

We must try to remind ourselves of the extreme disinterestedness he has shown in this publication. Mr. Carlyle said to him, "Give the world what you think well for it to read of these papers;" and he desired, surely, to present to the public only that portion of them which would commemorate what was characteristic of a large and lofty, even if a faulty personality. What ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have done with such a bequest is plain enough. The beautiful little sketch of James Carlyle, like the autobiographic fragment prefixed to Lockhart's "Life of Scott," was the natural introduction to a Biography; and the picture of the Annandale stone-mason might have stood side by side with that of the Edinburgh lawyer, as the frontispiece to the memoirs of an illustrious and affectionate son. The recollections of Jeffrey and of Irving would have afforded rich material for a biographer, but a portion of both would have been not only not used, but as far as possible obliterated and forgotten. The memoir of Mrs. Carlyle would have been used, but hardly quoted at all; and such papers as that on Wordsworth, lastly, would have been neither used nor quoted, but thrown into the fire. We have vainly striven to fashion some conceivable hypothesis why Mr. Froude has not done what any one else would have done. He had here the most valuable materials for the biography of the man he wished to commemorate; he is endowed by nature with all the powers needed for a worthy commemoration; and he has so used these materials that when the biography comes, all his great literary power will hardly prevent his work from falling flat. He has acted like the discoverer of a gold mine, who should cart away tons of the earth in which the ore is imbedded before beginning to separate any. He has given wanton and reckless pain, has hurt tender recollections and sacred feelings, and he has bereaved us all of a noble

* At least an important date on p. 226, vol. i. it would appear, given wrong; nor is this the only mark of careless editing in the volumes.

ideal that was most dear and precious ; but we must remember that he has not yielded to any comprehensible temptation in doing so ; on the contrary, he has made the task he has yet to fulfil less interesting, both to himself and his readers. It is not as in the publication of a book to which these *Reminiscences* have been compared—the *Greville Memoirs*. They, at least, were a contribution, of a certain kind, to literature ; it never occurred to the reader that any other use could be made of them than giving them with more or less revision to the public. But these *Reminiscences* are a drawer emptied into the printer's hands, not a book. Can Mr. Froude be ignorant that the memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle is an exposure of mental decay ? If he was really blind to its true character, he may have failed to recognize the petty slanders of ingratitude and ill-will. It is a strange, but not altogether an undesirable, conjunction by which literary acumen and common humanity depart together, and a man of ability forgets what is the effect of mere slovenly jottings, as he loses all sense of the evil in a low grudging spirit of disparagement.

We write thus with no intention of sarcasm, but in a real desire to discover that an eminent historian has not acted with reckless cruelty in giving this book to the world. If he really knew what he was doing, it was an act of literary cruelty in some respects without a parallel. Many men and a few women have had hard things said of them in print before, no doubt ; far more disagreeable, in fact, than anything said in these pages, where everything is on a small scale. We deal with petty disparagement, not libel. But in every case which we can call to mind, those who have previously suffered a similar wrong were persons who were, in a certain sense, prepared for the misfortune. Either by character, or position, or some accidental circumstance, they stood already before the world. They, or rather their children, knew that different views must be taken of them ; their position, to a certain degree, was secured ; any fresh opinion had to take its place by the side of that which it could not displace ; and as it was not the whole of what would be known of them, so it was not an unwarrantable intrusion

into the shadow of privacy. But the persons calumniated and depreciated here are mostly those of whom posterity will know little or nothing but what Carlyle has chosen to tell of them. They asked nothing better of the world than to forget them. They challenged no comparison with heroic natures ; they demanded no space in the chronicle of resonant action ; they sought only a place in the hearts of a few loved ones, and a merciful judgment, perhaps, from the only being to whom they looked for recollection when their children passed away.

We cannot remember any other book from the pen of a man of genius by whom such men and such women were assailed. There is a strange stirring of heart which almost all feel, sooner or later, at the mention of those whom they can never forget, but whom they must remember alone. There was no wish in the dead to be remembered, but we are so made, that a certain dim, irrational pity mingles with our love for those whom the world has forgotten, and there is a strange glow in the most commonplace, even the most indiscriminate mention, that recalls their mere names to us, so it be only kindly. And if the thrill of expectation, stirred by the unexpected sight of their names, be followed by scorn or disparagement, a wound is inflicted on a part of the nature far more sensitive than that of self-love. Our own repute is a thing to some extent in our own hands. If it is hurt to-day, we may determine that it shall be healed to-morrow. But a slur cast on the memory of a parent leaves us helpless, and such a slur, sent down to posterity, even if it be comparatively a slight one, seems to us a more cruel wrong than the heaviest libel that man or woman may meet, and answer, or at least explain. This book enters the modest home, where fame is as little desired as slander is feared, and defaces the loved portrait, seen for many years through a mist of tears, with splashes of mud. With splashes of mud only, for the most part, we firmly believe. This dull, pointless censure is refuted by its own monotony, its tone of unvarying peevishness. When we have read of Wordsworth—that “he was a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive, and

almost wearisome kind of man ;”* of Lamb and his sister (think of writing † the words “ of Lamb and his sister”), that “ they were a very sorry pair of phenomena” (ii. 165) ; of Coleridge (i. 230), “ that he was a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest”—we come to hard, contemptuous words of some new acquaintance, with a habit of scepticism that undoes their effect, or perhaps inverts it. But, alas ! it is not only mud which has been cast on the central portrait of Mr. Froude’s gallery. We believe, indeed, that some of the ugly splashes which deface an image dear to all lovers of literature throughout Europe may be washed away. Much of the discredit which this book has brought on its writer will fade, we may hope, as men recover from the shock of its moral ugliness, and recognize that this is due, in part, to the diseased state of the mind thus uttered. But we dare not hope that we shall ever entirely recover the noble image we have lost. Carlyle was not the poor creature he has painted himself here. But he must have had the faults he betrays, there is no denying it, ugly as they are. The discovery may not be altogether new to his friends. A faulty being they all know that he was. But they thought him loyal, grateful, and generous, and with the *Reminiscences* to be brought against them, they must in future, if they can still give him credit for loyalty, gratitude, and generosity, be ready to justify their belief in the face of his own words.

How far his words written under such circumstances reveal his character is a point on which we are glad to think that opinion will vary. What posterity will think of Mr. Froude’s share in this book must be considered as hardly more doubtful than what the world thinks of it to-day, but what posterity will think

of Mr. Carlyle’s share of it is happily less clear. He was always regarded with a kind of special indulgence by his friends. “ It seems to me marvellous,” said one of them to the writer since his death, “ how I could listen as I did to his tirades in favor of slavery ; one could not have endured it from any one else, but there was something in his personality that made it different.” It was not merely that he was a man of genius. There was something in him that there is in many men not specially intellectual, which seems to take the sting out of what would be intolerable in another. In some degree, perhaps, it was that a kind of pathetic feeling always mingled with the admiration of those who loved him, and now that the last feeling is for the moment blotted out, the first comes out very strongly. It has been expressed by Mrs. Oliphant with candor and insight, and comes with much force from one who joins a warm friendship for himself to a kindly sympathy for some he has cruelly libelled. Long before there was any question of accounting for Mr. Carlyle’s defects by the difficulties of age and loneliness, we well remember hearing this plea from an older friend than Mrs. Oliphant. It must be thirty years since the gentle and tolerant James Spedding expressed to a youthful hearer (in answer, probably, to some rather presumptuous criticism, but the fact is buried in suitable oblivion) what all Mr. Carlyle’s friends must have felt it needful at times to revive—their sense of his need of indulgence. If the words were remembered as distinctly as those peculiar, slow, calm, selective accents, it would probably be misleading to report them, lest apart from that aroma of gentleness and respect they might seem commonplace, but their substance has always remained with the hearer as a plea for the unsuspected weakness of the powerful. “ Carlyle needs always the kind of indulgence which most of us need in a fit of violent toothache” is the substance, and partly the words, of that pleading which now blends suitably with the almost dying declaration of the speaker—that the accident which caused his death was no one’s fault but his own. Mr. Carlyle could not have been sixty years old when Mr. Spedding thus urged his need of

* “ *Reminiscences*,” ii. 330. If the reader study this wonderful passage he will see that it is meant as a criticism on Wordsworth’s poetry, and not his conversation.

† The reader will be grateful to us for including, at the close of this article, an extract from Carlyle’s letter to Mr. Proctor on his sketch of Lamb. It is interesting as at least suggesting a different view of Lamb from that given in the *Reminiscences*.

forbearance, and the thirty years which was to elapse before he and his indulgent advocate passed away together certainly did not diminish his need of that advocacy. We would give it its fullest scope, but we shall be unjust both to great men and to ordinary men if we refuse to make a certain claim on every one, whatever his excuses for not responding to it, so long as they leave him in a condition which the law would pronounce a responsible one, and we cannot make a claim which does not imply a certain judgment on one who rejects it. When we say that a man should control himself, we do not in ordinary circumstances mean that he should control himself as long as his nerves are in good condition. It is a miserable effeminacy, which no one would have scorned more than the great man who has given so much occasion for it, to plead that when duty becomes difficult it ceases to be duty. We must be loyal to his own lesson of endurance, even if he is not. And what we must condemn in this book, moreover, as far as we condemn the writer for its existence, is not that he let expressions of feeling escape him which he should have controlled, but that the feelings were there to be expressed. We have all accepted the fact that old age weakens the power of reticence. What each one of us is becoming day by day, he or she must, if old age is reached, betray to the world, and if there is a confirmed habit of the pen no doubt our faults must leak out that way as well as another. But surely we shall not then undergo any miraculous transformation; and we cannot see that age, and weakness, and sorrow have any natural tendency to create some of the ugliest feelings revealed here. And then, too, it seems that some of Mr. Carlyle's apologists, in their eagerness to vindicate the character of a man of genius, cheapen the privileges of genius. When the Poet, in Schiller's pretty fable, flies to the throne of Jove to complain that earth is portioned out and nothing is left for him, Jove compensates his impoverished son by the promise that at any moment he shall find a refuge from the poverty of earth in the glory and light of Olympus. It is a strange ingratitude that the guest of the Immortals should murmur that his cup

is not better replenished at these poor festivities of earth. Perhaps it is not the kind of ingratitude that his inferiors are able to judge, but it is one that no human being should excuse.

However, we gladly allow ourselves to rest on the misleadingness of the utterances of disease and grief. What is absolutely certain is that Mr. Carlyle would have condemned their publication. If Mr. Froude himself imagines that Carlyle would have desired that many pages of this book should meet the public eye (a question which we put in all sincerity), he certainly is the only person in England, with the smallest qualification for forming an opinion, who is of that opinion. We do not think Carlyle was nearly reluctant enough to give pain; but we cannot believe that he would have consented to give the pain this book has inflicted; and when some years ago (about the time, indeed, that he was composing these *Reminiscences*) the private papers of a distinguished German were made public, at the cost of somewhat similar offence, he was loud in his expressions of displeasure. However, let that pass, suppose he was indifferent to the fact that his unjust words should be flung about like broken glass in a crowd; still he was, at all events, a master of letters. We do not believe that in all his voluminous works there is one slovenly sentence. He was a thorough literary workman. What he would have felt on having to disentangle information about a great man from some of the rubbish that encumbers it here we can easily imagine. Many of these pages resemble nothing so much as the disorderly jottings of a pocket-book diary, and we have all, to recover some forgotten date, read over memoranda that were quite as suitable to the printers' hands as much that is given here. Indeed rather more suitable. At least our private jottings are all in the indicative mood, this and that happened—trivial enough it may be, but definite and certain. But Mr. Froude has given the world much of his hero's writing that is as trivial as the memoranda of his humblest reader, and as uncertain as the speculation of a scholar on some doubtful point of early history. We will not become his accomplice in unveiling the weaknesses of a suffering

old man ; but let the reader, who thinks this sentence exaggerated, turn to Mr. Carlyle's account of the building of his study at the top of the house (ii. 237-239), or the journey to Edinburgh, p. 245 of the same volume, or the sentence, on p. 189, beginning, "The Stanleys of Alderley," or the self-questioning, on p. 168, whether he went to Edinburgh in 1832 or 1833. Most of us would try to bring our recollections into a more dignified condition, both as to definiteness and proportion, before writing them down for our own grandchildren. The truth about this memoir of his wife we fancy must have been something of this kind. In the forlorn wretchedness which followed her death the one anxiety of his friends must have been to procure him some sort of occupation, and they felt, probably, that they had no chance unless they suggested occupation directly connected with his grief. "Write down your recollections of her," they may have urged ; "she deserved to be commemorated, and you may revive much in trying to transcribe it." We can fancy that he may have taken up the pen in a sort of desperation of forlorn misery, and poured forth his longings for her as a sort of atonement to her memory, with actual tears blotting the paper. We have seen these poor maunderings called pathetic. Nothing that spoke of great suffering ever seemed to us further from being pathetic, but they are certainly piteous. They tell of great wretchedness, great loneliness, and very great impatience. We do not consider that anything which we thus describe is suited for the public, and we are absolutely certain that the author of "Sartor Resartus" would have emphatically condemned its publication. He did in his dotage take the first step to their publication, no doubt. But he has left it on record that his own impulse would be to burn the blotted page ; and, however our opinion of him must be modified by the fact that such judgments as he chronicles were ready to be chronicled, we may be sure that the act which gave them, as they are, to the public, would be one that he would have condemned no less severely, though possibly from a different cause than would those whom the publication has most insulted and wounded. Let us enforce

our belief on the reader's mind in his own words, as they are given in his will, with all their feebleness and repetition.

"My manuscript, entitled 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' is to me naturally, in my now bereaved state, of endless value, though of what value to others I cannot in the least clearly judge ; and, indeed, for the last four years am imperatively forbidden to write further on it ; or even to look further into it. Of that manuscript, my kind, considerate, and ever faithful friend, James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me), takes precious charge in my stead. To him, therefore, I give it with whatever other furtherance and elucidations may be possible, and I solemnly request of him to do his best and wisest in the matter, as I feel assured he will. There is incidentally a quantity of autobiographic record in my notes to this manuscript ; but except as subsidiary and elucidative of the text, I put no value on such. Express biography of me, I had really rather that there should be none. James Anthony Froude, John Forster, and my brother John, will make earnest survey of the manuscript, and its subsidiaries there or elsewhere, in respect to this, as well as its other bearings ; their united utmost candor and impartiality, taking always James Anthony Froude's practicality along with it, will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be ; the manuscript is by no means ready for publication ; nay, the question, How, when (after what delay, seven, ten years) it, or any portion of it should be published, are still dark to me ; but on all such points, James Anthony Froude's practical summing up and decision is to be taken as mine. . . . Many or most of these papers I often feel that I myself should burn ; but probably I never shall after all."

As we consider how Mr. Froude has executed the bequest here so touchingly confided to him, the two hypotheses between which we are forced to oscillate, of disloyalty and of ignorance, become alternately the most incredible. It is as difficult to believe that he wished to present to the world, in an unlovely light, one who regarded him with the love and trust here expressed as that he should be ignorant of the way men regard dull and needless censure, cruel slander, hard unfeeling reference to misfortune, careless misstatements where misstatement gives poignant pain, ingratitude, and unmanly whining. All these things are made known to the world within a few weeks of Mr. Carlyle's death by the man whom he trusts as his own son. With what object, we cannot but ask in utter bewilderment ?

Let us recall to the reader a few specimens of the information which Mr.

Froude has provided for him. One lady, for instance, known to Mr. Carlyle's readers only by her Christian name, but quite sufficiently indicated to her children or grandchildren, if she has any, by even the few words which accompany it, is mentioned merely to give a disagreeable and ill-natured nickname by which he and his acquaintance were wont to speak of her, and to state that he would not have married her on any account. The man whom Romilly chose as guardian to his children is described as a "puffy, vulgar little dump of an old man," with "nothing real in him but the stomach, and the effrontery to fill it." A family of whose kindness we well remember hearing in former days from Mrs. Carlyle may read of their constant hospitality as having seldom given "much real profit or even enjoyment for the hour." We come to the mention of one of her particular friends, where we naturally look for some kind words, but we, and this lady's children also, may read that she was admirable to Mr. Carlyle "as a highly-finished piece of social art, but hardly much otherwise." Another lady, named and elaborately described, was, it is hinted, quite ready, had he been willing, to have become his wife. The most cruelly treated of all his victims, who was also the wife of his dearest friend, and who, though she was his hospitable hostess, had some natural dread, we believe, of his influence on her husband (a more natural explanation of his dislike to her, to our mind, than that suggested by Mrs. Oliphant), has already found one defender. An interesting letter from Mr. Kegan Paul, in the *Athenæum* of April 16, embodying the protest of Mrs. Irving's sister, Miss Martin, against the slanders which this book has circulated respecting all her family, will startle the reader with its revelation of the strange recklessness of the man who would spend days in ascertaining a date or a genealogy, concerning some hero of the past, but did not care, apparently, to ask a question before stabbing those who sought no place in history, with slanders concerning their dead that appear to have been utterly baseless, and in some cases the very opposite of the truth. Of all that relates to the Martin family Mrs. Oliphant herself declares

that it is "disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue."^{*} Another lady, the daughter of the man who pressed on him no contemptible pension at a time when nothing could accrue to the giver but a consciousness of having given help where it was deserved and needed, is characterized, besides much else that is contemptuous, and we must add most impertinent, as "a morbidly shy kind of creature who lives withdrawn among her children," and he concludes with almost giving her address! Imagine the shock to a sensitive woman, such as is indicated here, of seeing *any* description of herself in print, even were it a less unpleasing one! But there is a far keener pain than dispraise—even than impertinent and unjust dispraise—of oneself. The lady to whom we allude, who is remembered by others, knowing her better probably than Mr. Carlyle did, as the object of a peculiarly tender parental love, may feel too much the grudging, ungracious estimate of her father to have any space left for hurt self-love. But the mentions of a public man, just or unjust, are at least natural, while such intrusion into an inconspicuous home as that of which we have, perhaps, given the worst specimen is altogether blameable even if its object were complimentary. It would have been an impertinence to describe Jeffrey's daughter if the description had been flattering. Women who come before the world must take their chance with men; if anything is worth saying about them, good or ill, let it be said. But wait till they give

* The present writer had intended, had space permitted it, to have inserted another letter of vindication which has appeared (in *Notes and Queries* for April 9th) since the publication of these volumes, to wipe away the trace of Mr. Carlyle's pen from another blameless woman—Southey's second wife. The writer, the Rev. Edmund Tew, an intimate friend of her stepdaughter, "Edith May," gives a picture of Mrs. Southey's relations to her step-children, and of her whole character, entirely different from Carlyle's. Southey's daughter and her husband, the late Rev. John Wood Warter, always spoke of the "certain Miss Bowles," whom Carlyle describes with such cruel contempt, as "one of the best and truest women that ever lived." His unwarrantable perpetuation of what he learned at second or third hand has, we learn from this letter, "touched to the very quick" one of her surviving kindred, at whose instance Mr. Tew comes forward in her defence.

the opportunity for such description even if it be favorable. Such gossip as is printed here would not perhaps be worth notice if it were not ill-natured, but it would in any case be very much to the discredit of an editor that he had let it stand. As it is, the larger fault hides the less.

The specimens of slander and of depreciation which we have selected are not carefully sifted away from warm eulogy, lively character-painting, subtle analysis, or even brilliant pictures of society. None of these things would excuse slander or impertinence, but they would put into a very different light what might, by their side, pass almost without notice in the midst of so much that would draw attention from it. In character proportion is as important as it is in chemistry. If much is said of any one, some ill must be said, and it takes its place naturally as a part of the character of an imperfect human being. But Mr. Carlyle has not, in any single case that we have cited, attempted a portrait. He has given an account of the persons mentioned which would have been justified if he had been obliged to mention whatever he could recollect about them, and that is all we can say. Some faint attempt has been made to find an excuse for this disparagement in its universality. But it is a poor comfort for the pain we feel at finding that a great man could bequeath sneers and morose censure to posterity, to find that he made his portraits of his equals quite as ugly as those of his inferiors. It is a poor vindication for our complaints of his grudging estimate to be told that it was universal. He was, we fully allow, impartial in his dispraise. High and low, rich and poor, well known and little known, all alike suffer for the honor of being mentioned in these pages. He remembered slights, but benefits made but a feeble impression on him. A certain dislike for humanity is evident everywhere—at least, excepting his own and his wife's kindred, we can hardly mention a name that comes the brighter from his pen. The natural and blameless desire to attract the attention of genius receives a curious inversion from the records here presented to us. The children of those he has passed over in silence congratulate themselves on their

escape. Those whose parents were thought worthy of being described by him are all stung by a sense of injustice and cruelty, sometimes—we must write the word—of ingratitude.

We must add the hateful word in introducing to the reader what we would gladly consider as a little supplement to the *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle. The daughter of one of the many women disparaged or caricatured by a man they may have considered their friend, has printed some letters from him, in reading which the reader is enabled to judge of the true character of these *Reminiscences* as a revelation of their writer, and to substitute, in one case, the impression of his maturity for those of his dotage. No part of these memoirs (except perhaps the account of Mrs. Irving) seems to us more discreditable than that which deals with Carlyle's friendship for the Basil Montagus. Basil Montagu is a name little familiar to the readers of our day, except through the famous article of Macaulay, confuting his partial view of Bacon, but he deserves to be associated with the name of Bacon in a more honorable light than that of an easily confuted apologist, and, indeed, the respectful tone of the confutation must have suggested to more than one reader a wish to know something more of the antagonist thus answered. His "valuable" edition of Bacon's works, as Macaulay calls it, formed indeed the first step toward that study of the great thinker which has distinguished our own century; and the frequent citations which ornamented his pleadings in the law-courts, made the thoughts of Bacon familiar to some who were not his students. We learn from an affectionate eulogy contributed by Montagu to the *Memoirs* of Mackintosh, that their friendship originated in the successful attempt of the elder—himself a recent and reluctant convert—to convert the younger from the principles of the French Revolution, and also that it was to these friendly warnings that Montagu owed his first introduction to the philosopher, with whom his name was to be thus honorably connected. He seems ever after to have retained for his friend (for whom, though only five years his senior, he professes an almost filial reverence) that warm and lively interest felt

for one who directs our convictions anew. Indeed, he would appear from his own account to have been influenced by Mackintosh not only in doctrine but in practice, a "morbid wish to seclude himself from public life,"* which however could never have really prevailed against so many endowments for it, being earnestly combated by Mackintosh with the precept of Bacon that "in this life God and angels only should be lookers-on;"† and the tendency which Mackintosh here combated showed itself on its nobler side perhaps in a direction which he was wont to indicate in a playful threat, not unwelcome to its object, to spend the evening in "baiting the philosopher."‡ The temptation toward a life of seclusion quickly passed away. Montagu became an active and successful practitioner at the Chancery bar, and owed to his own exertions the wealth which enabled him to exercise a liberal hospitality, enjoyed by many eminent contemporaries, and abused only by one. "There is no place that I enjoy more than Basil Montagu's," writes Charles Sumner. "I step into his house after I have been dining out, and we talk till I am obliged to say 'good morning' and not 'good night.'" "The Montagus have been intimate with more good and great people than anybody I know. . . . It is a pleasure to hear his quotations from the ancient English writers come almost mended from his beautiful flowing § enunciation. Mrs. Montagu is one of the most remarkable women I have ever known."|| "The impression he made on her was mutual, and in 1844 she wrote to him, ¶ "I cannot account for the strange sympathy by which in a moment my heart acknowledges a friend; but . . . I seem to hear a voice not new to me, and to meet looks and expressions so respond-

ed to by every fibre in my frame that it is no stranger who stands before me, but a lost friend recovered. I do not attempt to solve this problem, and say why I sat down with you at once and could have said anything that I thought . . . I knew — for years, admired his talent, was most confidentially intrusted with his inmost thoughts, would have been his hostess for months or years, his nurse in illness, or his adviser in common things where advice was needed; but his friend, after my fashion, never! I loved Edward Irving with all the tenderness of a friend and mother. I dare not tell you of my antipathies." We give this extract from a letter of Mrs. Basil Montagu's in introducing those which she received from Mr. Carlyle, to show (as we think the extract does show) that she was a woman eminently formed for friendship; her distinction of it from good-will, admiration, and warm interest, even in their highest manifestation, proves her to have felt what many women pass through life without finding out—that there are relations other than those of kindred, and equally real, which we rather discover than create, and which, once discovered, remain a perennial source of moral refreshment, less encumbered by anxious care than the ties of blood, and not much less fruitful in the influences that soothe and cheer our path through life. She is gracefully and affectionately sketched in a book which, though it may sound strange to say so, might well be set side by side with the one before us, as a contrast between the reminiscences of a far-off youth, touched by the glow of a generous tenderness, and one where the chill of old age tells in a wintry gloom reflected backward on the objects of recollection—Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood." We have felt it refreshing to turn from Mr. Carlyle's sketch of Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Kemble's, which is indeed superficial, but not more superficial, and which surprises us by the extent to which a totally different effect is produced by the very slight changes between two descriptions, which, were they left unnamed, we might discern as pointing out the same object. We gather from both as from all other records that have met our ears, that Mrs. Basil Montagu was beau-

* "Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh," by his Son, i. 157.

† Ibid., 158.

‡ This name seems to have been applied to Montagu when he and Mackintosh first became acquainted in the year 1796. Basil Montagu was born in 1770.

§ The reader will recall a tribute of greater weight and equal purport from Macaulay cited above.

|| "Life and Letters of Charles Sumner," ii.

44.

¶ Ibid., ii. 290, note.

tiful, dignified, and somewhat authoritative, a certain formidableness mingling with her stateliness without interfering with its grace. Both writers give much space to the description of her dress, which was apparently peculiar. But while the one description suggests a style of attire occupying lengthy thought and care, we learn from the other that it was perfectly invariable, so it must have been an object of the minimum of attention to the wearer. There is a curious and instructive contrast even in this little touch. Mr. Carlyle, with his seventy or eighty pins,* suggests a daily-dress-fitting full of an anxious, fussy carefulness. Mrs. Kemble, in her elaborate description of the becoming and suitable costume adopted once for all, paints for us an enviable freedom from all such small attention. However, they concur in putting a striking and picturesque, as well as a dignified figure before us, and one which seems to have been the centre of a group of admiring friends and acquaintance, to whom she was as strong a personality as her husband. Sir James Mackintosh was accustomed to speak of her rather the oftenest of the two. With such a household to preside over (Basil Montagu was thrice married, and she brought her own little daughter into the new home), we can imagine how much effort was implied in the admission of any new claimant to her acquaintance; probably most people who have lived in London know what it is to make room for a new friend in a crowded circle, especially where the friend is himself a stranger. It was into this circle that Mr. Carlyle came as a raw Scotch youth—most impressive he was always—but at that time with his country manners, his strong accent, and his dyspepsia, the impressiveness cannot have been altogether of an agreeable kind. Nothing draws a thicker veil over all natural attractiveness than bad health, without the shelter of suitable arrangements; the habitual discomfort of the sufferer can hardly help being otherwise than self-occupied, and consequently ungracious; and there could have been

little in Carlyle at this time, when he was fresh from a Scotch farm, to compensate for this ungraciousness by any external polish. At this time, in short, Carlyle had, from a social point of view, nothing to give and everything to receive. It is evident, even from his own grudging and ungenerous narrative, that he was received warmly and hospitably into a crowded and occupied circle, to which he was able to contribute nothing of the smallest worldly advantage, and his entrance on which must have been a considerable worldly advantage to him, that a certain motherly care was from the first extended to him by Mrs. Montagu, and that when he wrote his *Reminiscences*, he was still aware, in a dim feeble way, that some sort of gratitude was due from him to her. How much more strongly he felt this at the time, however, let the reader judge from the following extract from his letter to her :

"20th May, 1825.

"When I think of all your conduct towards me, I confess I am forced to pronounce it *magnanimous*. From the first, you had faith enough in human nature to believe that under the vinegar surface of an atrabilious character, there might lurk some touch of principle and affection. Notwithstanding my repulsive aspect you followed me with unwearied kindness, while near you, and now that I am far off, and you suspect me of stealing from you the spirit of your most valued friend, you still think tenderly of me, you send me cheering words into my solitude, amid these rude moors a little dove-like messenger arrives to tell me that I am not forgotten, that I still live in the memories and wishes of some noble souls. Believe me, I am not unthankful for this; I am poor in heart, but not entirely a bankrupt. There are moments when the thought of these things make me ten years younger, when I feel with what fervid gratitude I should have welcomed sympathy, or the very show of sympathy from such a quarter, had it then been offered me; and now that *yet* changed as matters are you shall not escape me, that I *will* yet understand you and love you, and be understood and loved by you. I did you injustice, I never *saw* you till about to lose you. Base Judæan that I was! Can you forgive without forgetting me? I hope yet to be near you long and often, and to taste in your society the purest pleasure, that of fellow-feeling with a generous and cultivated mind. How rare it is in life, and what were life without it! Forgive me if you can. If my affection and gratitude have any value in your eyes, you are like to be no loser by my error. I felt it before I left you, I feel it still more deeply now."

* Which surely cannot, as Mrs. Oliphant suggests, be due to some recollected description of his wife's. We can hardly imagine a lady supposing that a well-fitting dress was dependent on such an appendix.

It seems very natural, if we may take

the foregoing expressions as sincere, that Mr. Carlyle should desire such a friend for his young wife, and we find him seeking to make them correspondents before they were personally acquainted. He writes, after giving a description of Jane Welsh :

"This young lady is a person you will love and tend as a daughter when you meet ; an ardent, generous, gifted being, banished to the pettiness of a country town ; loving, adoring the excellent in all its phases, but without models, advisers, or sympathy. Six years ago she lost her father, the only person who had ever understood her ; since that hour she has never mentioned his name ; she never alludes to him yet without an agony of tears. It was Mr. Irving's wish, and mine, and most of all, her own, to have you for her friend, that she should live beside you till she understood you, that she might have at least one model to study, one woman with a mind as warm and rich to show her by living example how the most complex destiny might be wisely managed. Separated by space, could you draw near to one another by the imperfect medium of letters ? Jane thinks it would abate the 'awe' which she must necessarily feel on first meeting with you personally. She wishes it ; I also, if it were attainable ; is it not ?"

We are glad to know that the friendship thus demanded was not abused by the person for whom it was sought. "Mrs. Carlyle," writes one who knew her intimately for about thirty years, "always spoke of Mrs. Montagu in my hearing with admiration and respect, and almost reverence." These feelings seem at the time to have been fully shared by her husband. We will give another specimen of them.

"25th December, 1826.

"Indeed, indeed, my dear Madam, I am not mad enough to forget you, the more I see of the world and myself the less tendency have I that way, the more do I feel that in these my wilderness journeys, I have found but one Mrs. Montagu, and that except in virtue of peculiar good fortune, I had no right to calculate on even finding one. A hundred times do I regret that you are not here, or I there ; but I say to myself we shall surely meet again on this side the wall of night, and you will find me wiser and I shall know you better, and love and reverence you more. Meantime, as conscience whispers, What are protestations ? Nothing, or worse than nothing ; therefore let us leave them."

How little he could have thought, as he wrote those words, that they were to be illustrated, after his death, by unkind sneers against the woman he here addresses with so much apparent reverence and admiration ! Let us read the last

words by the light of the earlier ones. Surely, whatever else he was, Thomas Carlyle was not a hypocrite !

The unmanly remembrance of trivial ills which characterize these volumes receive no less forcible a rebuke from these letters than their petty sneers. His published works, of course, contain many more forcible, but the following passage, as elicited by some of the trials which in recording them he makes so much of, seems to us worthy of a place here :

"25th December, 1826.

"At all events, what right have we to murmur ? It is the common lot : the Persian king could not find three happy men in the wide world to write the names of on his queen's tomb, or the philosopher would have recalled her from death. Every son of Adam has his task to toil at, and his stripes to bear for doing it wrong. There is one deadly error we commit on our entrance on life, and sooner or later we must lay it aside, for till then there is neither peace nor rest for us in this world : we all start, I have observed, with the tacit persuasion that whatever becomes of others, we (the illustrious all-important *we*) are entitled of right to be *entirely fortunate*, to accumulate all knowledge, beauty, health, and earthly felicity in *our* sacred person, and so pass *our* most sovereign days in rosy bowers, with distress never seen by us, except as an interesting shade in the distance of our landscape. Alas ! what comes of it ? Providence will not treat us thus ; nay, with reverence be it spoken, cannot treat us thus, and so we fight and fret against His laws, and cease not from our mad romancing delusion, till experience have beaten it out of us with many chastisements.

"Most, indeed, never fully unlearn it all their days, but continue to the last to believe that, in their lot in life they are *unjustly* treated, and cease not from foolish hopes, and still stand in new amazement that they should be disappointed—so very strangely, so *unfairly* ? This class is certainly the most pitiable of all, for an action of damages against Providence is surely no promising lawsuit."

Now if our readers will turn to the Reminiscences, they will not, it is true, find any direct evil-speaking of the lady whose friendship in his youth Mr. Carlyle sought in terms of so much respect and gratitude. He does even acknowledge that he stands "her debtor, and should be grateful for all this." But to read his account of the whole Basil Montagu family, with these expressions of strong and affectionate feeling still in our ears, leaves on the mind an impression of treachery that it is most painful, most bewildering, to connect with the great preacher of veracity to our genera-

tion. Every family misfortune is narrated in a tone of hard indifference that at times we are almost forced to believe rises into something like satisfaction, and it is difficult not to suspect, incredible as it appears, that the unconscious memory of some slight from the sons of the house sets their subsequent disasters or errors in a light that is not altogether disagreeable to him. The lady herself, for whose kindness we here see such grateful expression, is described with an amount of innuendo that is more hurtful in its general impression than a good deal of definite blame, if the latter were not unmixed.

A recollection haunts the memories of the present writer—too dim to recover through the mists of perhaps forty years with any distinctness—of having once overheard Mrs. Carlyle express with all her brisk dramatic effectiveness, obvious though not wholly intelligible to an attentive child, the annoyance with which she had once heard that her merits had been summed up by some one whose words had been repeated to her (by an officious friend apparently) as “a very good dresser.” If the dim records of such a distant memory may be trusted, she described with much humor her mortification at discovering that the most salient fact about the wife of a man of genius was her successful toilette! The daughter of one whom that man of genius sought as his friend might be excused a certain feeling of disappointment even if the sole sting of a like piece of information about her was that it stood alone. But let us see with what sneers it is accompanied. Her few recollections of Burns, we are told, “were a jewel she was always ready to produce.” “Her father, I gradually understood, *not from herself*, had been a man of considerable wealth or position” (as if she had been ashamed of her father). “Her first husband, Mr. Skepper, was some young lawyer of German extraction, and the *romance* of her wedding Montagu which she sometimes touched on, had been prosaically nothing but this;” and then Mr. Carlyle gives an inaccurate account of the matter which, as the reader who turns to Mrs. Kemble’s account of her may see, had its romantic side, the marriage which he represents as the elevation of a gov-

erness to a coveted * position after some years of preparation for it, being the result of sudden and very lively admiration. Irving, we are told, at length discovered that Mrs. Montagu “had not so much loved him, as tried to buy love from him by soft ministrations, by the skilfullest flattery liberally laid on In this liberal London pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to.” Most of the distinguished men who have frequented the house, we are given to understand, had found this out and left it; “a confused miscellany of ‘geniuses’ hovered fitfully round the establishment; I think those of any reality had got tired and gone away.” We will add to this specimens of Mr. Carlyle’s sneers at the woman for whom he professes so much admiration (and which we have not set down in full); his unworthy allusion to her letters as “high-sounding amiable things to which I could not but respond, though dimly conscious of their quality.” A letter to her, not included in the present little collection, written at a distance of three years from the beginning of their correspondence, ends with an earnest petition for its continuance. Was he then addressing her with empty flattery?—a flattery, we should imagine, most onerous to its busy recipient, if it was to be paid for in the long letters which he afterward speaks of as if they had pestered him. The years which had passed had, it is evident, not then abated anything of his regard for her. However, we would cite this letter for the light it throws on his intercourse with another person to whom he was ungrateful. Jeffrey had evidently snubbed him for seeking his help in his wish to acquire a position at the remodelled Observatory at Edinburgh, and all that he writes about him seems touched by an ungenerous remembrance of the snub. But now see what pains Jeffrey did take to help him to a post that he

* To the present writer this innuendo appears involved in the assertion that she “succeeded well in that ticklish capacity, and better and better, for some time, perhaps some years, whereupon at length offer of marriage,” i. 229. But where every mention is disparaging we are sometimes inclined to make too much of a single one.

thought suitable for him. In the year 1827, Carlyle was a candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at the London University, and had much discussion with Jeffrey on the matter, who,*

"Being one of the most friendly of men now breathing, entered zealously into the matter, and wrote twice to Brougham about it, and, receiving no answer, besieged the great lawyer in person for a whole day, in 'six assaults,' I think he said, and to the same purpose."

As we copy the passage recording the kind deeds which were to be forgotten, and then remember those which record the sharp words which were to be remembered, the painful conviction is borne in upon us that there must have been something in Carlyle's nature fundamentally ungenerous. We might never have discovered it if Mr. Froude had not shown it us, but we cannot deny that the thing he shows us, though much magnified by age and disease, was a part of character. But let us look at his spirit of grudge through his own words, as they lie before us in his characteristic handwriting :

"Kind it is in you not to forget me ; yet it is a kindness not unrepaid. O why is the spirit of man so often jarred into 'harsh thunder,' when sweeter tones of melody may be awakened from its strings ! Why do we not always love, and why is the loved soul shut out from us by poor obstructions, that we see it only in glimpses, or at best look at it from a prison grate, and into a prison grate !"

We know few things in biography much more unlovely than the contrast between the way Carlyle speaks to Mrs. Montagu and of her. It is true, there is a certain contrast between the way we speak of our dearest friend and to him, and many a little playful scoff or even severe criticism would be found in private letters associated with the name of some that are very dear to us. But surely, even in private letters, such expressions are not found alone. And secondly, these papers are not private. Carlyle had taken the first step toward publishing them. We do not believe he would ever have taken the last, but still

Mr. Froude has violated no confidence in making public the papers which, if they were not written for the public, were written for nobody. While Carlyle was writing in this way of the mother, he was now and again reminded by friendly intercourse with the daughter (who was his occasional guest till the last) that whatever opinions he left on paper about the Montagus would be liable to meet the eyes of one who would be deeply wounded by unkind words of them. And though he seems to have forgotten, according to Mr. Froude's fearless information, that he had ever written the paper in which their name occurs, and the responsibility of its publication is thus brought home in a peculiar sense to his editor, we cannot feel that the responsibility for its existence is removed from himself. However, we would leave with the reader in parting one consideration which tends to put these *Reminiscences* in a gentler light. When Carlyle talks of the Basil Montagus flattering him, he is evidently looking back on their intercourse through the haze of his egotism. He is thinking of himself, as he was through the greater part of his life, a person whom there was some object in flattering. He was confusing two separate selves. We often see this confusion in the memories of the old, happily not often to the advantage of a mean ungenerous spirit ; but even generous natures become sometimes a little unjust in mental decay from the mere loss of an accurate power of recollection. Perhaps, indeed, it may be the one compensation for all the pain which this unhappy book has given, that here and there some valued life, obscured by what seemed a strange cloud toward its close, may receive a softening light from it, and we may be enabled to look more steadily at an image which we see now was confused by the medium through which, at the last, we had to regard it. We pay a heavy price, however, for these faint touches of consolation. It was said of Lord Campbell that his series of biographies had added a new terror to Death. Lord Campbell had no victims among the lowly, but Mr. Froude has added new terrors to old age for the humblest of us. We could look forward with calmness to the hour when the "windows should be darkened, and the grass-

* See a very confused reference to this in the *Reminiscences* (ii. 136), as some professorship, "perhaps of Literature," which reads like a sentence of Mrs. Gamp's, but that may be the fault of printer and editor.

hopper should be a burden, and desire should fail ;" but now that we learn how gratitude may fade with the keenness of hearing and justice with sharpness of eyesight, how with the light tread and the active hand depart the kindly will, and grudging suspiciousness assail the weary spirit as disease the weary frame—who will not tremble at the consciousness that youth is past? Let us take courage. A hundred soothing memories crowd in to our solace; images of old age that needed no sheltering shadow, of long pain and incapacity borne by those whose interests were still vivid, with cheerful reticence, of oblivion that seemed like a sponge laid on all unkindness, of all harsh things banished and held at bay, of quickened tenderness, and distaste or resentment that grew dim. If genius makes such an old age unattainable—if that interest in oneself which no doubt belongs to intellectual power fosters an expression of the whole nature which must tell after many years in an impartial development of what is best and worst within; then, indeed, we ordinary beings may find much consolation in our insignificance, and be thankful that for those whose day has not been particularly brilliant, "at evening time it shall be light."*

* We would reinforce the lesson in Carlyle's own words, here, as so often, appearing as witnesses against their author. "Dear Proctor," he writes to Mrs. Montagu's son-in-law, in 1865, "I have been reading your book on 'Charles Lamb' in these silent regions' (a country-house near Dover), 'whither I had fled for a few days of dialogue with Mother Earth, and I have found in your work something so touching, pure, serene, and pious, that I cannot but write you one brief word of recognition. . . . Brevity, perspicuity, graceful clearness, then also perfect veracity, gentleness, lovingness, justness, peaceable candor throughout, a fine kindly sincerity to all comers, with sharp insight too, quick recognition graphically rendered—all the qualities, in short, which such a work could have, I find in this, now dating, it appears, in your seventy-seventh year. Every page of it reveals to me the old Proctor whom I used to talk with forty-two years ago, unaltered, except as the finest wines and such like alter, by ripening to the full, a man as if *transfigured* by his heavy-

In conclusion, the writer may, perhaps, be permitted to describe herself as one who has received no special wound from any mention in these Reminiscences. None dear to her were scornfully or harshly judged by Mr. Carlyle; some were tenderly and even faithfully loved by him. His writings afforded the first glimpse of genius appreciated in early youth; his person still bears the halo worn by all who have thus been to us the revealers of a larger world, and to these strong ties is added the bond of a hereditary interest, and with many of his views an abiding sympathy. Prejudice, if it exists, is on the side of the man whose failings are here, of necessity, pointed out. But this attempt will be much misunderstood if it is regarded as a disquisition on the failings of a great man. It is meant as a protest against the action which has lifted the curtain on those failings. When a biography has to be written, give the picture of the whole man. Give his failings, in their due proportion, and with that due reserve which is indeed rightly understood only a part of proportion. But do not thrust before us writings which show nothing but those weaknesses, do not tempt us to believe that noble and inspiring words were a hollow formula; that the teaching which, to some extent, has guided and enriched many lives was mere hypocrisy. This is not to further truth; this is not to teach us anything of a spirit's history. It will satisfy a certain love of vulgar gossip, and sometimes more evil feelings. But, judged by posterity, we have no question that it will be a blot on the literary fame of him who is guilty of it which no other achievements, however honorable, can wholly wipe out.

[The writer omitted to insert, in the proper place, a reminder to those few surviving friends who were hurt by the contemptuous mention of one they recalled with respect and affection—Mr. Whishaw—that a tribute was paid him that might well outweigh many such mentions—Sir Samuel Romilly made him the guardian of his children.]

laden years, and to whom his hoary head is as a crown."

DOGS OF LITERATURE.

"Ci-gît qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,
Et, jusques au tombeau, des amis le modèle.
Il ne me quitte pas quand je perdis mon
bien.

—C'était un homme unique !—Hélas ! c'était
mon chien."

—*Épithaphe d'un Ami*, par EDMOND DALLIER.

"EPITAPH on a pet, in a pet !" and
"Cynical !" are the exclamations which,
in spite of the unpardonable punning,
rise unbidden to our lips as we reach
the concluding word of our Byronic
quotation. And the sentiment em-
braces just as much truth as is common-
ly wrapped up in sentiments that are
cynical. Like our own pessimist Crabbe,
when with similar poetic licence he pic-
tures the dog :

"The only creature faithful to the end"—

Dallier is using the teeth of the "friend
of man" for the purpose of snapping at
humanity ; making capital out of canine
fidelity at the expense of those who had
doubtless found it hard enough to be
true to him in spite of his poetic irrita-
bility ; and allowing his real grief for
the death of his favorite to rise to ficti-
tious mountains which fall on and cover
all remembrance of past faithfulness and
truth. But perhaps we are too hard on
the peculiar poet nature. "Man is the
god of the dog," says Bacon, and it may
be that the dog responds with less varia-
bleness than any other living being, to
that craving for worship which is not
least innate in "nature's worshipper."
The poet is no Actæon ; his darling
thoughts are not torn in pieces by the
carping criticism of his own hounds ; he
himself is not "done to death by" their
"slandrous tongues." Is he sensitive,
choleric, revengeful ? Then, as says
Dr. John Brown, he may "kick his dog
instead of some one else who would not
take it so meekly, and, moreover, would
certainly not as he does, ask your par-
don for being kicked." He may read the
"Scotch Reviewers" and thank
heaven for his dog. But such deduc-
tions from the poetic and literary nature
must not be pressed ; these unhinged in-
tervals, when choleric smothers affection,
and the man is not master of his ac-
tions, must, even in poets, be rare ; for,
to judge from the investigations which I

have made into the history of the sub-
ject, the record of literary men and wo-
men who have experienced and reciprocated the devotion of their dogs, would
furnish a material contribution to the
"many books" of the making of which
"there is no end : " nor,

"Had I e'en a hundred tongues,

A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,"

could I venture to recite the innumera-
ble passages in which well-known writ-
ters have used their pen to the glory of

"The joy, the solace, and the aid of man."

Seldom, indeed, do we light upon any
revelation of antipathy. Macaulay,
however, seems to have been bored as
much by a dog as by a bad listener, or
by any person or thing that aided and
abetted bad listening. His definition
of a dog as "an animal that only spoiled
conversation" is quite characteristic of
that eminent, and, withal, monopolizing
talker, who would most unreservedly
have indorsed the parody, "One man's
pet is another man's nuisance." But
Goethe's feelings had passed the bounds
of boredom ; dogs were an abhorrence
to him ; their barking drove him to
distraction. Mr. Lewes tells us of the
poet's troubles as theatrical manager at
Weimar, when the cabal against him had
craftily persuaded the Duke Carl August,
whose fondness for dogs was as remark-
able as Goethe's aversion to them, to
invite to his capital the comedian Kars-
ten and his poodle, which had been per-
forming, amid the enthusiastic acclama-
tions of Paris and Germany, the leading
part in the melodrama of "The Dog of
Montargis." Goethe, being apprised of
this project, haughtily replied : "One
of our theatre regulations stands, 'No
dogs admitted on the stage ; ' " and thus
dismissed the subject. But the invita-
tion was already gone, and the dog ar-
rived. After the first rehearsal Goethe
gave his highness the choice between the
dog and his highness's then stage man-
ager ; and the duke, angry at his oppo-
sition, severed a long friendship by a
most offensive letter of dismissal. He
quickly, however, came to his senses,
and, repenting of his unworthy petu-
lance, wrote to the poet in a most con-

ciliatory tone ; but, though the cloud passed away, no entreaty could ever induce Goethe to resume his post. Alfred de Musset's dislike of dogs was intensified by unfortunate experience, for twice in his life a dog had gone near to wreck his prospects : once, when, at a royal hunting party, he blunderingly shot Louis Philippe's favorite pointer ; and again, when, as a candidate for the Academy, he was paying the customary visit of ceremony to an influential Immortal. Just as he rang at the château gate, an ugly, muddy whelp rushed joyously and noisily to greet him, fawning upon the poet's new and dainty costume. Reluctant to draw any distinction of courtesy, at such a time, between the Academician and his dog, he had no alternative but to accept the slimy caresses, and the escort of the animal into the *salon*. The embarrassment of his host he accounted for by the barely defensible behavior of his pet, but when the dog, having followed them into the dining-room, placed two muddy paws upon the cloth and seized the wing of a cold chicken, De Musset's suppressed wrath found relief in the reserved suggestion—"You are fond of dogs, I see." "Fond of dogs!" echoed the Academician, "I hate dogs." "But this animal here?" ventured De Musset. "I have borne with the beast," was the reply, "only because it is yours." "Mine?" cried the poet, "I thought it was yours, which was all that prevented me from killing him!" The two men shouted with laughter ; De Musset gained a friend ; but the dog and his kind an enemy more bitter than before.

Mr. Tennyson, again, is one of the few national poets whose writings exhibit a striking absence of any tribute to the dog, or indeed of any reference that is not merely passing. Take, for instance, the brief allusion to Cavall, in his "Enid," when Queen Guinevere is listening for the baying of "King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth." But the argument from silence goes for nothing save to remind us that Mr. Tennyson is essentially the poet of the deeper thoughts and intents of the human heart.

Such exceptions, however, only bring into prominence the rule that the majority of our masters in literature, and

our poets almost to a man, have made dogs their personal friends in real life, in fiction, or in both. *Facile princeps* among such true dog-fanciers reigns Sir Walter Scott. So great a fascination did he exercise over dumb creatures, that even strange dogs in the Edinburgh streets used to pay him homage. Mr. Carlyle relates how a "little Blenheim Cocker," "one of the smallest, beautifullest, and tiniest of dogs," with which he was well acquainted—a dog so shy that it would "crouch toward its mistress, and draw back with angry timidity if any one did but look at him admiringly"—once met in the street "a tall, singular, busy-looking man," who was halting by, and running toward him began "fawning, frisking, licking at his feet," and every time he saw Sir Walter afterward in Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstration of delight.* The genius of him that set a catalogue of ships to music would be needful in order to give, in attractive detail, the names, description, and history of Scott's canine associates, since

"Many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And 'dandies' of degree."

Washington Irving tells us of the "whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous," that rushed out to salute him when first the wheels of his chaise disturbed the quiet of Abbotsford. The "very perfect, gentle knight" is a standing refutation of Karr's aphorism : "*On n'a dans la vie qu'un chien, comme on n'a qu'un amour.*" The death of a dog, it is true, brought keen sorrow to him. "The misery of keeping a dog," says he, "is his dying so soon ; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died—what would become of me?"† When, however, a dog did die, he vowed no perpetual widowhood, but, after a decent interval, the vacancy was usually and often completely filled. Of all the dogs that live, and always will live, side by side, with his memory, Camp and Maida bear the palm. Camp, a large and handsome bull-terrier, fierce as any of his race, but with children gentle as a lamb, Scott

* See Mr. Hutton's "Scott," in the series, "English Men of Letters."

† Lockhart's "Life of Scott" has of course been freely consulted.

speaks of as "the wisest dog," he ever had : so marvellously did he understand spoken language, that his master used to make him an argument for the higher education of canine potentialities. Camp once bit the baker, was beaten accordingly, and had the enormity of the offence explained to him ; after which he never heard the slightest allusion to the story, whatever the voice or tone, without retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with a look of the direst distress. Even amid the decay of advancing age, his affection and sagacity never abated ; and whenever the servant at Ashteil, while laying the cloth for dinner, happened to say to the dog as he lay on his mat before the fire, "Camp, my guid fellow, the sheriff's just coming hame by the ford," or "by the hill," the sick animal would immediately bestir himself, going to the back or the front door, according to the direction given, and dragging himself as far as he was able, to welcome his master. During the whole of his career he was Scott's inseparable companion in his study and in his protracted rambles by the banks of the Yarrow ; and his deportment, when the rest of the kennel added numbers but not dignity to the company, plainly showed that he held himself to be his master's "sensible and steady friend," in favorable contrast to the more freakish and locomotive members of the "following." At his funeral the whole family stood in tears round the grave, and Mrs. Lockhart recalls how her father smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression she had ever seen on his face. On the evening of the dog's death Scott excused himself from a dinner engagement, alleging as his apology, "the death of a dear old friend."

But it was Maida that gave rise to the almost proverbial saying of that generation, "Walter Scott and his dog." This, "the grandest dog ever seen on the border since the days of Johnnie Armstrong," was a cross between the wolf and the deer hound, and so huge that a Yankee, who had invaded Abbotsford to interview its owner, declared that Maida was "pro-di-gious !" With such a creature, dignity, one would think, "went without saying ;" yet that Maida's dignity had a suspicion of cant

about it, and was partly aimed at the gallery, is a fact suggested by his lack of that calm restfulness which goes far to complete a dignified demeanor. He had a rooted objection to remaining for long in any one place or position ; he would lie stretched at the feet of his master as he sat writing or reading in his study chair, but would move whenever his master moved and lay his head across his master's knees to be caressed or fondled. Sir Adam Ferguson tells a characteristic story of Maida's spirit of unrest. He was sitting with Scott and Maida, on one occasion, in the rough, smoking study, when Abbotsford was still in building ; outside, a heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of Tweed-side, and distilled in a cold, persistent drizzle. But in spite of external gloom and discomfort, Maida kept fidgeting in and out of the room, Scott exclaiming every five minutes, "Eh, Adam ! the puir brute's just wearying to get out ;" or, "Eh, Adam ! the puir creature's just crying to come in ;" when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw, chilly air for the wet, muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, his "face swollen with a grievous tooth-ache, and one hand pressed to his cheek, was writing with the other the humorous opening chapters of the 'Antiquary.' " *

In the Castle Street "den," Hinse of Hinsfeldt, a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, would generally, when Maida was in the room, pose himself on the top of the library ladder, looking on with a sedate interest ; but, when Maida chose to leave the party, and his master, apprised of his desire by his thumping the door with a huge paw, "as violently as ever fashionable footman handled a knocker in Belgravia, rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, Hinse came down purring from his perch and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough." But to write a life of Maida would be almost to write a life of Scott while Maida lived—"so pleasant were they in their lives," so intimate and tender and unbroken was their intercourse. Often were they companions on the same canvas, till Scott grew "as tired of the operation as

* See Fanny Kemble's "Reminiscences of my Girlhood."

old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes." Maida's likeness became so cosmopolitan, that once upon a time a friend of Scott's picked up, as he passed through Munich, a common snuff-box, price one franc, with Maida for a frontispiece, and the superscription, "Der liebbling Hund von Walter Scott;" "in mentioning which," adds Scott, "I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity." While the dog was still alive, though failing, and only now and then raising a majestic bark from behind the house at Abbotsford, a statue of him was erected at the door. Those were the days when Scott used to stroll out in the morning to visit his "aged friend," who would "drag his gaunt limbs forward painfully, yet with some remains of dignity, to meet the hand and loving tone of his master," as he consoled with him on his being "so frail." But the end came at last, and Maida died quietly one evening in his straw bed, of sheer old age and natural decay. The epitaph Lockhart suggested over toddy and a cigar—necessarily in Latin, because, as Scott said, Maida seemed ordained to end an hexameter :

"Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine,
Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis,"

and which Scott at once Englished :

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you
wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's
door,"—

has been made famous not only by its subject and its authors, but also by its false quantity. Before many hours it became permanent in stone, and having been likewise printed, but not accurately, by the admiring Ballantyne in his newspaper, gave rise to attack and even to defence—a defence including more-over Ballantyne's gratuitous blunder of *jaces* for *dormis*. Scott persisted in pleading guilty himself to *janua*, adopting Johnson's apology for a veterinary mistake—"Ignorance, pure ignorance, sir;" and, though according all admiration to the accurate knowledge of prosody which he had either never acquired

or had forgotten, he playfully wrote to Lockhart (whom he begged not "to move an inch in this contemptible rum-pus")

"A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and Dominie Grundys."

So much for Maida; and if I have seemed to linger unduly upon this particular companion, let my excuse be given in the words of Scott's biographer: "So died his faithful friend and servant, Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of all his dogs—might I not safely say, of all dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man?"

Perhaps one or two of Scott's less conspicuous canine favorites should not be altogether passed by; for example, Spice, whose history demands a short prologue. An eccentric Scotch farmer, named Jamie Davidson—the genuine Dandie Dinmont, and, after the issue of "Guy Mannering," known by that name alone to all his neighbors—was the proprietor of what Scott terms, "all the Pepper and Mustard family." In order to balk the Inland Revenue, or for some other reason not assigned, Dandie had but two names for his score of dogs—"auld Pepper and auld Mustard, young Pepper and young Mustard, little Pepper and little Mustard," and so on—and when on one occasion the whole pack rushed out, incontinently bewraying to a passing surveyor of taxes their excess over Dandie's return, Dandie hurriedly brought up the rear, with the exclamation: "The tae hauf o' them is but whalps, man!" Dandie far out-Scotted Scott in submissiveness and self-abnegation; for "he b'lieves it's only the dogs in the bink, and no himsel'." Scott imitated his nomenclature only so far as to "stick to the cruets;" and Spice remains to us as the most prominent member of a "cruet" of contemporaneous dandies, denominated Pepper, Mustard, Spice, Ginger, Catchup, and Soy.

So intimately were Scott's dogs bound up with his life that, when his last financial difficulties crowded upon him, and it was for a time in his mind whether it would not be best to sell Abbotsford, the thought of parting from "these dumb cretaures," moved him more than any other painful reflections; and he

could only hope "there may yet be those who loving me will love my dog because it has been mine." Before he started as an invalid for Naples, one of his written instructions referred to the management of his dogs; and again and again, during his foreign sojourn, he gave strict, tender, and minute injunctions to Laidlaw, his steward, to be "very careful of the poor people and the dogs." He was always thinking of them. It was during this last hopeless journey that he spoke to the large Danish hound which, stranger though he was, fawned upon him at the Castle of Bracciano, of his "fitness as an accompaniment to such a castle;" but that he himself had "larger dogs at home, though, may be, not so good-natured to strangers." It was in Naples, too, where Sir William Gell's huge dog used to be fondled by Scott, and talked to, and informed of the "dogs he had at home;" while he would confide to Sir William how he had "two very fine favorite dogs, Nimrod and Bran"—"so large that I am always afraid they look too large and too feudal for my diminished income." And it was his dogs who, as the last days drew near, came round his chair and began to fondle him and lick his hands, while their dying master smiled or sobbed over them. "*L'ami des chiens*," *par excellence*, was Sir Walter Scott in the world of letters.

The ruling passion transferred the portraits of Scott's favorites to the pages of romance and poetry. There is not a novel or a poem, among his chief compositions, where "the inevitable dog," in the best sense, is not instinctively allotted a place; sometimes as almost the central figure of the story; always touched in with the loving and admiring hand of one to whom the thought of a dog was second nature. As Adolphus remarked in his "Letters on the Authorship of Waverley," wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that is required, in his proper place and attitude. "Woodstock," would be shorn of half its glory if it were robbed of Bevis, the favorite hound of the cavalier, Sir Henry Lee, and the protector, tractable as bold, of his fair daughter Alice; always present to help when help was most required.

In the large wolf-dog, "a mastiff in strength, almost a greyhound in form and fleetness," when the story begins—when the story ends "his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff rheumatic hobbling gait," living still, as it seemed, only to lie at his master's feet and raise his head now and again to look on him—Scott has reproduced our old friend Maida. Sir Kenneth's title to be hero of the "Talisman" may be fairly disputed by his stag-hound Roswal—guardian, almost to the death, of the English standard, when Sir Kenneth had been beguiled by the dwarf from his post on St. George's Mount; and the detector of the treacherous Conrade when all the Christian princes swept in long review and unconscious ordeal before Richard and Roswal in his master's leash; a dog which Scott has borrowed last, but not least "nobly," from the stock of primitive Aryan tradition, and which has found its counterpart in the dog of Montargis, the dog of the old knight Sir Roger, in the story of Sir Iamour; and in other heroic dogs of earlier and later romance. Gurth, the faithful herdsman of "Ivanhoe," would seem only half himself without the inseparable Fangs, the ragged and wolfish-looking lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, who is presented to us at one time in the midst of his ludicrously misdirected efforts to second Gurth in collecting his refractory grunters; and, at another time, as he lies wounded and howling from the presence of the wrathful Cedric, leaving Gurth more in sorrow for the injury done to his faithful adherent than for the unmerited gyves on his own limbs, while in moody helplessness he appeals surreptitiously to Wamba to "wipe his eyes with the skirt of his mantle, for the dust offended him." And who but a student of dogs could have told us how Juno—though usually holding her master the Antiquary much in awe—on one occasion, while the Antiquary was in full declamation of "Weave the warp, and weave the woof," peeped several times into the room, and, encountering nothing forbidding in his aspect, at length presumed to introduce her whole person; and, finally, becoming bold by impunity, actually ate up

Mr. Oldbuck's toast ; subsequently, to the accompaniment of a shake of Mr. Oldbuck's fist, and the gibe, "Thou type of womankind!" scouring out of the parlor? But a whole paper would hardly suffice to give a worthy account of all these friends of Sir Walter's imagination. The jealous Wolf, the staghound of Avenel Castle, so resentful of the love of his childless mistress for the little Roland whom he had saved from drowning ; Wasp, the rough terrier, the plucky, watchful *alter ego* of Harry Bertram in his perilous wanderings and imprisonment ; Yarrow, the sheep-dog, whom Dinmont was "hounding in his dreams"—"Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud"—when Wasp's ominous barking was waking the echoes of Bertram's cell, and compelling the angry challenge of the gaoler's deep-mouthed Tear'em in the courtyard below ; Plato, whose howling provoked Colonel Mannering's somewhat testy reminder that an Academic was not a Stoic, when the bungling ecstasy of Dominie Sampson had spilt the scalding tea upon the favorite spaniel ; Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck, the deer greyhound that erroneously fixed his fangs in the throat of the dwarf's she-goat, and thereby put himself and Hobbie in bodily fear from the dwarf's dagger ; Captain Clutterbuck's dog that quizzed him when he missed a bird ; Fitz-James' hounds returning "sulky" from a bootless chase, or swimming "with whimpering cry" behind their master's boat ; the English deerhound that flew "right furiouslie" at the young Buccleuch ; Lord Ronald's deerhounds, "with shivering limbs and stifled growl" in the haunted forest of Glenfinlas ; Cedric's "greyhounds and slowhounds and terriers, impatient for their supper, but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbearing to intrude upon the moody silence of their master"—Balder, the grisly wolf-dog, alone venturing to presume upon his privileged intimacy, but being repelled with a "Down, Balder, down ! I am not in a humor for foolery ;" the Branksome staghounds "urging in dreams the forest race ;" Ban and Buascar, the deerhounds so pathetically inspired to the chase by the sweet singing of daft Davie Gellatley ; Stumah, "poor Stumah !"

the chief mourner at the bier when his master Duncan is laid out for burial at Duncraggan ; "Brave Lufra,"

"whom from Douglas's side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North ;"

—all these and many more give Scott scope for some of his happiest and most natural touches, but must be passed by with a mere allusion.

The name of Byron suggests to us at once his dog Boatswain. But Boatswain was not alone ; the Newfoundland had one or two smaller satellites, which through his master and himself have become historical. A finely formed and ferocious bull-mastiff, Nelson by name, was his contemporary and his relentless foe, being jealous of the precedence which Boatswain enjoyed. When the muzzle, with which it was usually deemed advisable to "fence" Nelson's teeth, was exceptionally remitted, dog met dog without a moment's delay ; and we are told how, more than once during the stay of Byron and Moore at a Harrogate hotel, the two friends, the valet (Frank) and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them ; a consummation only as a rule attained by thrusting poker and tongs into the mouth of each. But one day Nelson slipped his guard, and, escaping from Byron's room unmuzzled, fastened upon the throat of a horse with a grip that would not be gainsayed. Away went the stable boys for Frank, who, seizing one of his lordship's pistols, always kept in his room ready loaded, solved the knot with a bullet through poor Nelson's brain, to the deep sorrow of his bereaved master. But Byron's devotion to dogs was centred mainly in Boatswain, a dog whom he has immortalized in verse, and by whose side it was his solemn purpose, expressed in his will of 1811, as Moore tells us, to be buried. Byron appears to have been won, not merely by Boatswain's unusual intelligence, but by his noble generosity of spirit, both of which endowments come out in the story recorded of his relations to Gilpin, Mrs. Byron's fox-terrier. Lest Boatswain's unceasing assaults and worryings should finally make Gilpin's existence impossible, the terrier was transferred to a tenant at

Newstead; and, on the departure of Byron for Cambridge, Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to a servant till his master's return. One morning, to the dismay of the servant, Boatswain disappeared, and a whole day's anxious search did not avail to find him; at length, however, as evening came on, in walked the stray dog, with Gilpin at his side, whom he forthwith "led to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every demonstration of joy. He had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him, and, having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him ever after, that he even protected him against the insults of other dogs, a task which the quarrelsomeness of the little terrier rendered no sinecure; and if he but heard Gilpin's voice in distress, would fly instantly to the rescue." At Newstead Abbey Byron would often fall out of his boat, as if by accident, into the water, whereupon Boatswain would immediately plunge in, seize him and drag him ashore. Boatswain's tomb is a conspicuous object at the Abbey, and the inscription in verse is well-known, with the misanthropical bitterness of its opening couplets, and with its pathetic and characteristic conclusion:

"Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on, it honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise.
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

The prose epitaph, not so widely known, may perhaps be quoted more fully: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of—Boatswain, a dog."

No man who went not "in and out" with his dog could have written "The Twa Dogs." The poem is, first of all, a tribute to Luath, Burns' favorite collie, who had been wantonly killed on the night when the poet's father died; but even the imaginary Cæsar—"nane of Scotland's dogs," and "keepit for his honor's pleasure,"—is drawn with the hand of a lover; for though, as

"the gentleman and scholar," he "was o' high degree,"

"The fient of pride—nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n with a tinkler-gypsy's messin'.*
At kirk or market, mill or sniddie,
Nae tawed† tyke, though o'er sae duddie,‡
But he wad stan't as glad to see him.

Luath, on the other hand,

"was a ploughman's collie
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,§
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
An' in his freaks had Luath ca'd him
After some dog in Highland sang||
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash¶ an' faithfu' tyke
As ever lap a sheugh** or dyke;
His honest, sounsie, baws'nt†† face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place."

And what a natural touch is that when Luath, in Burns' picture of the poor man's contentment, is made to say,

"The young anes rantin' thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barked wi' them."

And in the closing lines which follow the dark catalogue by Cæsar of the curses which haunt a high estate, we shall see again, if we read between them, the strength of Burns' feeling toward his canine friends:

"When they gat up and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs."

The Ettrick Shepherd (who remarked that "Luath was true to the life") hands down to us the portrait of his Sirrah, "beyond all comparison the best dog I ever saw." He was of surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refusing to be caressed; but "his attention to his master will never again be equalled by any of the canine race." Hogg had bought him, a hungry, lean-looking cur, for a guinea from a drover, because, in spite of his dejected and forlorn situation, he thought he discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face. And Hogg was a true seer; for, wholly unlettered as was this half-fed yearling,

* Small dog.

† Matted.

‡ Ragged, dowdy.

§ Companion.

|| Luath appears in Ossian's "Fingal" as Cuchullin's dog, together with Bran, the huge dog possessed by Fingal.

¶ Sagacious.

** Ditch.

†† White striped.

who had never "turned a sheep" in his life, he soon discerned what would oblige his master, and manifested the utmost eagerness and anxiety to learn his various evolutions; these, when once learned, were never forgotten, and never miscarried—they were even improved upon in a way that fairly astonished his instructor; and the story of Sirrah's cleverness in collecting seven hundred lambs which had been intrusted to Hogg at weaning time, and had broken up in the thick darkness of midnight scampering in three divisions over the hills, and altogether baffling the long, weary, tramping search of the shepherd and his lad, is told with deep gratitude and affection. The "honest Sirrah" was found standing sentinel over a ravine at the rising of the sun; there stood the lambs he had mustered in the dark entirely alone, and not a lamb was missing.

Wordsworth was essentially the student of nature and of man, and he may therefore be forgiven for having left behind him no literary reminiscence of any favorite dog; but he has written quite enough to prevent his exclusion from the circle of dog-lovers. Three of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" sing the praises of the dog. Most tenderly does he tell the story of little Music, a greyhound belonging to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother—how, when Prince, Swallow, Music, and Dart, were all four in pursuit of a hare across some treacherous ice, and Dart fell in, Music forsook her sport and sought to save her struggling friend.

"From the brink her paws she stretches.
Very hands, as you would say;
And afflicting moans she fetches
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,
Him alone she sees and hears;
Makes efforts with complainings; nor gives
o'er,
Until her fellow sinks, to reappear no more."

After a touching poem in memory of the same dog, we find another, equally full of sympathy and pathos, recording the fidelity of a dog who, by her strange cry, drew on a shepherd to the body of her master as it lay, where it had fallen, under abrupt and perilous rocks in the bosom of Helvellyn, the dog having "watched about the spot,"

"through three months space
A dweller in that savage place."

No one can read these stanzas without a keen sense of the writer's near kinship to the friend of Maida, who, indeed, had himself spontaneously written a poem on the same incident.

Theron is the dog which Southey loved in imagination, and has bequeathed to us. He belonged to Roderick, the last king of the Visigoths, who, having escaped in the guise of a peasant from the battle-field where he had been defeated by Count Julian, and his Moorish allies, returned to his shattered kingdom after a hermit life of twenty years. Theron alone knew him, yet not even he at once, but only after eyeing him long and wistfully did he recognize at length,

"Changed as he was, and in those sordid
weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not
need
The aid of speech; and moaned as if at once
To court and chide the long withheld caress."

The unrecognized king, withdrawing from the painful and ineffectual interview with Florinda and Rusilla his mother, retired, followed by the dog,

"Into the thickest grove: there yielding way
To his o'erburdened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground
And threw his arms around the dog, and
cried,
While tears streamed down: 'Thou, The-
ron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master—Theron, none but
thou!'"

Consciously or unconsciously Southey must have reproduced in some degree Argus, the friend of Ulysses, and of Homer too. But with Argus there was no delay: straightway, after a like separation of twenty years,

"He knew his lord—he knew, and strove to
meet;
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master and confess his joys.
Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole."

And the tenderness of the poet is nowhere more contagious than when he goes on to tell how Argus, taking this last look at his master, there and then let life ebb quietly away.

The nervous melancholy of Cowper found in dumb companions a constant source of relief, and the debt he owed to his sprightly spaniel Beau was no trifling one. The graceful poem which has given Beau a lasting fame, though of no great intrinsic merit, serves to bring Cowper within our favored pale. The poet and his spaniel walking by the side of the Ouse on a soft, shady summer's day—the spaniel, now “wantoning among the flags and reeds,” now almost keeping pace with the swallows “o'er the meads,” now marking “with fixt considerate face” the unsuccessful pains of his master to reach a water-lily that “he wished his own,” and setting his “puppy brains to comprehend the case;” and, at last, on their return from the ramble, spying the lily once more, and, after a plunge into the stream, dropping “the treasure” at the poet's feet—all makes a very pretty picture, and gives us an unerring insight into the love of Cowper for his dog.

Pope, too, was a man of dogs. Everyone will recall the inscription on the collar of the dog presented by him to Frederick, Prince of Wales :

“I am his Highness's dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?”

The feeling thrown into the translation from Homer which we have quoted above, would almost stand sponsor for his appreciation of canine faithfulness and affection ; but we have a real friend of Pope always with us. His dog Bounce survives, associated, it is true, chiefly with an epitaph, yet the epitaph speaks volumes. “O rare Bounce,” first proposed by Pope as a *multum in parvo* eulogium on his departed favorite, was afterward abandoned as too obviously disrespectful in its allusion to “O rare Ben Jonson”—the words of Shakespeare, which an eccentric Oxfordshire squire, Jack Young, so called, on passing one day through Westminster Abbey, gave a mason eighteenpence to cut on Ben Jonson's tomb—still virgin stone on account of the tardiness of the public subscription. Belinda's Shock, on the other hand, kindles no enthusiasm ; but the true feeling of Pope can hardly be looked for in a mock heroic poem like the “Rape of the Lock,” where the by-

play of a grand lady's lap-dog merely sets off the company of

“Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.”

To assert that Shakespeare drew from dogs that he possessed and loved, simply because he describes the sportsman's comrades and pastime with such technical accuracy, would be a perilous conclusion, considering the number of pursuits to which his apparent omniscience has consigned him ; but, unless tradition belies him, he has a Charlcote reputation which tends to cumulate the evidence ; and we may therefore, without much apprehension, rest satisfied in our instinctive conviction that none but a friend of dogs could have lingered about them as he does in the “Taming of the Shrew,” where the sporting lord charges his huntsman to “tender well his hounds,” while master and man discuss the fatigues of Merriman and of Clowder, and the exploits of Silver and Belman and Echo, as sympathetically as if these fatigues and exploits had been their own. Equally defensible is it to persuade ourselves that Shakespeare is harking back to happy memories when Theseus promises :

“My love shall hear the music of my hounds,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.”

And when Hippolyta recalls the “gallant chiding” of the hounds of Sparta, baying the bear in a wood of Crete, and making the groves,

“The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.”

Again, it is Shakespeare, so to say, who in Theseus' reply, revels in the beauty of his hounds :

“Their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bells ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.”

In the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” Launce supplies an instance of dog-love run wild. “To this silly semi-brute fellow,” says Gervinus, “who sympathizes with his beast almost more than

with men, his dog is his best friend." Their communion and fellowship is so human that Launce is seriously hurt, and indites Crab as "the sourest dog that lives," as "a stone, a very pebble stone," and "with no more pity than a dog," because (he adds) "my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed a tear; . . . but see how I lay the dust with my tears!" And all this in spite of the fact that many a time and oft Launce had sacrificed everything to Crab—had even taken his faults upon him and submitted to stripes in his stead. Can we doubt that a real feeling lay at the foundation of this extravaganza, in which the force of dog-love could no further go?

Smollett must have had many a merry chuckle as he developed the biography of Chowder in "Humphry Clinker." Chowder, "a filthy cur from Newfoundland" (according to the unsympathetic description of Jeremiah Melford), was the treasure of Miss Tabitha Bramble, who having, in the opinion of the same correspondent, "distinguished this beast with her favor on account of his ugliness and ill-nature, if it was not indeed an instinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own . . . caressed him without ceasing and even harassed the family in his service." Most whimsical is the status of profound importance which Chowder holds in the letters of Tabitha and her Malapropian servants—with their detailed instructions concerning Chowder's ailments, his medicines, and his treatment—their deep distress when he is ill, their devout thankfulness on his recovery. For example, Jenkins, in attendance upon the Brambles at the Bath waters, writes to Molly Jones, the housekeeper at Brambleton Hall in this strain: "As for house news, the worst is Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomach: he eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that, and wheezes, and seems to be much bloated. The doctor thinks he is threatened with a dropsy. Parson Marrofat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and mistress says, if

his case don't take a favorable turn, she will certainly carry him to Abergarnny, to drink goats'-whey." Elsewhere Mrs. Jones is informed by the same writer: "We have been all in a sad taking here in Glostar. Miss Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but, the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over . . . But what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle. Mistress was taken with the asterisks; but they soon went off. The doctor was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service. Thank God, he's now in a fair way to do well." Whenever the dog appears—whether as sitting gigantic in Jenkins' lap in a coach and four, or as tearing Matthew Bramble's leg and biting the venturesome footman's fingers to the bone when the carriage was overturned; or as the cause of Matthew's transport of passion and sudden ebullition of peremptoriness with Tabitha, which resulted in Tabitha's presentation of Chowder to Lady Griskin ("who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion"), and in his former mistress' permanent conversion from chronic spleen to perpetual smiling—we feel that, under cover of farce and satire, Chowder is a real friend of Smollett's, and his hearty ally in scourging the frivolities of the age.

The humor of Dickens has sometimes been compared to that of Smollett; and though there may be many points of difference—perhaps to the advantage of the former—their keen appreciation of a "funny dog" is certainly one point of union, and may be allowed to serve as a bridge over which we may now pass to writers of our own time. Dickens' interest in dogs, Mr. Forster tells us, was inexhaustible, and he welcomed with delight any newly-discovered trait in their character. The society of his own dogs he ardently enjoyed. He invariably kept two or more mastiffs to guard his house against the undesirable wayfarers who haunted the high road hard by. Of all these his special favorite was Turk, "a noble animal, full of affection and intelligence," who had as his co-

mate Linda, a "superbly beautiful creature," the scion of a St. Bernard, brought over by Albert Smith. These two dogs happened to be with him in the walk when he fell lame, and, boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in their master's gait brought them at once to a standstill. As he limped home, three miles through the snow, they crept at his side at the same slow pace, and never once turned away from him. Dickens was greatly moved at the time by their solicitous behavior, and often afterward spoke of Turk's upturned face as full of sympathy mingled with fear, and of Linda's inconsolable dejection. A railway accident brought death to Turk and sorrow to his master; and then came Sultan, a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built like a lioness, but of such indomitably aggressive propensities that, after breaking loose and well nigh devouring a small sister of one of the servants, he was first flogged and then sentenced to be shot at seven the next morning. "He went out," says Dickens, "very cheerfully with the half-dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking they were going to be the death of somebody unknown. But observing in the procession an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barrelled gun, he became meditative and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village blackguard (the chief mourner) caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell dead, shot through the heart. Two posthumous children are at this moment rolling on the lawn; one will evidently inherit his ferocity, and will probably inherit the gun." The description of Dickens' welcome by his dogs on his return from America—how they lifted their heads to have their ears pulled, an attention received from him alone; how Linda, weeping profusely, threw herself on her back that she might caress his foot with her large forepaws; and how the terrier Mrs. Bouncer, barking furiously, "tore round him like the dog in the Faust outlines"—will show at once the tender relations that existed between the great novelist and his canine friends. But we must not omit little Snittle Timbery, a present from Mitchell, the comedian,

during Dickens' first visit to America. Timber Doodle was the original name of the small shaggy white terrier; but Snittle Timbery was deemed by his new owner to be more sonorous and expressive. When Dickens and Snittle both suffered at Albano in Italy, the one, from swarms of mosquitoes, the other, from fleas, the dog came off worst: there was no choice but to shave off every hair of his body. "It is very awful," writes Dickens, "to see him slide into a room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round and round to look for himself. I think he will die of grief." Dickens' sympathy with dogs, and especially with their humor might be further illustrated by his story of the very comical dog that caught his eye in the middle of a reading, and, after intently looking at him for some time, bounced out into the centre aisle and tried the effect of a bark upon the proceedings, when Dickens burst into such a paroxysm of laughter that the audience roared again and again with him. The dog came the next night also, but met with a very different reception; for, having given warning of his presence to an attendant near the door by a suppressed bark and a touch on the leg, he was caught *in flagrante delicto*, when with his eye upon Dickens he was just about to give louder tongue, and was whirled with both hands over the attendant's head into the entrance behind, whence he was promptly kicked by the check-takers into the street. Next night he came again, and with another dog, whom "he had evidently promised to pass in free;" but the check-takers were prepared.

To turn now from Dickens' real life to his fiction, the wild ways of an excitable and irascible English terrier are nowhere, I should say, more vividly depicted than in his portrait of Diogenes: he must surely have known some such dog intimately. Take the absurd scene of the dog's arrival at the Dombey residence under the care of Florence's admirer, Mr. Toots, in a hackney cab, into which Diogenes had been lured under pretence of rats in the straw; and the description of his frantic and ludicrous gestures in the vehicle while his presence was being formally announced to Florence in the drawing-room. Dio-

genes was not "a lady's dog, you know" (to use Mr. Toots' phrase): he was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet in a day's march—"a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood whom it was meritorious to bark at; far from good-tempered, and certainly not clever; with hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice;" yet he was dearer to Florence, because of Paul, than the most beautiful of his kind. None but an affectionate observer of dogs could have so graphically described the manners of Diogenes after his release from the cab: how he dived under all the furniture; how he wound his long iron chain round the legs of the chairs and tables at the risk of accidental death by suffocation; how the new idea struck him of buying Mr. Toots, till he had effected that gentleman's summary expulsion; how on another occasion he viewed Mr. Toots as a foreigner, and seized him by his expensive pantaloons when he was leaving one of the daily cards; how he would lie with his head upon the window ledge all through a summer's day placidly opening and shutting his eyes upon the street, till some noisy dog in a cart roused his ire, calling for a wild rush to the door, and a deafening disturbance, succeeded by the complacent return of Diogenes with the air of one who had done a public service. Even Florence Dombey could not have excelled Dickens in the appreciation of Diogenes, Jip, Dora's black-and-tan pet, is, at the first blush, as unwelcome as Dora; but all through the acquaintance, engagement, and married life of Dora and David, we feel that Jip is as much an individual as either of them. At first, indeed, Dickens uses him to set off Dora's exasperating childishness. She perpetually interposes him to prevent any serious talk or "reasoning;" so that, even when David presents himself to her as a "penniless beggar," she cannot avoid reminding him that "Jip must have a chop every day at twelve, or he will die." Not less characteristic and annoying is it when Dora uses the cookery book (with which, in its new gay binding, David hopes to interest and enlighten her ignorance) as a corner-

stool for Jip to "stand up" on, or as an unresisting prey which Jip may worry. But as time goes on and Dora comes to see her own unfitness, and touchingly begs to be called the "child-wife," and tries to be useful to her "Doady" by at least, if she can do no more, holding his pens for him as he writes into the late hours of the night—then Jip serves to set off the pathos of her childish love, till that affecting scene when Jip and Dora leave the world together; and then we see that Dickens has loved Jip after all. Bull's-eye, Sykes' dog, in "Oliver Twist," likewise sets off his owner's character; but in the treatment of a character so dark there is no room for humor save of the grimmest order. That is a master-stroke, however, when the Dodger, describing Bull's-eye as the "downiest of the lot" in Fagin's establishment, adds: "He would not so much as bark in a witness-box for fear of committing himself; no, not if you tied him up in one and left him there without wittles for a fortnight." Bull's-eye is a miracle of immovable canine faithfulness. This white dog, first introduced to us as he skulked into Sykes' room with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, should have had as his badge the "badge of sufferance." Growls, curses, kicks, flying pewters, and other visitations of Sykes' savagery whenever it looked round for a butt never provoked reprisal, broke his spirit, or stunted his devotion: even when he was so cruelly assaulted with poker and clasp-knife, the anger of his snapping and barking, which preceded his flight by the opening door, meant no harm to his master, but was only the safety valve which at other times let off the steam by crushing through an occupied boot or biting like a wild beast at the end of a poker. In spite of all that he endured, one word or even a look from Sykes, and he was "ready, ay, ready" to serve him. When, after the murder of Nancy, Sykes sought to put one risk out of the way by drowning him, Bull's-eye showed no malice—he only slunk reproachfully away; and the pathetic and fatal endeavor of the returned and forgiving dog to leap from the parapet to the shoulders of his hanging master—so that, however unpleasant to Bull's-eye had been their lives, in death they were not di-

vided, is the crown and consummation of the dog's unwavering and unrewarded loyalty.

It would be like an amputation to regard Lytton's "What will he do with it?" apart from Sir Isaac, the accomplished French poodle which "Gentleman Waife," after a long period of unfulfilled desire, was at last enabled to purchase with the three pounds obtained by his supposed grand-daughter, Sophie, for a sitting to Vance the painter. The original name, Mop, had been instantly discarded by Waife as too trivial; and the various experiments to discover what more appropriate title would be agreeable to Mop, and the successive failures betokened by successive lugubrious howls, till Isaac, the name of his first master, was unwittingly hit upon, with the expletive *Sir* prefixed, because Waife had intended to draw upon the name of an equally intelligent calculator—form one of the best scenes in the book. To the name *Newton* alone Mop declined to respond, but *Isaac* was a joyful memory to him; and for the sake of the *Isaac* he let the *Sir* pass. Sir Isaac and Waife are one throughout the story: the fortunes of the one rise and fall with those of the other; and, when "Gentleman Waife" is restored to his true position at last, Sir Isaac is "there to see."

Washington Irving has left us a possession, perhaps forever, in Rip van Winkle and his dog Wolf, a possession increased in value by the impersonation of Mr. Jefferson, with his pathetic, half-humorous, half-despairing inquiry, "Did you know Schneider? 'Cos he was my dog." This Wolf (or Schneider) "was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring, all besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs: he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame van Winkle; and, at the

least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation." The pity which Rip and Wolf felt for the "dog's life" led by both—the vow of friendship which with mutual expressiveness they swore—the climax of loneliness that burst upon the exile, returning after his twenty years' absence, when a half-starved cur, prowling near Rip's roofless dwelling, snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on, wringing from him the cry "My very dog has forgotten me!"—are all graphic touches which reveal to us that Wolf had another friend besides Rip, and that was Washington Irving.

Tartar, in "Shirley," is the keeper that occupies so prominent a position in the life at Haworth Parsonage, and is Charlotte Brontë's tribute to her dead sister Emily's favorite, as "Shirley" is to Emily herself; and all the scenes in which they figure are taken from real life. This huge animal, half mastiff, half bull-dog, was faithful to the depths of his nature, Mr. Gaskell tells us, so long as he was with friends, but he who struck him with a stick or a whip roused the relentless nature of the brute in him, and brought him to his assailant's throat forthwith, where he held fast till one or other was at the point of death. This trait in Tartar's character gives scope to a most ludicrous scene in "Shirley," in course of which Mr. Malone and Mr. Donne seek ignominious refuge in various illegal, though fortunately unoccupied, rooms, while Shirley, coming to the rescue, "exhibits that provoking coolness which the owners of formidable-looking dogs are apt to show when their animals are all bustle and fury," begging Mr. Malone, as he re-appears over the banister, to release his friend Mr. Donne and inform him that she prefers to receive him in a lower room. Emily Brontë's fearless bravery cannot be more vividly realized than from the account Mr. Gaskell gives how, in fulfilment of a resolution taken in spite of all warning and a full knowledge of Keeper's ferocity, she dragged him from his favorite and forbidden place of voluptuous repose—a delicate white counterpane—and met his spring at the foot of the dark staircase with her clinched fist, till "his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, half-stupefied beast was led to his accus-

tomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by Emily herself." Yet Keeper owed her no grudge. In "Shirley" we see the "tawny lion-like bulk of Tartar ever stretched beside his mistress, one of her hands generally resting on the loving serf's rude head, because if she took it away he groaned and was discontented." Keeper walked side by side with old Mr. Brontë at Emily's funeral; and thereafter, to the day of his death, slept at her room door snuffing under it, and whining every morning, till he in his turn was mourned over by "Currier Bell."

Mary Russell Mitford approaches Scott in the number and unbroken succession of her dogs, but not, as a rule, in their individuality or in the attractiveness of their history. In writing of her canine companions she is rather pleasant than striking, and is not altogether free from the gushing and the commonplace. But her devotion to them is undeniable: she never failed to make some dog or dogs (almost always of the greyhound type) an integral element of her life, and there is scarcely a letter of hers in which she does not refer to them. Perhaps the most distinctive are—Toney, the little greyhound that in the absence of his mistress, then aged thirteen, had a finger, or rather a paw, in laying the foundation-stone of Bertram House; Marmion, whose death is the subject of a farewell poem; Tray, who was stolen from her, and after whom she despatches verses of anxious inquiry, and of exhortation to "Revolt, resist, rebel!" Mayflower, a beautiful and symmetrical greyhound, with "the hue of may-blossom, like marble with the sun on it;" Dash, a stray dog originally, of whom we are told in "Our Village" that, in spite of his ugliness, he was taken up and forced upon the family by Mayflower, and that his head revealed to Dr. Dowton the phrenologist, greater combativeness than he had ever found in any other spaniel—his victory in twenty pitched battles (including contests with two bulldogs, a Dane, and a Newfoundland) acquiring him the undisputed kingdom of the street, and justifying Dr. Dowton's reading of his characteristics; and lastly, Flush, a pretty little brown spaniel, first of all a servant's property, whose broken leg led on Miss Mitford through the successive

stages of pity, nursing, and love, and who in the end took a place in the hearts of the household never afterward filled by any canine successor.

Mrs. Barrett Browning's Flush was a puppy son of the elder Flush, and was bestowed by Miss Mitford on his mistress. In the footnote to Mrs. Browning's poem on this her faithful friend, she tells us that Flush belonged to a beautiful race of dogs rendered famous by Miss Mitford in England and America. "The Flushes," she adds, "have their laurels as well as the Cæsars—the chief difference (at least the very head and front of it) consisting, perhaps, in the bald head of the latter under the crown." The verses of Flush's mistress give us a perfect word-picture of what Flush must have been, with his "startling eyes of hazel bland," his "silken ears" and "silver suited breast," his body "darkly brown,"

"Till the sunshine, striking this,
Alchemise its dulness,
When the sleek curls manifold
Flash all over into gold
With a burnished fulness."

But Flush had better service to fulfil than the mere pleasing of the eye.

"Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in those drooping ears
And this glossy fairness.

"But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied;
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

"Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hare, and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow;
This dog only crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

"And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dew-laps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After platforming his chin
On the palm left open."

Flush, Mr. Browning tells me, "lies in the vaults under Casa Guidi, dying as he did at Florence in extreme old age." Of such a dog, the subject of such a poem, we may confidently say, "His body is buried in peace, but his fame shall live for evermore."

The picture of Charles Kingsley at

home would show a serious gap if his dogs were not in the foreground. His love for them, and for animals generally, was strengthened, it appears, by his belief in their future state, a belief he shared with John Wesley and other historical names. Kingsley had a wonderful power of attracting the affection of dumb creatures, and likewise of quelling their fury. He was known to have more than once driven large savage dogs, quite strange to him, back into their kennel by nothing beyond eye, voice and gesture, cowing them still with his look as they growled and moved uneasily from side to side; and on one occasion, after having thus forced an infuriated brute to retreat into his lair, he even pulled him out again by his chain. Muzzie was his dog at Magdalen, a clever, sedate-looking gray Scotch terrier: Kingsley was devoted to him. We hear of Dandie, Sweep, and Victor at the Eversley Rectory. Mr. John Martineau, who spent eighteen months at Eversley as Kingsley's pupil, thus concludes his description of the study: "On the mat perhaps, with brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and with gently agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion—a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of his race." How well established was the position of Dandie in the Kingsley household may be gathered from the reminiscence of an American visitor: "Still I see Dandie lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun." He was Kingsley's companion in his parish walks, attended all the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and his children's friend for thirteen years. Victor, a favorite Teckel, given him by the Queen, had Kingsley for an unsleeping nurse during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's existence. Sweep, a magnificent black retriever, finds a niche instinctively in the surroundings which young Mr. Kingsley recalls after his father's death: "I can see him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful 'no, go home, Sweep,' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the garden walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping

against hope that he might be allowed to come on." And there lie the dogs, buried side by side under the great fir-trees on the rectory lawn—Dandie, Sweep, and Victor—with the brief but telling inscription on the headstone, "Fideli Fideles."

Thus have I endeavored to renew the acquaintance of my readers and myself with dogs that have shared the fame of their literary friends; in some cases I may venture to hope I have perhaps aided in swelling the number of the friendships these dogs have hitherto been able to claim. For, in a sense, they are all ours—Maida, Luath, Boatswain, Diogenes—even as those are ours whose possessions or creations they were. But it goes to my heart that so many dogs of worth are perforce passed over in my chronicle. Time and space would fail me to tell of Skovmark, the comrade of Sintram in his wild wanderings—of the dog that for sixteen years soothed the solitude of Robinson Crusoe—of Bras, the Princess of Thule's deerhound, the only reminder in unkindly London of Sheila's Highland home—of George Eliot's Mumps in the "Mill on the Floss"—of Faust in "Lewis Arundel"—of Bustle in the "Heir of Redclyffe"—of Snarleyvow in Captain Marryatt's "Dog Fiend"—of Royal in "Blair Castle," a book which Mr. Ruskin has summarized as "the best picture of a perfect child and of the next best thing in creation, a perfect dog;" over whose cruel death I have known listening children shed floods of tears—of Isla, Puck, the dog of Flanders, and the many dogs, real and fictitious, associated with the name of Ouida—of the Druid of "Barbara's History," the Vic of Rhoda Broughton's "Nancy," the Huz and Buz of Mr. Bouncer in "Verdant Green," of Punch's immemorial Toby, and that cherished childish memory the "poor dog" of Mother Hubbard—of the "Matthew Arnold" that intensifies the comicality of the "Old Maid's Paradise"—of Cartouche, the title and the hero of "as charming and pathetic a dog story," "Cartouche, or only a Dog," as I have ever read; a dog alike of humor, of tenderness, and of courage; ludicrous, as he dashes suddenly into the thick of a "proposal;" gentle, as he watches at the bed of his dying mis-

tress ; brave, as he rescues a cottager's cradled child from the flooded Tiber ; self-forgotten, as he turns back to save his struggling master's life, and to lose his own. "And a peasant woman, so ends the tale, in a southern country, has taught her children to love animals and be good to them ; for one of them, she says, was saved by a dog. The children listen, thrilled by the familiar story. 'Eccolo !' cries a little girl, pointing ; and they all turn to look up where, over the door, is a carved figure of a dog with a date." And no article on the dogs of literature would in this generation be complete without some passing reference, at least, to "Rab and his Friends," "Horæ Subsecivæ" with its Rab, Toby, and their compeers, is however so well known that Dr. John Brown's perfect story, which has so often been read with laughter and with tears, needs no fresh telling. "Lives there a man with soul so dead," who having once made Rab

his own, is content not to know and to love him more and more ? As for all to whom Rab is as yet undiscovered, let them search for him as for hid treasure.

Dogs of myth and of legend—dogs of history, such as the dog of William the Silent—dogs of art, such as Hogarth's Pompey and Crab, the dogs of Landseer and of Ansdell, or the Chang with whom Du Maurier has made us so familiar—and all those dogs whose mere instinct, intelligence, or courage has constituted them the heroes of so many books and anecdotes—would be altogether beyond the scope of the present article. My aim has been to re-awaken the associations, not of dog and hero, dog and gun, dog and horse, or dog and dog lover generally, but of dog and pen ; and to put on record how widespread in the range of English literature at any rate, has been the friendship of the writer and his dog.—*Temple Bar.*

THE SUN-VOICE.

It is trite to say that the progress of science is filling the world with marvels far beyond those the most undisciplined imaginations have conceived. Scarcely a week passes but the report of a discovery, or the amplification of a discovery, gives the newspapers an interest beyond politics or the most important records of commerce. For the new discovery often portends serious modifications in the opinions and worldly fortunes of millions. Each scientific truth places man in a new attitude to Nature, and lessens by one link the chain of his ignorance. Intellectual chaos is diminished, and order makes progress. The true wonder lies in the fact, that every discovery is ultimately found to be of advantage to mankind. However remote and meaningless it may seem at the beginning, it ends in elevating and blessing our race. And discovery is so fecund in further discovery. A trifling accidental observation of phenomena expands into an immense mass of useful knowledge ; a toy ends in adding many cubits to our intellectual stature.

Galvani's dead frog has created a new science of biology, and of psychology.

Volta's battery has made civilization assured beyond the peril of decay or interruption. The electric telegraph has set up a mode of communication that cannot be stayed by all the barbaric hordes in the world. No more will an Alexander or Napoleon overwhelm the world with blood and fire ; the swiftest conqueror's march is as the slow creeping of the glacier to the lightning voice, which proclaims his designs to all the corners of the earth.

Although still in its youth, the electric telegraph is the fruitful parent of a wonderful family. Most notable of these is the telephone. What this will accomplish cannot be imagined ; but already it is beginning to revolutionize internal commercial and social communications. It is giving an impetus to business that will drive it at a speed of which we, strenuous toilers, have no adequate understanding. But before its possibilities are more than sketched out, behold it the parent of another family of wondrous servants prepared to do the behests of humanity. Its offspring, the telephone, or sun-voice, is already born, and what it may bring to pass, in knowl-

edge and human destiny, is undreamt of in the present philosophy. Its first services have transported us into such ethereal regions that the steadiest brains reel. It has opened up a radiating wilderness of wonders, on whose frontiers the hardest savants stand amazed.

The discoveries of Professor Graham Bell are undoubtedly the most extraordinary of all that mark the time in which we live. They reveal an intimacy of correspondence between the sun and man far greater than had been supposed. Every step in the study of solar physics has shown a further dependence of terrestrial life upon the glorious luminary for its beauty and its energy. The last conclusions of astronomers and meteorologists leave no doubt that all creatures exist through the sun. In every variation of the solar atmosphere there is a variation of human well-being, and also in that of the lower forms of life. The famines, the abundances, the epidemic diseases, which afflict men, animals, and vegetation, are due to changes in the great centre whence all energy proceeds. And so are the sequential changes in human history. The ebbs and flows of commercial vigor are dependent upon the primal forces which lie more than ninety millions of miles away. Bountiful harvests are transmuted into increased human activities; dearths act like a brake upon the wheels of progress. Even in Britain, where food-supplies pour in from all parts of the earth, and where there is no direct connection between scarcity and hunger, vitality droops when the sun ceases to give a normal flood of rays. Though we have erected powerful barriers between famine and death by our civilization, we cannot escape the influence of a beclouded sun. As vegetal products languish and refuse their increase, the population begins to lose the native hue of its resolution; mercantile enterprise dwindles; the captains of industry are bereft of their valor; anxiety, care, fear, despair, invade the exchanges; money stagnates in its owners' pockets. The commercial sky is a reflex of the celestial sky. Gloomy prophecies are delivered on all sides that the glory of Britain has departed, and that her course must be downward evermore.

The peculiar characteristic of such a

time is the almost universal despondency. With rare exceptions, everybody is depressed, disheartened, dismayed. No matter how little bad times may injure them, or how secure they may be against the worst evils prevailing, men refuse to be cheerful, and join in the common panic. An epidemic of hypochondria rages, and men cannot struggle against it. The exceptional few, who by unusual physical strength, by reason, by wide acquaintance with financial history, stand opposed to the rest, speak in vain. Though they prove by infallible data that no bad times can endure beyond a season, they receive no thanks for the cheering assurance. On the contrary, they are charged with a flippant optimism, highly inappropriate in the general mourning.

A few days of bright sunshine and an elevation of temperature produce a magical change in opinions. Hope prevails again, the future looks joyous, and care and physic are together thrown to the dogs.

These are the obvious effects of solar stimulation and its absence. In addition, the sun influences us in multiform modes. It is no exaggeration to say that every human being quivers incessantly like a perturbed magnetic needle as the solar forces vary in their intensities. If a spike of sensitive steel dances in time to every tremor of the sun's photosphere, how much more do the exquisitely-poised molecules of the nervous system? The most responsive magnet is inert compared with the living metals that bound in our veins. It is the dash of solar fire upon the phosphorus of the brain which sets the intellect aflame; and by the illumination we perceive how tremendous is the relationship between sun and man.

All our sensations are due to the sun, from the most palpable to the mysterious feelings which traverse our souls from time to time. The strongest and the most irreflective have periods of mental exaltation and depression, which come and go in spite of circumstances and volition. The more finely organized are continually vibrating with changes of mood. Men and women of extreme sensibility exhibit impressibility in its highest degrees. Of such stuff are poets, seers, and the great discov-

erers made. They are more alive than the rest of mankind, because the solar currents rush through them more swiftly ; and therefore the number of their ideas are greater. Life is movement, and the more mental actions performed in a given time, the larger is the life.

The intuitions which flash upon great men are currents of light focussed upon a series of ideas that become resolved into one master-fact ; scattered rays of thought are condensed into a mighty generalization, and, in an instant, the poet or the savant has lived from the dawn of time to its fading twilight.

By the researches of Professor Bell we now know that the sun enables us to hear as well as see. It makes all things vocal. A puff of tobacco-smoke, a few drops of sulphuric ether, have a message to deliver to the hearer. The grand science of the future will be to translate these molecular utterances into comprehensive speech.

In the sounds of the world around us there are immense numbers which are comprehensible though inarticulate. The many utterances of the dog are as well understood as though he were addressing us in human speech ; that arises from the long intimacy between the two races. We do not know the meaning of the cries of all the domestic animals, but those most frequently made are plain to all having care of them. The roar of the lion strikes terror into man and beast, though heard for the first time ; so does the hiss of the serpent and the scream of birds of prey. This is the natural language of menace. The songs of birds give delight to the listener, but why we know not. The boom of the stormy sea and the howl of the tempest in the forest have a powerful influence upon all creatures, and though it may be in part from the dangers associated with high velocity of the wind, that does not explain all the sensations. The weird wail of the night wind through the chinks and crannies of the house lowers our spirits to its sad key, in spite of ourselves ; so does the plaintive melody of the minor scale. It would seem that certain sounds depress vitality, while others raise them. The clang of trumpets and the roll of drums excite all sorts of people. Even the ardent disciples of peace find themselves marching in unison to the strain

of war-like measures. Who does not respond to the ineffable spell of village bells vibrating in the evening air ?

Acoustics have so far been left in the hands of mathematicians ; but another order of savants will be needed to explain their deeper significations. We cannot be content to be told that sound is only a series of aerial undulations moving at different velocities. We want to know why certain sounds affect us in certain ways, and the want will no doubt be satisfied.

The human ear is being continually perfected. Civilized men can appreciate sounds, and combinations of sounds, that are unperceived by savages. Among barbarians of a low type, melody is unknown ; what musical faculty they have is displayed in a rythmical beating of sonorous substances. The advance from this monotone to the orchestral performances at the Handel Festivals is so vast, that we might deem the performers beings of widely divergent species. Music among ourselves has greatly developed during the past fifty years ; there is scarcely a house without some musical instrument, singing is taught in all schools, concerts multiply throughout the land ; music in some form or other is the recreation and delight of millions, where it was limited to a cultivated few. The meaning of this is a growth of the faculty of hearing.

Common people now enjoy the works of the great composers ; not merely the melodies, but the harmonious combinations. The fact that orchestral concerts are more and more patronized, proves that the national ear can appreciate the architecture of the world of tones, and that the massive and gorgeous structures of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Wagner are correctly pictured in the mind. And it is to be noted that modern music is ceasing to be melodious and becoming harmonious. Wagner's works are striking evidences of this ; instead of arias we now have vast billows of sound flowing in mazy volumes, that grow huger and more complicated with each new composition.

The growth of aural discrimination will be accelerated as the nervous sensibility of our race advances, and those who follow us will hear sounds, simple and compound, that are imperceptible to

us. Nature will be to them grander and more communicative than she is to our selves, just as we have a broader life than our fathers. Every expansion of faculty is an addition to the wealth of life, is a closer correspondence between man and the forces of the universe. How rapid the advance has been in the recent past is seen in the growth of modern music. The diatonic scale is only a few centuries old. Out of the chaos of sounds, that first produced order; and the world of defined tone that has since come into existence is immense. Some of the greatest intellects have employed all their genius upon it. Bach, Beethoven, Handel, and others have done as much in this invisible domain of Nature, as Kepler, Newton, Herschell, and others have done in the kindred domain of visible things.

In another field telegraphists prove how correctly the ear can register sounds. Those who have been trained to receive messages by the sounding instrument, can tell by its clickings the import of a telegram just as the uninitiated do by their eyes. What appears to an ordinary listener as a mere confused patter of sounds, is, to the instructed, speech in its plainest form.

One thing seems likely to follow from Professor Bell's discovery of the audibility of molecular motion, and that is a new method of chemical analysis. Each elementary body has no doubt a definite note, and compounds will have their harmonies and discords. The ears of physicists will be trained to decipher molecular tones, and who can say what marvels they will disclose? We know what almost incredible revelations spectrum analysis has yielded, since it came into use. It may well be that the new mode of molecular investigation, due to Professor Bell, will add to the empire of knowledge territories as immense as those conquered by the spectrum. In both, it is light which tells us of the hidden mysteries of the universe; and by using the methods alternatively, they will doubtlessly confirm the facts obtained by each.

The queries that arise out of the discovery of the photophone are so numerous that they embarrass the most able physicists. Foremost among them is that of the new-found power of the sun-

beam. What is this? In the words of Professor Bell: "An invisible beam is brought to a focus, is rendered parallel by a second lens, and a musical note is developed in the telephone. I do not pretend to say what the nature of these rays is, but it is difficult to believe they can be heat-rays, for, in the first place, hard rubber is a substance which becomes heated when exposed to the sun's rays, and does not, therefore, transmit heat to any appreciable extent."

The further experiments of Professor Bell prove conclusively that it is not the heat-rays which make molecules vocal. What rays are they, then? The actinic, or chemical rays, which paint the world in such splendid colors, and which do the photographer's work? Or are they those singular dark lines which intersect the spectrum, and whose agency has yet to be accounted for? So much is known of the special operations of the different parts of the solar beam, that we cannot be long in determining to which part is due the molecular sounds now engaging the attention of the scientific world.

Another query arises. Is the discovery of Professor Bell a re-discovery? Have the solar rays spoken to the sages who slumber in the depths of the past? Many truths of modern science have been guessed at by the early philosophers. Pythagoras declared that the movement of the stars produced a divine harmony, which could be heard by the wise. The myth of Meninon indicates some knowledge possessed by the ancients of the audibility of the sun's rays. The famous statue at Thebes became vocal when the sun rose and the beams fell upon it, and it continued to sing joyously all the day. When the orb sank to the west, a wailing cry seemed to deplore the departure of the light. A new interest arises in the old legend, and another link is added to the evidence that the old mythology of the Egyptians and Greeks arose out of a primitive natural philosophy.

But not only are we transported to the remote speculators of the scientific past; we are hurled into the depths of the future by the savants of the present, who see in the new discovery means of intercommunication that will add immeasurable powers to those now possessed by mankind. One of the savants, M. Ar-

mengaud the younger, of Paris, has struck out a collateral invention to the photophone, little less marvellous than itself. It is an instrument which he proposes to call the "telescope." By means of this, he says, we shall be able to see objects situated upon any part of the earth's surface, and at any distance from the observer. His reasoning is based upon the laws of reflection of images. All objects reach our eyes by means of luminous rays; the problem is, to transport them to such distances as we desire. The scientists to whom M. Armengaud has communicated his conception are confident of its feasibility. So it may come to pass that we shall see and hear our most distant correspondents while they communicate with us. A merchant in London, by telephone and telescope, will be brought into something like contact with a client at San Francisco, Shanghai, St. Petersburg, Yeddo, or elsewhere. It is true there are many difficulties in the way, but, with the cardinal principles fully grasped, it may be a mere question of details.

Who can say where the discoveries of the subtler powers of Nature will lead us, and how far they will modify human thoughts, acts, and hopes? One thing is clear, the communication of man with man will be more frequent than before. With a universal telephone, humanity will be consolidated into one family, inspired with one aim, that of bettering the welfare of the race. Language will lose its fundamental variation, its dialects, its provincialisms, and one speech will resound through the earth. Our ideas of time will be greatly modified,

and space will have a new significance. From our quiet room at home, we shall be able to converse with friends in the centre of Africa, in the far East, or in the glowing wilds of Australia. And, perhaps, by means of the telescope we shall see our interlocutors face to face. Nor will that be all. We shall see and hear what may be in their surroundings, for if it be possible to send the images of persons, it will be possible to send the images of other things. Thus the wild whirl of the cataract of Niagara, with the thunders of the falls, may be transmitted to us. And so may the Titanic explosions and menacing glare of Vesuvius and Etna, when in eruption. The mystic fires of arctic auroras and the dazzling splendors of tropical sunsets, may lighten our study's solitude, and make a voyage autour de ma chambre a veritable tour du monde! All that is grand in sight and sound, throughout the planet, may be brought to us, be our whereabouts where it may.

And far beyond the planet, in the awful abysses of space, we may have tidings of the wonders going on there; for no limit seems to exist to the excursions of the human mind, by the means of the transporting forces now placed at its disposal. If there be intelligent creatures in the sister planets, we may find a method of communicating our thoughts to them, and for receiving theirs in return. Light is the universal messenger, that flies from world to world, from sun to sun, from galaxy to galaxy. If we can find the alphabet of its speech, the problem of the Universe will approach its solution.—*All the Year Round*.

TO CHAUCER.

["Than love I most thise flouris white and rede,
Such as men callen daysyes in her toun."]

SWEET singer of the dawn,
Who in the voiceless stillness, when the gray
Throbbed opal-tinged with hues of coming day,
Upon our English lawn
Didst honor chief the flower that lies bestrewn
On the green-vestured meadows, when the May
Goes forth with silver shoon—

Pace with me, master mine,
 Adown the dewy crofts and thread the glades
 Unruffled yet, ere wake the merry maids,
 Their comely locks to twine
 With daisies, and salute the blushing Spring.
 Linger, blest Dawn ; full soon the freshness fades,
 Full short the blossoming.

Thou, who, when all was still,
 And from the dayspring's altar dimly curled
 Faint, wraith-like mists, and th' Eastern gates were pearled
 With rose and daffodil,
 Didst blow a note so clear, so joyous free,
 Mute thickets woke to song, and the blithe world
 Rang with thy jollity.

Teach me, whose lot doth lie
 Amid the whirring of fierce wheels, the din
 Of clashing words and eddying thoughts, to win
 Thy grave simplicity—
 Thy loyal tenderness, thy courteous grace,
 Crystal revealings of the heart within,
 Read on thy gentle face.

Teach me thy humor fine—
 To flout men's follies with a loving smile,
 That yet they wince, bethink them, pause awhile,
 Win glimpses half-divine ;
 But with keen arrows of thy barbed wit,
 Piercing his close-set panoply of guile,
 To slay the hypocrite.

Teach me this one best lore—
 To dower pure womanhood with worship due—
 Maiden, wife, mother, ordered fair and true—
 Bloom, flower, and fruitful core,
 White, innocent leaves, with rosy blushes tipt,
 Great many-seeded heart of golden hue,
 In the strong sunbeams dipt.

—*The Spectator.*

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN," AND "PROBATION."

CHAPTER XVII.

"GODEN ABEND, GODE NACHT!"

HE crossed the farmyard and went into the garden, under the old archway, and then, just as he was about to enter, he heard a voice singing, and was arrested. The window of the large room on the right was open, and a glow of firelight warmed the background. From it came the sound of a piano being played, and of a woman's voice accom-

panying it. Aglionby trod softly up to the window and looked in. The fire burned merrily. Judith Conisbrough sat at the piano, with her back to him, softly playing ; her voice had ceased, and presently the music ceased also. Then she began again, and sang in a contralto voice, sweet, natural, and strong, if uncultivated, a song which Aglionby was surprised to hear. He would not have expected her to sing foreign songs—if this could be called

foreign. He folded his arms upon the window-ledge and gazed in and listened, and the music, after all the other strange and dreamful incidents of that day, sank into his inmost soul.

“Oever de stillen Straten,
Geit klar de Glockenslag.
God' Nacht ! Din Hart will slapen ;
Un' Morgen is ook een Dag.

Din Kind liggt in de Wegen,
Un' ik bin ook bi' Di' ;
Din Sorgen un' Din Leven
Sind allens um uns bi'.

Noch eenmal lat uns spräken ;
Goden Abend, gode Nacht !
De Maand schient up de Däken
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht.”*

Aglionby was not a sentimental man, but he was a man intensely sensitive to simple pathos of any kind. None could jeer more cruelly at every pretence of feeling, but none had a keener appreciation of the real thing when it came in his way. And this little German dialect song is brimming over in every line with the truest pathos. Sung in these surroundings by Judith Conisbrough's rich and pathetic voice, her own sadness heavy upon her and in her heart, it was simply perfect, and Bernard knew it. Like a flash of lightning, while the tears rushed to his eyes at this song, he remembered last Sunday evening, and Miss Vane warbling of how they had “sat *by* the river, *you* and *I*,” and he shuddered.

There was a long pause, as she laid her hands on her lap—a long pause, and a deep sigh. Then she slowly rose. Aglionby's impulse was to steal away unobserved, even as he had stolen there, but he feared to lose sight of her ; he longed to speak to her, to have her speak to him ; to tell her, if she would listen to him, something of the

pure delight he had this day experienced. So he said, still leaning into the room :

“May I thank you, Miss Conisbrough?”

He saw that she started, though scarce perceptibly ; then she closed the piano, and turned toward him.

“Have you been listening to my singing? I hope it did not annoy you. It was for mamma. It soothes her.”

“*Annoy* me !” he echoed in a tone of deep mortification. “You must take me for a barbarian. It did even more than you intended. It soothed *me*. Perhaps you grudge me that?”

“Oh, no !” said Judith calmly. “I am glad if it gave you any pleasure.”

She stood not far from the window, but did not approach it. Inside, the firelight glowed, and threw out the lines of her noble figure and shabby dress, and flickered upon her calm, sad, yet beautiful face.

“Are you going upstairs just because I have appeared upon the scene?” he asked with a slight vibration in his voice. “You have ignored me all day, now you are about to fly my presence. You certainly snub me sufficiently, Miss Conisbrough.”

Judith at last came nearer to the window, and held out her hand, which he took with a feeling of gratitude.

“I think you are very ready to invent motives for people's conduct,” she said, “and those motives most extraordinary ones. I was not even thinking of going upstairs. I was going into the other room to have my supper, at Mrs. Aveson's orders.”

“Were you?” exclaimed he, with animation. “Then, if you will allow me, I will come and have mine at the same time, for I feel very hungry.”

“As you like,” replied Judith, and if there was no great cordiality in her tone, equally there was no displeasure—she spoke neutrally.

Bernard hastened to the front door, and met her crossing the passage.

“I think we had better fasten it,” he remarked. “It is growing dark.”

“We have no thieves in these parts,” said Judith a little sarcastically.

“But there is the cold,” he replied, with a townsman's horror of open doors after dusk ; and he shut it, and followed

* “Clear sounds adown the silent street
The bell that tells the hours.
Good-night ! Thy very heart sleep deep !
To-morrow is also ours.

“Thy child within its cradle sleeps,
And I am by thy side.
Thy life—its cares, and hopes, and loves
Around thee all abide.

“Again the words of peace we'll speak,
Good-even, love, good-night.”
Each quiet roof the moonbeams streak,
Our Lord God holds the watch.”

her into the houseplace, where this evening the supper-table was laid.

Judith walked to the fireplace, and stood with her hand resting against the mantelpiece. She looked pale and tired.

"Have you not been out to-day?" he asked.

"No. I have been with mamma. She was nervous, and afraid to be left."

"I have been out of doors almost the whole day," he said.

"Have you? Exploring, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have been exploring. It is a beautiful place, to me especially, who have been all my life cooped up in streets and warehouses. I daresay you can scarcely believe it, but I have hardly seen any country. My mother was always too poor to take me away—allow me!"

Judith looked up quickly, as he uttered these words, and placed a chair for her at the table. She laid her hand on the chair back, as she said:

"But you had friends who were wealthy, had you not—other relations?"

"My grandfather, Mr. Aglionby, was my only rich relation."

"But your mother—Mrs. Ralph Aglionby—had rich relations, I think."

"If she had I never heard of them."

Indeed, I know she had none. Her relations were very few, and such as they were, were all as poor as herself. Her sister, Mrs. Bryce, is the only one who is left. She is a good woman, but she is not rich—far from it."

"Then I was mistaken," said Judith, in so exceedingly quiet a tone that he said abruptly, as he did most things:

"I really beg your pardon for boring you with such histories. Here is the supper. May I give you some of this cold beef?"

He helped her, and noticed again how pale her face was, how sad her expression. He poured her out some wine and insisted upon her drinking it. Every moment that he spent with her deepened the feeling with which she had from the first inspired him—one of admiration. In her presence he felt more genial, more human and hopeful. He scarce recognized himself.

As for Judith, the simple question she had put, respecting his rich relations, and the answer he had given her, had

filled her mind with forebodings. A dim, dread suspicion was beginning to take shape and form in her brain, to grow into something more than a suspicion. As yet, though it was there, she dreaded to admit it, even to herself. She had a high courage, but not high enough yet to give definite shape to that which still she knew, and which oppressed and tormented her. She must never speak of it. If she could prove herself to be wrong, what terrible repentance and humiliation she would have to go through; if right—but no! It could not be that she would be right.

At the present moment, she strove to put down these feelings, and exert herself to be at least civil to this young man who had so strangely stepped into her life, whom she had already begun to study with interest, and who, if her as yet unformulated suspicions should prove to be true, was one whom she could never know on terms of cordiality or friendship, even though all he said and did went to prove that he was no bragging heir, no odious hectorer over that which had suddenly become his.

"Were you at church this morning?" she asked.

"I?" He looked up quickly. "No. Ought I to have been?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps you are not a churchman?"

"I am not. And I suppose that almost every one here is."

"Yes; I think that all the gentry go to church, and most of the working people too."

"Miserable black sheep that I am! I realize from your simple question, that I ought to have presented myself, in the deepest mourning—"

"Mr. Aglionby," she interrupted, almost hastily, "pardon me, but you speak of your grandfather as if you felt some kind of contempt for him."

"Not contempt, but I should lie most horribly if I pretended to admire, or even to respect him. I do consider that he showed himself hard and pitiless in his deeds toward me during his lifetime, and that finally he behaved toward Mrs. Conisbrough with a cruelty that was malignant. And I can't respect a man who behaves so."

"But it was not so," said Judith, pushing her plate away from her, clasp-

ing her hands on the edge of the table, and looking intently at him.

"Not so?" He paused in the act of raising his glass to his lips, and looked at her intently in his turn, in some surprise.

"I don't understand you."

"I cannot explain. It sounds odd to you, no doubt. But I have reason to think that when you accuse my grand-uncle of vindictiveness and injustice, and then of malignant cruelty, you are wrong—you are, indeed. He was passionate. He did all kinds of things on impulse, and it he believed himself wronged, he grew wild under the wrong and then he could do things that were harsh, and even brutal. But he was not one of those who cherish a grudge. He was generous. His anger was short-lived—"

"My dear Miss Conisbrough," said Bernard, with his most chilling smile upon his lips, his coldest gleam in his eyes, "it is most delightful to find what generosity of mind *you* are possessed of—and also, what simplicity. But don't you think you appeal more to my credulity than to my common-sense, when you affirm what you do—and expect me to believe it? Have I not the experience of my whole lifetime—have I not my poor mother's ruined life and premature death from grief and anxiety—to judge from? And did I not only yesterday hear the will read, which has brought on your mother's illness?"

He tried not to speak mockingly, but the conviction of Judith's intense simplicity was too strong for him. The mockery sounded in his voice, and gleamed in his eyes.

"If I were in my usual crabbed temper," he added, more genially, "I should say that you were quixotic and foolish."

"No, I am neither generous, quixotic, nor foolish. I told you I could not explain. All I can say is, that when I hear you speak in that half-sneering, half-angry tone of him, I feel—I cannot tell you what I feel."

"Then I am sure you shall never feel it again. I promise you that, and I beg your pardon, if I have wounded you," he said earnestly, and, hoping to turn away her attention from that topic, he added:

"But you said something about going to church. Do you think the neighbors expected me to be at church this morning, instead of rambling round the lake, and talking about the fells with the farmers' boys?"

"I daresay people would be a little surprised, especially as it was the day after Mr. Aglionby's funeral. These small places you see——"

"Have they *lex non scripta*, which is very stringent. Yes, I know. I ought to have gone. I would have gone, if I had thought of it."

"Are you a dissenter?" asked Judith; "because there is a chapel—Methodist, I think—at Yoresett, and a Quakers' meeting-house at Bainbeck."

"I am not what you would call a dissenter, I suppose, but a free-thinker: what it is now fashionable to call an Agnostic—a modish name for a very old thing."

"Agnostic—that means a person who does not know, doesn't it?"

"Yes. At least with me, it does. It means that I acknowledge and confess my utter and profound ignorance of all things outside experience, beyond the grave; beyond what science can tell me."

"But that is—surely that is atheism—rank materialism, isn't it?"

"Scarcely, I think, is it? Because I don't presume, or pretend to say, that those things which believers preach do not exist—all those things in the beyond, of which they so confidently affirm the existence—I do not deny it; I merely say that for me such things are veiled in a mystery which I cannot penetrate, and which I do not believe that any other man has the power to penetrate. My concern is with this life, and this life alone. I have a moral law quite outside those questions."

"Have you? Then you do affirm some things."

"One thing, very strongly," he answered, with a slight smile, "a thing which partly agrees, and partly disagrees with what you affirm—I am supposing you to be a Christian."

"And what is that?" asked Judith, neither affirming nor denying her Christianity.

"This: that to use the words of the Old Testament, 'The sins of the fathers

shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation,' ay, and a good deal beyond that ; and that, in our system of belief or disbelief—which ever you like to call it—there exists *no* forgiveness of sins. That is all. It is not an elaborate creed, but I think anyone who really comprehends it and accepts it, will find that he must lead a life, to come up to its spirit, as stern and as pure as that which any system of theism can offer to him."

"No forgiveness of sins," faltered Judith, more struck, apparently, by his words than seemed reasonable. "That is surely a hard lesson. Not even by repentance?"

He shook his head. "I don't see how even repentance can bring forgiveness," he said. "'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' and 'the wages of sin is death.' There is no getting out of it, is there? The man who leads a sinful life does not do it with impunity, I think. If he seems to escape pretty well himself, look at his children—his children's children. Look at the punishments that are transmitted from generation unto generation, 'of them that hate me and despise my commandments.'"

"That is God," said Judith.

"I know you call it so. To me it means the laws of science and nature : reason, morality, righteousness, clean hands and a pure heart."

"And you think that would be sufficient to deter people from doing wrong and wicked things?" she asked, still with an absorption of interest in the theme which surprised him, for after all it was a very old and hackneyed one—a subject which had been disputed thousands of times, and he had certainly not thrown any new light upon it by his words.

"I do not know," said he, "I am an Agnostic there, too. It is to be hoped that if it were not efficacious now—which it hardly would be, I daresay—it may become so in the course of time, as the world grows what I call wiser, what you denominate more sceptical, I suppose. At any rate the fact remains, which no theologian can deny, that the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children daily, hourly, inevitably ; and that if a man wish his descendants to escape punishment—if he wish to escape it himself

—he must walk circumspectly : he can't be a drunkard or a profligate all his life, and by repenting on his death-bed wipe out all the consequences to himself and others ; despite all that is preached about its being never too late to mend, and never too late to be forgiven, he cannot do it. He has sinned, and the effects are there. Surely you will own that?"

"It cannot be denied."

"Well, and a man or a woman cannot live a dishonest life—cannot go on with a lie in their right hands—without consequences ensuing. They may repent, sooner or later, in dust and ashes, and may swear, like Falstaff, to 'eschew sack and live cleanly,' but it takes two, at any rate, to tell a lie or to act one : the effects spread out in rings—none can know where or how they will end. It cannot be escaped. Some one must be punished."

"Then those who come after—is it of no use for them to try to expiate the sins of their fathers?" she asked, with the same anxious, eager intentness ; "or, would it not be natural and right for them to say, 'Since my parents left me with this blight in my life, I'll even live recklessly. No repentance will cure it. There is no justice. I will get what pleasure I can out of my maimed existence, and the future may look after itself?'"

"I told you the creed was a hard one," he said. "We have no God of mercy to go on our knees to, for forgiveness. What we have sowed, we must reap, God or no God. It is open to us to do as you say—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die.' Or, it is open to you to take your stand as firmly as may be, to *do without* the cakes and ale ; to say 'Whatever I may suffer for my parents' sin, none shall have to suffer for mine,' and to live righteously."

"And the reward?" asked Judith, looking at him eagerly and intently, even anxiously.

"There is no reward, that I know of, except the one which Christianity says is not sufficient to keep a man straight—the conviction that you have done right and been honest, cost what it might, and that whatever you have suffered from others, no others shall suffer by you. That is all that I know of."

"Then do you recommend this creed to others?"

"I recommend it simply as I would recommend truth, or what appeared to me to be truth, before a lie—as I would recommend a man setting out on a journey to fill his wallet with dry bread, or even dry crusts, rather than with macaroons and cream-cakes."

She leaned her head on her hand, in silence, and at last said:

"It is a hard doctrine."

"Yes, I know. It is the only one that I ever found of any service to me in my life."

"It seems to me that it might be good for strong spirits, but that it would altogether crush weak ones."

"Then, Miss Conisbrough, it should be good for yours; it should be the very meat to sustain it," said Bernard involuntarily and eagerly.

Judith smiled, rather wanly.

"You imagine mine to be a strong spirit?" she asked.

"I am convinced of it."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. I am a faint-hearted coward." She rose, slowly, and paused near the fire. "I think, Mr. Aglionby, that there is a great deal of reason in your Agnosticism. I wish people—some people, I mean—had known of it and realized it a long time ago."

There was a dreary hopelessness in her tone, a blank sorrow in her expression, which went home to him. Like many a strong soul which has been scarred in battle, he shrank from seeing others exposed to the ordeal he had gone through. He thought she was going, all desolate as she was and looked. He could not endure the idea of sending her comfortless away, and he strove to detain her yet another moment.

"Do you mean," he hastily asked, and in a low voice—"do you mean about my grandfather? Because, you know, I try to live up to my convictions. He did wrong, I know—and those who come after him must suffer from it more or less; but I have elected to take the side of not letting others suffer by me, and—"

"I was not thinking of my great-uncle at all," was the unexpected reply. "You are harping on the way in which he has left his money. And you would

like to make it right. You cannot. I never realized until now, how utterly impossible it is. Yes, the sins of the fathers *shall* be visited upon the children. But you have committed no sin. Do not trouble yourself. If it were merely money—though I am nearly a pauper, I never felt to care so little for money as I do now. It seems to me to make so little difference. I think I shall try your creed, Mr. Aglionby; it seems to me to be a manly one." She held out her hand.

"But you want a womanly one," he urged eagerly, yet not too boldly.

"No; I want as strong, as masculine, as virile a creed as I can find. I want a stick to lean upon that will not fail me, and I believe you have extended it to me this night, though I will not deny that it has a rough and horny feeling to the hand. Good night."

"I am greatly concerned," he began, and his face, his voice, and his eyes all showed that concern to be profound.

"Do not be concerned. I thank you for it," said Judith, smiling for the first time upon him. Aglionby hardly knew what the feeling was which seemed to strike like a blow upon his heart, as he met that smile, exquisitely sweet and attractive, like most smiles of grave faces. He could not speak a word, for the emotion was altogether new to him. Passively he allowed her to withdraw her hand, and to walk out of the room.

He sat with his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, gazing into the fire, and would have, sat there till the said fire had expired, had not Mrs. Aveson at last wonderingly looked in to ask if he had finished supper.

"Yes," he answered, abruptly, and the words of the song came tenderly into his mind.

"Noch eenmal lat uns spraken;
Goden Abend, gode Nacht!
De Maand schient up de Däken,
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DANESDALE GOES TO SCAR FOOT.

ABOUT noon the next day, Sir Gabriel Danesdale and his son, riding down the hill behind Scar Foot, left off a lively discussion on politics, which had hitherto engrossed them, and turned their

thoughts and their conversation toward the house which had just come in sight.

"I wonder how we shall like him," observed Sir Gabriel. "At the funeral, I took good notice of him—you were not there."

"No, I don't go to them, on principle."

"That is a mistake," said his father; "there is never any harm in occasionally confronting in another, what must sometime be one's own latter end. When I fairly realized that it was old John who was being laid under the ground there, my own contemporary, and the friend of my youth, I assure you that the things of this present, the roast and the boiled, the lands and the houses, seemed to shrink away into remarkably small compass. It puts things before one in another light."

Sir Gabriel spoke with a tempered cheerfulness, and Randulf replied, "I never thought of it in that way; I have no doubt you are right."

"You are young, it is no wonder you have never thought of it in that way. But, as I was saying, I took remarkably good notice of this young fellow, and it was strongly borne in upon my mind that if he and old John had been much together, the roof of Scar Foot must have flown off under the violence of their disputes. He is not one of us, Randulf; not one of my kind, though he may suit your new-fangled notions."

"Did he look like a gentleman?"

"Upon my word, I can hardly tell. Not a finished gentleman, though he had some of his grandfather's pride of bearing. But everything about him tells of the town, any one would have picked him out as belonging to a different world from ours."

"Are you obliged to call upon him?" asked the young man.

"No, I suppose not, but I choose to do so, though I am sorry for Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters. If I find the fellow is amenable to influence, I shall let him see that the whole place would approve of his sharing his inheritance with them."

"I hope you won't burn your fingers," said his son sceptically. "For my part I am very glad not to have made the acquaintance of this redoubtable 'old John,' for, from all I can hear, he seems

to have been a most odious character, and to have behaved disgracefully to these ladies."

"Well, I am afraid there is not much to be said for him, in that respect, but after all, a son is a son, Randulf, and I can pardon a man almost anything when it is done for a son, or a son's son."

Randulf made no answer. He had been glancing aside, occupied in looking for the spot where he had found Judith Conisbrough, weeping. He had seen and recognized it, and with the sight of it came the remembrance of her face. Unknown "sons and son's sons" appeared to him insignificant in comparison with a woman whose sorrow he had beheld, and whose individuality had profoundly impressed him.

They rode into the courtyard, at the back of the house.

"I hope he won't be away," said Sir Gabriel, with an earnestness which amused his son. "It has been an effort to me to come, and I don't want to have made it for nothing."

He pulled a bell, and while they waited for a man to come, Judith Conisbrough walked into the courtyard, having come from the front part of the house. Neither Sir Gabriel nor his son knew of the presence at Scar Foot of Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughter, and were therefore proportionately surprised to see her there. She was going past them, with a bow, but Sir Gabriel, quickly dismounting, shook hands with her, and wished her good-day. She gravely returned his greeting.

"Are you—are you staying here?" he asked, at a loss to account for her presence.

"I am, at present, with my mother, who was unfortunately taken ill here, on Saturday."

"Dear, dear! I'm sorry to hear that. Then I fear we shall not find Mr. Aglionby at home?"

"He is at Scar Foot—Mr. Bernard Aglionby. Whether he is now in the house, or not, I have not the least idea," replied Judith composedly.

"Ah! I hope Mrs. Conisbrough is not seriously ill," pursued Sir Gabriel, uncomfortably conscious that the young lady looked careworn and sad, and with a sudden sense that there might be more circumstances in the whole case than

they knew of, complications which they had not heard of.

"No, thank you. I hope she will be well enough to be moved in a day or two. She is subject to such attacks. As you are going to see Mr. Aglionby, I will not detain you any longer."

She bowed to both father and son, and was moving on. Randulf's horse had been taken. He returned Miss Conisbrough's bow, and made a step after his father, in the direction of the house. Then, suddenly turning on his heel, he overtook Judith, raised his hat, and held out his hand.

"You looked so stern, Miss Conisbrough, that at first I thought I had better go after my papa, and not say anything to you, but—see, allow me to open this gate for you, if you are going this way—are you?"

"Yes," replied Judith, repressing a smile, "but if you are going to call upon Mr. Aglionby, do you not think you had better follow Sir Gabriel?"

"Directly—no hurry; I never expected I should have the good-fortune to meet you, or I should have ridden here more cheerfully. My father was wondering how we should get on with this man here. You know, he has the kindest heart in the world, has my father; he thinks Mrs. Conisbrough has been treated badly. There!" as Judith's face flushed painfully. "I have said the thing I ought not to have said, and offended you."

"No, you have not, but I think we had better not talk about it."

"Well, we won't," said Randulf, deliberately pursuing the subject. "But everybody knows that the aged r—raascal who lived here—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Danesdale!"

"I beg your pardon—he behaved scandalously to Mrs. Conisbrough. Have you had speech with this new man? What is he like? Is he horrible?"

"Oh, no! He—I like him."

Randulf was scrutinizing her from under his sleepy eyelids. After this answer, he did not pursue the subject further. Judith asked him to open the gate, and let her go for her walk. He did so, and added, with a slower drawl than usual, "and, Miss Conisbrough, how is your s—sister?"

"Which sister?" asked Judith, sur-

veying him straitly from her large and candid eyes.

"Your sister Delphine," answered Randulf, leaning on the gate, in a leisurely manner, as if he never meant to lift himself off it again.

"I have not seen her since Saturday. I had a note from her this morning, though—I want her to meet me. I won't have her come here, and that reminds me," she added, "that I want to find Toby, the farm boy, to take me a message—"

"I am going home that way. Couldn't you intrust the message to me?"

"I am afraid it would be a bore," said Judith, who perhaps saw as clearly out of her open eyes, as did Randulf from his half-closed ones.

"I never offer to do things that are a bore," he assured her.

"Well, if you really don't object, I should be very glad if you would call and tell her that if it is fine this afternoon, she must set off at half-past two, and I will do the same, and we shall meet at Counterside, just halfway. I want very much to speak to her, but you can understand that I don't care to ask any one into this house, unless I am obliged, nor to send Mr. Aglionby's servants on my errands."

"So you employ your own most devoted retainer instead," said Randulf composedly, but unable to repress a smile of gratification, "I will deliver the message faithfully. Now the gate stands open. Good morning."

Judith passed out at the gate, and Randulf hastened after Sir Gabriel, the smile still hovering about his lips, and inwardly saying, "I'm glad I turned back. It was a good stroke of business, after I'd racked my brains for an excuse to call there, without being able to find one."

Mrs. Aveson received him with a smile and words of welcome, and ushered him into the state parlor, where already his father and Aglionby were together.

Certainly three more strongly contrasted characters could hardly have been found, than the three then assembled in the parlor at Scar Foot. Each, too, was fully conscious of his unlikeness to the other. There was a necessary constraint over the interview. Sir Gabriel spoke in high terms of the late

squire. The late squire's successor listened in courteous, cool silence, bowing his head now and then, and smiling slightly in a manner which the candid Sir Gabriel could not be expected to understand. Aglionby did not protest, when this incense was burnt at the shrine of his grandfather, neither did he for one moment join in the ceremony. When, however, Sir Gabriel remarked that Mr. Aglionby had been hasty and inconsiderate sometimes, the newcomer rejoined, "I am quite sure of it," in a voice which carried conviction. Then Sir Gabriel remarked that he supposed Mr. Aglionby had not lived much in the country.

"My fame seems to have preceded me in that respect," replied Aglionby, laughing rather sarcastically. After which Sir Gabriel felt rather at a loss what to say to this dark-looking person, who knew nothing of the country and cared nothing for country-gentlemen's pursuits, who could not even converse sympathetically about the man from whom he had inherited his fortune. Mrs. Conisbrough was a tabooed subject to Sir Gabriel. And he had just begun to feel embarrassed, when Randolph came in, and afforded an opportunity for introducing a new topic, and a powerful auxiliary in the matter of keeping up the conversation, for which his father could not feel sufficiently thankful. He introduced the young men to each other, and Randolph apologized for his tardy appearance.

"I wanted to speak to Miss Conisbrough!" he said, "and stopped with her longer than I meant to. She had an errand for me, too, so I stayed to hear what it was."

"It seems to me that you and Miss Conisbrough get on very well together," observed his father good-naturedly.

Bernard sat silent during this colloquy. What could Judith Conisbrough or her friends possibly be to him? Had he not Lizzie at Irkford? His forever! Yet his face grew a little sombre as he listened.

"Do we, sir? Well, it is but a week to-day since I made her acquaintance, but I think that any man who didn't get on with her and her sisters—well, he wouldn't deserve to. Don't you?" he added, turning to Aglionby, and calmly

ignoring the possibility of any awkwardness in the topic.

"I know only Miss Conisbrough, and that very slightly," said Bernard, very gravely. "She seems to me a most—charming—"

"You are thinking that charming isn't the word, and it is not," said Randolph.

"If one used such expressions about one's acquaintances in these days I should say she was a noble woman. That's my idea of her: exalted, you know, in character, and all that sort of thing."

"I should imagine it; but I know very little of her," said Aglionby, who, however, felt his heart respond to each one of these remarks.

Sir Gabriel found this style of conversation dull. He turned to Aglionby, and said, politely:

"I believe you have always lived at Irkford, have you not?"

"Yes," responded Bernard, with a look of humor in his eyes. "I was in a warehouse there. I sold gray cloth."

"Gray cloth," murmured Sir Gabriel, polite, but puzzled.

"Gray cloth—yes. It is not an exciting, nor yet a very profitable employment. It seems, however, that if my rich relation had not suddenly remembered me, I might have continued in it to the end of my days."

"Rich relation?" began Sir Gabriel; "I thought——"

"That I had others, perhaps?" suggested Bernard, while Randolph listened with half-closed eyes, and apparently without hearing what was said.

"Well I certainly have a vague impression—I may be quite wrong—I suppose I must be."

"It is an odd thing that Miss Conisbrough also accused me of having rich relations the other day," said Bernard, and then carelessly changed the subject. The guests sat a little longer. The conversation was almost entirely between Aglionby and Sir Gabriel, but secretly the young men also measured one another with considerable eagerness, and the conclusion left in the mind of each concerning the other was, "I don't dislike him—there is good stuff in him."

At last they rose to go, and with wishes on the Danesdales' side to see more of Mr. Aglionby, and promises on

his part to return their visit, they departed.

Bernard looked at his watch, paused, considered, muttered to himself, "Of course it is all right," and ringing the bell, asked Mrs. Aveson if Miss Conisbrough were out, and if she had said whether she was coming in to dinner.

"She went out for a walk toward Dale Head, sir, and she didn't say when she would be back," responded Mrs. Aveson.

"Thank you," said Aglionby and with that he went out, and by a strange coincidence, his steps, too, turned in the direction of Dale Head.

But he was not successful in meeting Miss Conisbrough (if that were the intention with which he had set out). He saw no trace of her, though, as he passed along the beautiful road, catching occasional glimpses, here and there, of the lake, his lips parted involuntarily now and then, in the desire to utter to some companion-shadow what he thought of it all. But it is thin work, talking to shadows, as he felt. He returned home, found that Miss Conisbrough had come in, and was going to dine with him, and that a messenger who had been to Yoresett had brought him a letter from the post-office of that metropolis, addressed, in a sprawling hand, to Bernard Aglionby, Esq. Rapture! It was from Lizzie!

CHAPTER XIX.

LOOKING FORWARD.

AFTER she had said good-morning to Randulf, Judith walked along the rough, stony lane, with its gaps in the hedge, showing the rugged fells in the distance, and her gaze had lost some of its despondency. Indeed, she felt cheered by the little interview. She distinctly liked young Danesdale (though to her, old in care and sorrow, he seemed more like a very charming boy than a man grown, with a man's feelings), and she was conscious, with a keen thrill of sympathetic conviction, that he liked her, liked her sisters, liked everything about her. It was a delightful sensation, like the coming of a sudden, unexpected joy in a sad life. She dwelt upon his words, his manner, his gestures, from the moment in which, with the languor gone from his

eyes, he had overtaken her, to his last delighted expression about her sending her own devoted retainer on her messages, instead of Bernard Aglionby's servants. It was perhaps rather a cool thing to say—at least it might have savored of impertinence if some people had said it. From Randulf Danesdale, it came agreeably and naturally enough.

She would see Delphine that afternoon—an interview for which she longed greatly; she had gratified Randulf by allowing him to give her message about the meeting, and Delphine would be pleased to learn her sister's wishes from such a courier. Altogether, things looked brighter. She presently turned off to the right, into a little dell or gorge, and wandered along some paths she knew, half-woodland, half-rocky. She had come out for her health's sake, but remembering the walk in prospect in the afternoon, did not stay very long, and was utterly unconscious that at one moment, just as she was standing beneath a faded beech-tree, whose foliage was yellow and sere, and holding in her hand some variously-tinted autumn leaves which she had picked, the footsteps which she heard in the road below, and not far distant, were those of Bernard Aglionby.

Returned to the house, she went to her mother's room, who still lay white and weak-looking, though free from pain and breathlessness, upon her bed.

"See, mamma, here are some lovely leaves, which I found in the clough this morning."

She put them in a little glass, and placed them near her mother.

"Thank you, Judith. . . . What were all those voices I heard below? I am sure I feel as if I ought to know them."

"Sir Gabriel and Mr. Danesdale come to call upon Mr. Aglionby."

"You do not mean it?" exclaimed Mrs. Conisbrough, with animation, and then, after a pause, "Really to call upon him? To welcome him?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I don't know why else they should have come."

"No doubt! 'The king is dead: long live the king!' It would have been the same if we had been in possession," said Mrs. Conisbrough, in an accent of indescribable bitterness.

Yet she had ceased to speak of Bernard with the passionate indignation and resentment which she had at first expressed. Perhaps reflection had convinced her that opposition would be folly. Perhaps—with women like Mrs. Conisbrough, many perhaps may have an influence.

"As you seem so much better, mother, I have asked Delphine to come to Counterside, and I shall go and meet her, so that we can have a chat this afternoon. Then I can tell her how you really are."

"As you like," responded Mrs. Conisbrough rather peevishly. "I am aware that you and Delphine cannot exist apart, or think you cannot, for more than a day, without repining. In my young days girls used to think less of themselves."

"If you do not wish me to leave you, I will send word to Delphine not to come."

"On no account stay in for me," was the logical and consistent reply. "The walk will do you good. Did you say you had seen Mr. Danesdale?"

"Yes. It is he who has promised to call at our house, and ask Delphine to meet me."

"Ah, I see!" said Mrs. Conisbrough in a tone so distinctly pleased and approving, that Judith could not but notice it. She turned to her mother with parted lips, then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, closed them again, and took up her sewing, at which she worked until Mrs. Aveson came to say that dinner was ready.

"Thank you. Is Mr. Aglionby going to dine now, do you know?"

"Yes, he is, Miss Judith. If you'd prefer me to bring yours up here—"

"Oh, no, thank you. I am not afraid of him," said Judith, with a slight smile.

"I should think not, Miss Judith. If there's any cause for fear, I should think it would be more likely on the other side."

"Why, I wonder?" speculated Judith within herself, and her mother's voice came from the bed as Mrs. Aveson withdrew:

"Just straighten your hair, Judith, and fasten your collar with my little gold brooch. It will make you look tidier."

"I'll straighten my hair, mamma, but as for the brooch, I really don't think it is necessary. If you could see the careless, and I might say shabby style in which Mr. Aglionby dresses, you would know that he did not think much about what people wear."

She had made her beautiful brown hair quite smooth, and without further elaboration of her toilette, she went downstairs.

Bernard was standing in the dining-room waiting for her.

"Mrs. Aveson told me I was to have the pleasure of your company at dinner," he said, with the graciousness and politeness which, when he was with her, seemed to spring more readily than other feelings within his breast.

"I am going out at half-past two," answered Judith.

"Are you? and I at a quarter to three. I am going to Yoresett to see Mr. Whaley."

"Indeed. I have a sort of message for you from mamma; she did not send it to you in so many words, but when I suggested it, she agreed with me, and that is, that after to-day I think we need not tax your kindness any further. My mother is so much better that I think she will be fit to go home."

"Oh, do you think so? She must not on any account move before she is quite able to do so without risk. I would not be in any hurry to remove her."

"You are very good to say so. But if you will kindly allow us to have the brougham to-morrow afternoon—"

"I am sure you had better say the day after to-morrow. From what Dr. Lowther said, I am convinced of it. I—I don't think I can spare the brougham to-morrow afternoon, though I really wasn't aware that there was such a carriage on the premises, or anything about it. But I shall be sure to want it to-morrow afternoon."

His dark eyes looked at her very pleasantly across the table, and there was a smile upon his lips, all playfulness and no malice. Judith met the glance, and thought, "How *could* I have thought him hard and stony-looking? And if only all these miserable complications had not come in the way, what a very nice relation he would have been!"

But she said aloud :

"You are very kind, and since you really wish it, I accept your offer gratefully. The day after to-morrow, then."

"That is a much more sensible arrangement, though I call even that too soon. But I like to have my own way, and I have really got so little of it hitherto, that I dare say there is some danger of my using the privilege recklessly. However, since I have prevailed so far, I will see that all is ready at the time you wish. And—Miss Conisbrough !"

"Yes?"

"Do you think Mrs. Conisbrough will strongly object to my seeing her?"

"You must not speak to her on any matters of money, or business," said Judith hastily.

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, though I still hope that in time she will fall in with my views on the matter, and I hope, too, you have not forgotten your promise to help me in it."

Judith said nothing. Her eyes were cast down. Aglionby paused only for a moment, and then went on :

"What I meant was, that perhaps you would prefer—she might be very angry if I put in any appearance when she goes away. In plain words, do you think she still so strongly resents my presence here, that it would be unwise for me to pay my respects to her, and tell her how glad I am that she is better?"

"No," said Judith, her face burning, her eyes fixed upon her plate. "She has considered the matter while she has been ill. I think—I am sure you might speak to her, only please do not be offended if—"

"If she snubs me very severely," said he, with a gleam of amusement. "No, indeed, I will not. Whatever Mrs. Conisbrough may say to me, I will receive submissively and meekly."

"Because you feel that the power is on your side," said Judith, rapidly, involuntarily, almost in a whisper, her face burning with a still deeper blush. "It must be easy to smile at a woman's petulance when you are a man, and feel that you have the game all in your own hands."

She had not meant to say so much. The words had broken from her almost

uncontrollably. Almost every hour since the moment in which she had seen her mother cower down before Bernard's direct gaze, her sense of his power and strength had been growing and intensifying. Hours of brooding and solitude, apart from her accustomed companions ; long and painful meditations upon the past and present, and thrills of dread when she contemplated the future ; these things, broken only by her two or three interviews with Bernard, and with him alone, had strengthened her feeling, until now, though she was neither dependent, clinging, nor servile by nature, the very sight of Aglionby's dark face, with its marked and powerful features, made her heart beat faster, and brought a crushing consciousness of his strength and her own weakness. Had he been overbearing or imperious in manner, all her soul would have rebelled ; she was one of those natures with whom justice and forbearance are almost a passion ; the moments would have seemed hours until she could break free from his roof and his presence ; but he was the very reverse of overbearing or imperious. The strength was kept in reserve ; the manner was gentle and deferential—only she knew that the power was there, and she would not have been a woman if she had not had a latent idolatry of power. The combination of strength and gentleness was new to her ; the proximity to a man who wielded these attributes was equally foreign to her, and all these things combined had begun to exercise over her spirit a fascination to which she was already beginning, half-unconsciously, to yield.

Aglionby's only answer at first to her remark was a look, slow and steady ; but he had looks which sank into the souls of those at whom they were levelled, and haunted them, and it was such a glance that he bestowed upon Judith Conisbrough now. Then he said :

"That remark shows me very plainly that 'petulance,' as you are pleased to call it, forms no part of *your* character ; but I guessed that some time ago. I am glad to have you on my side."

Judith wondered whether he was saying these things on purpose to try her to the utmost. She was glad that at that moment she perceived, on looking at the clock, that she had only a few minutes

in which to get ready, if she were to set off at the time she had appointed with Delphine. Making this an excuse, she rose.

"Are you walking?" he asked. "I am sure you ought not to walk so far."

"Oh, thank you, I have been accustomed to it all my life," said she, going out of the room, and slowly ascending the stairs.

"Child, you look quite flushed," cried her mother. "What have you been doing? Quarrelling with Mr. Aglionby?"

"No, mother. It would be hard to quarrel with Mr. Aglionby. No one could be more considerate . . . but I wish we were at home again. By the way, he will not hear of your going until the day after to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad of another day's rest. I feel dreadfully weak."

Judith made no reply, but put on her things and went out, just as the big clock on the stairs notified that it was half-past two—that is, it said half-past three, as is the habit of clocks in country places—a habit which had perfectly bewildered Bernard, who had tried to get Mrs. Aveson to put it back, but had been met by the solemn assurance that any such course would result in the complete *bouleversement* of all the existing domestic arrangements. Indeed, he saw that the proposition excited unbounded alarm and displeasure in Mrs. Aveson's mind, and he had to admit that in a Yorkshire dale one must do as the natives do.

It was a fine afternoon. Judith walked quickly along the well-known road, and in her mind she kept seeing Bernard's eyes directed to her face, after her own hurried remark about woman's petulance. She could not satisfy herself as to what that look meant, and sighed impatiently as she tried to banish it from her mind.

At last she came to the dip in the road which, with its shade of overhanging trees, its quaint, nestling old houses and cottages, and tiny whitewashed Friends' Meeting House, was known as Countersett or Counterside. Half way down the hill she saw something which banished egoistic reflections, and caused a smile to break out upon her face: a slim girl's figure, with the shabby old gown, which yet always looked graceful,

and the thick twists of golden hair rolling from beneath the ancient brown straw hat. That was no unusual sight, and her heart leaped with joy as she beheld it; but the figure with that figure—not Rhoda's slender height, not her audacious, Irish-gray eyes, and defiantly smiling young face—not a girl at all, but Randulf Danesdale. Surely there was nothing to laugh at, the meeting was a simple one enough; yet on the faces of all three as they met there was a broad irrepressible smile, which soon became a hearty laugh. Instead of saying anything, the three stood still in the wooded road, and laughed loud and clear—light-hearted laughs. The young people of the present day are generally too learned and careworn, too scientific or æsthetic, to laugh very heartily; but in some country districts there are still left a few rustics who can and do laugh loudly at nothing in particular.

It was Judith who first ceased to laugh, and said:

"Why are we behaving so absurdly? Surely there is nothing to laugh at!"

"Yes, there is," said Delphine, her golden-brown eyes dancing. "There is Mr. Danesdale to laugh at."

"Who is too happy to make himself useful in any way," he murmured.

"He hates walking. Coming up this hill he has been so exhausted, that I am glad Sir Gabriel could not see his degenerate son. He came, Judith—Mr. Danesdale presented himself at Yoresett House, and said you had desired him to give your love, and to say that he was to stay lunch, and see that I set off at half-past two, as you had no trust at all in my punctuality. I thought it rather odd, but allowed him to remain. And then he said that part of his commission had been to come with me until we met you, as you know my habit of loitering on the wayside. Rhoda said she didn't believe him, and it was an insult. What I want to know is, did he tell the truth?"

Here the sound of wheels just behind them caused them to turn. Coming down the hill was a dog-cart, which Bernard Aglionby was driving, his man sitting behind him. His piercing eyes glanced from one to the other of the group, till they rested upon Judith. Randulf and Judith returned his saluta-

tion. Then the dog-cart flashed past, and disappeared round a bend in the road.

"Who is that?" asked Delphine, in surprise.

"Our new cousin, Bernard Aglionby," responded Judith, in a sharp, dry tone. At this juncture Randolph remarked that he would not detain them any longer. He wished them good-afternoon, and took his way back to Yoresett. The girls were left alone.

Arm-in-arm they paced about the tiny square courtyard of the equally tiny Friends' Meeting House before alluded to.

"Well!" said Delphine, pressing her sister's arm, with a quick, excited movement, which the other at once remarked, "what is it? I suppose you would not ask me into that man's house, and quite right, too. He looks a stern, hard creature, with his dark face and frowning eyes. How has he treated you?"

"Most kindly. His appearance is a little against him, I think. But had he known that I wished to see you, he would have offered to send a carriage for you, I know. I think he has behaved admirably!"

"Really, Ju! You astonish me! How would you have had him behave? He has got all uncle Aglionby's money and property. The least he could do was to behave with courtesy toward those whom he had supplanted."

"Well, you know, when the will was read, mamma's behavior really was enough to try a saint, let alone a young man with a sharp temper, as he has."

"You seem to know all about his temper very quickly."

"I've had opportunities you see."

Judith then told her sister all about that most unpleasant scene, and her mother's behavior throughout, and how well, as she thought, Mr. Aglionby had behaved.

"You know I did feel inclined to hate him. One does long sometimes to be able to feel one's self an unqualified victim and martyr. And I did then. If I could have sat down, and on surveying my past life and future prospects, could have found that I had been wronged and ill-used all along, the victim of oppression and injustice, I should have been

positively glad, because then I could have railed at every one and every thing, and refused to be comforted. But you know, Del, it is a fatal fact that there are *almost always* two sides to a question."

"I don't see how there can be another view of this question. Surely, Judith, you will not try to make it out to be a just will. If he had never led us to expect—never cheated my mother into the belief—"

"True, my dear. All that is true on the outside. But there is another side to it, and a most miserable one, for us. If what I think is true, it is not we who have to complain. I can't tell you what I think until I am more certain on one or two points. Delphine, I have something to tell you that is not pleasant, I believe I am on the brink of a discovery: if I find myself right, I shall tell you of it, and no one else. Our life will then be still less smooth for us than it has been hitherto, but mamma will make no further opposition to our working, if we wish to do so."

"You are very mysterious, Judith."

"I know it must sound both odd and unreasonable. Well, if, as I expect, I find myself right (I don't know how I can speak so calmly of it all, I am sure), I shall then explain to you, and I am absolutely certain of your agreeing with me that it will be best, not only for you and me to go away and try to find some work, but for all of us to leave Yoresett—sell our house, go to a town and work—even if the work were plain sewing or lodging-house keeping."

"Judith!" exclaimed Delphine, and there was a tone of horror in her voice.

"You will own that I am not in the habit of saying things without good reason?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then think about this, dear. It would be painful for many reasons to leave Yoresett."

"It would be awful—ghastly," said Delphine, with a shudder.

"Why, Del, that is a new view of the case, from you," said her sister, suddenly, looking keenly at her. "You always used to be more ardent than even I was about it."

"Of course I should be as willing as ever to go, if it were proved to be the

best thing. But we should miss so many things, the freedom, the country air, and—

"Freedom and country air may be bought too dear," said Judith, with so sad and earnest a ring in her voice that Delphine was fain to acquiesce, with a prolonged sigh of reluctance.

"I will not tell you now what I think," said Judith; "I will give myself time to find out whether my conjecture is wrong, and if so, I will indeed repent toward the person whom I have wronged, though Mr. Aglionby holds strange views about repentance. But if I am right, you and I, Del, will be glad to hide our heads anywhere, so long as it is far enough away from Yoresett."

Delphine made no answer to this. There was a silence as they paced about under the trees, now thinned of their foliage, while the shrivelled, scattered leaves rustled beneath their feet. Scarce a bird chirped. The sun had disappeared; the sky was gray and sad. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Counterside appeared all to be either asleep or not at home. Up and down the little paved courtyard they paced, feeling vaguely that this quiet and peace in which they now stood was not to last forever, that the tiny square Friends' Meeting House, where the silence was disturbed, it might be once a week, perhaps not so often, by a discourse, or a text, or an impromptu prayer from some Friend whom the spirit moved to utterance of his thoughts, that this was not the kind of arena in which their life's battle was to be fought. This was a lull, a momentary pause. Delphine at last broke it by saying:

"You say Mr. Aglionby has strange notions about repentance—how do you mean?"

"Oh, it would take too long to explain. We were talking together on Sunday night—we had supper together—"

"You had! Then you are not at daggers drawn?"

"Dear Delphine, no! If you had been placed as I have been, you would understand how it was impossible for me to remain at daggers drawn with him, besides the disagreeableness of

such a state of things. We dined together to-day. He thinks his grandfather's will was very unjust and—"

"Mr. Danesdale said he was not half bad," said Delphine reflectively. "Then am I to like him, Ju?"

"How absurd!" cried Judith, in a tone of irritation most unusual with her. "As if you could like or dislike a man whom you did not know. He wishes to repair the injustice if he can; to get mamma's consent to some arrangement by which she should receive an allowance, or an income from a charge on the property—or whatever they call it; I don't know whether it will do, I am sure."

"I don't see how it can be prevented if mamma chooses to enter into such an arrangement, Judith."

"Oh, I do, though. I should prevent it, if I thought it wrong."

"You, Judith!"

"Yes, I, Delphine. I think I shall have to prevent it."

"You speak somehow quite differently," said Delphine. "I do not understand you, Judith. I feel as if something had happened, and you look as if you had the world on your shoulders."

Judith looked at her, strangely moved; Delphine was the dearest thing she had in the world—her most precious possession. To-day's interview marked a change in their relations to one another, an epoch. For until now they had always met on terms of equality; but this afternoon Judith knew that she was holding something back from her sister, knew that she stayed her hand from inflicting a blow upon her—which blow she yet felt would have to be dealt.

"I feel as if I had a great deal on my shoulders," she answered, trying to speak carelessly. "And now I must go, Delphine, or mamma will grow uneasy, and darkness will overtake me. And you must run home too."

"Then, the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, Judith?"

"Yes. Mr. Aglionby has promised that we shall have the brougham. Give my love to Rhoda, and good-night."

The two figures exchanged a parting kiss in the twilight, and went their several ways.—*Temple Bar.*

"BOYCOTTED."

SOME EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND DURING LAST WINTER.

BY W. BENICE JONES.

IN order to make the outrage committed on us last winter in Ireland intelligible, it is needful to state shortly why we lived in Ireland, and what we had done there.

I have actually lived in Ireland for thirty-eight years since 1843. For the last twenty years, since our children were of age to require better teaching than could be had in Ireland, I have had a house in London, and came here for three to five months every year.

For the first thirty years of my life my home was in Suffolk, on the very edge of Norfolk, and except for the absences that a public school and university and the bar required, I lived there, as most of the sons of country gentlemen live, and with the same tastes and habits.

When I married in 1843, I settled in Ireland, wholly as a duty. It was very distasteful to me, and still more to my wife. But in those days there was no doubt that it was right to do so.

It was before the great famine of 1846. There was an immense population and great poverty. The estate had been wholly neglected, except for a little I had done on it myself during the previous five or six years. There were not only many poor tenants, but a still larger number of poorer laborers, often unemployed, and whose ordinary wages, when they were employed, were only 6d. per day, or 3s. per week, and even that they were grateful to get. I paid 4s. and was thought liberal.

It was the most hapless and hopeless sea of misery that it is possible to conceive. As to thinking any impression for good could be made on it by the utmost one could do, it was plainly impossible. To try to bale out the sea would have been as likely to succeed; but it was the plain duty of those to whom God had given property in the country, to do what we could, and with that object alone my wife and I went over and settled there three or four months after our marriage.

My Suffolk taste for farming made
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living in Ireland less unpleasant to me personally. I had no agent, but managed the estate wholly myself, with a Scotch bailiff for the small farm I then held, whose business it was to go among the tenants and teach them how to grow clover and turnips, of which before they knew nothing at all.

It was in the very height of O'Connell's agitation for Repeal of the Union, and the country was much disturbed.

That I could make a residence in Ireland profitable, by farming myself, and improving land, never crossed my mind; it would have seemed impractical folly to expect such a result. To rescue the estate from further decline was the most that I thought could be done. In Norfolk, where most of my knowledge of farming was got, it was thought that a gentleman could not make farming pay. The general opinion was, that whatever a gentleman could honestly make out of a farm in his own hands, a responsible tenant could afford to pay him for it as rent, and make a living out of it besides.

For some years before I settled in Ireland I had managed the estate, going over twice a year for the purpose.

Besides being very much out of order, it was much in arrear of rent. The first step was to wipe off nearly all the arrears, telling the tenants that, in future, whatever rent any one had promised, he would have to pay regularly. That no one would be turned out, except for non-payment of rent, or very gross misconduct, and no one's rent be raised during his life. So every one held as if he had a lease for his life.

The rent days were fixed, July 6th and December 6th, as the most convenient periods for the tenants.

The result very soon was great regularity of payment. For years I sat down to receive rents at 11 A.M., and by 3 P.M. half a year's rent was lodged in the bank. There was no pressing, and not a rough word was used. Only good-will and friendliness appeared

on both sides. There were, of course, occasional defaulters, but only from indolence and drink. These were forgiven all the rent they owed, and allowed to take away whatever stock and goods they had, and given a few pounds besides. Their land was applied to enlarge the farms of those who remained and were thriving.

The improvement in the circumstances of the tenants, and the increase in the number and quality of their stock were wonderful. No stranger being brought in, but the land of all who were turned out being divided among those who remained, tenants being turned out became a pleasure to all except the poor fellows who had to leave.

Still the whole system rested on potato growing, and when the potatoes failed, in the great famine of 1846, a number of tenants collapsed. These nearly all emigrated, as did numbers of laborers; we have often since heard of them as doing well. Abatements of rent had to be freely given, till the effect of the famine had passed. Then the same system of order and regularity was resumed. Such order is very much disliked in Ireland, but I attribute great importance to it; it has gone on ever since, and the tenants, with very few exceptions, have steadily prospered. They are much better off than on most other estates near. Some are wealthy men, and a great many are comfortable. My rent has always been easily and regularly paid, and disputes or differences between them and me have been simply unknown.

Of the land given up to me during the famine, much remained in my own hands. I found I could not let it again at the old rent; so, at first, I farmed it myself, with the intention of re-letting it when times mended. But when I found it was paying I kept it in my own hands. The old rents were 17s. per acre on an average. For many years I have cleared a profit of 20s. an acre beyond the 17s.—viz. 37s. Some years I have cleared a total of over 40s. per acre as rent and interest on capital. Of course, improvements of all sorts have been carried on. All wet land throughout the whole estate has been drained, except one bog, from which there is no outfall. Old fences have been levelled, and new ones made. Many cottages for laborers

built, twenty-two good ones of two stories, and great employment given in every kind of improvement. All tenants turned out were offered work, if they chose to do it.

A year ago I had between 30 and 40 men regularly at work, paying £25 per week as wages—£1,300 per annum. We gave 3s. a week higher wages than any one else near. Our farm was flourishing, and so we could afford it, and it seemed a means of raising the condition of our people; 13s. per week included the value of cottage, garden, and potato ground in the field (as much as each had manure for), which together I valued at 2s. per week. These were the wages of ploughmen and all our best men; 10s. a week was the lowest the inferior men got.

In many cases more than one member of a family was employed. One family drew, in cash, for two or three years, 39s. per week. In sickness half wages were allowed, besides other help. A penny club provided blankets and flannel and other clothes at small cost. I have been assured, by one who had good means of knowing, that before we went there no laborer had a blanket, and very few farmers. Now they abound, and even coverlets and sheets. One woman is believed to have taken a blanket every Christmas for over 30 years past. No one can guess what she did with them. Any signs of poverty or want have long been unknown among them. When, now and then, a new family happened to come as laborers, the change in their appearance after a few weeks was striking.

With the laborers, as with the tenants, anything like quarrels or disputes were unknown. A jog now and then, to keep them up to their work, was the most. Every sort of relation between us and them, their wives and children, and my wife and children, were as friendly as can be conceived, and in any troubles and sickness they always came first to us.

The former house on the property had been stolen by a tenant in old times, who used the doors, windows, staircases, chimney-pieces, etc. in a house for himself on land which he had near. I had, therefore, to build a new house on a different site, where I made a

charming place ; and there we lived, in, as far as could be seen, thorough friendliness and good-will with all classes around us, in complete quiet and peace, without a thought of any outrage being committed upon us.

There was not one shilling of arrear due by any tenant. The Lady-day and Spring rents of 1880 had all been paid. The harvest of 1880 was by far the best we had had for 30 years. Every one had planted Champion potatoes, and the crops of them were astonishing. Nothing nearly so good had been known since the famine in 1846. The oats of 1879 had also been good, though barley had suffered. Even then, many had grown Champion potatoes and had very profitable crops. The price of butter had been low, so that 1879 was not a good year for farmers, though much better than 1878.

1878 had no doubt been a bad year, but by no means ruinous. The balance-sheets of my own farm, which was scattered among the farms of the tenants, enabled me to judge accurately what the loss to any was.

Everything went on as usual until the month of November. Our district is usually a very quiet one, and the people of a good sort. We saw accounts of the doings of the Land League in other parts of the country, and we knew a few men, of no weight or character, made a talk on the subject in the towns near, and held some meetings, but they and the meetings were alike contemptible. In November reports began that our tenants would not pay their rents as usual on December 7 ; that only the Poor-Law or Griffith's valuation would be paid. Knowing the men's circumstances, I did not believe the reports ; and their characters made me certain that, however they might be led into it by others, who might make them believe they would gain by refusing to pay, a spontaneous movement of the sort was very unlikely. I therefore took no notice of the reports, and went about among them as freely as usual. None of them said one word to me on the subject, or said they were ill off, or asked for any reduction, or even for time to make up their rent.

About a week before December 7 every tenant received a threatening letter

by post with a halfpenny stamp on it, open at the end, warning him on no account to pay more than Griffith's valuation. Similar threatening notices were posted in the town of Clonakilty and the neighborhood. One night a hole was dug in the grass near my hall door to represent a grave, and a threatening notice was stuck on the door. The hole was about six inches deep ; and as the notice said it was to hold both my son and myself, who are both more than six feet high (he is 6ft. 6 in.) and not slight, it did not appear to be a very practical threat ; so the gardener filled up the hole, and we laughed at it.

The rent day, December 7, was on a Tuesday, and on Monday there was a large fair at Clonakilty, where threats were again freely used. A most respectable old tenant, who was known to be especially friendly with us, and who is rich, and had no trouble in paying his rent, was going home from the fair in a car in the dusk, when three men rushed at him and threw a glass of water in his face, to prove how easily they could have thrown vitriol.

By the side of the road along which most of the tenants came to my house, there were the ruins of an old cabin. In these some men hid themselves on the morning of the rent day ; and, as they saw a tenant coming up, they ran out and thrust before his face a sort of placard on a stick, threatening him if he paid.

It is necessary to know the people and the country to realize the amount of fears such threats caused. Many were threatened four times, a frequency that could not have been necessary had they been known to partake in earnest in the views of the Land Leaguers. It was known that an ill-conditioned inferior shopkeeper, who holds some town fields near Clonakilty from me, was active in the League, and two or three country tenants had also taken more or less part in it. But most of the tenants had nothing to do with it, though no doubt they would have no objection to profit by it, if it was possible without burning their own fingers. That would have been too great a height of virtue for such men to attain.

With very few exceptions, and these caused wholly by drink, they were all

more than able to pay their rent easily. The year, as I have said, had been very favorable in our district, both in produce and prices of all kinds.

At the usual hour for paying they assembled at our gate, and a kind of informal meeting was held, from which, however, some kept aloof. The rents of a few happened to be less than Griffith's valuation. These came in and paid as usual. Altogether I received about £100 instead of £1300.

A deputation of four of the largest tenants then came in, and asked me to take Griffith's valuation. I wholly refused, telling them they had done well at their present rents for many years when times were good, and though times had been less good for two or three years, they had not been bad to such an extent as to make a reduction of rent right; and 1880 had been a capital year in all respects.

Nothing could be more civil than they were, nor did I use a hard word to them. Their chief anxiety seemed to be to entreat that I would not blame them for not paying, and to assure me that it was only the threats that had stopped them. I had had a message from one of these very men a day or two before to say I need not be afraid. He had the rent ready, and would pay soon. Another very old man lingered behind to tell me he had the rent in his pocket, and would pay it if I told him to do so; but he hoped I should not tell him.

Of course I did not tell him to pay, but told him to go home, and leave me the rent in his will, in which way the Land League could not hurt him. At which he laughed heartily.

They went away at last without paying. I told them finally that they could do as they pleased, and I should do as I pleased.

From the window of the room where I sat I could see in the direction of the hall door, near which the rest of the tenants were; but it was plain they were very anxious to keep out of sight of the window. I could see them dodging round corners and getting quickly out of sight in a way that made me laugh. In fact I only got to know from others who were, or were not there.

The whole thing was the most sheepish piece of foolishness ever seen.

I was told when they again got outside the gate, before they separated, a second kind of a meeting was held. One suggested that all should pay Griffith's valuation into the hands of two or three, who should lodge it in the bank; but they were far too wise for that kind of dodge.

Some paid their money into the bank in their own names, and when lately they paid me, sent me word it had been there safely all the time.

During the following days rumors went about that our laborers would all be taken away, because we refused to obey the Land League. As I farm about 1000 acres, and have on them nearly 1000 head of stock, the prospect of having these left suddenly with nobody to feed them was not pleasant. They thought this would surely upset me. A flock of sheep were eating turnips on a hill facing our house, and we used to look the first thing in the morning to see whether the two men whose business it was to cut turnips—put them into troughs, and shift the fold, were still at work.

At last, at the end of the week, threatening notices were sent to all our laborers, including coachmen and gamekeeper, mason and carpenter; and on Monday morning all ceased to work except one who had lately come out of hospital after rheumatic fever. During his illness we had helped his wife and children. My land steward talked to the men during the previous week, and they promised fairly, that come what would, they would not leave our stock to starve. But all went away, nevertheless.

They all stopped word, as I said, except one laborer and two dairymaids. The coachman came for a few days early in the morning, and after dark to feed and do up the horses. The carpenter now and then went to the farm to do small jobs; one of the dairymaids soon gave up work.

So we were left to our own resources. The garrison consisted of myself, my daughter, and son. My wife and another daughter had been obliged to leave home a week before to take care of a younger boy who had scarlatina at Rugby. We had our household servants, all English but one. The gardener, also English, and the one garden laborer.

At the farm were Mr. D. Law, the Scotch land steward, and his two sons, one sixteen and the other fourteen, his daughter and the one dairy-maid. After a time a capital man came, William Brown, whom I had brought over twenty-five years before from Wraxhall, Somerset, as gardener, and his son and daughter, neither very strong. He had been in business for some time on his own account, and was doing a job of building for me in Cork, which was just about to stop for the winter.

Two policemen were sent to our house to protect us; and a large house at the village, a mile off and half-way to the farm, was used as a temporary barracks for four more police. There was room in this house also for four or six laborers, to whom the police were a convenient protection. A drunken tenant had been turned out of the farm a few months before. He would, no doubt, have been reinstated by the mob, as happened to a neighbor in a like case, had it not been for the police in the house. Thus we killed two birds with one stone.

After a fortnight the police authorities added four more men, making eight in all, besides our own two. These kept up a patrol all night about the farm. Our own two men also patrolled near our house.

There were dragoons at Bandon, ten miles off, and once they patrolled out to us, stayed an hour and returned home. They did good, as showing that help could be had if wanted. The talk afterward was that "the country was red with them." After a week or two a company of marines was sent to Clonakilty, three miles off, and they too now and then patrolled in our direction.

I was very anxious to have as little protection as possible, so that if we succeeded in fighting through successfully, it might not be from the weight of protection given us.

It was needful to steer between running any unwise risk of outrage, and being over protected. In the case of the outrage upon Captain Boycott in Connaught, such an army was sent to protect him and his helpers, as made it clear to all that similar protection could be given to very few; the resources of the British Army would have been insufficient for the purpose.

It soon came to our knowledge that at the Roman Catholic chapel of the parish in which my farm lies, after mass on Sunday morning, my laborers were all called into the vestry (or sacristy, as they name it), where was the priest, and a publican from Clonakilty, connected with the Land League there. As is usual in such cases, the priest professed to be ignorant of what they came for, and asked them what they wanted? To this they gave no answer, but the matter soon was opened all the same. The men asked, "Who will pay us our wages?" It was answered, "How much do you get?" To which they seem to have replied truly. The publican then came forward and said they should be paid by the League at Clonakilty, and the priest confirmed him, undertaking to see them paid. One of themselves said, "There must be no black sheep."

Nothing was said as to how long their wages should be paid. This is all that came out. If proof could have been got of it, no doubt it was enough, with what happened afterward, to justify an indictment against the priest and publican for having helped to Boycott us. The government tried to get evidence, but none could be had, as is always the case under such circumstances in Ireland.

Twice in the following week a number of our former laborers were seen loitering about the village. They were joined by the Roman Catholic priest, and some informal meetings were held. No evidence could be got of what passed at them.

I had about 60 head of cattle tied up in stalls fattening. There was a score of very fine half-bred shorthorn bullocks among them, not yet two years old, only half fat, but which, having had cake and corn on the grass all summer, were in beautiful condition, as stores—thriving, growthy beasts that were sure to pay well. There were also between 200 and 300 sheep, fattening on turnips. There were, besides, near 100 cows, 200 ewes, and as many younger sheep (stores), and the balance was young cattle of different sorts and ages.

The Christmas market at Bristol was on the Thursday following; so, for fear of what might come, we ascertained that there was room for them on the

Bristol steamer, and on Monday night sent a lot off to Cork for the Tuesday steamer. We sent all the fat beasts and the score of shorthorn bullocks, 30 in all, so as to lessen by half the number and work of feeding those fattening, and also 40 fat sheep. The half-fat bullocks were to try Bristol market; and if they did not sell well, to go on by train to Sir Thomas Acland, at Killerton, to whom we often send store stock, who was willing to keep what he wanted himself, and his man would sell the rest to advantage. They were so good that my Scotchman said he could have cried, when he saw them turned out of the stalls, that he had not to finish them for the butcher. Getting clear of them of course relieved us much.

In the previous week, having sent three cart-loads of oats in ordinary course to Bandon market for sale, they were followed about the town by a howling mob who would let no one buy them. And they were not sold.

As our stock had to take the rail at Bandon, we feared they would be stopped there by the mob. They started early in the night, the police escorting them, and the Bandon police meeting them there. I suppose they were not expected, as they were trucked and sent off without trouble. The police at Cork were also ready for them at the train. They were driven quietly across the town to the steamer, and put in the pens for shipment. The inspector visited them, and branded them as healthy for export. It only remained to put them on board ship. A mob suddenly gathered. The police arrangements were capital. My Scotchman, on looking round as the row began, could hardly see a policeman; looking again a minute after, a line of them, well-armed, were drawn up in front of the pens. They had been kept out of sight, but near, and were ready when wanted. He then went to the office to pay the freight, there being plenty of room in the vessel near. A managing director was there. A few jobbers, who had stock on board, came in, and objected to our stock being shipped. The director took fright, though this company is the chief steamship company in Cork, connected with many of the chief merchants, and representing them. He refused to carry the

stock, and ordered them to be turned out of the pens.

There they were running about the street, hither and thither, among the mob. My men and the police had great difficulty in getting them together again. In the meantime one of my men bought a load of hay, and brought it to the quay, to be put on board for the voyage. The mob seized on it, and scattered it in all directions. My Scotchman then went to the Glasgow Steamship Company, and asked them to take the stock. Their manager also refused. He then went to the Great Southern and Western Railway, when, after telegraphing to Dublin, they honestly and straightforwardly admitted their liability as common carriers, to take the stock. At last they were driven to the railway yard, which luckily were inclosed with a gate, so that the mob, which still tried to give trouble, could be kept out, and they were trucked to Dublin. As the Scotchman came home a yelling mob followed him to the Bantry station, and had twice to be driven out. It was needful to telegraph to every station up the line where the train stopped, to have a guard of police at it to protect them. At Dublin they went through to the North Wall, where the Liverpool steamers lie, and they were put in the pens for shipment. Till they reached Dublin, more than twenty-four hours after starting from home, they had no food or water. Both were got for them there. But our troubles were by no means at an end.

Two companies run steamers between Dublin and Liverpool. Both hesitated to take them. The Glasgow Company was again applied to, to take them to Glasgow, and wholly refused. In Dublin Mr Goddard, of the Property Defence Association, who has since done so much good by making effective the judgment decrees of the courts of law and neutralizing mob violence, very kindly took the matter up. He went to Liverpool to arrange for selling the stock there; supposing, no doubt, they would be shipped and follow him. They were not, however. A friend—a very distinguished officer in the army, who chanced to be in Dublin—luckily heard of the trouble from me. He soon made out that the two companies running steamers to Liverpool feared that

the other should get the credit with the jobbers and drovers, who belonged to the Land League, of having refused to take the stock; so he caught the manager of one company, and took him in his car to the manager of the other company, and in three minutes got them to agree that each should carry half the stock, thus Boycotting the enemy. They were shipped, accordingly, to Liverpool. The salesmen who were asked to sell them in the market, being Irishmen connected with Dublin, refused to do so, for the same cowardly reason. An honest Scotch salesman was, however, found above such unworthy fear; and they were sold at the following Monday morning's market, having left home the previous Monday evening.

Of course, they had been much knocked about, and looked much the worse for that and bad feeding, especially the sheep, which were first-rate black-faced Shropshires, quite fat. They sold badly. I believe they were killed in Manchester; and I have since heard that in more than one part of London some butchers' shops had large placards stuck up with "Mr. Bence Jones' Boycotted Beef."

To end this part of my story. My solicitor in Cork waited on the steamship company soon after with a claim for £125 19s. for loss and expense in consequence of their neglect of duty as common carriers. By that time they had become ashamed of their conduct, and got to know the contempt they had earned through the kingdom. A check was accordingly sent me for the sum asked. I have heard that the Glasgow Company which refused to carry our stock has been well punished too. Many respectable graziers who were in the habit of sending fat stock from counties near Dublin to Glasgow withdrew their custom from this company, and are believed to have caused it a heavy loss. I have since had no difficulty in shipping my stock wherever I wished.

Though very much relieved by getting rid of the fat stock, we had still very hard work for some time to get food drawn and the rest of the stock properly fed. All stores were turned out in lots, in separate fields, no attempt being

made to house them at night whatever the weather, and it was terribly severe. Turnips and hay were drawn to them in the fields, and they were left to feed themselves, but in truth they were only half-fed; and, in consequence, as there was no one to mind them, they were always breaking out of the fields, and endless confusion and trouble followed. My son and the gardener undertook to manage the fold for the fattening sheep, shifting the hurdles every day; and they were left to eat the turnips off the ground, instead of having them pulled and cut for them. Some hay was drawn for them. But it was long before we could get corn and cake broken.

The cows in December had, of course, shortened in milk, and were drying fast. I had two large dairies. The dairymaid who remained with us managed one at the farm. The other, of forty cows, near our house, was undertaken by my daughter, with the help of the housemaid, who was able to milk, her father being a dairyman. All except twelve or fourteen cows were put dry, and those still milking were brought at night to a cowhouse near, where there was less trouble in milking them night and morning. It was hard work for my daughter, who luckily had learned to milk when a child. In time volunteer helpers appeared who could milk a little, and as all the cows but few were going off their milk, indifferent milkers less mattered. One of the police, whose duty it was to guard her with his rifle, being a farmer's son, and knowing how to milk, got ashamed of seeing her at work, put his gun behind the door and doubled himself up under the cow to milk, which he did capitally. It was a droll sight, two policemen with their guns protecting a young lady milking cows. The cook and other servants in the house undertook to make butter and scald the pans. The butler undertook to feed and water the horses, and take care of them.

Thus we got the concern fairly straight, except that some of the stock were not well fed. Still, none died of starvation, which was the main point. Curiously, from first to last, not a single animal not even a sheep, died, or was ill, though at this time we usually

lost some sheep on turnips upon frosty mornings.

Of course our first object was to get laborers from far or near to feed our stock. At the end of a fortnight we had got enough to do so pretty well. They were a very mixed lot, knowing little of farm work, but were willing. We gave up all ploughing and general farm work, and attended only to the stock.

A nephew came over from London to help us, duly armed with his revolver. We bought a lot more revolvers. The police were very helpful and willing.

We had one lot of laborers in the same house with the police, and another lot in an empty cottage we chanced to have near the farm. And we began to see good hope of winning through successfully. During the first part of the time there was much excitement among the Land Leaguers and in Clonakilty, and constant inquiries from all coming from our direction, whether we were not going to yield? and when we should do so? They were quite sure, with so heavy a stock, we could not get on after our men had left us. Unluckily for them, the only point our minds were quite made up on was that, whatever the loss, we would not give way a bit. This, of course, caused much disappointment. There were plenty of the sneaking suggestions that always abound in Ireland, that it would be better to make a settlement with them and concede something. But we held on our own way.

The moral effect of my daughter and son, whom they knew well, putting their own hands to the work, and persevering in it, was great; and encouraging rumors began to come back that we were going to win. Neighbors came to see us, full of thanks for the stand we had made, and for our not giving way; and telling us we had saved them from worse trouble and more loss. Some said my daughter and son had given them a lesson in working, which, when needful, they should not forget.

And, though there were many drawbacks, and ups and downs, and at times the pressure was hard to bear, still there could be no doubt but we were doing right and doing good.

Early in our trouble, sympathy from

England began to arrive in every sort of form. Letters from old friends and new friends. Old acquaintances, and many we hardly knew, or did not know at all, from all classes of men, offers to come over and help us, positively poured in day after day.

One friend, son of a great engineer, wrote that he had 400 of the best navvies in England at work, and would bring us over as many as we liked, adding, significantly, "They won't want any one to protect them."

The head of a college in Oxford sent me word twenty of his undergraduates were ready to start for us any day.

Two gentlemen whom I did not even know by name, wrote to ask who was my banker, one offering to place £1000 to my credit, and the other a large sum, which he did not specify. I was too thankful to be able to tell them I had no money troubles.

Such confidence and kindness I often thought no one ever had shown him before. It was hard to refuse such goodwill, but our only want was farm-laborers, and I fear I vexed some of our friends by saying we could not receive them and make them comfortable. Some wrote to say they did not want to be comfortable, but meant to rough it in every way, and were almost indignant at my idea of entertaining them.

When I wrote a letter to the *Times* describing what had happened, this brought us still more sympathy and goodwill, in newspapers and other ways. No doubt we never thought of giving way. Had such a thought been in our heads, no one above the condition of a cur could have yielded an inch after the encouragement we received. The knowledge that such numbers of Englishmen sympathized with us, and cared for us, was a support beyond words. One of the prettiest letters was a sort of round robin written on Christmas Eve from a whole family, seemingly of no high position, near London, saying little more than "God speed you, and bless you."

Thus we dropped into the routine of our struggle for six weeks. The orders the police had were to guard any of us whenever we left the house. This they did, with double-barrelled guns loaded with buckshot, a much more satisfactory weapon for the purpose than a rifle, be-

cause depending less on the policeman being a good shot. If we had been fired at, it was sure to have been close. They are not good enough shots to trust to long shots, and our guard with buck-shot at 50 yards was safe to hit his man.

I was so busy from 10 A.M. till 4.30 P.M., when the post left, answering the multitude of letters, that I seldom had time to go out. My son and daughter were much more out, and had to be guarded in the same way. We were not allowed to go to church even on Christmas morning, though there were the three of us, all carrying revolvers, without our two policemen and their guns.

I never, myself, believed there was much danger; the district is a very quiet one, and its people too, but, of course, where some were in correspondence with the League at a distance, and knowing, as we did, the character of many of its members, it was not possible to tell what outrage might be attempted by men of that sort.

For the first week or two my inclination was to laugh at the whole thing. The idea of such a barefaced outrage on all the laws and habits of a civilized community at the end of the nineteenth century was absurd and childish, and I found myself laughing at it ten times a day.

As the excitement went off the pressure of anxiety and care wore us, especially as minor troubles occurred. One could not sleep well at night. One went to bed in such a state of indignation with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster for having allowed law and order so to fall into abeyance, that the first thought on waking was to vent one's wrath on them, at least in words. Twenty times a day one exclaimed, "Surely the Government of England cannot allow its peaceable subjects to be thus outraged," and the vexation, as we realized that it was intended to allow it, was very painful. My daughter's patience at last gave way; and, without saying a word to any of us, she wrote a letter to Mr. Gladstone, telling him in a simple, true-hearted way how much he was causing us to go through; and begging him to consider what it must be to such as she was, to be unable to see her father or brother go out, without feeling uncertain whether they would not be

brought home wounded or dying. Of course, she got no answer, but a formal one from his secretary.

The Land League tried its usual device of cutting off our supplies of provisions. This caused us very little trouble, and we easily defeated it. It a little plagued some of our people, a few shops refusing to sell them what they wanted. But other shops in Clonakilty soon sent us word we could have whatever they had; and, as there was a railway station at Bandon, ten miles off, by writing a note to Cork for anything, it came out addressed to a friend at Bandon; and a second note to him, asking him to keep the goods till we could send for them, or to send them out to us himself, settled all. We had, thus, no trouble in these respects, except in getting beer for the servants, and we even got one cask of that sent to us.

We had to feed the laborers who came from a distance, as they had not wives with them to cook, and this caused much trouble and some expense. But they could not have bought food for themselves; so there was no choice.

Then there were other troubles. Scarlatina broke out in the Scotch land steward's family, brought from Cork by one of his daughters. His eldest boy was for some days between life and death, which caused us sad anxiety, and lessened our workers. Again, we had some very severe weather twice, which added much to the labor of feeding the stock in the fields. Two or three laborers knocked up with cold, and we were again very hard pressed for men.

I had to write to Dublin to Mr. Goddard, of the Property Defence Association, and get down four laborers from Co. Cavan to help us for three or four weeks. Though the opinion of all the laborers of the neighborhood was strongly with us—and they never ceased to express their contempt for the folly of our former men in leaving us when they were getting such good wages—yet very few were willing to face the Land League and join us. They came and talked and promised to come, but shirked at last, except a few. This is kept up to the present time: as often as the League hears of new men coming to us, though we have now in substance enough, and only engage specially good

men, the League tries to choke them off, and sometimes succeeds. It no longer really hurts us, but it shows their ill-will.

It is the same with tenants. Many have paid their rents, but the League still holds small meetings, and is not ashamed to get the tenants to whine for some small concession, after having treated me as they have done—even wealthy tenants, who I have reason to believe actually have their rent in the bank. I have therefore directed writs to be issued against three of the large tenants who are best off. Last July two of these three came to me and said they had no money and could pay no rent. A few weeks after, as soon as Mr. Foster's Compensation Bill had been thrown out by the House of Lords, when there had been no time to make money, one of these, whose half-year's rent was £49, came unexpectedly and paid in large notes : large notes being a sure sign that the money had been lying by. Two days after, the other, hearing his neighbor had paid, came in a hurry to pay. His half year's rent was £67, and he paid it with Cork butter dealers' checks, dated before the time when he declared he had no money to pay with, thus showing his statement was only a lie. This is what we have to deal with in Ireland, and in support of which the help of Parliament is asked through Messrs. Parnell and Co.

When the Land League began its outrages on us it made a collection of money in the neighborhood in support of it. Collectors in each parish were appointed, and all unwilling to subscribe were threatened. Some of those who were threatened came to consult me, if anything would happen them if they refused to pay? I told them I believed nothing would happen them, so they did refuse, and nothing happened them; and, when the list of those who paid was published in a local paper, I was very much thanked for having saved them the discredit of appearing in the list.

The Land League Collection is believed to have amounted only to £60.

I had stated publicly that I paid £25 per week wages, but one effect of the universal want of truth in Ireland is, that when anybody does tell the truth, he is sure not to be believed.

So they thought themselves strong with £60. But the first pay day cost them over £20 ; and, as I showed no sign of yielding within three weeks, it was plain how long the £60 would last.

My laborers were paid in a public-house in the town by a man from behind a screen, who was invisible ; after the fashion of the man in the moon, who pays bribes at elections.

After one or two pay days they changed the manner of payment for fear of the police, knowing well they were breaking the law.

The usual result followed of paying wages near public-houses. Most of the men got drunk, even those we thought respectable and steady. It was painful to hear of such men staggering about the town and falling in the gutter, with their wives trying to persuade them to go home.

Some of those who had thus left us were old men, quite past their work, who had been with me thirty to thirty-five years. I had gone on paying them their full wages, the same as they had in their best days—viz., 13s. per week, though the real value of all they could do was not worth half that amount. I did so from mere kindness. There had never been a shade of anything but goodwill between us. Yet those men went away, leaving my cattle to starve, though they had no connection with the tenants or the League, except through the priest's influence.

The Roman Catholic curate of the parish of Clonakilty, son of a common farmer a few miles off, whom I had known for many years, was one of the chief movers in the Branch Land League. He went to Dublin to try and get money from the Central League there, to carry on the war with me. It is believed he got very little, but some small sums were got from branches of the League in other towns in the county. In this way payment to our men was kept up, more or less. Yet our men were always in fear and distrust as to what they would get, and for how long. It is believed some money was also got from America.

The payments went on more or less until March, and then ceased. What the unhappy laborers have done since I cannot think. They had been looking

miserable ever since they ceased to work. My Scotch land steward told me, though the men did no work and got their wages, you would think they were falling away to bags of bones.

They were living in my cottages rent free, so by the advice of the Land League they set up a claim to be cottier tenants, and that I could only turn them out by ejectment. The object was to hinder me from using the houses for new laborers. I had to summon them before the Petty Sessions, when it was soon decided that they were only permissive occupiers, and under an Act of Parliament they were obliged to leave. To most of them the loss must have been very serious, even if they found new employers.

We have thus got our cottages, and are gradually getting new and better laborers into them. And the ultimate result is likely to be a large saving in the cost of labor on the farm, by our only keeping really good laborers. This amounts, we think, to £60 per annum at least.

From the first outbreak we made up our minds to change our manner of farming, by leaving more of the land in grass, for which the climate is so favorable. The expense for labor on the farm would thus be much less, and the net profit larger. The new plan of giving cake to cattle in the summer on the grass, has been answering wonderfully with us for the last year or two. This we shall carry much further.

I have so far put much money into the land, especially and intentionally in employment. All will now be changed, and what will pay best be the only end aimed at. My own opinion and that of Mr. Law, my very experienced Scotch land steward, is that a much larger profit can be secured by keeping more land in grass. So I shall need shortly, much fewer laborers still.

When the outbreak occurred, our sixty acres for turnips this season, 1881, had all been ploughed and cleaned and laid up for the winter, ready to sow in spring. This is now being done. In ordinary course we should have ploughed up sixty more acres of grass last winter for ley oats. Instead, we only ploughed one field of twelve acres, that wanted it.

We shall thus soon have nearly all our

land in grass. It has been so well manured for years past, that in our climate, with the stock eating plenty of cake, it is likely to do well.

Early in our trouble we began to be tormented by newspaper correspondents seeking interviews. They came from far and near, London, New York—everywhere. Some were worthy, intelligent men, others snobs. We had nothing to conceal, so I was inclined to be quite open with them, and tell them all we knew. This answered well with those who were worthy, but with those of the wrong sort, from inaccuracy and by embellishing into untruth what they were told, and by giving names that had been told them in confidence, they caused me much annoyance. Quite the best of these, and thoroughly worthy, was Mr. Becker of the *Daily News*; and the most offensive was the correspondent of the *Standard*. It will show the sort of man. He came on Sunday, and having seen the lady's-maid going in by the back door from church, he mistook her for her mistress, and entertained the readers of the *Standard* with a description accordingly. For some cause he took offence, and his account of us and our doings was as hostile as he could make it. I did not chance to see the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, as I was busy when he called. But my son saw him and answered all his questions. He was a gentleman, with a secretary to write for him. After leaving us he went to the young Roman Catholic priest at Clonakilty, whom I mentioned before. We have a few tenants who are not thriving, almost without exception in consequence of drink, which is one main curse in Ireland. In the small town of Clonakilty, with rather more than 3000 inhabitants, there are more than 40 public-houses. Since I first lived near it I have striven heartily to lessen this number, and I have reduced them from 47 or 48 to about 40. That is all the effect of a life's work on that point. In the autumn of 1879 I had only five tenants who had any difficulty in paying their rents. Every one of these drank. One was a mere rake, who lived at the next public-house. I have more than once seen his corn standing in the field unreaped at Christmas. It was too bad to

be worth paying laborers to cut, and he was too lazy to cut it himself. Once his wife got so much ashamed of it that she took a scythe and cut it. Husband and wife are young able people with one child, a boy. Another was a publican in Clonakilty, and held 20 acres outside the town. He came to me before harvest to say that his son and daughter-in-law were so drunken, that shortly before she had got him down on the floor in the house, and seized a kettle of boiling water to pour over him. If he reaped the corn they would give him none of the proceeds, so if I would give him his potatoes, and those he had let in Conacre to the townspeople, and half the corn after I had reaped it, he would give the land up to me, to which I agreed. The other three bad tenants who drink are still on the estate. The priest took the correspondent of the *New York Herald* to some of the worst tenants, who, of course, had many complaints to make; also to the holders of some town parks who pay good rents for accommodation land, and the complaints and high rents of these people were all taken down as grievances, though many of the tenants are wealthy men.

The Roman Catholic priest wrote letters to some of the London papers, not only containing these complaints, but representing them as the ordinary state of my tenants; and adding a number of mere inventions not having a shadow of truth about them, but worded in such a way as might give me annoyance, whether they were contradicted or not. His letter only appeared in the *Times*. Other editors destroyed it.

I took care to contradict his statements in such a way as gave him the reverse of satisfaction, so that a very able man here said to a friend, after reading my answer, "Well, there is nothing now left for them to do but to shoot him."

In due time, since I got to London, I have seen the *New York Herald* with a full page of a report about us. The facts follow in the same order as in the priest's letter, so as to leave no doubt they had a common origin. But all is exaggerated and embellished, and a large number of additional untruths are added. There are very few good things I ever did, which it is not declared I did not do. And as many things I

never did, because it would have been wrong to do, I am stoutly asserted to have done habitually; while my son and daughter, too, are abused in the grossest way, accused of untruth, and much else. Anything so vulgar and unworthy as the whole report could not be conceived. This report was then copied into the Cork Land League and Roman Catholic papers; it is easy to guess from what influence.

But the end was gained. The report appeared in America about the middle of January. It was known that money to pay our laborers was then running short, but more soon came over from America, it is believed, and they were able to go on paying the men for some weeks longer, until March.

Long before this time, the certainty that we had won made it easy to bear any abuse. We had men enough to work the farm, though they were not the right sort. For example, we had two stout lads from an industrial school in Cork; they were set to help with the sheep. One of them, in carrying some hurdles on his back to shift the fold, managed to fall down, with his arms and legs stretched out, like a spread eagle, and the hurdles on the top of him, fairly imprisoning him as if in a cage, and there he had to stay till somebody else came, who lifted the hurdles off him. The land steward declares that having sent a horse and cart one day on some job with two men, they managed to upset it into a puddle and the horse only just escaped drowning. He often expresses a low opinion of the patience of Job, asking whether Job was ever Boycotted, and had to carry on a large farm with such men as he could pick up. Another day the other lad managed to fall on his face in a heap of stiff mud, and emerged leaving his likeness in it, to the great amusement of those who saw it.

We let the Cavan men go home. The land steward's sons recovered from scarlatina. The courage of all who had stood by us or helped us grew confident. And after several weeks we were able to thank God that the trouble in substance was over.

For ourselves we never lost heart. Much the worst part, all through, was the anxiety whether more outrages might not be committed, that would

practically defeat us, hold out as we might. Outrage was the only chance the Land League ever had of success, joined to the contemptible fear of each other, which is so remarkable and curious a fault in Irishmen. There is positively nothing of which they do not believe their own countrymen and neighbors to be capable.

No doubt our resistance prevented many others from being attacked, and defeated and exposed the ignorant vanity and want of sense of the people, who thought themselves to be irresistible. If we had yielded they would have fallen with tenfold violence on our neighbors. I was told afterward by one who had means of knowing, "If they wanted to Boycott you again, they would think ten times before they tried it." The only other they tried it with, in the County Cork, in earnest (except on the border of Tipperary), was Mr. Hagarty, a large and most improving tenant-farmer at Millstreet.

A very intelligent and able land-agent, who thoroughly knew the country, said to me lately, "You are the most improving landlord in Munster, and Hagarty the most improving tenant, so they chose you two out to Boycott you." I left home when the trouble was over, because there was no more good I could do there, and I hoped things might settle down better in my absence. But I or my son are ready to go back at any time if wanted. Knowing the tenants and their farms, almost every field, thoroughly, I can direct my solicitor what to do in enforcing rent and dealing with tenants.

The Land League, of course—as silly people of that sort always do—keeps up all the petty spitefulness it can. I could not take back the laborers who had left me, except a very few who were especially good and quiet; so they paid a lawyer to try and hinder me from getting the use of my own cottages for other laborers. They are also still trying to prevent my tenants from paying rent. A good number, however, have paid, and more drop in weekly. On the whole, I expect no serious present loss, and in future gain.

I lately sent four fat cattle to be sold at Bandon fair. In consequence of our precautions, three were sold before they

found out they belonged to me. They stopped the fourth: it had to be sent home.

William Brown—who, once our gardener, had stood by me—had a house just outside Bandon, and in front of it a very pretty garden where he could gather flowers every day in the year. His son-in-law and daughter live there since he came to me last winter. They came one night, pulled up the paling and hedge, his box edging, and all his flowers, and broke thirty-eight panes of glass in his house, only because he worked for me.

The kindness and sympathy we have received from every one in England, both during the time of our trouble and since, far exceed anything that could have been looked for, or was deserved by us. That a man, not far short of seventy, should have had such a chance at the end of his life of winning the good opinion of his countrymen, passes any reasonable expectation, and must be a cause of thankfulness as long as I live.

In Ireland it suits the purpose of the Land League to tell lies about me, for the very same reason that it suited the Roman Catholic priest to do so. They hope that some will believe them, and so their lies will neutralize some part of what I say, and the influence I might have. I am not myself afraid of much loss of usefulness in this way.

I have several times been met by men of position who know both countries well, and have said "I am so glad they attacked you. It was very lucky, and has done good many times greater than if they had attacked others of greater social position than yours, but who were less well-known in England. So many know you, or know about you here, that your wrongs have damaged them greatly." This is rather of the nature of having one's head broken by their precious balms, like King David, though one is forced to agree to the truth of what he said.

But I must come to a close. One moral I wish to draw. The outrage upon me was tried in order to force me to reduce my rents. The movement was wholly from outside, and not at all spontaneous from my tenants. It was, in substance, wholly the work of a few Roman Catholic priests, as has been the

case in so many other places where they were unchecked by their ecclesiastical superiors. What I should have lost would have gone into the pockets of my tenants, who were not poor, nearly all being well off before. After all, their outrage thus only put me to some inconvenience by postponing the payment of my rent. I shall get the most of it, except of a few tenants, who will beggar themselves by the delay, and have to give up their land.

Then they thought to injure me by taking away all my laborers. Again, they caused me some inconvenience and present loss, which will, as I have said, be more than repaid by more economical working in future. But they have injured the unhappy thirty laborers who left me greatly; very few can get as good places as they had with me. None can get better places; for I was always ready to raise their wages when times made it right, or any one showed exceptional industry. Thus the true loss of the whole disturbance has fallen on the laborers, and no one else. It has brought home to me more clearly than I saw before that none are really so much interested in law and order as the laboring classes. Though others may have more to lose by a disturbance, they do not, like the laborers, lose their daily bread.

I would further observe that this outrage has been suffered to go on in the end of the nineteenth century—in these wonderful days of education and inventions, of railway, and immediate communication by telegraphs, without one single offender being punished for it. I am not entering into party politics. I believe party politics are the cause of half our troubles. Men of both sides are thinking of their party, and the effect this or that will have on party interests; and forgetting the good old honest principle that the interests of England are those of truth and honesty, and are immensely above all party considerations, and that by keeping these principles alone the happiness of all classes can be promoted.

Any who endured such an outrage as we went through last winter in Ireland, cannot help feeling this to their heart's core.

Rely upon it the Irish trouble is not

caused by any real grievance, but is nothing else than the outcome of the low moral and social state of the people. Here in London there are few who do not know the condition of a great many Irish that live around us. Many have lived here from childhood, and have never even been in Ireland. Why do they differ from the English and Scotch among whom their lives are passed? Is it possible they can be improved by yielding to their bad habits and bringing down all around them to meet their low ways? That is just what we at least resisted in Ireland. We simply acted in Ireland as we should have done in my native county of Suffolk, or my wife's county of Somerset, except that we have made not a few sacrifices to do right by living there. Yet Mr. Gladstone can venture to say we should have done more good, if we had acted more according to the usages of the Irish. Can he know what Irish usages are? They are such as I have described in this paper.

The result has been, every effort has been made by many of those around us to destroy as much as possible the good we have done. And persecution and hatred, and the coarsest of ill-speaking and falsehood, have been used toward us personally, in hope that if they cannot upset what we have done, they may deter others from doing the same.

The one thing that is required of any Irish Government is, that it should punish crime. When coercion is denounced in Ireland, it only means the wish that crime should be unpunished.

There is no need to make any new crimes—i.e., to make anything a crime that has not hitherto been a crime. There is no need of any extra punishments; all that is wanted of coercion is, that the same offences which a judge and common jury would punish as a matter of course here, should somehow be equally punished in Ireland.

By the scheming and ingenuity of the people, offences are not now punished in Ireland. As several judges stated at the late assizes, however clear the evidence, juries will not find verdicts against many criminals. Trial by jury is made only a means of insuring that culprits shall escape punishment.

Witnesses, too, are intimidated by threats of violence.

Can any sensible man doubt, when such things happen, that the law must be strengthened enough to insure the punishment of such offences, unless society is to be broken up and barbarism put in its place?

In Canada, in consequence of many Irish being there, and having the same faults as at home, when a jury willing to act honestly cannot be found, offenders are tried before three judges without a jury.

Intimidation of witnesses can only be met by the Habeas Corpus Act being suspended.

The true question is, whether honest, quiet men like myself are to be punished and injured with impunity in the manner I have described, or those who commit the outrages on them are to be made amenable to the law of the land, as all men are in England, and the same punishment to follow the same offences in Ireland, as would fall upon those who committed them here?

Let me say, in conclusion, prosperity

can only come in Ireland or anywhere else, by true and honest dealing. Industry and uprightness will rule the world.

With the habits of drinking, and debt, and untruth, and want of industry that now prevail there, no possible change can do them any real and permanent good. More employment and better wages, for which the undrained land of the country gives full scope, are the best way of helping, with industry and uprightness, to make the country prosperous.

I beg every one to think over the facts that I have stated, and to ask himself if people who could act in this way are the simple innocents in favor of whom all the sound principles of free dealing that have ruled among us for thirty years past are to be set aside, that they may be protected in doing to others, who may be less able to resist than I was, the same outrages they tried to inflict on me?—*Contemporary Review*.



A REVISER ON THE NEW REVISION.

BY THE REV. G. VANCE SMITH.

IN the following remarks on the revised version of the New Testament it is scarcely necessary to say that I propose to speak only as one of the multitude of readers usually designated as "the public," to whose perusal and judgment the work is now at length committed. Although from the commencement a member of one of the Revision Companies,* I have no right to speak as from any special knowledge which that position may have given me; for it was a rule acted upon throughout that the work done in the Jerusalem Chamber, as well as the opinions expressed by the members, with the results arrived at, and the grounds on which changes were either made or left unmade, should all be considered "private and confidential." This rule was understood to apply to all that took place, and it was carefully observed—except only as regarded such little details as were given each month in some of the newspapers, respecting

the days of meeting, the members present, and the passages gone over from time to time.

While this was the case, however, it is equally true that every individual member of the company is left now at liberty, in his private character, to judge and criticise the completed work of the whole body of revisers. The results arrived at were determined by vote, as the preface to the volume now published informs us; no alteration being finally made as against the Authorized Version except by a majority of two to one of the members present. The minority, however, although outvoted, were not supposed to be also silenced for all future time, or prohibited from expressing their dissent or the reasons for it; but, on the contrary, naturally retained their right to do so, on and after the publication of the volume. Of this privilege I propose simply to avail myself; but I shall endeavor of course to guard against any breach of the understanding

* So called after the example of 1611.

indicated by the old and familiar words "private and confidential," printed upon all the different sections of the work, as they were successively issued for the use of the two companies during the progress of the revision. I have nothing therefore to tell respecting anything said by any one at the meetings, or the numbers of the votes given either for or against any alteration made, or anything of this kind. I have simply to take the work as it is now issued, and, so far as may be practicable within the limited space at my command, to express my own individual judgment on the new text, basing this simply upon such general knowledge of the subject as is familiar, or easily accessible, to every critical student of the New Testament.

The volume which gives occasion to these remarks is a handsome octavo of 594 pages, without counting the preface or the American suggestions, which will make up some forty to fifty pages more, according to the size of the edition in which they are printed. The work professes to be "the version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities and revised A.D. 1881." This latter date might have been more fully given as A.D. 1870 to A.D. 1881, for the task has been close upon eleven years in hand, including the time occupied in printing, having been commenced on the 23d of June, 1870, and being now published on the 17th of May, 1881. Time enough certainly for its preparation, enough too for no small amount of elaborate over-correction, such as I greatly fear many readers will find in its pages.

The preface forms a very interesting and valuable introduction to the volume, and to this our attention must in the first instance be turned. After giving a brief account of the origin and character of the Authorized Version, the imperfections of which are fully acknowledged, it proceeds to speak of the formation of the two companies for its revision, and of the rules that were laid down for the execution of their undertaking. These were drawn up in May, 1870, by a committee of the Convocation of Canterbury,* and were in substance

as follows: (1) To introduce as few alterations as possible . . . consistently with faithfulness; (2) Alterations to be expressed in the language of the authorized and earlier English versions; (3) To go twice over the work; (4) The text to be adopted to be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating; (5) To make or retain no change on the second or final revision, unless *two-thirds* of those present approved of the same, but on the first revision to decide by simple majorities; (6) Refers only to postponement of a decision in certain cases; (7) To revise the headings of chapters and pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation; (8) When considered desirable, to refer to others not in the company for their opinions. It does not appear from the preface that

berforce, the Prolocutor Dr. Bickersteth (now Dean of Lichfield), Deans Alford and Stanley, and Canon Blakesley (now Dean of Lincoln). This Committee had authority to invite the co-operation of others 'to whatever nation or religious body they might belong'—a wise and just provision considering the interest which all sects and parties have in the book to be revised. Accordingly, the following were invited to take part in the work:—Dr. Angus (Baptist), Archbishop Trench, Dr. Eadie (Scotch United Presbyterian), Rev. Dr. Hort (of Cambridge), Rev. W. G. Humphry, Professor Kennedy (of Cambridge), Archdeacon Lee, Dr. Lightfoot (now Bishop of Durham), Professor Milligan (Scotch Church), Professor Moulton (Wesleyan Methodist), Dr. J. H. Newman (now Cardinal), Professor Newth (Congregationalist), Dr. A. Roberts (Scotch Church), Dr. Vance Smith (Unitarian), Dean Scott (of Rochester), Dr. Scrivener, Dr. Tregelles (Congregationalist), Dr. C. J. Vaughan (now Dean of Llandaff), Professor Westcott. To these some additions were subsequently made, namely, Bishop Wordsworth (St. Andrews), Dr. D. Brown, (Scotch Free Church), Dean Merivale. The last named withdrew from the work before it had made much progress. Dean Alford, Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Tregelles, and Dr. Eadie all died previous to 1876; and Dr. Newman declined the invitation. On the death of Bishop Wilberforce, his place was taken by Professor (now Archdeacon) Palmer. The number of members has throughout been about twenty-four, of whom the average attendance has been sixteen, during the ten and a half years of working time. The Company has met monthly, under the presidency of Bishop Ellicott, ten times each year, with one or two exceptions only, and has made a total working time of 412 days, of about seven hours each, to say nothing of the time necessarily spent in private study connected with the work. Clearly the revisers deserve a good name for application and industry.

* The following members of Convocation constituted this committee for the New Testament:—Bishops Ellicott, Moberley, and Wil-

this last rule has ever been acted upon.

In these rules two features are very prominent: first, the extreme care for the Authorized, which was not to be altered except by a vote of two to one of the members present from time to time; secondly, the great care as to the style, that is to say, the words, in which alterations were to be made; for these were to be limited, as far as possible, "to the language of the Authorized and earlier English versions." These two rules should have been sufficient, if known, to allay the apprehensions of some notable opponents of the project of revision, one of whom spoke of the revising process as if it were the same as putting the Bible into a crucible and recasting it; or again, as laying it on the table of the anatomist and dissecting it. Archbishop Thomson was reported in the papers of the day to have expressed himself to this effect in his speech against revision in the York Convocation. He thus spoke much as if he were not aware that honest men who did not deliberately intend to misrepresent their original would be guided by the laws of the language from which they were translating; or as if he thought that a body of men appointed to the work, such as the Westminster revisers, were likely to corrupt or mutilate the English Bible under the pretence of removing its manifold and everywhere admitted imperfections. The Earl of Shaftesbury in a letter to the *Times* expressed himself with equal disfavor or hostility to the work. A revision of the Bible, he feared, would dilute and lower its style, would modernize and Frenchify it. Such anticipations were perhaps excusable on the part of a layman who may be supposed to be but slightly acquainted with the nature of the work to be executed. But they were not to be expected from a man professedly learned in the Scripture, although I am half inclined to confess that in several respects the results which have been arrived at in the volume as now published go some way, if not to justify, at least to illustrate the doubts and fears of those who were against revision. But yet it will be seen on consideration that the adverse anticipations alluded to could not, by the nature of the case, be largely fulfilled. The rules just cited

show at least that they ought not to have been fulfilled in any serious degree. Perhaps I ought to add that the two eminent opponents before named, if they had supported the project of revision instead of opposing it, might possibly have exercised a salutary influence upon the work and prevented some of the more objectionable changes, of which I shall have to speak in the course of this paper.

It is singular at all events, and worth noting, that gentlemen could be found, who, while professing to receive the Bible as the "inspired Word," the very "Word of God," could yet be satisfied to go on placing it before the world, in tens of thousands of copies annually, in an imperfect form, with all its well-known false readings and errors of translation. It would almost appear that they looked upon the English version, errors and all, as "given by inspiration of God," for on what other principle could they rationally object to its correction at the hands of earnest, religious, and competent men—and surely no others were likely to undertake such a task?

The fourth of the above rules was one of primary importance. "The text to be adopted," that is to say, the Greek text to be followed, was to be that for which there was "preponderating evidence." This meant, in effect, that the revisers were to form their own "text" as they went on, judging according to the evidence of the "readings" that offered themselves. This was the only rule that could be laid down in such a case. It would indeed have been easier at once to *adopt* a critical text, as that of Griesbach, Tischendorf, or Tregelles, and relying upon the judgment of the editor to have followed him implicitly, without further investigation. But to do this would have been to attribute to any text so adopted a degree of authority which it might not deserve. Even the best of editors—with all reverence be it said—is not infallible. Griesbach is, indeed, one to be most highly esteemed for breadth of knowledge and soundness of judgment, but he had not in his hands all the materials possessed by later scholars; and Griesbach's theory of recensions tended sometimes to lead him astray. A similar remark applies more or less, *mutatis mutandis*, to any other critical au-

thority that might be named · and so it remained for the revisers to look at the various readings for themselves, to estimate their value in their own way, and to follow their own judgment. This it will no doubt be found that they have done carefully, and with sound results. But the task entailed labor, and would take much time ; not so much perhaps as might be thought at first sight, at least by ordinary readers. For the materials for judging of the comparative value of readings have been wonderfully brought together, simplified, and systematized by the careful labors of the last hundred years in this department of learning. Almost every various reading of any importance in the Greek manuscripts, as well as in the ancient versions and the quotations so largely made by the church fathers, has been noted and set down at its proper place in the great editions, so as to enable a modern critic to judge for himself as to the originality of the text in any given case.

Such being the fact, the labors of the revisers in this part of their work were greatly lightened and simplified. Indeed, it will be found that alterations in the English translation rendered necessary by change of text in the original are comparatively few. Moreover, it must be said that, numerous as are the differences of readings found in the manuscripts as compared with each other, they are commonly of very small importance in point of meaning. In multitudes of cases they are so trivial as to be scarcely capable of exact expression in a simple English rendering, or they are scarcely worth expressing. And so it results that alterations in the English version of an important character, arising from difference of original reading, will not exceed a few dozen in number. The great mass of changes will be found to consist of corrected and closer renderings of the old Greek text—the *Textus Receptus*. Thus it further appears, that the terms in which critical works are apt to speak of different “texts,” and “readings,” and “types of text,” are a little misleading. Differences there are, no doubt ; and there are manuscripts which run together in groups—some exemplifying one class of differences, while others agree in exemplifying another—the standard of comparison

being the *Textus Receptus*. But such differences after all are, as just said, but slight ; insomuch that the reader who has only the old Greek text in his hands is in possession, through that, of every substantial statement and doctrine of the New Testament. This fact is too apt to be lost sight of ; but it is worth remembering, although it by no means justifies the opposition to revision that was raised in certain influential quarters ; nor indeed was this the *ground* on which opponents professed to stand in speaking as they did. They have to their credit, so far as appears, nothing but a blind impulse of opposition to change, through fear of changing for the worse, although all the probabilities of the case so plainly lay in the contrary direction.

It was no part of the duty of the revisers, however, to form a *new* Greek text, nor have they, as the preface is careful to note, attempted anything so considerable. But something very like this has been done, nevertheless, as the result or accompaniment of their labors. For it is announced by the University Presses that an edition of the Greek text is to be at once published, incorporating all the readings followed by the revisers, and giving the displaced readings at the foot of each page. This work is not, however, prepared by the revision company itself, but by one or two of their number at the request of and for the University Presses.* It may be anticipated that this volume will in all important points be in substantial agreement with the text of Tischendorf, or perhaps even more nearly with that of Westcott and Hort. The work will, however, necessarily be inferior in value to that of Tischendorf, inasmuch as it will not furnish the manuscript and other evidence relating to the preferred readings.

The preface goes on, after stating the rules as above given, to speak of the way in which they have been carried out. “These rules it has been our endeavor faithfully and consistently to follow.” “Faithfulness” to the original,

* A second work of a similar kind is to be the Greek text used in 1611, with the variations from it given at the foot of the page. This will be edited by Dr. Scrivener ; the other by Archdeacon Palmer.

it will be remembered, was to be the great and dominating principle; but, consistently with this, the alterations were to be "as few as possible." I must frankly say at once, I do not think this fundamental rule has been observed so well as it might have been. The alterations, in my own humble judgment, are not "as few as possible," but rather the *contrary*; and in many cases, while minute and literally accurate, they seem to be so in such a way as even to run counter to the very principle of faithfulness to which they ought to have been subordinated. My meaning in this statement will become clear as we proceed.

The character and extent of the revision are indicated by the statement of the preface itself as to the nature of the alterations which have been made. These are enumerated under five heads: (1) alterations from change of reading; (2) where the rendering of the Authorized was incorrect; (3) from obscure or ambiguous meanings to others clear and express; (4) alterations for the sake of consistency of rendering, that is, to make words and passages harmonious or parallel in the English which are so in the Greek; (5) alterations by *consequence*, or arising out of changes already made, even though not in strictness required by the general rule of faithfulness. These various grounds, it will be admitted, are just and reasonable in themselves; yet when we come to the details of work in which they are exemplified, too much is found to which exception is to be taken, and probably will be taken, even by the most tolerant and sympathizing critic—if a critic, in such a case, can or ought to be tolerant and sympathizing.

It will be convenient in what follows, in the first place, to take the order of the preface in the illustrations which it gives of the mode of proceeding in the different classes of alteration just enumerated. Then having done this, we may proceed to notice a few of what may be termed the more special and salient features of the new text. The great mass of little changes will necessarily be passed over unnoticed. Most of these will, of course, be found to be rightly and carefully done, although a great proportion of them may be held at have been uncalled for. These will be considered

by most readers as mere intruders, breaking in upon the old familiar music of the Authorized, and doing so without any gain of sense by way of compensation—nay, sometimes even with a loss.

In exposition of the method of proceeding we are told, first, that where a word is found to occur in a book with characteristic frequency, care has been taken to render it uniformly, so as to exhibit the characteristic word in *one* way, as far as possible. This was obviously a just principle, too much overlooked by the translators of 1611. It has been duly carried out in some instances, as, for example, in the rendering "straightway," a favorite word of the second Gospel. It is much to be wished that the same principle had been equally well remembered in words of greater importance. But of this more shall be said by-and-by.

The rendering of the tenses, we are next informed, has been carefully attended to. The results are not always happy. The Greek aorist is too often represented very baldly, by a correspondent indefinite past—the old and fuller rendering by *have* (which is often quite as correct) being rejected. Thus, Matt. 10: 8, "Freely ye received," for "freely ye have received;" Luke. 19: 17, "thou wast found faithful" for "thou hast been found faithful;" John 17: 4, 6, "I glorified thee on the earth," "I manifested thy name." So it is many times through this chapter, and in numerous other cases. In all of them I venture to think the old renderings were mostly preferable, not only in sound, but in aptness to the context and to the general character of the passage. That the old renderings read better probably no one will dispute. The change to a greater formal accuracy is therefore dearly bought, and was in truth not worth the price paid for it. This kind of alteration will often strike the reader, and generally with an unpleasant effect, while yet it may be hoped that it will in time become familiar, and perhaps agreeable.

But more than this: it cannot be doubted that in the use of the tenses in New Testament Greek there is very much of the Hellenistic influence. Men whose native language was so closely akin to the ancient Hebrew, and to

whom Greek was only an acquired tongue, would not be likely, ought not to be expected, to have used the varied and copious tenses of the Greek verb with the freedom or accuracy of a Xenophon or a Thucydides. This is abundantly seen in the Septuagint, and also in the Apocrypha; and why should it not appear in the New Testament? The fact is that it is extremely visible and undeniable. The same general cause accounts for many instances of awkwardness of expression, not only in connection with verbal forms, but in the use of other words. It is much to be feared that our revisers have not made due allowance for all this. The consequence is that, with great literalness of rendering, they have not always well brought out the sense, and they have certainly often produced rough and jerky effects, which it would have been better to avoid. This is exemplified in such renderings as Matt. 5:22, "hell of fire" (of which more hereafter), with which compare Rom. 8:6, "mind of the flesh," "mind of the spirit," compared with "sinful flesh," (5:3); why not "flesh of sin" also? So Rom. 8:21, "liberty of the glory," and many similar cases. The clumsiness of such renderings as John 4:23, 24, will strike most readers. The fault, indeed, here is not from the needless rendering of any Hebraism, so much as from a quite gratuitous literalism, by which nothing in point of sense appears to be gained.

In reference to the rendering of the article similar remarks may be made. As the rule, it is too often expressed. This sometimes injures the idiom of the English, and in truth impairs or misrepresents the force of the original. What, for instance, is gained in Matt. 5:15, "Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the stand." The article is used to generalize as well as to render definite; and it may be so here, as the words are closely connected with a general precept. If so, then *a* is better than *the*, and the change made in the Authorized is uncalled for. In Rom. 3:27, we have a contrary case, the article left out by Hebraism, but better retained in the English, though absent from the Greek, "a law of faith." Here the word exemplifies the common Hebrew usage of the

omitted article with a noun which is qualified and rendered definite by another noun, even without any article, as in the two first words of the first Gospel. The over-rendering of which I am now speaking often occurs; thus, Matt. 6:25, "Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?" The sense would have been given by omitting the article rather than retaining it with *food* and *raiment*. So Matt. 7:24, 25, "the rock;" "a rock" is more suitable to English idiom; as in 2 Cor. 12:12, where the Greek is *τὰ μὲν σημεῖα τοῦ ἀποστόλου*, rendered "the signs of an apostle." Here the generalizing force of the article is recognized, and the rendering is correct. In this case, the form followed in Matt. 5:15 and elsewhere would not have been admissible, showing us that the change there was unneeded, and that the Authorized is right.

The worst case of this kind is perhaps in Matt. 8:12 and the parallel places, "There shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth." The wonder is that, with the strange zeal for literalisms which appears to have animated the revisers, they have not given us here *all* the articles, "the weeping and the gnashing of the teeth." This would have been too much; but the rendering followed is almost as unjustifiable. Probably it was adopted because of the reference to the end of the world or age, which some think may be referred to in a previous verse (5:11). Granting this, still how is this shown by keeping the article before "weeping"? In truth, the addition only weakens the phrase. "Weeping and gnashing of teeth" is a terse and idiomatic expression, about the purport of which there can be no mistake, whether it be referred to the second coming of Christ and the last things, or whether it stand alone, without any such reference. "There shall be the weeping" is poor and feeble in comparison. There is, as observed before, too much of this literal accuracy, tending not to strength but to weakness, and, in too many cases, impairing the faithfulness of the English, regarded as the representative of the Greek. Matt. 7:6 is a bad case of this kind: "neither cast your pearls before the swine." Are we to suppose that the writer had some definite

animals in view, and was speaking, therefore, of *them*? Or is it not that in this precept he simply generalizes by means of the article, and so renders his precept in a sense universal in its spirit?

The preface goes on to speak of the rendering of pronouns. Particular care, it is stated, has been taken in their expression (or non-expression, if absent in the Greek), and in regard to "the place they occupy in the sentence." * This refers to such cases as that in the example last given; "cast your pearls." The Authorized has: "cast ye your pearls." But the Greek is without the word "ye," and so the revisers have left it out! But then it is latent in the verb, and many readers will think that the English sounds better with it, while nothing is gained to the sense by leaving it out. In other cases no doubt the effect is happier, and the correction is rightly made, whether by the omission or the insertion of the pronoun.

The next paragraph relates to the particles, in which "uniformity of rendering" has been carefully observed. But so much as this can scarcely be said in regard to the point following. This is the rendering of the prepositions, of which the familiar *ἐν* may be more especially instanced. In the New Testament this word is constantly used after the manner of Hellenistic Greek, and can only be understood when attention is paid to the way in which the Hebrew Beth is expressed in the Septuagint. It is constantly used of the *instrument*, frequently of the *manner* or accompaniment, and also of the *cause*. The instrumental force of the word the revisers have sometimes recognized and sometimes not, and this quite arbitrarily, for anything that appears. Even where they have recognized it, they have done so apparently without confidence, and have actually given a margin, to inform the reader that the original was *in*, as if there was some mysterious virtue in this little word, which it was feared might be lost, unless it were duly noted that the original meant *in* and not *by*. An early example to this effect may be seen in Matt. 3:11: "I indeed baptize you *with* water, . . . but he that cometh after me . . . shall baptize you *with* the Holy Ghost." The original is *ἐν*, but, as here used, we have it

in its usual Hellenistic sense, denoting the instrument or means with which; and why, therefore, should it not have been so rendered without a comment which tends only to perplex? The rendering in the text is the true sense, here as so often elsewhere. So far as the English is concerned, the marginal "*in*" would have been simply wrong, and it was needless to say anything about it. I hope, however, that no Baptist friend will take offence at this view of the case!

In some places, however, the original *ἐν* has been retained—that is to say, its English equivalent has been used. The result may speak for itself; we have it, for example, in Heb. 1:1, "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in *his* Son;" "in the prophets," "*in his* Son." The word here surely denotes simply the instrumental agency. It can mean nothing else according to the Hellenistic usage, of which the New Testament is so full. The change from the Authorized seems, therefore, to have been quite uncalled for, and the words as they stand tend only to puzzle a reader, imparting also an awkwardness to the passage, which does not appear either in the Greek or in the Authorized. This comes of too great literalness in translating, combined with too great readiness to forget the peculiar character of New Testament Greek. The same idiom occurs in Matt. 9:34: "By the prince of the devils casteth he out devils." Here the translation is correct, but it is carefully noted that the original of *by* is *in*. But, if it be so, what else can it *mean*? as, indeed, is seen in Luke 11:20: "If I by the finger of God cast out devils"—literally, "*in* the finger of God." Is it not inconsistent to omit the margin here, seeing that the use of *in* in this case would appear to be even more singular than in the other, and must there not, therefore, on the principle of literalness, have been some reason for using it? In truth, there is nothing remarkable in such cases. The word occurs quite normally as a usual way of expressing instrumentality, and it could not have been correctly Englished by any other word than *by*. This is re-

cognized in 1 Cor. 4 : 21, "with a rod;" but why is the marginal warning inconsistently omitted?

The new rendering of Heb. 1 : 1 has just been quoted. It will very probably be regarded as one of the least happy passages in the new text. It is extremely literal certainly; but in this lies its fault, while it gives no improvement upon the Authorized in point of sense, none at least that is worth speaking of. The phrase "divers portions" is the only one which conveys a little more of the original meaning than we had before, but the difference is so small that many readers will remain insensible of the gain arising from the disturbance of the old and familiar words. The new fact stated, or intended to be so, is that the communications made by the prophets in old times were not made all at once, but in separate and successive portions. This is little different from what was at least suggested by the "sundry times" now displaced. Again, the words "*his* Son" ought certainly to have been corrected into "a Son," as in the margin. Former revelations were by prophets, the latter by "a Son." The Logos in Christ was "a Son," one of many such according to the philosophical conceptions of the time, and according to the developed Logos doctrine familiar to Philo a century before the Epistle to the Hebrews was written. So that the Greek here is in harmony with these ideas, which its English representative is not. But modern theology takes a different view of this subject from that which would be familiar to the writer to the Hebrews, and therefore the superfluous *his* of the Authorized is retained. It is much to be wished that more of the passage in its fine old English form had also been retained; for example, not only the preposition *by* but the old rendering of the verbs, and the words displaced for "at the end of these days," which scarcely yield an intelligible sense. In this passage it is too clear that the English reader has lost much and gained little by the revision.

It is unnecessary to speak with equal detail of the particulars enumerated in the remainder of the preface. The revisers being directed to make their alterations, as far as possible, in the language of the authorized earlier English ver-

sions, have carefully done so, thus preserving uniformity of literary style and color. Archaisms have been removed, where they seemed to occasion misconception of the meaning; otherwise they have been left. Cases still appear, however, in which an uncouth archaism might better have been changed. The form "for to" before the infinitive is now only a vulgarism. The form "to us-ward" seems clumsy. The inversions of words sometimes give strength and variety to expression; in such cases they are rightly left; but there are instances in which they are objectionable in English, and would seem to have come in from the German of Luther, with which our earliest translators were familiar. Such forms as "then fell she down straightway," "neither went I up to Jerusalem," "then departed Barnabas for to seek Paul," are in accordance with a well-known German idiom, but hardly with good English usage in our day. Nor are they pleasant reading.

The marginal notes, we are informed, represent a large amount of careful and elaborate discussion. This will readily be believed. The remark will most probably be made that this part of the work is a little overdone. Marginal notes in particular giving alternative renderings, as well as those giving more exactly the force of the original, are too numerous. The fault is perhaps on the right side; but yet it tends to perplexity when renderings occur even in the margin which really convey little sense in themselves, or when they add nothing that assists the understanding of the text. What, for instance, is the use of the frequent margin "Or, *in*?" or of this, "Gr. *before the face of his entering in*" (Acts. 13 : 24), the full meaning of the Hebraism being already in the text; or of this, "Or, *until*," added to the right rendering "for a season?" Or of this, "Gr. *impress*" (Matt. 5 : 41); or of this, "Gr. *dig through*" (Matt. 6 : 19) or of this, "Gr. *take alive*" (Luke 5 : 10); in all these cases the true meaning, the apt and intelligible meaning, being given in the text. There are multitudes of marginal notes equally trivial and equally useless. On the other hand, there are cases in which a margin would have had great interest and some impor-

tance, but it has been omitted. For example, in 1 John 5 : 7, the spurious words, "the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one," are, with the connected words, quietly dropped out of the text, no intimation of this being given to the reader. Of course he can find out the omission for himself, if he should compare the old with the revised version, or if he should remember that the words were there once. But it would seem to have been better work to have given notice that there was here so great a change. This has been done in Mark 9 : 44, 46 ; and it is duly indicated that the concluding verses of the second Gospel are of doubtful authenticity, as well as the section of John, from 7 : 53 to 8 : 11.

Several other matters of less moment are next referred to, and their treatment explained ; namely, the use of italics, the division into paragraphs (the old verse numerals being retained), the mode of printing quotations from the Old Testament, the punctuation, and lastly, the titles of the books. On these it need only be observed that the mode of giving the quotations from the Old Testament does not appear to be a very successful experiment. The printing in parallelisms spoils the uniformity of the page too much, and was not worth adopting, unless the parallelism was a good one. In many of the cases it is very imperfect ; and, indeed, passages that are purely prose have been broken up into parallelisms for no other reason apparently except that they are quotations from the Old Testament. It has been overlooked that large portions even of the prophetic books are as prosaic as prose can be.

As to the titles of the books, the revisers have 'deemed it best' to leave them as they were. Perhaps, this was unavoidable ; but it is a pity nevertheless, for to the common reader a sanction will appear to have been given to statements which, to say the least, are in several cases extremely doubtful, and in some unquestionably wrong. "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews" ought not to have been left ; for what manuscript authority has it ? And surely a majority of the revisers themselves would not have voted it to be a justifiable addition to the sacred text.

The remainder of this paper may best be occupied with the consideration of a few renderings of special interest and importance in the new text, which may serve too to illustrate and to justify the preceding remarks.

We come at once, on the second page of the volume, to instances which cannot be passed over without critical comment and question. "Holy Ghost," Matt. 1 : 18. On this, the first occurrence of these words, we have a marginal note, "Or *Holy Spirit*, and so throughout this book." Such is the usual form of notice to the reader at the first place in each book where these words are found. But the question is inevitable, Why was not the word "Spirit" taken into the text and adopted as the rendering of the Greek *πνεῦμα* ? It is a good word, of rich and comprehensive import, and it corresponds to the original in a way which cannot be alleged of the term used. The Greek word is found in a multitude of cases standing *alone*, that is, without any connected adjective or equivalent word. In such cases, "Ghost" cannot be used. Hence the necessity, arising from the use of the latter, of having *two* words in the English version to represent the single word of the original. This consideration itself affords a strong reason against the introduction of the word "Ghost" at all. For why employ two terms when a single one is sufficient ? The one referred to is an impracticable kind of word, and may indeed be said, like many other things, to be growing obsolete, except only in ecclesiastical use.

It will be found, however, that in a few cases in the earlier books as here revised, the Authorized "Ghost" has been changed into "Spirit." On what principle this has been done does not appear ; but it would almost seem as if it had been intended to make the change in cases in which *power or influence* was supposed to be mainly denoted by *πνεῦμα*, and in others, to which a personal character was presumed to belong, to leave the Authorized as it was. If this were the case, the revisers would seem to have abandoned the task of discriminating between the two significations as beyond their power, or they may have turned from it shocked, perhaps, at the daring of their own hands in making

such an attempt. The Authorized, it may be noticed, has the rendering "Holy Spirit" only in some three instances, so that the translators of 1611 were at least fairly consistent in what they did, which is more than can be said for their successors of 1881. The present revision has kept these three instances, and added to them about half-a-dozen others (as Luke 2 : 25, 26 ; 4 : 1 ; Acts 2 : 4 ; 6 : 5). There may be a few more, but nothing is said in the preface as to why the change was made. Of the three places in which "Holy Spirit" occurs in the Authorized, and which our revisers have retained, one has been treated in a remarkable way. It is Ephesians 4 : 30 : "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye were sealed unto the day of redemption." I purposely quote the Authorized, that the proceeding of the revisers here may more clearly appear. It would of course have been intolerable to say "Holy Ghost" in this case ; but yet, while rightly retaining the Authorized "Spirit," the revisers have so far departed from it as directly to suggest the personal meaning, by their treatment of the relative pronoun connected with it. They have rendered, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed." This of course, is in harmony with the mode of rendering the preposition *ἐν* followed in other cases, and so often given in the margin, as before pointed out. It is also in harmony with the established theology on the subject ; but it is the exact opposite of the common usage of the revisers in their translation of the relative pronoun personal : "Our Father *which* art in heaven," and so in nearly all similar cases, the archaic "*which*" being persistently preferred to "*who*." Against this use of "*which*" the American revisers remonstrate, the seventh of their suggested corrections being that *who* (or *that*) should everywhere be substituted for it. The old word, however, is not unpleasant to the English ear, and there was no occasion to change, and nothing would be gained by the change, except a certain modernizing of the old and well-accepted word. But, if *which* might do for "Our Father," why should it not have served for "Holy Spirit?" why, except more distinctly to suggest what is not in the original,

namely that the word *πνεῦμα* has here a personal meaning I am sorry to ask the question, but it is unavoidable, not only in this case but in others which are related to it. Moreover, as to the words "In whom ye were sealed," what do they mean? Have they any intelligible meaning? Can any intelligible meaning be assigned to the Greek, except the obvious instrumental sense so constantly met with? "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God by which ye were sealed"—by the reception of which, or the inspiration of which, ye were marked out, set apart, secured as disciples unto the expected day of the second coming. Such is clearly the sense of the verse, but it is missed altogether by the new version.

Returning, however, to the rendering "Holy Ghost," it may be observed that the English is perhaps the only existing version of importance in which the word *πνεῦμα* has received a twofold equivalent. It will indeed be said that the two renderings are identical in value. But this is surely not the case. "Ghost" has far more of the personal force in it than the other, and far more than the original *πνεῦμα*, which indeed is entirely without it, except sometimes in a certain figurative sense. At any rate the words are so different that there are multitudes of instances where *Ghost* cannot be used at all and *Spirit* can. The former can only be written with one particular adjective, and in one single phrase, whereas the word *πνεῦμα*, for which it stands, is used with various adjectives and in all sorts of connections. We can say the Spirit of God, but not the Ghost of God ; the Spirit of Christ, but not the Ghost of Christ ; the Divine Spirit, the eternal Spirit, the almighty Spirit, but we could not substitute *Ghost* in any such cases, without a shock to the reverent feeling of a reader. It is vain therefore to say that the two words are of identical force and meaning ; and it is much to be anticipated that the judgment of the public on this crucial point will fail to recognize in the revisers that judicial freedom from theological bias which was certainly to be expected from them.

The personal turn so gratuitously given to the pronouns in connection with the word "Spirit" is visible in other instances besides the one just mentioned.

Thus in Rom. 8 : 16, the Authorized has "the Spirit itself beareth witness." This has been changed into "the Spirit himself," although the Greek for the last word is, of course, the neuter pronoun *αὐτό*. In such cases, and there are several of them, the true faithfulness would have been, not only to render by *Spirit* everywhere, but to have kept (or introduced) the neuter pronouns, *it*, *itself*, *which*. I do not indeed deny that a quasi-personality is occasionally attributed to *πνεῦμα*. It is so in Rom. 8 : 16, for to bear witness is the act of a personal agent. But the same kind of personality is attributed to charity (love) in 1 Cor. 13 : 4, 5 : "Charity suffereth long, and is kind, . . . doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not provoked" But *here* the revisers have not thought it necessary to keep up the personal idea in the pronouns. They have actually changed the Authorized personal pronouns feminine into the corresponding neuters ; they have even given us "seeketh not its own," instead of a correct rendering of the Greek, "seeketh not *her* own." This, we might be ready to believe, has arisen from oversight or accident. But the same kind of change—a change, that is to say, in a certain direction and with a certain visible tendency—occurs in other instances, and it is much to be regretted that this should be the case.

Another example of the same perverse method of proceeding occurs in Matt. 1 : 21, in the force given to the pronoun *αὐτός*. This word is sometimes used in the New Testament Greek without any special emphasis. Often indeed it means "himself," or carries with it some equivalent meaning ; but it is used also for "he" simply, and with no greater force. This is recognized by the revisers in Matt. 12 : 50 ; 16 : 20 ; Luke 5 : 17 ; 19 : 2, and in other instances. Has the pronoun any greater or more special force in Matt. 1 : 21 ? The Authorized has "he shall save his people from their sons ;" the revised reads, "it is he that shall save his people," giving a very special emphasis to the pronoun which was quite adequately expressed by the word "he." It must be admitted, however, that the best authorities have taken opposite sides on the question whether *αὐτός* ever occurs in

the New Testament with the simpler meaning. This may be so, though it would seem to be strange enough to have a doubt on the point. It is clear, at all events, that the revisers were ready to throw the benefit of the doubt in a particular direction, small as its value is, and in truth hardly worth reckoning—not worth reckoning at all, so as to jeopardize the credit of the revision for the strictest "faithfulness."

Passing on to the next page we come to the rendering of Matt. 2 : 1, "behold wise men from the east came to Jerusalem." So in 2 : 7. In this case the revisers have preferred the alternative expressed by the words "as few as possible" to that of "faithfulness" (Rule 1). The original here does not mean "wise men" at all ! It is the word *μάγοι*, magi or magians, as the margin informs us. But why not place a word of such distinct historical import and interest in the text ? Was it not one of the main objects of the revision to make corrections of this kind ? The Magians were a sacred order among the Persians and other ancient oriental peoples. They were priests, soothsayers, and interpreters of dreams, and to have their approval or recognition was important to the character or success of any undertaking. So these great personages come seeking "the child Jesus," and desire to "worship him," the greatest act of homage that they could offer him. To designate such men as merely "wise" is to rob them of all their distinctive value. They were "Magians" whose testimony to the new-born Christ would in the estimation of all beholders, at once establish his Messianic character. This is no doubt what the evangelist intends us to understand in introducing so particularly and carefully the fact of their visit to Bethlehem. But our revisers have strangely left all this out of sight. For some reason, best known to themselves, they have rubbed out the historic coloring of the passage, by putting the right word in the margin, where it will not be read, and the wrong one in the text, where it will.

Perhaps it will be thought that this may have been done out of consideration for ignorant readers who would only have been puzzled by so strange a word as Magians. But the admission of

a new word would have had an obvious advantage. It would have given occasion to such readers to inquire what it meant, and so probably to extend their knowledge. At any rate, it would seem to be as reasonable to substitute the right word for the wrong one here as to have changed the old familiar "deputy" in several cases into "proconsul," Acts 18 : 12, etc. It may be noted, too, that in Acts 13 : 6, 8, the word *μάγος* is rendered after the Authorized by "sorcerer:" so that the harmonizing spirit, which has led to important changes in several instances, has here been off its guard, and a word of a comparatively vague and colorless character has been allowed to represent one that is very definite and distinctive, as much so, perhaps, as the words "publican" or "pharisee."

We come next, passing over various minor points, to three instances in which the new rendering "the evil one" invites our attention. In Matt. 5 : 37, we read, "Let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one." The margin runs, "Or *evil*: as in ver. 39; 6 : 39." This tells us that affirmations which are stronger than Yea, yea: Nay, nay, are the suggestion of Satan. Can this really have been the speaker's meaning? Such a saying looks too like the utterance of mere fanaticism, to have come from the lips of that calm and gracious Teacher to whom the words are ascribed. But then consistency of rendering would seem to have required the assimilation of the rendering here to that adopted in Matt. 6 : 13, "Deliver us from the evil one;" for, if this be correct, the same rendering could hardly be refused to the identical words* in 5 : 37, although, strange to say, it *is* refused to them in 5 : 39, "Resist not the evil *man*." Why then is consistency sacrificed here? Something may be reasonably allowed for the context, and this may have determined for "*man*," rather than for "the evil one." But if so, why was not the same regard for the context allowed its weight in the Lord's Prayer? For, let it be observed, although the words *τοῦ πονηροῦ*

may be grammatically rendered "the evil *man*," "the evil *one*," or "the evil," *i.e.* "evil" in the abstract, yet the expressions immediately associated with the phrase in the Lord's Prayer require the last of these meanings and exclude the two others. There is no question that *ὁ πονηρός* is used for Satan, as in Matt. 13 : 19, comp. Mark 4 : 15; but this meaning of the words is here determined not only by their certainly masculine form, but also and still more by the immediate context. This clearly requires a personal agent to make the sense complete; and so it is in one or two other cases, where the personal meaning appears to be intended—as, perhaps (not certainly), in 1 John 5 : 19. But in the Lord's Prayer (to which John 17 : 15 is in this point parallel), there is no necessity of this kind to fix the personal meaning. On the contrary the associated words and ideas exclude it. "Forgive us our debts," "lead us not into temptation," and immediately afterward, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses:" debts, temptation, trespasses, are all words of a general or quasi abstract meaning, with no personal meaning at all. To these words "evil" is parallel, but "evil one" is not so. This would appear to be in itself a sufficient reason for leaving the Authorized alone, and putting "evil one" in the margin as no doubt a possible alternative. It was certainly a sufficient reason on the principle of the first rule, to make the changes "as few as possible."

But there is other and even stronger ground than this. The words *τὸ πονηρόν* occur twice in the New Testament with the general or abstract meaning, as similar phrases often do in classical writers. The two places are Luke 6 : 45, "The evil man (*ὁ πονηρός*) . . . bringeth forth evil" (*τὸ πονηρόν*); Rom. 12 : 9, "abhorring evil" (*τὸ πονηρόν*). These cases are beyond question, and they would abundantly have justified the retention of "evil," as in the Authorized form of the prayer. But then Satan was a personage of supreme importance with the old Church Fathers, as indeed he still is with no small number of modern theologians. They saw him and his bad influence everywhere, as they are still seen by multitudes. Hence the incredibly superstitious notions which the same

* The preposition in Matt. 5 : 37 and John 17 : 15 is *ἐκ*; in Matt. 6 : 13 it is *ἀπο*.

Fathers held respecting the actual present exercise of diabolical agency in their own day, and in some cases, as they believed, under their own eyes. Any one may see the evidence of this by referring to an easily accessible book, Conyers Middleton on the Miraculous Powers, in which it is shown, by the citation of their words, that the Fathers held the belief in Satan in the most gross and superstitious form. They make statements on the subject which are incredible, and could only proceed from ignorant and inconsiderate men. As a matter of course the Greek Fathers read the Lord's Prayer by the lurid light of such ideas.

Naturally, therefore, to such men the words under notice could mean nothing else but "the evil *one*," and accordingly a long series of passages may be drawn from their writings, in which they appear to assent to and accept this interpretation of the words. Of course, as Greek was their native tongue, it must not be said that the words cannot mean what these writers tell us they mean. But they were not infallible. They were very much the contrary; and the probability is, when all the considerations bearing upon the subject are duly weighed, that the Fathers were wrong, and that they were simply misled to interpret the words as they did by the superstition of their times, the bondage of which weighed so heavily upon themselves. At the same time it is not to be questioned that the belief in Satan was held by the "Teacher" himself; but it is not necessary to hold that he embodied it in this passage of his teachings. It would then have been perfectly reasonable out of regard to the probabilities of the case, to put "the evil *one*" into the margin, in the usual way, for the use of such as prefer it; but it does seem to be unpardonable to lower the character of this otherwise beautiful and comprehensive prayer by introducing into it for modern use so gross and unspiritual an idea—to do this, too, without absolute *certainty* that it is correct. And that such certainty did not exist, even in the minds of the revisers themselves, is shown by the fact of the alternative rendering which they have placed in their margin.

Another passage in the same neighbor-

hood calls for a few remarks—remarks again not of approval but of disapproval and protest. Matt. 5 : 22, "shall be in danger of the hell of fire"—and so in two other instances. In the Authorized Version, "hell" is the rendering of two different words, *Gehenna* and *Hades*. The latter of these is to be no longer so expressed. Being a proper name, it is left by the revisers untranslated; and so the revised text will be enriched by a new word—new at least to the English Bible—the word *Hades*, which will be found to occur eleven times. This treatment of the word, in as much as it is a proper name, is correct; but then *Gehenna* is a proper name also! Why, therefore, has not this been retained, but rendered by the ugly word "hell?" And "hell of fire" seems especially objectionable, for two reasons: first, only one kind of hell is known to the New Testament, while this phrase suggests other hells of a different nature, thus indirectly and quite needlessly importing into the Christian books the conception, of certain Pagan mythologies, as to hells of a variety of kinds;—secondly, the added words "of fire" (or "of the fire"), are they more than a simple Hebraism? If not, the meaning of the expression "*Gehenna* of fire," is most probably "the burning *Gehenna*," and no more. The reader may see a similar form in Luke 18 : 6, "judge of unrighteousness," properly Englished by "unrighteous judge."

The probability of this interpretation arises from the nature of the case. *Gehenna* was the name of a valley near Jerusalem. The word by its Hebrew etymology means "valley of Hinnom," an ancient name found in the Old Testament (2 Kings 23 : 10; 2 Chron. 28 : 3). In former times it had been the scene of idolatrous rites and of human sacrifices to the god Moloch. Hence to the later Jews it was a place of abomination, and to mark its character it was defiled by the various refuse of the city there thrown and kept burning that it might be consumed. A veritable place of fire, deserving of its name and reputation! where amidst corrupting matters worms too might live, until the all-consuming element swallowed them up. Thus there was here literally a *πῦρ αἰώνιον*, an age-enduring fire, an

“unquenchable fire”—a place “where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.” (Mark 9 : 43, 48).

It is easy to understand that, Gehenna being such a place as this, it would become the representative, in popular speech, of the place of punishment reserved for the wicked and the unbelieving, who were doomed to destruction at the final judgment on the coming of the Messiah. The ungodly should be cast into the burning Gehenna and consumed : it does not appear that they were to be *kept alive*, burning for ever, this being a later addition to the ancient conception. The ideas associated with the mediæval hell—such as may be seen painted on the wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa—are unknown to the Gospels, and have only been added to the original name in its modern form by the lively imaginations of speculative theologians. In other words, the representation of “Gehenna” by “hell” is clearly unjustifiable, because this terrible word now suggests ideas of horror and misery which have no foundation in New Testament usage, when due regard is paid to the origin and history of the word Gehenna. It might have been expected that a body of revisers such as the Westminster Company would have been able to raise themselves above the popular conceptions of our day, and would have given us a rendering of the words in question which was fairly based not upon the long-descended notions of the darkest ages of mediæval

superstition, but upon the just historical considerations which are applicable to the subject. Those who expected so much as this, it is a pity to think, will be disappointed ; and so it is reserved for a future revision, if ever such a thing shall come to pass, to do justice to words and thoughts which, in connection with this subject, have been so long misrepresented—to the sore discredit, with many thoughtful minds, of the Christian Gospel.

But here, leaving many interesting passages, changed or unchanged, without comment, I must bring this paper to a close. Whatever the imperfections of the revised version may be, still, it must be admitted, the revision is a good work accomplished. It will at least awaken thought and stimulate inquiry, in quarters in which these have been too apt to slumber. It breaks the spell which the old Authorized had thrown over the religious world, or at least the English Protestant part of it. People will no longer look upon the English Bible, chapter headings and italics included, as if it had been dropped from heaven just as it is ; and perhaps it will be more easy than it was to get a truth of modern science into the heads of ordinary religious people, even in the face of apparent difficulty arising on the side of the Bible. This will be a gain to the cause of truth and reason which all truthful and reasonable men will be glad to see.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

AMONG THE DICTIONARIES.

TIME was, in literature, when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *vivâ voce*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gannaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear ; and there was no need for more. By the lip, could be solved the mystery coming from the lip ; for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near.

It ended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts,

had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught ; and each, at some word, at some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant cornerstone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling-block, hindering him. The treasured ms. was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll laid open upon a desk, leaved, and la-

boriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it: there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his *ms.* afresh. It might be *Missal*, it might be *Commentary*, *Treatise*, *Diatribe*, *Epic Poem*, *Homily*, *Holy Writ*—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the pains-taking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this *gloss*, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble; and then, thenceforth, and for ever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made, magically, to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining, requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious old-world scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the new-world dictionaries; and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.

Perhaps this may seem remote? Short work will be enough to show how it was done. Pupils, or call them young or less-instructed associates, of a master, had again, and after a lapse of time in greater numbers, to be dispersed. After the lapse of time, also, *mss.* were ordered to be executed for royal and other wealthy readers, too much engrossed by state and duties to be able to keep to the set places and hours of a class. As for the young associates, they would have read from their master's glossed *mss.* during their pupilage, had they had to take their duties while they were absent,

while they were ill. As for the newly-finished *mss.*, it would have been destruction to their cherished neatness, to their skilled beauty, to have defaced them with glosses here and there, as glosses were, in patches, and generally, for greater conspicuousness, written in red letters. Glossed words were written in a list apart, then; becoming, in this way, companion to the students, enlightenment to the *ms.*, and enlightenment almost as handy as if it had been delivered from the tongue. Particular exposition of a particular master came to be especially demanded, too; from veneration, for comparison, to settle a dispute, for the mere admiration and interest of seeing what another man had done. Such exposition was, perforce, on a separate list. Such expositions, moreover—coming as they did; one perhaps from a scholar at Rhegium, one from Nysa, one from Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Rhodes—could be readily perceived to possess color from the temperament, from the circumstances, of the writer; and it followed, as a simple consequence, that two or more should be set out, methodically, side by side. Here, then, was the form of a dictionary; the germ of it, its manner. Here a word stood, with a series of interpretations to it; the whole to be read at one consulting, and giving employment to the critical faculty of rejection or approval. For, this duplication, this triplication, this multiplication, as it grew to be, had its own excellent relish, and the very relish suggested something more. There would have been the word *exilis*, put it. One teacher would recommend it to be rendered *thin* (of course, the equivalent to these shades of thought, according to the tongue being used and elucidated); another teacher, of wider thought, would expound it *mean*; another, living amid bleak rocks, perhaps, and these helping his asceticism, would set down *barren*; another, applying the thinness and tenuity to some musical sounds remaining in his memory, would write it *shrill*, *treble*. To say this, is but to say how language itself accumulated, and had expansion. Yet it suggests the mode. It points out how, when each word had such various glosses put to it, richness could not fail to arise; and diversity, and discrimination, with

greater or less delicacy of expression ; and how glosses being born—or, christen them with that longer name of glossaries—were never likely to be let to die.

There has to be recollection, however, that, as these glossaries were limited to gleanings from one ms., or to gleanings from various copies of that same one ms., according to what, of fresh interpretation, each separate owner had glossed, so they were limited to explaining one author ; or to explaining such limited portion of one author as one ms. contained. Thus one glossary would elucidate a Gospel ; one, a set of Epistles ; one, a Prophet ; one, Virgil, Horace, Homer, Euripides. The Epinal Gloss is an existing example, luckily for the literary world, of such an accumulation. In ms. still, it is still, by the religious treasuring it has had at Epinal, precisely as it was at its compilation 1200 years ago (in the course now, however, of being printed here, lent by the French Government for that purpose) ; and it is testimony, teeming with interest, of how far dictionary-life, in its day, had advanced. Progressing still, there was the Latin "Glossary" of Varo, dedicated to his contemporary Cicero. There was the "Lexicon" of Apollonius the Sophist, in the first century, elucidating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." There was the "Onomasticon" of Pollux ; Pollux, instructor to the Emperor Commodus, having produced this, a Greek Vocabulary, expressly for his imperial pupil's use. There was the "Lexicon" of Harpocration, in the fourth century, relating only to the Ten Orators of Greece. There was the valuable work of Hesychius of Alexandria. There was the "Glossary" of Photius, written in the ninth century : all of these having been printed at Venice and kindred places, after centuries of chrysalis life in ms., almost as soon as printing was available ; and this particular Photian "Glossary" having been re-edited here by Porson, and even called for, after Porson's death, later still, viz. in 1822. There was the "Lexicon" of Suidas, collected by him in the tenth century, and printed at Milan in 1499 ; remarkable for the plan, first used in it, of giving extracts from the poets and historians it explained to explain them better, and for thus widening con-

siderably the already widening field of the lexicographical art. There was the dictionary, in the thirteenth century, of John Balbus, called John of Genoa ; a Latin work extending to 700 pages folio, that has further notability from having been the first in type, Gutenberg himself having printed it at Mayence, in 1460. There was the dictionary, printed at Vicenza in 1483, of Johannes Crestonus, in Greek and Latin ; both, also, a development. There was the Latin dictionary of Calepino, first printed at Reggio in 1502, and enjoying, like the Greek dictionary of Photius, continued re-editing down to the present century. But the expansion of the gloss-seed, as shown in all these instances, having reached the point at which there was recognition of the fact that the search for words was a distinct branch of letters, worthy of a special hand possessing special scholarly attainments, the period of English dictionaries has been touched, and the subject must have treatment assuming different proportions.

It will have been understood—up to this point, of course—that the aim of all the early word-works that have been enumerated was merely to give explanations of rare words, difficult words ; words known, shortly, as "hard." This continued. English lexicographers at this outset of their career, and for centuries, did not go beyond. They grew very pleasant, they were quaint, they were concentrated, they were rambling, delightful, either way ; and, they shall be their own exemplification.

The "Promptorium Parvulorum" heads the list ; the "Little Expediter," or the "Little Discloser," as it might (very freely) be translated. Alas, that it should be so small ! That "hard" words were so scant then, it has such few pages that they can be run through in a moderate reading. Its style is to go from A to Z alphabetically, but to have its nouns in one list, its verbs in another ; to give nothing but these nouns and verbs ; and, being written in English first to help English students to Latin, it has no complementary half for those who, having a Latin word, want to turn it into English. "Gredynesse of mete," it says, "Aviditas. Gredynesse in askynge, Procacitas. Fadyr and modyr

yn one worde, Parens. False and deceyvable and yvel menyng, Versutis, Versipellis. Golet or Throte, Guttar, Gluma, Gola. Clepyn or Callyn, Voco." Its date is 1440, about; it was written by a Norfolk man (as the preface tells); Richard Francis, think some; Galfridus Grammaticus, as is conjectured by others; it was first printed in 1499, appeared three or four times again when 1500 was just turned, and has had a careful reprint recently by the Camden Society, under the capable editing of Mr. Albert Way. Immediately succeeded, this, by the "Catholicon Anglicum," dated 1483, but never in print till the Early English Text Society was granted the privilege of publishing it a very few years ago; by the "Medulla Grammaticæ;" by the "Ortus Vocabulorum" based upon it and printed in 1500 (these being Latin); by Palsgrave's "Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse," printed in 1530; by Wyllyam Salesbury's Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe, printed in 1547; there came the English Dictionary proper of Richard Huloet, that first went to the press in 1552. The edition of this by John Higgins, printed a few years later, is a volume that is beautiful even by the standard of to-day. It is folio; generously thick; perfect in its neatness; its double columns are regularly arranged, with the headings B ante A, B ante E (the fair forerunner of the present mode BAB, BAC, etc.) and, intended to give English and Latin and French, it puts the English in black letter, the Latin in Roman, the French in italics; unless, indeed, the French is evidently not in Richard Huloet's knowledge, when Huloet calmly omits it altogether. Here is his manner:

Apple, called Apple John, or Saint John's Apple, or a sweting, or an apple of paradise. Malum, musteum, Melinelum, quod minimum durat celeriter-que mitescit. Pomme de paradis.

Here again:

Pickers, or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something. Diætarii. Ulpian. Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblant de chercher quelque chose.

"For the better attayning of the knowledge of words," says this good Richard Huloet, "I went not to the common

dictionaries only, but also to the authors themselves. . . . and finally, I wrate not in the whole booke one quyre without perusing and conference of many authors. . . . Wherefore, gentle reader, accept my paynes as thou wouldst others should (in like case) accept thine."

The "Manipulus Vocabulorum," written by Peter Levens in 1570, printed then, by Henrie Bynneman, in seventy-seven leaves quarto, and reprinted, a few years since, under the careful supervision of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, appeals quite as prettily to have its claims considered. "Some will say," writes Peter Levens, "that is a superfluous and unnecessary labour to set forth this Dictionarie, for so much as Maister Huloet hath sette forth the so worthie a worke of the same kinde already. But . . . his is great and costly, this is little and of light price; his for greter students and them that are richable to have it, this for beginners and them that are pooreable to have no better; his is ful of phrases and sentences fit for them that use oration and oratorie, this is onely stuffed full of words." And there the words are: in English first, in Latin after; in double columns; and the English to rhyme, "for Scholers as use to write in English Mètre," thus: Bande, Brande, Hande, Lande, Sande, Strande, etc., with the Latin for each at the side. Over the errata at the end Peter Levens writes, "Gentle Reader, amende these fautes escaped;" and the only wish to the modern reader is that there was more matter to read, even if 'it enforced the amendment of fautes indeed.

Contemporary with this, was a "Shorte Dictionarie in Latin and Englysh verie profitable for yong Beginners," by J. Withals. It is a charming-looking little book, octavo, only half an inch thick, light and supple as a pocket-book, with its matter in double columns, the English first, and the "catch words" of this still in black letter. Wynkyn de Worde printed it in its early editions, and it was printed again and again by others, down to 1599. "A Little Dictionarie for Children," says J. Withals, as a running title all along the pages of it; but he gives the puzzled little Elizabethan children no alphabet to

guide them, and only divides his articles into what appears to him to be subjects. "The Times," he says, as a promising heading to one of these; then under it he puts such odd times as "A meete tyme, To sit a sunning, A fieldie beginning to spring, A fieldie beginning to wax greene," and so forth. In "Certaine Phrases for Children to use in familiar speeche," J. Withals is as quaint to the very end. "Away and be hanged!" he puts ready for his little Tudor schoolboys, rendering it "Abi hinc in malam rem." And, "I am scarcely mine owne man," "Vix sum apud me." "*Evans*. What is *fair*, William? *Will*. Pulcher. *Evans*. What is *lapis*, William? *Will*. A stone. *Evans*. That is good, William." So it is; and in J. Withals may be seen the very manner of the acquisition of it.

John Baret, in 1573, most fitly joins and ornaments this group. The title of his dictionary is "An Alvearie" (a beehive), and he, in a manner, sets out the development of the gloss, even from the area of his own experience. "About eyghtene years agoe," he writes, "having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latin tongue," they "perceyving what great trouble it was to come running to mee for every word they missed . . . I appoynted them . . . every day to write English before ye Latin, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livie, etc., and to set them under severall tytles, for the more ready finding them againe at their neede . . ." when as "within a yeare or two they had gathered together a great volume," he called then his diligent bees, and their great volume an alvearie. It is curious, this, as being plain, though not unexpected, witness. So also, does John Baret throw other curious light, and mark some progress. "A Goast" shows his method. Thus:

A Goast, an image in man's imaginatio". Spectrum, tri, n.g., Cic. Phantasme, vision. La semblence des choses que nostre pensee ha conceue;

in the Latin part of which there will be noted the first appearance of a declension and an authority. This attractive work began by being a triple dictionary—English, Latin, French; and in later editions grew to a quadruple dictionary,

with Greek added. The French, however, as with Richard Huloet, is omitted again and again; and "as for Greeke," says John Baret himself, "I coulde not ioyn it with every Latin word, for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure to provide the same!" And it is a confession far too pretty not to have this small resuscitation.

By these examples, French, Latin, Greek are proved to have been imperative to the home-life of (educated) mediævals; and "neat Italy"—for all that Rome, the heart of it, was somewhat out of favor—was not to be unrepresented by the dictionary-makers under Elizabeth. John Florio, who was English except by extraction, who was teacher of French and Italian at Oxford, and, on the accession of James the First, appointed tutor to the poor Prince Henry, his son, published an Italian and English dictionary in 1598. Italian first, he put, and put no more; but within ten years, Giovanni Torriano, a fellow-teacher and an Italian, in London, seeing (it may be supposed) the value of Baret's Latin and French and Greek lists—cumbrous and inefficient as they were—provided Florio's book with a second and better half, viz. English words first and Italian after, in the present full manner; thus bringing bilingual dictionaries up to a standard from which, to be complete, there could be no departing any more.

"Lettere di scatola," says John Florio; letting him speak for himself, "or Lettere di spatiale, great letters, text characters, such as in apothecaries shops are written on their boxes that every man may read them afar off, and know what they contain: Used by Metaphor for To speak plainly, without fear." Also, John Florio gives column after column of Italian proverbs, of which here are two, both touching his craft:

Le parole non s'infilzano—Words do not thriddle themselves.

I fatti non maschi, le parole son femine—Deeds are masculine, words are women.

A splendid volume by Cotgrave, a French and English dictionary folio, clean, exact, of most accurate printing, advanced to the three index-letters at the head of each column, in the perfect form of to-day, was published in 1611.

"A Bundle of Words," Cotgrave calls it, in a fatherly, fondling way, when asking Lord Burleigh, in his preface, to look upon it with favor. And he puts his errata at the very beginning, before ever he opens his bundle, because "I (who am no God, or Angel) have caused such overslips as have yet occurred to mine eye or understanding, to be placed neere the forehead of this Verball Creature." The novelty in this "Verball Creature," or the stride made by it, is the Grammar appended, with the French verbs conjugated in the manner still used to-day. *Aller*, says Cotgrave, in a mode bald enough; but his English explanation of the word is a glory. It says, "To goe, walke, wend, march, pace, tread, proceed, journey, travell, depart," with forty or fifty picturesque illustrations, such as "*Aller à S. Bezet*, To rest in no place, continually to trot, gad, wander up and down;" such as "*Tout le monde s'en va à la moustarde*—'Tis common vulgar, Divulged all the world over (said of a booke), Wast paper is made of it, Mustard pots are stoppled with it (so much the world esteems it)." This is a small sample, but it shows, amply, that the "Verball Creature" it is pulled from is a "Bundle of Words" that would bear much more unpacking and much more close overhauling.

Another genuine English dictionary must be taken from the shelf now. It could scarcely present itself in more enticing guise. It is smaller even than Withals' Latin and English dictionary was; it is thinner, narrower, more supple, more suited still to be one number of a Portable Library, and the one never likely to be left behind. Being English explaining English, this diminutive size seems curious—until there is consideration. It is that "hard" English words, even in this day of John Bullokar, the author, were still few; that John Bullokar's columns and pages were consequently few, to match. "I open the significations of such words to the capacity of the ignorant," he writes, writing from "my house at Chichester in Sussex, this 17 day of October, 1616." "It is familiar among best writers to usurp strange words" now; yet "I suppose withall their desire is that they should also be understoode, which I . . . have endeavoured by this

booke, though not exquisitely, . . . to perform." Yet it is exquisitely performed. "A Girl," says the performer—in proof of his exquisiteness—"a Roe Bucke of two yeares"—for he is far too earnest in his desire for consistency to put any explanation to Girl except that which is very "hard" indeed. "Have a care," he says, too, warningly (and warningly, without a suspicion of it), "to search every word according to the true Orthography thereof; as for Phœnix in the letter P, not F; for Hypotaticall in Hy, not in Hi." And he gives a note of natural history (amid some scores) that must be turned to before his pages are closed and he is laid aside. A Crocodile, he says (after a column and a half of description of it) "will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eate up the head two. . . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about 2 yards long;" in which detail of personal experience he shows what was tolerated, and even expected, in a dictionary in his time; and he gives what is, in this time, a very enriching flavor.

John Minsheu, first publishing in 1599, but appearing in his better known form in 1617, only one year after Bullokar, must here have his greeting. "Some have affirmed," he says captivately, at the very onset, "that a dictionarie in a yeere might be gathered compleat enough. I answer that in conceit it may be;" and conceit being far away enough from his own composition, his answer carries with it every satisfaction. So does his dictionary. It was, again, like Cotgrave's, and Florio's, and Baret's and "Master Huloet's," an immense work; folio. It marked more progress, too. It was the first book ever published in England that appended a list of subscribers; and in matters appertaining solely (as the foregoing does not) to dictionary-growth, it was the first that tried to fix the derivations of words; that aimed at regulating their sounds by putting accents; that gave some chapters of connected familiar conversations, or scenes, hoping them to be "profitable to the learned and not unpleasant to any other reader."

His dictionary was mainly, to teach Spanish; the edition of 1599 has Span-

ish first (for there had been reasons, for a good many years in that 16th century, why Spanish should want compassing by the English; and there were reasons, under James the First, when Minsheu went to the press again, that Spanish should be still well in courtly memory); so Minsheu says: "I accent every word in the whole dictionary to cause the learner to pronounce it right, otherwise when he speaketh he shall not be understood of the naturall Spaniard." "Lunch, or great piece," is his arrangement in his latter half, where he has English first, "vide Zouja." "A mer-Maide, vide Serena." "A Taunting Verse, vide Satyra." "A Tippling Gossip, vide Bevedora." This *vide* occurring at every one of the thousands of English words, without the art of book-making having advanced sufficiently for it to be seen that a note at the beginning of the division would have made such trouble and cost unnecessary.

A vastly different dictionary was published by Henry Cockeram, in 1623. He thought that "Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants, as also strangers of any nation," desirous of "a refined and elegant speech," would like an "Alphabetical and English Expositor" of "vulgar words," "mocke words, "fustian termes," "ridiculously used in our language," so that they might look into such an Expositor "to receive the exact and ample word to expresse" what they required. Accordingly, he tells them that Rude is vulgar, and Agresticall the choice word they ought to use for it, or Rusticall, Immorigerous, Rurall; also, that To Weede is vulgar, and the choice word To Sarculate, To Diruncinate, To Averuncate; further, that to speak of To knocke one's legs in going, is vulgar; it should be called choicely To Interfeere. He puts down a "Glosse, a short exposition of any darke speech;" he makes his Glosse, in the shape his period had worked it into, an exposition of very dark speech indeed. His natural history is quite on a level with what he had seen in dictionaries before. "The Barble," he says, as a specimen, "a Fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."

But Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple, barrister, in another little octavo published in 1656, elbows this Henry Cockeram aside, and has good reason for clamoring for attention. He wrote his dictionary, he said ("Glossographia" in the title), "for all such as desire to understand what they read," and to save others from being, what he was, "often gravell'd." He had "gained a reasonable knowledge in the Latin and French," he declares, "and had a smattering of Greek and other Tongues;" uselessly, evidently; for these are some of the words he says are those that "gravell'd" him: Basha, Seraglio, Turbant, the Salique Law, Daulphin, Escurial, Infanta, Sanbenito, Consul, Tribune, Obelisk, Vatican, Dictator. "Nay," he breaks out, "to that pass we are now arrived, that in London many of the tradesmen have new dialects: the vintner will furnish you with Alicant, Tent, Sherbet, Coffee, Chocolate; the Tayler is ready to make you a Capouch, Rochet, or a Cloke of Drap de Berry; the Barber will modifie your Beard into A la Manchini; the Haberdasher is ready to furnish you with a Cassok; the Sempstress with a Crabbat and a Toylet." England had no Protectorate in respect of its English words, then, clearly—however carefully Cromwell might have been guarding English rights; and Puritanism found itself without a moment to spare to set a purist at the head of language.

Thomas Blount, however, has another claim in dictionary history, for distinct mention. When his "Glossographia" was only two years old, namely in 1658, he received deep offence. Edward Phillips, the son of Anne Milton, Milton's sister, publishing a folio dictionary, the "New World of Words," made Blount bring up his guns to try and shiver it to pieces, thereby ushering warfare into lexicography; and, giving such life to it, it has broken out, on one score or another, at the publication of almost every dictionary since. Phillips copied out of Blount's little octavo wholesale; copying blunders and all, even to blunders of type, so that he stood there (in sheets, but not penitent) convicted. Many errors he made without copying, too; and simply for want of understanding; and for these, as well as the others

Blount pounces down upon him vigorously—Blount with all his quills high. He says, quoting Phillips, “Gallon (Spanish), a measure containing two quarts. Our author had better omitted this word, since every alewife can contradict him.” He says, quoting Phillips still, “Quaver, a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver, a semi-quaver, etc. What fustian is here ! Just so, two is the half of four, and four the half of two ; and semi-quaver is explicated by a dumb etc. !” This suffices ; anger not being a pleasing spectacle, nor inefficiency either. Besides, Phillips acquired wisdom enough to correct his errors—about forty years after he had made them, and when poor Blount was dead ! and, as he did do this, it is but mercy now to—shut him up, and put him by.

Echoing about still, however, are adverse criticisms of this unpleasing Roundhead, as another volume is taken down. “Phillips had neither skill, tools, nor materials,” said the anonymous author of the “*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*,” publishing it in 1707. It is not his book, however, on which the fingers fall. Space is getting miserably short ; there are nearly two centuries of dictionaries yet to be accounted for ; in the throng, many a folio, a quarto, an octavo must be passed untouched, and even unnamed, by ; and this is one of them. Here is the bulky folio, though, the valuable folio, of Dr. Stephen Skinner ; published in 1671, before Phillips had put on his sackcloth, and when Skinner, too, was indorsing the verdict that he ought to wear it. This must be handled for a moment, and have a little open spreading. It is a laborious Etymological dictionary ; large as full, full as large ; it contains elaborate explanations of English words in Latin ; it contains the etymologies of these words from the Latin, Greek, French, Anglo Saxon, Italian, Spanish, Teutonic ; with Minshew’s derivations, and Spelman’s derivations (as far as they existed), to compare ; and it forms a whole that is a wonder, especially when it is considered that the author was in full practice in London as a physician, and died at the early age of forty-four. His manner was this :

Platter : à Fr. Plat ; Hisp. Plato ; It. Piatto, Piatta ; Teut. Platte ; à Lat. Patina ; Gr. . . .

omitted here, say, “for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure,” etc. ; and omitting, likewise, a long definition of what a plate is in Latin—the real language of the book. It was quite concise ; quite unornamented and undescanted upon ; just brief and sheer, straight up to the point ; and it was precisely because it was this, that it had such value. Especial literary interest, moreover, will never fade away from it. It was with Johnson in that lodging in Holborn, in that “handsome house in Gough Square, Fleet Street,” in that “upper room fitted up like a counting-house” where he and his six copyists spent those nine years engaged upon his dictionary ; and nothing, up to that date, was in existence so suited to the purpose. In company with the “*Etymologicon Anglicanum*” of Junius, it gave Johnson his etymologies ready to his hand, and saved him several years of unpalatable labor.

Nathan Bailey, appearing in 1721, was a fit auxiliary to Skinner, and has claims to notice yet more pressing. Reaching him (and skipping Coles, and Cocker, and Kersey, to do it—the which skipping is done ruefully, because of the rich provender they almost beg to be cropped away from them)—there can be a glance at once at Bailey’s title. The “*Universal Etymological English Dictionary*,” it is ; and in that word “*Universal*” is the sign that distinguishes it. Nathan Bailey had the genius to see that an art is no art that does not take in all sides of it ; that in his art there ought to be a representation of all words—easy, as well as “hard ;” “fustian,” as well as euphuistic ; current, as well as those out of date ; and, being the first lexicographer who saw this, he was the first lexicographer to try and carry it out. His success was immense, and immediate. There were five editions of him ; there were ten editions of him ; there were fifteen ; there were twenty ; there were twenty-four. There were varieties of him, and many editions of each. At first he was octavo (but as broad in the back as he ought to be), with woodcuts—in which idea, also, he was an innovator—to show

matter, such as heraldic coats, difficult to explain ; then he was without the cuts, at the lowered price of 6s. ; then he was in folio, in which commodious size he was the best help Johnson had of any. Having a folio copy interleaved, Johnson's notes were made on the blank sheets ; and it stood, a secure and acknowledged foundation. The manner of Bailey, as shown in his work, overruns with character. "A cat may look at a king," he says, in black letter : proverbs being a part of his scheme, and his heart full in it : "This is a saucy proverb, generally made use of by pragmatical persons, who must needs be censuring their superiors, take things by the worst handle, and carry them beyond their bounds : for tho' peasants may look at and honor great men, patriots, and potentates, yet they are not to spit in their faces." "Sea-Unicorn, Unicorn-Whale," he says, in delightful continuation of his predecessors' natural history ; he being a thriving schoolmaster, and teaching only 150 years ago, let it be hinted : "A Fish eighteen foot long, having a head like a horse, and scales as big as a crown-piece, six large fins like the end of a galley-oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine feet long, so sharp as to pierce the hardest bodies." Can it not be seen how ignorance at home ought not to be surprising, and how, when the schoolmaster went abroad, there was plenty for him to put down in his note-book ?

And now, is there to be anything of Johnson ? What has been said, has been said with little skill, if there is not clear understanding by now that he was, glaringly, wanted. Bailey was the standard, there must be firm recollection, and remained the standard for thirty years. There was Dyche trying to run level paces with him, and a B. N. Defoe, and Sparrow, and Martin, and two or three known only by the name of their publishers—to have nothing here but this short enumeration—there was even John Wesley. John Wesley's ideas of a dictionary were such that he had the modesty to place himself only in duodecimo ; only in a hundred pages ; only with one column to a page ; with which circumstances, John Wesley's modesty ended. "The author assures you," he brags, "he thinks this the best English

dictionary in the world ;" and the sleek conceit of him (lexicographically) would almost show cause why he should not have place in serious business at all. "Many are the mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have yet seen," he adds, "whereas I can truly say I know of none in this ;" and as he has thus pointed his finger at "mistakes"—at ignorance, his pointing is his passport even if there were nothing more in it than the delicious manner in which it is done. But there is far more in it. For science was awakening, when Wesley was preaching—and writing a dictionary. Cook was circumnavigating the globe ; Banks was laboring at his botany ; Solander was with them ; philosophy, on every hand, was drawing her robes around her, and taking philosophic shaping. With specimens, human and brute, being brought home from voyages triumphantly achieved, with drawings and measurements to show other objects not so conveniently preserved, it would no longer do to have dictionaries, or, say, Verball Creatures, stuffed full of fins like galley-oars, of crocodiles' tears. Ignorant men, consulting these, became more ignorant ; scientific men, consulting them, could only turn from the columns and give—according to their temper—a laugh or a sneer. So Johnson had to be set to work. He was a scholar ; he was an academic : he was a man of letters. His pen could run—circuitously, it is true, with overmuch of pomp ; but the bound of it had vigor ; its stateliness had caught the public eye. And a little knot of publishers, acutely seeing the commercial side of this, had interviews with him, negotiated with him, let him know that he was the man. Poor Johnson ! He had, he says in his preface, "the dreams of a poet ; he was "doomed at last to wake a lexicographer !" He wrote having "little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great ; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Yes. His "Tetty" died during the nine years his dictionary occupied him ; he was not able during the nine years to remain in one home. He had to leave that lodg-

ing in Holborn, where he and his six copyists sat in an upper chamber fitted up like a counting-house ; he had to get another lodging in Gough Square. Worse than all, he "soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student ; thus to the weariness of copying I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging ;" and "I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations ;" and he had to collect materials by "fortuitous and unguided excursions into books," out of "the boundless chaos of living speech ;" and he knew that "among unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries, the slave of science, doomed only to remove rubbish," and that, though "every other author may aspire to praise, the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach !" Yes. And let the sigh come out again, Poor Johnson ! "Lexicographer," he writes, when he has worked up to that word in his two giant volumes—that are half a yard high, that are nearly a foot wide, that are nearly a finger thick, that weigh pounds and pounds — "Lexicographer ;" and he puts to it the celebrated definition, "A writer of dictionaries ; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." And can it cause wonder ? Leaving that, however, which was personal to Johnson, let notice be taken solely to Johnson's work. Attention must be called to that spelling "dictionaries." It is an error crept in. It is an earnest of a thousand errors—and weaknesses, and omissions, and false notions, and unnecessary verbiage, and failure to hit—that also crept in, in spite of all the learning of Johnson, and all his research, and all his exhausting care. Able as he was, concentrated as he could make himself, he could only go as far as the knowledge of his day had gone : he could only see as far as his human eyes would let him see. So he omits predilection, respectable, bulky, mimetic, isolated, mimical, decompose, etc., of accident ; he shall not put in, he says of purpose, such words as Socinian, Calvinist, Mahometan ; as greenish, and the family of ish ; as vileness, or any ending in ness ; as dully, or any ending in ly ; such are not wanted. John Ash, a

close successor of his, and a very blundering copyer, as Phillips was of Blount, is received as a lexicographical joke always, because, while writing such things as "Bihovac, rather an incorrect spelling for biovac," and for not giving the right word, Bivouac, at all, he puts down "Esoteric (adj.), an incorrect spelling for exoteric, which see." But Johnson had not esoteric or exoteric either. Science had not advanced sufficiently to make those words required for her vocabulary ; or else he forgot them. Johnson thought, also, it was philology to write down "Exciseman, from excise and man ;" and "Feather-bed, from feather and bed ;" and "Looking-glass, from look and glass," and so forth. It seemed expedient to him, too, as an example, to say of network (after philologizing it very helpfully, from net and work), "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." It never occurred to him that reticulate and decussate, and interstice and intersection, would each one require as much searching for as network, and, being four words for one, would give four times the trouble. Then there was that class of definitions he would never consent to have expunged, of which excise is a well-known illustration. "Excise," he wrote, "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." After remaking which, Johnson's immense work, laden to the margins with its glorious quotations, has also to be hoisted up on to the shelves—taking a heavy lurch to do it, and Johnson's work has, very reluctantly, to be let go.

He had successors of all sorts, in shoals. They have counted 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, and more. There was Buchanan—to touch one or two of the most notable, here and there. There was Johnston, particular in his pronunciation, and getting (for one) Sirrah pronounced Serra, while his contemporaries insisted it should be Sarra. There was Kenrick, the originator of the *London Review*, and the libeller of Garrick. There was Entick. There was Perry. There was Nares. There was Sheridan, telling his public to say Wen'z-da, and Skee-i, and Skee-i-lark, and Ghee-arden,

and Ghee-ide, and so on : he being sure of his position because he had read three or four hours a day to Swift, had heard Chesterfield and the Duke of Dorset speak, and knew pronunciation had been uniform in the time of Queen Anne, and had only been defaced by "the advent of a foreign family," viz., of course, the Hanoverian line. There was Walker, saying (on Sheridan's report), how Swift used to jeer the people who called the wind winn'd, by "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd," and how he was met by the retort, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold." There was Scott. There was George Mason, raving about Johnson's "uniform monotony of bombast;" his "ridiculous blunders" exceeding 4300; his "numberless literary transgressions;" his "culpable omissions;" with his own splendid renunciation, on his own part, of the wish to "plunder poor Johnson of his multifarious literary infamy;" with his ugly little phrase that "the 'Rambler' is an article I should be most ashamed to own the penning of." There was Jodrell. There was Richardson, proclaiming Johnson's "Dictionary" "a failure, his first conceptions not commensurate to his task, and his subsequent performance not even approaching the measure of his original design;" proclaiming himself—no!—saying, "he may be arraigned for a vainglorious estimate of himself," while it is quite clear he thinks too-glorious an estimate every way impossible.

There was Todd. There were Webster and Worcester; American, both; remarkable, in their early days, for so much quarelling, that a hillock of pamphlets carried on the strife for months, setting down testimonials, anti-testimonials, advertisements, amounts of sales, narratives, etc.; and giving opportunity to Dr. Worcester to say of some of Dr. Webster's words, "it has been my intention scrupulously to avoid them. . . . You coined them, or stamped them anew, to enrich or embellish the language. . . . They are Ammony, Bridegroom, Canail, Leland, Naivty, Nightmar, Prosopopy" (and more). . . . "I am willing that you should for ever have the entire and exclusive possession of them."

This is enough. There is conception by now, perhaps, of the mass of dictionaries there is for the student to roam among; and the giddy bewilderment likely to come from the consultation of column after column of them, of page after page, of author after author pressing into notice by the lively score. It shall be concluded that this is so. What, then, will be the giddiness of bewilderment when there is the announcement, now, by way of conclusion, that there is no dictionary of the English language in existence as yet at all? It will sound prodigious; it will sound stupendous; it will sound of the sort that will entail a reference to a dictionary at once (any one will do; that one nearest at hand) to try and select a word that shall fitly express absurdity or the wildest intrepidity. Yet this will only be—until there is consideration. What—as a beginning of such consideration—have all these dictionaries, into which this has been a peep, amounted to? There has been ignorance, in many, when they are touched on the score of utility (their *raison d'être*), not charm of reading; there has been superfluosness; there has been folly; there have been errors and omissions, and plagiarisms, and personal warpings, and irrelevant detail, that make up as curious a chapter in literary history as is anywhere to be found. And what, on the other hand—to consider more—is it clear by now that a dictionary ought to be? The Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then Dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857, essayed to answer this question. Its members decided to sound, and dig, to lay deep and sure foundations, for a dictionary that should include all English words, in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage—a quotation, moreover, with book, chapter, and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent, and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations; in combining them into word groups, and special sense groups, and

chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master-architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation; could combine, and harmonize, and complete, all these conspiring efforts; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen—and intended. The birth would be shown, the growth, the death—where death had come. Clearly, up to the date of the publication of such a dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation evermore go on. But adverse circumstances arose: the first-nominated editor—enthusiastic, brilliant, loveable—Herbert Coleridge, dead. The shock to the nascent dictionary was sharp and severe; and though Mr. Furnivall, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies—founding them chiefly that the welfare of the dictionary might be promoted—did all that was in his power to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it, and it almost burnt down. Happily this depression is past. It was only momentary to lead to better energy and better consolidation; it

was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew; and now that the Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford—has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the university press—now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master-builder especially competent to the mighty task, and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call, 800 volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleanings and garnering in of quotations; at his call, twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service, in case of special need. The right spirit is in this method of attacking the subject, clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labor is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first-fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago. And though all this, possibly, is too well known in literary circles, is attracting too much literary interest, to have made any reference necessary to it here, yet, while among the dictionaries, it would have been *gauche*—it would have been even ungrateful—to have left it out.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LOVE AND PAIN.

I.

Love held to me a chalice of red wine
 Filled to the very brim;
 About the slender stem the clinging vine
 Was closely twined and round the jewelled rim;
 Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
 And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,
 A waste of reeds and sand,
 Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,
 And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;
 And all around the cruel scorching glare,
 The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose gray raiment hung,
His flushed lips smiled on me,
Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung.
I would have fled, but lo ! I might not flee,
While through the heavy air thy clear voice rung,
And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set
Close to the jewelled rim,
And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret,
Then a bright mist made all the old world dim ;
And in the golden cloud our blind lips met,
And I drank deep to him.

II.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,
Spring grasses at my feet,
The flickering shadows fell upon the way,
The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet ;
Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,
Waiting my Lord to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,
And then a sudden sound
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment gray,
And shaken blossoms falling to the ground ;
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May,
And blossoms scattered round.

And swift toward me his light footsteps came :
O Love, I woke to see
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,
So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee :
Thine was his raiment, and he bore the name
Known but to Love and me.

The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand
Were crushed, and wan, and dead ;
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand
He stood beside me with discrownèd head :
" Love comes not twice," he cried, " to any land,
But I am in his stead !"

He held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim ;
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine
And closely coil around the jewelled rim ;
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And bade me drink to him.

" Love came, but never will he come again,
Drink thou to me ;
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, Pain,
Will now for evermore abide with thee ;
The dark earth-mist has gathered round us twain,
Drink thou to me !"

Cornhill Magazine.

THE VISIONS OF SANE PERSONS.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

IN the course of some recent inquiries into visual memory, I was greatly struck by the frequency of the replies in which my informants described themselves as subject to "visions." Those of whom I speak were sane and healthy, but were subject notwithstanding to visual presentations, for which they could not often account, and which in a few cases reached the level of hallucinations. This unexpected prevalence of a visionary tendency among persons who form a part of ordinary society seems to me suggestive and worthy of being put on record. In a previous article* I spoke of the faculty of summoning scenes at will, with more or less distinctness, before the visual memory; in this I shall speak of the tendency among sane and healthy persons to see images flash unaccountably into existence.

Many of my facts are derived from personal friends of whose accuracy I have no doubt. Another group comes from correspondents who have written at length with much painstaking, and whose letters appear to me to bear internal marks of scrupulous truthfulness. A third part has been collected for me by many kind friends in many countries, each of whom has made himself or herself an independent centre of inquiry; and the last, and much the most numerous portion, consists of brief replies by strangers to a series of questions contained in a circular that I drew up. I have gone over all this matter with great care and have cross-tested it in many ways while it was accumulating, just as any conscientious statistician would, before I began to form conclusions. I was soon convinced of its substantial trustworthiness, and that conviction has in no way been shaken by subsequent experience. In short, the evidence of the four groups I have just mentioned is quite as consistent as could have been reasonably desired.

The lowest order of phenomena that admit of being classed as visions, are

the "Number forms" to which I have drawn attention on more than one occasion, but to which I must again very briefly allude. They are an abiding mental peculiarity in a certain proportion of persons (say 5 per cent), who are unable as adults, and who have been ever unable as far back as they can recollect, to think of any number without referring it to its own particular habitat in their mental field of view. It there lies latent, but is instantly evoked by the thought or mention of it, or by any mental operation in which it is concerned. The thought of a series of consecutive numbers is therefore attended by a vision of them arranged in a perfectly defined and constant position, and this I have called a "Number form." Its origin can rarely be referred to any nursery diagram, to the clock-face, or to any incident of childhood. Nay, the form is frequently unlike anything the child could possibly have seen, reaching in long vistas and perspectives, and in curves of double curvature. I have even had to get wire models made by some of my informants in explanation of what they wished to convey. The only feature that all the forms have in common is their dependence in some way or other upon the method of verbal counting, as shown by their angles and other divisions occurring at such points as those where the 'teens begin, at the twenty's, thirty's, and so on. The forms are in each case absolutely unchangeable except through a gradual development in complexity. Their diversity is endless, and the number forms of different men are mutually unintelligible.

These strange "visions," which are extremely vivid in some cases, are almost incredible to the vast majority of mankind, who would set them down as fantastic nonsense, but they are familiar parts of the mental furniture of the rest, where they have grown naturally and where they remain unmodified and unmodifiable by teaching. I have received many touching accounts of their childish experiences from persons who see the number forms, and the other curious

* See a previous article on "Mental Imagery."

visions of which I shall speak. As is the case with the color blind, so with these seers. They imagined at first that everybody else had the same way of regarding things as themselves. Then they betrayed their peculiarities by some chance remark which called forth a stare of surprise, followed by ridicule and a sharp scolding for their silliness, so that the poor little things shrunk back into themselves, and never ventured again to allude to their inner world. I will quote just one of many similar letters as a sample. I received this, together with much interesting information, immediately after a lecture I gave last autumn to the British Association at Swansea* in which I had occasion to speak of the number forms. The writer says—

"I had no idea for many years, that every one did not imagine numbers in the same positions as those in which they appear to me. One unfortunate day I spoke of it, and was sharply rebuked for my absurdity. Being a very sensitive child I felt this acutely, but nothing ever shook my belief that, absurd or not, I always saw numbers in this particular way. I began to be ashamed of what I considered a peculiarity, and to imagine myself, from this and various other mental beliefs and states, as somewhat isolated and peculiar. At your lecture the other night, though I am now over twenty-nine, the memory of my childish misery at the dread of being peculiar came over me so strongly, that I felt I must thank you for proving that, in this particular at any rate, my case is most common."

The next form of vision of which I will speak is the instant association of color with sound, which characterizes a small percentage of adults, but appears to be rather common, though in an ill-developed degree, among children. I can here appeal not only to my own collection of facts, but to those of others, for the subject has latterly excited some interest in Germany. The first widely known case was that of the brothers Nussbaumer, published in 1873 by Professor Bruhl, of Vienna, of which the English reader will find an account in the last volume of Lewes's "*Problems of Life and Mind*" (p. 280). Since then many occasional notices of similar associations have appeared, but I was not aware that it had been inquired into on a large scale by any one but myself. However, I was gratified by meeting with a pamphlet a few weeks ago, just

published in Leipsic by two Swiss investigators, Messrs. Bleuler and Lehmann. Their collection of cases is fully as large as my own, and their results in the more important matters are similar to mine. One of the two authors had the faculty very strongly, and the other had not; so they worked conjointly with advantage. As my present object is to subordinate details to the general impression that I wish to convey of the visionary tendency of certain minds, I will simply remark, first, that the persistence of the color association with sounds is fully as remarkable as that of the number form with numbers. Secondly, that the vowel sounds chiefly evoke them. Thirdly, that the seers are invariably most minute in their description of the precise tint and hue of the color. They are never satisfied, for instance, with saying "blue," but will take a great deal of trouble to express or to match the particular blue they mean. Lastly, no two people agree, or hardly ever do so, as to the color they associate with the same sound. I have one of the most extraordinary diagrams of these color associations that has, I suppose, ever been produced. It has been drawn by Mr. J. Key, of Graham's Town, South Africa. He sent me in the first instance a communication on the subject, which led to further correspondence, and eventually to the production of this diagram of colors in connection with letters and words. I have no reason to doubt its trustworthiness, and am bound to say that, strange as it looks, and elaborate as it is, I have other written accounts that almost match it.

A third curious and abiding fantasy of certain persons is invariably to connect visualized pictures with words, the same picture to the same word. I have collected many cases of this, and am much indebted to the authoress, Mrs. Haweis, who sees these pictures, for her kindness in sketching some of them for me, and her permission to use her name in guarantee of their genuineness. She says:

"Printed words have always had faces; they had definite expressions, and certain faces made me think of certain words. The words had *no* connection with these except sometimes by accident. The instances I give are few and ridiculous. When I think of the word *Beast*, it has a face something like

* See "*Fortnightly Review*," September, 1880.

a gurgyle. The word Green has also a gurgyle face, with the addition of big teeth. The word Blue blinks and looks silly, and turns to the right. The word Attention has the eyes greatly turned to the left. It is difficult to draw them properly because, like 'Alice's' 'Cheshire cat,' which at times became a grin without a cat, these faces have expression without features. The expression of course " [note the *naïve* phrase "of course." —F. G.] "depends greatly on those of the letters, which have likewise their faces and figures. All the little a's turn their eyes to the left, this determines the eyes of Attention. Ant, however, looks a little down. Of course these faces are endless as words are, and it makes my head ache to retain them long enough to draw."

Some of the figures are very quaint. Thus the interrogation "what?" always excites the idea of a fat man cracking a long whip. They are not the capricious creations of the fancy of the moment, but are the regular concomitants of the words, and have been so as far back as the memory is able to recall.

When in perfect darkness, if the field of view be carefully watched, many persons will find a perpetual series of changes to be going on automatically and wastefully in it. I have much evidence of this. I will give my own experience the first, which is striking to me, because I am very unimpressible in these matters. I visualize with effort; I am peculiarly inapt to see "after-images," "phosphenes," "light dust," and other phenomena due to weak sight or sensitiveness; and, again, before I thought of carefully trying, I should have emphatically declared that my field of view in the dark was essentially of a uniform black, subject to an occasional light-purple cloudiness and other small variations. Now, however, after habituating myself to examine it with the same sort of strain that one tries to decipher a sign-post in the dark, I have found out that this is by no means the case, but that a kaleidoscopic change of patterns and forms is continually going on, but they are too fugitive and elaborate for me to draw with any approach to truth. My deficiencies, however, are well supplied by other drawings in my possession. They are by the Rev. George Henslow, whose visions are far more vivid than mine. His experiences are not unlike those of Goethe, who said, in an often-quoted passage, that whenever he bent his head and closed

his eyes and thought of a rose, a sort of rosette made its appearance, which would not keep its shape steady for a moment, but unfolded from within, throwing out a succession of petals, mostly red but sometimes green, and that it continued to do so without change in brightness and without causing him any fatigue so long as he cared to watch it. Mr. Henslow, when he shuts his eyes and waits, is sure in a short time to see before him the clear image of some object or other, but usually not quite natural in its shape. It then begins to change from one object to another, in his case also for as long a time as he cares to watch it. Mr. Henslow has zealously made repeated experiments on himself, and has drawn what he sees. He has also tried how far he is able to mould the visions according to his will. In one case, after much effort, he contrived to bring the imagery back to its starting point, and thereby to form what he terms a "visual cycle." The following account is extracted and condensed from his very interesting letter.

The first image that spontaneously presented itself was a cross-bow; this was immediately provided with an arrow; remarkable for its pronounced barb and superabundance of feathering. Some person, but too indistinct to recognize much more of him than the hands, appeared to shoot the arrow from the bow. The single arrow was then accompanied by a flight of arrows from right to left, which completely occupied the field of vision. These changed into falling stars, then into flakes of a heavy snow-storm; the ground gradually appeared as a sheet of snow where previously there had been vacant space. Then a well-known rectory, fishponds, walls, etc., all covered with snow, came into view most vividly and clearly defined. This somehow suggested another view, impressed on his mind in childhood, of a spring morning, brilliant sun, and a bed of red tulips; the tulips gradually vanished except one, which appeared now to be isolated and to stand in the usual point of sight. It was a single tulip, but became double. The petals then fell off rapidly in a continuous series until there was nothing left but the pistil, but (as is almost invariably the case with his objects) that part was greatly exaggerated. The stigmas then changed into three branching brown horns; then into a knob while the stalk changed into a stick. A slight bend in it seems to have suggested a centre-bit; this passed into a sort of pin passing through a metal plate; this again into a lock, and afterwards into a nondescript shape, distantly suggestive of the original cross-bow. Here Mr. Henslow endeavored

to force his will upon the visions, and to reproduce the cross-bow, but the first attempt was an utter failure. The figure changed into a leather strap with loops, but while he still endeavored to change it into a bow the strap broke, the two ends were separated, but it happened that an imaginary string connected them. This was the first concession of his automatic chain of thoughts to his will. By a continued effort the bow came, and then no difficulty was felt in converting it into the cross-bow and thus returning to the starting point.

I have a sufficient variety of cases to prove the continuity between all the forms of visualization, beginning with an almost total absence of it, and ending with a complete hallucination. The continuity is, however, not simply that of varying degrees of intensity, but of variations in the character of the process itself, so that it is by no means uncommon to find two very different forms of it concurrent in the same person. There are some who visualize well and who also are seers of visions, who declare that the vision is not a vivid visualization, but altogether a different phenomenon. In short, if we please to call all sensations due to external impressions "*direct*," and all others "*induced*," then there are many channels through which the induction may take place, and the channel of ordinary visualization in the persons just mentioned is very different from that through which their visions arise.

The following is a good instance of this condition. A friend writes :

"These visions often appear with startling vividness, and so far from depending on any voluntary effort of the mind, they remain when I often wish them very much to depart, and no effort of the imagination can call them up. I lately saw a framed portrait of a face which seemed more lovely than any painting I have ever seen, and again I often see fine landscapes which bear no resemblance to any scenery I have ever looked upon. I find it difficult to define the difference between a waking vision and a mental image, although the difference is very apparent to myself. I think I can do it best in this way. If you go into a theatre and look at a scene, say of a forest by moonlight, at the back part of the stage, you see every object distinctly and sufficiently illuminated (being thus unlike a mere act of memory), but it is nevertheless vague and shadowy, and you might have difficulty in telling afterwards all the objects you have seen. This resembles a mental image in point of clearness. The waking vision is like what one sees in the open street in broad daylight, when every

object is distinctly impressed on the memory. The two kinds of imagery differ also as regards voluntariness, the image being entirely subservient to the will, the visions entirely independent of it. They differ also in point of suddenness, the images being formed comparatively slowly as memory recalls each detail, and fading slowly as the mental effort to retain them is relaxed ; the visions appearing and vanishing in an instant. The waking visions seem quite close, filling as it were the whole head, while the mental image seem further away in some far off recess of the mind."

The number of persons who see visions no less distinctly than this correspondent is much greater than I had any idea of when I began this inquiry. I have in my possession the sketch of one prefaced by a description of it by Mrs. Haweis. She says :

"All my life long I have had one very constantly recurring vision, a sight which came whenever it was dark or darkish, in bed or otherwise. It is a flight of pink roses floating in a mass from left to right, and this cloud or mass of roses is presently effaced by a flight of 'sparks' or gold speckles across them. The sparks totter or vibrate from left to right, but they fly distinctly upwards : they are like tiny blocks, half gold, half black, rather symmetrically placed behind each other, and they are always in a hurry to efface the roses : sometimes they have come at my call, sometimes by surprise, but they are always equally pleasing. What interests me most is that when a child under nine the flight of roses was light, slow, soft, close to my eyes, roses so large and brilliant and palpable that I tried to touch them : the *scent* was overpowering, the petals perfect, with leaves peeping here and there, texture and motion all natural. They would stay a long time before the sparks came, and they occupied a large area in black space. Then the sparks came slowly flying, and generally, not always, effaced the roses at once, and every effort to retain the roses failed. Since an early age the flight of roses has annually grown smaller, swifter, and farther off, till by the time I was grown up my vision had become a speck, so instantaneous that I had hardly time to realize that it was there before the fading sparks showed that it was past. This is how they still come. The pleasure of them is past, and it always depresses me to speak of them, though I do not now, as I did when a child, connect the vision with any elevated spiritual state. But when I read Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' I wondered whether anybody else had had my vision—'Rose-red, with beatings in it.' I may add I was a London child who never was in the country but once, and I connect no particular flowers with that visit. I may almost say that I had never seen a rose, certainly not a quantity of them together."

A common form of vision is a phan-

tasmagoria, or the appearance of a crowd of phantoms, perhaps hurrying past like men in a street. It is occasionally seen in broad daylight, much more often in the dark; it may be at the instant of putting out the candle, but it generally comes on when the person is in bed, preparing to sleep, but is by no means yet asleep. I know no less than three men, eminent in the scientific world, who have these phantasmagoria in one form or another. A near relative of my own had them in a marked degree. She was eminently sane, and of such good constitution that her faculties were hardly impaired until near her death at ninety. She frequently described them to me. It gave her amusement during an idle hour to watch these faces, for their expression was always pleasing, though never strikingly so. No two faces were ever alike, and they never resembled that of any acquaintance. When she was not well the faces usually came nearer to her, sometimes almost suffocatingly close. She never mistook them for reality, although they were very distinct. This is quite a typical case, similar in most respects to many others that I have.

A notable proportion of sane persons have had not only visions, but actual hallucinations of sight, sound, or other sense, at one or more periods of their lives. I have a considerable packet of instances contributed by my personal friends, besides a large number communicated to me by other correspondents. One lady, a distinguished authoress, who was at the time a little fidgeted, but in no way overwrought or ill, said that she saw the principal character of one of her novels glide through the door straight up to her. It was about the size of a large doll, and it disappeared as suddenly as it came. Another lady, the daughter of an eminent musician, often imagines she hears her father playing. The day she told me of it the incident had again occurred. She was sitting in a room with her maid, and she asked the maid to open the door that she might hear the music better. The moment the maid got up the hallucination disappeared. Again, another lady, apparently in vigorous health, and belonging to a vigorous family, told me that during some past months she had

been plagued by voices. The words were at first simple nonsense; then the word "pray" was frequently repeated; this was followed by some more or less coherent sentences of little import, and finally the voices left her. In short, the familiar hallucinations of the insane are to be met with far more frequently than is commonly supposed, among people moving in society and in normal health.

I have now nearly done with my summary of facts; it remains to make a few comments on them.

The weirdness of visions lies in their sudden appearance, in their vividness while present, and in their sudden departure. An incident in the Zoological Gardens struck me as a helpful simile. I happened to walk to the seal-pond at a moment when a sheen rested on the unbroken surface of the water. After waiting a while I became suddenly aware of the head of a seal, black, conspicuous, and motionless, just as though it had always been there, at a spot on which my eye had rested a moment previously and seen nothing. Again, after awhile my eye wandered, and on its returning to the spot, the seal was gone. The water had closed in silence over its head without leaving a ripple, and the sheen on the surface of the pond was as unbroken as when I first reached it. Where did the seal come from, and whither did it go? This could easily have been answered if the glare had not obstructed the view of the movements of the animal under water. As it was, a solitary link in a continuous chain of actions stood isolated from all the rest. So it is with the visions; a single stage in a series of mental processes emerges into the domain of consciousness. All that precedes and follows lies outside of it, and its character can only be inferred. We see in a general way, that a condition of the presentation of visions lies in the over-sensitiveness of certain tracks or domains of brain action, and the under-sensitiveness of others; certain stages in a mental process being vividly represented in consciousness while the other stages are unfelt. It is also well known that a condition of partial hyperæsthesia and partial anæsthesia is a frequent functional disorder, markedly so among the hysterical and hypnotic, and an organic disorder among the in-

sane. The abundant facts that I have collected show that it may also coexist with all the appearances of good health and sober judgment.

A convenient distinction is made between hallucinations and illusions. Hallucinations are defined as appearances wholly due to fancy; illusions, as misrepresentations of objects actually seen. There is, however, a hybrid case which deserves to be specifically classed, and arising in this way. Vision, or any other sensation, may, as already stated, be a "direct" sensation excited in the ordinary way through the sense organs, or it may be an "induced" sensation excited from within. We have, therefore, direct vision and induced vision, and either of these may be the ground of an illusion. So we have three cases to consider, and not two. There is simple hallucination, which depends on induced vision justly observed; there is simple illusion, which depends on direct vision fancifully observed; and there is the hybrid case of which I spoke, which depends on induced vision fancifully observed. The problems we have to consider are, on the one hand, those connected with induced vision, and, on the other hand, those connected with the interpretation of vision, whether the vision be direct or induced.

It is probable that much of what passes for hallucination proper belongs in reality to the hybrid case, being an illusive interpretation of some induced visual cloud or blur. I spoke of the ever-varying patterns in the field of view; these, under some slight functional change, might easily become more consciously present, and be interpreted into fantasmal appearances. Many cases, if space allowed, could be adduced to support this view.

I will begin, then, with illusions. What is the process by which they are established? There is no simpler way of understanding it than by trying, as children often do, to see "faces in the fire," and to carefully watch the way in which they are first caught. Let us call to mind at the same time the experience of past illnesses, when the listless gaze wandered over the patterns on the wall-paper and the shadows of the bed curtains, and slowly evoked faces and figures that were not easily laid again.

The process of making the faces is so rapid in health that it is difficult to analyze it without the recollection of what took place more slowly when we were weakened by illness. The first essential element in their construction is, I believe, the smallness of the area upon which the attention is directed at any instant, so that the eye has to move much before it has travelled over every part of the object toward which it is directed. It is as with a plough, that must travel many miles before the whole of a small field can be tilled, but with this important difference—the plough travels methodically up and down in parallel furrows, the eye wanders in devious curves, with abrupt bends, and the direction of its course at any instant depends on four causes: on the most convenient muscular motion in a general sense, on idiosyncrasy, on the mood, and on the associations current at the moment. The effect of idiosyncrasy is excellently illustrated by the "Number forms," where we saw that a very special sharply defined track of mental vision was preferred by each individual who sees them. The influence of the mood of the moment is shown in the curves that characterize the various emotions, as the lank drooping lines of grief, which make the weeping willow so fit an emblem of it. In constructing fire-faces it seems to me that the eye in its wanderings follows a favorite course, and notices the points in the pictures at large that coincide with its course. It feels its way, easily diverted by associations based on what has just been noticed, and so by the unconscious practice of a system of "trial and error," at last finds a track that will suit—one that is easy to follow and that also makes a complete picture. The process is essentially the same as that of getting a clear idea from out of a confused multitude of facts. The fancy picture is dwelt upon, all that is incongruous with it becomes disregarded, while all deficiencies in it are supplied by the fantasy. These latest stages are easily represented after the fashion of a diorama. Three lanterns are made to converge on the same screen. The first throws an image of what the imagination will discard, the second of that which it will retain, the third of that which it will supply. Turn

on the first and second, and the picture on the screen will be identical with that which fell on the retina. Shut off the first and turn on the third, and the picture will be identical with the illusion.

Visions, like dreams, are often mere patchworks built up of bits of recollections. The following is one of these :

"When passing a shop in Tottenham Court Road, I went in to order a Dutch cheese, and the proprietor (a bullet-headed man whom I had never seen before) rolled a cheese on the marble slab of his counter, asking me if that one would do. I answered 'yes,' left the shop and thought no more of the incident. The following evening, on closing my eyes, I saw a head detached from the body rolling about slightly on a white surface. I recognized the face but could not remember where I had seen it, and it was only after thinking about it for some that I identified it as that of the cheesemonger who had sold me the cheese on the previous day. I may mention that I have often seen the man since, and that I found the vision I saw was exactly like him, although if I had been asked to describe the man before I saw the vision I should have been unable to do so."

Recollections need not be joined like mosaic-work ; they may be blended, on the principle I described two years ago, of making composite portraits. I showed that if two lanterns were converged upon the same screen, and the portrait of one person was put into one and that of another person into the other, the portraits being taken under similar aspects and states of light and shade, then on adjusting the two images eye to eye and mouth to mouth, and so superposing them as exactly as the conditions admitted, a new face will spring into existence. It will have a striking appearance of individuality, and will bear a family likeness to each of its constituents. I also showed that these composite portraits admitted of being made photographically* from a large number of components. I suspect that the phantasmagoria may be due to blended memories ; the number of possible combinations would be practically endless, and each combination would give a new face. There would thus be no limit to the dies in the coinage of the brain.

I have tried a modification of this process with but small success, which will at least illustrate a cause of the ten-

dency in many cases to visualize grotesque forms. My object was to efface from a portrait that which was common among persons of the same race, and therefore too familiar to attract attention, and to leave whatever was peculiar in it. I proceeded on the following principle : We all know that the photographic negative is the converse (or nearly so) of the photographic positive, the one showing whites where the other shows blacks, and *vice versâ*. Hence the superposition of a negative upon a positive transparency of the same portrait tends to create a uniform smudge. By superposing a negative transparency of a *composite* portrait on a positive of any one of the *individual* faces from which it was composed, all that is common to the group ought to be smudged out, and all that is personal and peculiar to that face ought to remain.

I have found that the peculiarities of visualization, such as the tendency to see number-forms, and the still rarer tendency to associate color with sound, is strongly hereditary, and I should infer, what facts seem to confirm, that the tendency to be a seer of visions is equally so. Under these circumstances we should expect that it would be unequally developed in different races, and that a large natural gift of the visionary faculty might become characteristic not only of certain families, as among the second-sight seers of Scotland, but of certain races, as that of the gipsies.

It happens that the mere acts of fasting, of want of sleep, and of solitary musing, are severally conducive to visions. I have myself been told of cases in which persons accidentally long deprived of food became subject to them. One was of a pleasure-party driven out to sea, and not being able to reach the coast till nightfall, at a place where they got shelter but nothing to eat. They were mentally at ease and conscious of safety, but they were all troubled with visions, half dreams and half hallucinations. The cases of visions following protracted wakefulness are well known, and I also have collected a few. As regards the effect of solitariness, it may be sufficient to allude to the recognized advantages of social amusements in the treatment of the insane. It follows that the spiritual discipline undergone

* I have latterly much improved the process, and hope shortly to describe it elsewhere.

for purposes of self-control and self-mortification have also the incidental effect of producing visions. It is to be expected that these should often bear a close relation to the prevalent subjects of thought, and although they may be really no more than the products of one portion of the brain, which another portion of the same brain is engaged in contemplating, they often, through error, receive a religious sanction. This is notably the case among half-civilized races.

The number of great men who have been once, twice, or more frequently subject to hallucinations is considerable. A list, to which it would be easy to make large additions, is given by Brierre de Boismont ("Hallucinations," etc., 1862), from whom I translate the following account of the star of the first Napoleon, which he heard, second-hand, from General Rapp :

"In 1806 General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, entered his study without being announced. He found him so absorbed that his entry was unperceived. The General seeing the Emperor continue motionless, thought he might be ill and purposely made a noise. Napoleon immediately roused himself, and without any preamble, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the sky, 'Look there, up there.' The General remained silent, but on being asked a second time, he answered that he perceived nothing. 'What!' replied the Emperor, 'you do not see it? It is my star, it is before you, brilliant;' then animating by degrees, he cried out, 'it has never abandoned me, I see it on all great occasions, it commands me to go forward, and it is a constant sign of good fortune to me.'"

It appears that stars of this kind, so frequently spoken of in history, and so well known as a metaphor in language, are a common hallucination of the insane. Brierre de Boismont has a chapter on the stars of great men. I cannot doubt that fantasies of this description were in some cases the basis of that firm belief in astrology, which not a few persons of eminence formerly entertained.

The hallucinations of great men may be accounted for in part by their sharing a tendency which we have seen to be not uncommon in the human race, and which, if it happens to be natural to them, is liable to be developed in their over-wrought brains by the isolation of

their lives. A man in the position of the first Napoleon could have no intimate associates; a great philosopher who explores ways of thought far ahead of his contemporaries must have an inner world in which he passes long and solitary hours. Great men are also apt to have touches of madness; the ideas by which they are haunted, and to whose pursuit they devote themselves, and by which they rise to eminence, has much in common with the monomania of insanity. Striking instances of great visionaries may be mentioned, who had almost beyond doubt those very nervous seizures with which the tendency to hallucinations is intimately connected. To take a single instance, Socrates, whose *daimon* was an audible not a visual appearance, was subject to what admits of hardly any other interpretation than cataleptic seizure, standing all night through in a rigid attitude.

It is remarkable how largely the visionary temperament has manifested itself in certain periods of history and epochs of national life. My interpretation of the matter, to a certain extent, is this—That the visionary tendency is much more common among sane people than is generally suspected. In early life, it seems to be a hard lesson to an imaginative child to distinguish between the real and visionary world. If the fantasies are habitually laughed at the power of distinguishing them becomes at length learnt; any incongruity or non-conformity is noted, the vision is found out and discredited, and is no further attended to. In this way the tendency to see them is blunted by repression. Therefore, when popular opinion is of a matter-of-fact kind, the seers of visions keep quiet; they do not like to be thought fanciful or mad, and they hide their experiences, which only come to light through inquiries such as these that I have been making. But let the tide of opinion change and grow favorable to supernaturalism, then the seers of visions come to the front. It is not that a faculty previously non-existent has been suddenly evoked, but one that had been long smothered is suddenly allowed expression and to develop, without safeguards, under the free exercise of it.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ON SOME NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY.

BY DR. KARL HILLEBRAND.

THE word "Society" is employed in various senses. We use it in political science to designate the community of men united to a State; in the language of certain aristocratic circles in Paris and London it means a league between a limited number of *coteries*, whose chief care is to keep their doors closed, in order to follow the important pursuit of amusement among themselves. It is not our purpose here to treat either of Rousseau's or of fashionable [society, but of the totality of those classes which everywhere represent national culture, and are, properly speaking, not only its chief producers but chief consumers, which preside over national activity, which take the lead in State and Church, commerce and manufactures, letters and science, in short, of the whole of that *stratum* of the nation which in Germany, characteristically enough, goes by the name of the "educated class" ("Die Gebildeten"). Now, the nature and *habitus* of this society has, in different nations, at different periods, assumed set forms under the determining influence here of this, there of that particular class, now of this now of that predominating interest. It is clearly not unimportant whether a national society took its definite form during the sixteenth or eighteenth century, whether the decisive part in its formation was played by a community of peaceful burghers or by a nobility of soldiers, whether the principle which prevailed in its constitution was that of art or religion, of science or the State. It may not be uninteresting to trace this progress of development in different nationalities, even should we keep strictly to the high road without tarrying by the way, much less allowing ourselves to be enticed into any of the many by ways lying invitingly on every side.

I.

National Society was a thing unknown to the Middle Ages. The spirit by which they were animated was a spirit of universality; throughout the whole

of Europe there was but one religion, one science, one form of government, and even in literature the substance at least was common to all nationalities. On the other hand, each single nation was divided into strictly severed castes; the citizens and the clergy, the clergy and the knights, were sharply separated from each other without intermedium. In a similar way all intellectual intercourse between the provinces was impeded by differences of dialect, or could only be carried on by means of Latin—*i.e.*, of a universal instrument, which hardly permitted the spirit of a nation to find utterance. The development of a national society dates only from the renaissance, for it was not till then that the races of Europe began to form into individual nations, that each of these proceeded to develop a political and linguistic unity of its own, which enabled the cultured classes to approach each other, to indulge in the interchange of thought and feeling, to act and live together, and to feel the healthy glow of common interests.

In this point Italy preceded every other European nation; for although, at the close of the fifteenth century, it had not yet formed a national State like the united kingdoms of Spain, England, and France, it had begun since the last German invasion to feel itself an independent nation, like the Greeks of old as opposed to the barbarians. A generation earlier, the written language of Italy had already been recognized as such from the Alps to the Passaro. Above all, the barriers of caste between the educated had well-nigh completely disappeared by the time the revival of classical antiquity gave all of them a common interest. Here, however, it was neither the army nor the clergy, it was the citizen class—*i. popolani grassi*—especially the commercial portion of it, toward which the rest gravitated, which absorbed the others, or at least infused its spirit into them. At the time of the Renaissance Italian society was essentially a town society, nor has it ever ceased to be so. In political as well as

in intellectual life, the towns stood in the foreground: Milan and Genoa, Venice and Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Siena, Perugia. During the fifteenth, and even until the beginning of the sixteenth century, some of these cities were great European powers of about the same importance as the Netherlands in the seventeenth; and in the greater part of them the citizen-class of wholesale merchants had early overpowered the military nobility of Germanic origin and possessed themselves of the sovereignty. Who does not know, by Dante's example, that a noble was not allowed to take part in the government of Florence until he had renounced his title and had himself inscribed in a corporation? And the armies employed by each of these cities to fight its bloodless battles were no nursery-grounds for a fresh aristocracy. Held as they were in slight esteem, recruited from the lowest orders, of very little influence in the State, they always remained dependants of the lords of the cities. Even in towns, where toward the close of that period, the generals—mostly men of low extraction—succeeded in seizing the reins of government, as, for instance, the Sforzas in Milan, their officers did not form a military nobility that gave the tone to society. Nor was it otherwise with the clergy. Education having become diffused among the laity, their influence was very small, nor did they in any sense take the lead in society, neither had they any privileged position, nor did they enjoy any special reverence. The clergy intermingled with the rest of that citizen-class from which they mostly sprang, and when a prelate became the object of any special regard, this distinction came to him in virtue of his superior attainments, the weight of his individuality or his connection with powerful citizens, never in virtue of his clerical dignity alone. The men who rose to distinction in the State, in letters, in art, belonged almost exclusively to the citizen-class. Petrarch's father was a notary, Boccaccio's a merchant, Macchiavelli and Guicciardini were of middle-class parentage. Even long after certain families had grown into dynasties and certain groups of families into oligarchies, they still continued to trade as before, not always to the advantage of the

State which they ruled at the same time, while their relations toward those who in reality were their subjects remained in form those of fellow-citizens. The relation of Cosimo de Medici toward Donatello and Brunelleschi resembled far more that of a friend than of a patron, and the intercourse between his grandson Lorenzo and the Pulcis or Angelo Poliziano took place on a footing of familiar equality. The fact is, that these sovereigns were not foreign conquerors, such as ruled in other countries and in Italy also at an earlier period, neither had their ancestors led a separate, unapproachable life from times immemorial. Here rulers and ruled had grown up together, had transacted business with one another, and the fiction that the rulers were only allowed to govern by the consent of the entire community was still retained. Hence the tone of complete equality which prevailed in these circles. Nor was it predominant in Florence only; for even in Ferrara, the only northern State of Italy whose sovereigns belonged to a nobility established by foreign conquest, the same tone reigned, albeit with somewhat less freedom. The examples of the cities exercised in fact a decisive influence. Outwardly at least, this democratic equality has kept its ground in daily intercourse even to the present day. Nowhere are conventional forms less observed than in Italy, they are only brought forward on great State occasions; whereas in ordinary circumstances a familiar *laissez aller* is the order of the day, which among Italians, chastened as they are by centuries of civilization, seldom degenerates into vulgarity. Still this Italian Society, in spite of its ready wit, its *brio*, and its inborn gracefulness, had not at that time, nor has it now, the peculiar charm of French and Spanish Society, as it appears in the comedies and novels of the sixteenth century; that charm which consists in the art of moving freely within the limits of conventional forms, of making them bend to the will, of allowing the individuality free play in spite of them, of knowing how to speak of anything and everything without infringing them. Such social intercourse was in fact a game of skill, which, though not without its dangers as well as its fascinations, differs as widely

from vulgar familiarity as a sonnet does from doggerel. To be sure, doggerel, like the versification of "Faust" and of the "Wandering Jew," may be worth all Petrarch's sonnets put together; still even a Goethe hardly ventures to indulge in it always and everywhere, and readily returns to the sonnet, where circumstances require it, because he feels that it is precisely "when the spirit begins to move most powerfully," that we learn the value of restraint; and may this not be applied in the main to every branch of culture?

This social equality which acknowledged no superior, even while it submitted in fact to rulers, in the Italy of the fifteenth century was coupled with a rare unity of culture. Each specialty having developed on the soil of a common culture, mankind here were no longer divided into merchants, statesmen, men of learning, and artists. Who among us can say whether it was his wool trade, State affairs (at that time still in the hands of a circle of families nearly allied to him), his friend Donatello's works, or the new university he had undertaken to found at his own expense, which most absorbed the interest and attention of a Niccolo da Uzzano? Even the fair sex took a large part in this education and in this society. Convent education was still the exception. Patricians' daughters were taught Greek, Latin, and mathematics at home with their brothers. Thus the gulf which now yawns between the sexes was at that time nowhere perceptible, nor was there any opportunity for the modern blue-stocking to arise, since she is a product of the unnatural state of things by which women are debarred from the educational advantages of men, so that those who contrive to obtain them find themselves isolated among their own sex, and are in danger of appearing and indeed of becoming unwomanly. "In the hands of the women of the Renaissance," as a contemporary writer finely expresses it, "the education of their time only became an instrument with which to develop their feminine characteristics more brilliantly; not the result of an exterior, conventional education, but an interior harmony, arising from the co-operation of all the forces of

woman's nature." Well might Ariosto proudly sing:

"Ben mi par di veder ch'al secol nostro
Tanta virtu fra belle donne emerge,
Che quò dar opra a carte ed ad inchiostro
Perchè nei futuri anni si disperga."

For, indeed, they were not a few, those highly-educated women of the fifteenth century, who shared largely the conversation, the intellectual pursuits, nay, even the business of the men; yet not one of them ceased to be a true woman. Let us but remember Lucrezia Tornabuoni, herself a poetess and a friend of poets, the mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who superintended the studies of her gifted son, who presided wisely and cleverly over a large establishment, the master of which, Piero, was almost constantly ill, and let us call to mind that charming letter, in which she describes the beauty of her future daughter-in-law, Clarice Orsini, with the eye of a female connoisseur. The way in which Sandro Botticelli has placed together the juvenile daughter of the Albizzis with Pico della Mirandola in his glorious frescoes at the Villa Lemmi near Florence, leaves no doubt, though this young lady is not mentioned in the chronicles and correspondences of the time which abound in allusions to so many of her contemporaries, that the handsome prodigy of his age, who "knew everything that could be known," must have been an intimate and playfellow of the graceful girl. And, setting aside Florence, did not Caterina Cornaro, who facilitated the first steps of a Bembo in his eventful career, continue to patronize art and science long after she had doffed her Cyprian crown and retired once more into private life at Venice. Did not Elisabetta da Urbino number a Castiglione, a Bernardo Accolti—an author whose "Virginia" is too little known—among her intimate friends? Were not Bojardo and Guarini, the humanist, guests at the table of the elder Leonora of Ferrara, just as, two generations afterwards, Tasso and Guarini, the poet, found favor and protection with the younger Leonora? And how learned was that graceful housewife Portia, the mother of Torquato! Who does not recollect Vittoria Colonna, Michael Angelo's beautiful muse? Above all, where can

we find a finer type of true womanhood than Isabella of Mantua, whose letters to her husband, to her sister-in-law of Urbino, to her artist friends, reveal a feminine soul of such finished grace through their somewhat constrained form. Now we find her receiving the most learned works of antiquity from Aldus Manutius; now it is Ariosto who submits to her the sketch of his "Orlando Furioso;" Bellini is unable to supply her fast enough to please here; she listens to Plautus' comedies, ay, even to Cardinal Bibbiena's "Calandra," a piece which men would nowadays hardly venture to read aloud to each other, and enjoys it merrily in company with the men belonging to her society; yet no one who had ever seen her found her a whit less womanly because she had read "Vitruvius," or dreamt of casting a doubt on her purity and chastity because she could laugh heartily at Macchiavelli's "Manragola." Girls under twenty were, of course, not admitted to social intercourse with their elders, any more than boys of the same age, and unmarried women above twenty were so extremely rare at that time that they scarcely come into account.

Women's influence in the State was, for the most part, quite indirect, although a few, like Caterina Sforza, took openly a leading share in politics. In general, the part played by women was confined to the truly feminine mission of receiving and returning ideas and aims; they seldom took the initiative either in thought or action; but they lent the lives of those indomitable men moderation, grace, and refinement, whenever a lull in the inexorable struggle for existence gave them an opportunity of doing so. And thus they were indeed the first to realize that artistic ideal which the whole age had in its mind's eye. For art—*i.e.*, the interpreting representation of nature—was the principle which pervaded the whole intellectual atmosphere of the age. During the memorable interview between Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. at Bologna, which was to seal the fate of Italy for many years to come, the wonderfully wrought clasp, designed by Benvenuto Cellini to fasten the pope's mantle, caused both sovereigns for fully a quarter of an hour to lose

sight of the purpose for which they had met. It was their desire to render not only their domestic surroundings, their dress, their dwellings, utensils, gardens, their banquets and entertainments, but even the State, and above all the individuality, works of art. And here it was that the Renaissance, which possessed no conventional compass, too soon struck upon the rocks which were destined to wreck the vessel of Italian society. It had been able to reach the highest possible pitch of art, because here liberty was restrained by law, and Ariosto has remained the most striking example of an apparently unrestrained, in reality strictly controlled freedom. Not so in daily life; for here people only too readily forgot that the Muses should accompany, but are incapable of guiding life. An age which could see no more guilt in a Cæsar Borgia than in a tiger lurking for and pouncing upon its prey, could not long hold together. Art is indifferent to morals; society cannot subsist without moral convention. Art is inexorably true; society cannot dispense with a certain amount of hypocrisy. The absolute indifference with regard to social morality, and the undisguised love of truth which characterize this period—a love of truth, by the way, which was quite compatible with the use of direct falsehood or dissimulation in order to attain a given end—the worship of nature as infallible, and the contempt for any other authority, necessarily led this society to its dissolution, and had done so, in fact, long ere Spanish influences fettered the life of Italy.

Unrestrained political license had already resulted in petty despotism before an unlimited intellectual freedom resulted in narrow-minded bigotry. True art had not ceased to be cultivated; but it had become an exterior thing, and the artist degenerated with inconceivable rapidity into the *virtuoso*, the man of science into the pedant, poetry became academism, sociability a mere satisfaction of empty vanity and a coarse thirst for pleasure. Commerce declined, and with it a free, high-spirited class of citizens. Work began to be discredited; a man of quality lived on the inheritance of his forefathers—nay, even down to the present day, Italians give the name *Signori* only to those who have enough

to live upon without working. The ancient city-patriciate itself became a nobility, not of arms, but of court-offices. And what courts were those at which the descendants of the great merchants of the fourteenth century were now content to fawn for titles and dignities, even when, as at Florence, the new sovereigns descended from a race of traders ! They were the courts of small vassals to great foreign potentates. The horizon had narrowed. Nowhere was there an open view to be had of the wide ocean of European politics. The noble freedom of intercourse which had prevailed during the previous century gave way to an oppressive etiquette, a formal, Spanish ceremonial replaced the preceding *laissez aller*. Outside the court, it is true, the old tone of friendly intimacy was still preserved in the intercourse between the cultured middle-class and the newly created nobles, who were so numerous that their titles were almost meaningless ; but it had become purely a matter of form, and this merely external equality, which had been inherited from the age of the Renaissance, can only deceive the eye of the superficial observer. Then, as now, counts and marquises exchanged the familiar "thou" with lawyers and professors, but only with the certain knowledge, that the distance which separated them inwardly could not be overstepped, as Don Giovanni is able to joke with Leporello with impunity, because both inwardly feel how great a gulf is fixed between them. In fact, a relationship of client to patron had taken the place of the former equality. The decline of commerce and of manufacture, the wide extension of the court and of the service of the State besides, had for their consequence a steadily increasing poverty and servility of the middle class ; the number and influence of parasites was continually augmenting. Contrary to the custom elsewhere, the church, justice, government offices became a refuge for these reduced classes, who no longer felt it a humiliation to be patronized by the wealthy. The dignity with which religion, jurisprudence, and the State are wont elsewhere to invest their servants, here had lost all its value ; the priest was an affable bachelor to whom the smaller social functions were intrusted, nothing

more ; the man of learning, the poet—generally also an *abbé*—was the panegyrist, at times even the buffoon of the noble house ; the judge was hardly anything but a business agent ; the State councillor was a steward to the *Signori*. The wives and daughters of such professional men—for commerce had almost entirely dwindled into a retail trade—led the life of maid-servants, in extreme poverty, seclusion, and obscurity, from which they only issued on high days and holidays. The women of higher rank, it is true, continued to be the centre of Society, in the aristocratic acceptation of the term ; but they, too, passed at a bound from the convent into marriage ; on them likewise the absence of all public life, acted depressingly, damping their energies ; they also were shut out from the interests which animated the men ; they also, like the men, allowed themselves to be absorbed by petty social and religious formalities and the jealousies of position and rank, or gave themselves up, behind closed doors, to every caprice of passion or indolence. The one thing which slightly relieved and enlivened the hopeless emptiness of female existences such as these, was recognized, tolerated Cicisbeism ; while the inborn grace, the childlike simplicity, so nearly akin to nature, of Italian women, perhaps also the inheritance of the oldest of European civilizations, toned down and refined to a certain degree the inner poverty of such a life. The traces of this existence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are not yet quite obliterated ; but Italy is perhaps the country which has undergone the greatest social revolution during the last forty years, a revolution which is still proceeding. French domination at the beginning of this century, and the almost uninterrupted influence of French literature ever since ; the levelling of all frontiers in the interior ; the present rule of the Piedmontese, a race more nearly allied to the Swiss than to the Italians ; above all, the rise of a new ruling class, and precisely of that very same middle class which for the two previous centuries had been so poor and so humbly dependent, and which to-day reigns supreme and is fully conscious of the advantages of its position—all this has contributed to bring about a trans-

formation, which is still far from being completed.

II.

In France likewise the influence of Spain was powerfully felt after that of Italy; but in that country national life was so vigorous, that it soon completely subjected and absorbed the foreign element. From time immemorial the State had been led, the church governed, and the cultivation of literature and science appropriated to themselves, by the nobility of the sword and the robe. These two classes had at an early period entered into a league with the crown against the higher aristocracy. But the more independent the monarchy rendered itself of that aristocracy, the greater became the influence and importance of its allies. Finally, when Richelieu had overcome the higher nobility, they also entered into the service of the court, and that court soon became the centre of French life, first in Paris, then in Fontainebleau, St. Germain, Versailles. And, together with the importance of the court, that of the Parisian Parliament also increased, and it not only felt its own power as independent of the will of the king, but was occasionally inclined to make him feel it too; for France in the olden time knew no Jeffreys, the French judges always preserved their political and social independence, because their half-inherited, half-purchased seats could not be taken from them, and the wealth of their families was constantly renewed by marriages with the daughters of rich citizens. The "city" now began to group around the Parisian Parliament as the court around the king. Intellectual and political centralization thus kept pace with one another. "Court and city" henceforth become synonymous with representatives of culture. Montesquieu naïvely says: "*J'appelle génie d'une nation les mœurs et le caractère d'esprit des différents peuples dirigés par l'influence d'une même cour et d'une même capitale.*" It is evident that, in Montesquieu's eyes, Germany could not lay claim to a national culture. But "Court and city" meant the nobility of the sword and robe and all that belongs to it; and in fact the characteristic features of French culture were, down to the revo-

lution, nay, even in the National Assembly of 1789, but especially during the Restoration (1814-1830), which may be looked upon as a distinct revival of ancient France, derived from the courtier and the man of law. Even to the present day the habits and customs, the forms and views of these two classes give the tone, if not in the State, at all events in society. At the time when this national society, together with the national literature assumed its definite form, *i.e.*, in the second third of the seventeenth century, the former by throwing off the Spanish yoke and the latter by freely metamorphosing Spanish forms, it was these two closely connected classes which took the initiative in the changes that were then wrought. A Voltaire and a Balzac, a Corneille and a Malherbe, met together with a Condé and a Retz, in the Marquise de Rambouillet's drawing-room; all of them were more or less intimately connected with parliamentary families (*familles de robe*).

Pascal, like almost all Port-Royal, originally belonged to the nobility of the robe, as did Montaigne before, and Montesquieu after him. The great Gallican too, who impressed upon the French church and French pulpit eloquence their lasting stamp, Bossuet, was the son of a judge. But he, as well as Bourdaloue, Fléchier, Massillon, and many other distinguished prelates of ancient France who followed him, became one of the stars of Versailles, who contributed in no smaller degree to the literary wealth of their country than courtiers of the highest rank, such as La-rochefoucault and St. Simon. There were besides a number of professional writers living at Versailles; La Bruyère found his best known types at court, and Racine sang Louis XIV.'s connection with Mademoiselle de la Vallière in his "Bérénice," and wrote "Athalie" and "Esther" for Madame de Maintenon's "St. Cyr." And side by side with the dignitaries of the church and representatives of literature, State officials and military commanders assembled about the monarch's person, contracted friendships with these men, shared in their interests, profiting greatly by their intercourse, while they communicated to them in return their own wider and more liberal view of things. Every noble family

of high rank, however, was in itself a tiny Versailles, with its own *abbés* and men of letters who stood in no subordinate position toward its members, but rather associated with them as friends, giving them intellectual animation while they received a freer knowledge of the world in exchange ; for the court, which was the prototype of this whole society concentrated around it, was no miniature court like that of Lucca or of Parma ; it was the court of a great power, nay, of the great European power, *κατ' ἐξοχήν* ; there was nothing to limit or intercept the view. The highest interests were treated and decided here ; nothing was petty, not even court ceremonial, because it remained exclusively the form of life and never became at the same time its substance, as was the case in Italy. The disputes between Jansenist and Jesuit, between Protestant and Catholic, between the Gallican church and, the Roman Curia found their echo here. Here it was that the supremacy of the continent and the defence of the country were planned. Here Molière's latest comedies were discussed with the same warmth of interest as Pascal's letters against the Society of Jesus or Bossuet's funeral oration on the great Condé. And as the court, so the city ; all the educated and wealthy, to whatever class they might belong, took a living interest in these questions, which at once grew into national ones—not least the women.

Even a century later, Sterne expressed his opinion, that "with the French people nothing was Salic, except the monarchy." It is, in fact, the female element which always has reigned, and still reigns supreme in France, especially in the capital. Even Bonaparte, who certainly cannot be accused of allowing too free play to the fair sex, was forced to admit when he came to Paris as a young man of twenty-six (1795) that "this was the only place where they deserved to take the helm. . . . The men thought of nothing else ; lived only in and for them. A woman must have passed six months in Paris to know what was due to her, and how she might rule." It is easy to betray the secret. The French women of those times were content to fight with the weapons peculiar to their sex. A Madame de Sévigné, a Madame de Lafayette, were

women before they were anything else. With them authorship was quite a secondary matter, if indeed, such writing can be called authorship. True, France was not without its professional authoresses, like Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Madame Deshoulières, but even they had a far greater personal than literary influence in society, and their period was short. From the time when Louis XIV. attained his majority, the political women of the seventeenth, as well as the philosophical women of the eighteenth century, no longer appear directly before the public. Even Madame de Staël, in reality only half a Frenchwoman, thought a great deal more of her personal connections than of her writings, and had a warmer heart for her political friends than for her political principles. Nevertheless, we cannot deny that the unfeminine element began already with her to make itself objectionably felt. The women of the *ancien régime* shunned all publicity ; they were content to exercise an indirect influence, ruling over the rulers in all departments, without ever thinking it necessary to resort to the kind of warfare which belongs to the other sex. Anacreon tells us that nature has given each created being its own special weapons, the bull its horns, the horse his hoof, man reason, and women beauty. By this, however, we are by no means to understand that all women are unreasonable and all men ugly, any more than that all men are reasonable and all women beautiful. He means that every woman, without exception, has received from nature a certain amount of grace, of which she often endeavors, not unsuccessfully, to divest herself. If even so proud a man as Louis XIV. thought fit to doff his hat before the lowest of his kitchen-maids, whom he might chance to meet on a back staircase at Versailles, this was merely a tribute which France, embodied in his person, was always ready to pay to a sex, whose humblest members could lay claim to the rights of grace and weakness. This grace is not confined to the passing bloom of youth, nor to the outward person. There is also a gracefulness of heart and of mind especially feminine. Thus, self-sacrifice and devotion, patience in suffering, intellectual freshness and suggestive *naïveté*, a

shrewd, direct judgment, and an equally shrewd, direct speech, not less than cunning tears, and the desire to please, are especially feminine weapons, seldom at the command of the other sex. Now, the Frenchwomen of those two glorious centuries, from Madame de Chévreuse down to Madame Roland, owed their sovereignty, their well-merited sovereignty, over the heroes of thought and action, to the judicious use of these arms, not to an unpleasing endeavor to compete with men on their own battle field. For no species of interest was foreign to them, and so they presided over social life, while their influence in politics, religion, and literature was completely decisive. Nor do I by any means allude here only to the most conspicuous figures, such, for instance, as Madame de Longueville, who succeeded in seducing her husband and brother, the great Condé,* ay, even a Laroche-foucault and a Turenne, to open rebellion against the crown; or as Madame de Maintenon, who determined Louis XIV.'s inner policy for so long; as Angélique Arnaud, or Madame Guyon, the souls of French Jansenism and of French Quietism; as a Tencin and Geoffrin, whose salons gave the tone to the society of a whole century; I refer here to the numbers of women whose names were hardly known to the public, though they stood behind the greatest statesmen, the first writers, the leading men of society, as we gather by the new discoveries made from year to year by the admirers and students of that unique age. Nor does it do to be too quick to condemn the "corruption" or even laxity of morals of that period; for it presents fine, and by no means isolated, instances of conjugal fidelity and attachment. For example, the stout-hearted Duchesse de Chaulnes, of whom St. Simon relates that she refused to survive her husband; then the Duchesse de Choiseul, the friend of Madame du Deffand and of the Abbé Barthélemy,

who almost worshipped her husband, the Minister to Louis XV., albeit he was twenty years her senior; and the Marquise Costa de Beauregard, whose letters to her husband and children, published a few years ago, give us an insight into so noble a soul; the Maréchale de Beauveau, and numerous others. Many of those more questionable *liaisons*, moreover, which were tolerated in those times, were in reality little less than conjugal unions. What other name can we give to the bond existing between the Duc de Nivernais and Madame de Rochefort, or between the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran, even before the legal sanction—in the one case after forty, in the other after twenty years—had become possible? Can we conceive purer relations than those which existed between Mademoiselle de Condé and Monsieur de la Gervaisais, to whom marriage was forbidden, and who in vain sought to forget a hopeless passion, he on the battle-field, she in a convent? And can we venture to confound even relatively less sacred connections, such as those between Madame d'Houdetot and St. Lambert, Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Madame du Chatelet and Voltaire, not to mention others—connections which lasted for many years, and derived their nourishment from a mutual interest in mankind's loftiest aims—can we, I repeat, confound these with the thoughtless *liaisons* which begin and end in the caprice of a moment? When inclined to depreciate the moral value of these women of the *ancien régime*, let us rather call to mind the heroism, the firmness, the resignation with which, in the time of the great revolution, they mounted the scaffold—where they were to expiate their enthusiasm for the ideals of their youth.

It was a characteristic distinction, though only consistent with the whole constitution of French society, that

* At the time of the "Fronde" such offensive and defensive alliances between influential women and ambitious politicians were matters of everyday occurrence; of this kind were the unions between Retz and Madame de Chévreuse, Beaufort and Madame de Montbazou, Condé and Madame de Chatillon.

* The relations between the Comte de Toulouse and Madame de Gondrin, between the Duc de Sully and Madame de Vaux, between the Marquis de St. Aulaire and Madame de Lambert, between the Comte Lassaye and Madame de Bourbon, between the Maréchal d'Uxelles and Madame de Ferriol were of a similar nature; the last of these, however, could never be ratified by marriage.

young girls should have been strictly excluded from it ; for it was less the apprehension lest they might fall in love foolishly, or contract an early undesirable marriage, which suggested this exclusion, than the desire to be able freely to discourse on all topics, even such as young girls cannot understand, or which it is either irksome or prejudicial for them to listen to. Now, conversation was the great aim of all social intercourse in France, if it can be said to have had any aim except sociability. It was to the French, what art was to the Italians of the Renaissance, at once the substance and the form of their mental activity. "*On dit que l'homme est un animal sociable,*" says Montesquieu, "*sur ce pied-là il me paraît que le Français est plus homme qu'un autre ; c'est l'homme par excellence, car il semble fait uniquement pour la société.*" It was not solitary thought, imagination, and feeling, not a direct contemplation and reproduction of nature, not enterprise and action with the adroit manipulation of varying interests, but the intellectual elaboration we call conversation, *i.e.*, the form of mental exertion in which thoughts and feelings are employed rather as stimulants to excite our faculties and bring them into play, than as their purpose and object, which was the crowning result of that culture. The sudden birth of ideas in living language, brought about by the contact of mind with mind ; the art of imperceptibly guiding and turning the game ; the satisfaction of having found a suitable, an elegant, or an eloquent form for an idea, of being able to introduce the highest subjects into conversation without becoming abstruse, the lowest without being vulgar, of speaking of natural things without impropriety, of artificial things with simplicity, of gliding lightly over the surface of some matters yet so as to stimulate thought *en passant*, of diving to the depths of others without effort, of opening out sudden views, of touching on personalities lightly without entering more deeply into the subject, of suggesting ideas by such equivocalities, above all, the art of satisfying one's personal vanity by flattering that of others ; this spirit it is which pervades the whole culture of a nation, whose gregarious propensities are not compatible with soli-

tude, which is unable to exist without conventions, yet which feels the need of moving freely and gracefully within those arbitrary limits. Something of this spirit was communicated to the family, to public life, and to literature, and made of the cultured circles of France a society, the unwritten laws and intangible organism of which have outlived even the revolution and its reign of terror, a society which is only at its ease, morally and intellectually, in moral "tights," because that costume has become a second skin—which no doubt implies that it has lost all conception of the nude—*i.e.*, the final in truth and nature. I have said that this code of manners, like the preponderance of the two classes in which it had been developed in the course of centuries, lasted long after those classes had lost their political privileges, although old Talleyrand used to say : "He who did not live before 1789, and did not take part in the conversation of those times, will never know the highest enjoyment allotted to mankind." Let us but call to mind the men of the "Constituante," the Malouets, Lally-Tollendals, Lameths, Lafayettees, etc., and the "Girondins," nearly of them men of law and guardians of ancient forms ; let us remember the leading circles of the Restoration, and the reign of Louis Philippe. Even down to the second empire and third republic, literary productions were not deemed indispensable to the reception of members into the ranks of the academy, dukes, prelates, and illustrious men of law being admitted as mere representatives of the taste of ancient France in modern society. These forms, it is true, are no longer so clearly marked as they were, and more than once passion has overstepped the bounds of propriety even in the most select circles. Nevertheless, what was essential in the tradition is still alive, and the present exclusion from the State of the educated classes, and of those who have any social importance, may perhaps have the beneficial result of allowing French genius to come to itself again, and slowly to reconstitute its empire undisturbed by political interests.

III.

Something analogous to French court

life had begun to appear in England under the Tudors and the Stuarts; and here, likewise, it was the church, the army, and the law, in a close alliance and assembled round the throne as their centre, which gave the tone in society. Even down to the present day these three professions are the only ones which, far from depriving their members of the name and position of a gentleman, actually confer it. Still art, as well as social intercourse, although both were held in high esteem and widely cultivated, even before the great rebellion of the seventeenth century, never had been leading principles in English society; for even at that time politics were already predominant. A high and independent tone prevailed in the society which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson have shown us, and which was represented by men of the stamp of Spencer, Bacon, Sidney, Russell. Women played a considerable and important, yet thoroughly feminine, part in it. Liberty of speech was very great, and seldom degenerated into coarseness. Classical education was universal and profound, and women shared in it; the interest in art and literature was extremely vivid. For a moment it seemed as if England were destined to realize the ideal of modern society; as if, under the fortifying influence of public life, liberty and propriety, individual development and unity of culture, a taste for art and a lively, witty conversation would have free play. This healthy development, however, was nipped in the bud by the great rebellion. To say of any great complex of events, resulting from a long series of facts and circumstances, that it might have been different, would be unhistorical. What may be said, however, is, that the natural growth of England's moral and intellectual life was stunted by the great rebellion which saved England's independence, the Protestant faith, and political liberty. Still this event was unavoidable, for it was the product of a second development, accomplished within the core of the nation, which ran parallel with that higher one proceeding from the Renaissance. However this may be, Puritanism brushed the bloom off the national spirit of England. Later on, it is true, that spirit put forth a new blossom, which

from the time of Locke to that of Hume brought England intellectually to the front; there arose even a period of *Belles Lettres*, with which nothing in the European literature of the past century can compare; nevertheless, whatever may be its intrinsic value, this literature had none of the delicate fragrance emitted by the creations of Chaucer and of Shakespeare, which is missing even in the inimitable productions of their successors from Dryden and De Foe down to Goldsmith and Sterne. The modest, delicate bloom, the subtle changeful hue, which feminine influences cast over a national literature, was destroyed; henceforth English literature became a literature of men, as English society a society of men. The new impulse under Charles II. was but a sorry imitation of French manners and customs; even a St. Evremont and a Grammont lost all living sympathy with their country's culture; the whole movement was, in fact, but a coarse caricature of French life; on the banks of the Thames the refined Epicureanism of French society degenerated into a low sensuality; liberty became license, high spirits dissolute recklessness, elegance luxurious ostentation. It was not till after the second revolution of 1688 that a new kind of society was formed, which has maintained its ground down to our own time.

Even during the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, but more decidedly under the two first Georges, the disaffected gentry had by degrees withdrawn to their estates. If all of them did not care to express their dislike of those "d—d Hanoverians" with the bluntness of a Squire Western, most were at any rate of his way of thinking. Thus country life, which Englishmen have always loved, became the normal existence of the higher orders. Even when the gentry, under Robert Walpole—himself a country gentleman—began to be reconciled to the court, the custom of remaining in the country excepting during the parliamentary session, *i.e.*, the spring, was not discontinued; whereas, under Elizabeth and James I., it had been usual to spend at least three quarters of the year in London. True, the rusticated squire at first did not escape the shafts of the town wits and dandies; nevertheless the ridiculous

figure of Sir Wilful Witwoud, who had never been to town "since the Revolution" (1700), soon gave way to the pleasing, humorous form of Sir Roger de Coverley, till Squire Allworthy finally became the personification of all peculiarly English virtues. For though this gentry for the most part bore no titles, still it was a nobility, and more than one plain Mr. could trace his pedigree back to the Norman conquest. At the same time the younger sons of the nobles descended either directly, or by means of the three liberal professions we have mentioned, to the gentry, while wealthy merchants procured their sons or grandsons—the English say it takes three generations to make a gentleman—an entrance into the ranks of the gentry by the purchase of landed property or by means of the same professions. The English clergyman, moreover, the greater part of whose possessions had not been confiscated during the Reformation, was, and in fact still is, himself a well-to-do country gentleman, whose rectory could often vie with the dwellings of county proprietors. Besides, he could marry and his sons and daughters share the sports and pastimes of the county families; he was not irrevocably condemned, like the French and Italian priest, to a single life, and thus excluded from all intimate family connections, nor to that of the needy country parson in Germany, whose means scarcely suffice to make both ends meet, or, indeed, to place him on a level with the wealthier peasants. The successful barrister and judge, too (this class had begun since 1688 to be virtually, if not legally, irremovable, a quality which had done more than anything else to secure the independence of the judges in France), the pensioned officer, the sons of the retired merchant, and, later on, of the returned *nabob* on their side also became part of the country gentry, at any rate as far as influence was concerned, if not equally in a social point of view, in virtue of their landed property. Now it was this country nobility and gentry which gave the tone in English society—I say English, for circumstances were different in Scotland, and under their influence Scotch society assumed a form more similar to that of Germany. It consisted of free and

independent men of wealth, most of whom had studied at Cambridge or Oxford, while many had seats in parliament. They managed the affairs of the villages which lay within the precincts of their estates; they were justices of the peace and magistrates, and commanded in the militia. In a word, they did the State good and gratuitous service, and this alone, in the absence of an organized class of paid officials, would have secured them political predominance. In England, however, the Law did not play the same part, either in politics or in literature, as in France. I can recall no writer of note, no prominent English statesman of the past century, who was a member either of the Bench or the Bar. Fielding, it is true, was a lawyer and even a London Justice, but he was also a thorough gentleman both by birth and by education; and though Burke and Sheridan nominally commenced the study of law, they can hardly be said to have belonged to the profession; whereas the elder Lord Melville, who, like Lord Bacon before and Lord Brougham after him, really proceeded from it, never occupied any commanding position. The whole political world was almost exclusively recruited from the ranks of the country gentry, and though the literature of the time bore the impress of town-life, nay, even of the life of the capital, we ought not to lose sight of the fact, that nearly all its representatives, from Addison, Steel, and Swift down to Gibbon, Burke, and Hume, passed into the public service—i.e., into a circle which consisted of statesmen who were also, for the most part, landed proprietors, and thus belonged to a class whose position, even when its members took no part in politics but spent their whole lives in a village, was still considered the most enviable in the land. Even in our days, after the great changes which have been wrought in political affairs by the Reform Bills of 1832, 1867, and 1871, and in the economical condition of England by the development of manufactures and Free Trade, the position of a country gentleman is still the ideal of all wealthy Englishmen. Even now an Englishman of any standing does not feel that he has a real "home," until he possesses a country seat, and this coun-

try home is the one object of his life, the one aim of his ambition, the thing for which he toils day and night, and thus helps to increase the national wealth as well as his own. He who is not rich enough to purchase an estate, puts up in the meantime with Putney, Weybridge, or some other rural suburb. The City is only the gigantic workshop, where business is transacted, and money earned wherewith to indulge in horses, dogs, conservatories, and unbounded hospitality in the country. For there the long days and evenings have to be filled up with prolonged repasts, deep potations, sports and pastimes of divers kinds—hunting, fishing, rowing, archery, flirtations between young people of both sexes; side by side with which go also the more useful pursuits of local business and reading, for which the well-stocked country libraries afford an excellent opportunity—even now the English read more than any other nation in the world. At times, of course, life in these residences would become somewhat rough and boisterous; still, a healthy spirit on the whole animated this class, which was kept fresh in mind and body by out-door exercise and public tasks and interests; and in most essential respects this life has remained unchanged. True, English society, in which both sexes equally join, is to be found only in the country, for what goes by that name in town is more a labor than a recreation, and consists mostly of formally arranged, specially invited gatherings, where the guests sit side by side without ease or freedom, exchanging commonplace remarks, and the relatively small amount of unrestrained hearty sociability still to be found in the metropolis in our time, is now, as it was a hundred years ago, a society exclusively of men, only now it meets in clubs—even parliament is a sort of gigantic club; whereas formerly it was wont to hold its gatherings at Wills' Coffee-house, or, maybe, at the Turk's Head. Women—mind I do not say young girls—seemed, as it were, to have disappeared altogether from the higher existence of the nation during England's most flourishing period. As far as I can remember, Lady Montague and Lady Holland were almost the only ones who, properly speaking, formed social centres, and

neither of them wielded their sceptre with the grace that charms us most in women. We vainly seek a Jacqueline Pascal, a Lespinasse, a Boufflers, who exercised so decisive an influence over the religious, literary, and social life of the ruling class in France, not to speak of those innumerable women who determined French policy, from Diane de Poitiers down to Madame du Cayla. In England, politics, religion, letters, and society too, were men's province, for Hannah More's influence was confined to a small middle-class clique. From Addison to Johnson, the whole intellectual life of England was masculine in character. In Swift's greatest works there is nothing that betrays the influence his connection with Stella really exercised over his life. What we read of women in the writings of Pope, Richardson, Fielding, or Goldsmith seem to imply that only girls played any part in society, and that, on attaining her twenty-fifth year, a woman either withdrew from the world and devoted herself entirely to her household duties, or that she appeared only at the theatre and the card-table to show her diamonds, her feathers, and her paint, or to indulge in the coarsest kind of flirtation. The era of the blue-stockings only began at the commencement of the present century, with Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, though the name dates from the time of Lady Montague, and since then the azure tint has extended to other masculine interests besides letters. It is said that these female encroachments have entirely distorted the social relations between the two sexes which constitute the whole charm of society, and that the intercourse between the sexes in England has lost a good deal of its former charm. This is not, however, the case with young, unmarried people, whose relations to each other have remained quite natural and pleasing, though their converse can hardly be called "society," since it is limited to a mere interchange of feelings, which is a totally different thing. Whatever may be the part which women apparently play in English town society of the present day, however strongly they may muster numerically, their actual influence, especially in politics, is very slight. One is, indeed, rather tempted to reverse Sterne's sen-

tence with regard to France, and to say that in England everything is Salic but the monarchy. True, the Queen presides over the privy council, and we find women sitting on school boards, charity committees, etc., etc. No doubt also much of the work is done by them. The more important decisions, however, are given by men. The wife of a member of parliament who makes no demur at standing on the hustings by her husband's side—a position, by the way, which would suffice to render him an object of ridicule, i.e., morally to annihilate him, for the moment at least, in France—is quite content to watch over and admire her spouse as her property without desiring to guide his political steps from behind the scenes as a Frenchwoman would. We have no wish to pronounce an opinion on the comparative value of the two social systems, but we wish to point out the difference between them. Nobody can feel a truer regard and sympathy than the writer of these lines for the good Englishwoman, who lives only for her husband, enjoying his triumphs, sharing his anxieties and still holding ready for conversation with his friends a lively wit, a sound common sense, a large stock of reading, and who shows more real taste and elegance in her plain but neat walking-dress than all the votaries of high art. Where, indeed, is there a lovelier type of womanhood to be found than in an English maiden? Where one that is more worthy of regard than the English matron, such as we find her, surrounded by her numerous family, in the houses of the middle class? Unfortunately, however, these types seem to be becoming rarer and rarer, and we find in their place crowds of authoresses, doctresses, prophetesses of woman's rights, muses, priestesses of high art, and huntresses after names and titles. These ladies nowadays seem often to take a pleasure in appearing sexless, which is but another word for without influence, inasmuch as their influence proceeds from their sex alone. Friendship, from which every thought of difference of sex is excluded, competition in business, in which all respect and consideration for sex is placed under an interdict, are false relations, and, like all unnatural conditions, cannot be lasting. Wo-

man's work is either inferior to man's, and then she must fail in the merciless struggle she has provoked, or it approaches it very closely in value, and then she generally sinks beneath exertions for which Nature has not fitted her. It would be the same if we were to undertake her task in life, for

"Swanzig Männer verbunden ertrügen nicht all'die Beschwerde."

Of the mother of a family, not to speak of a lady of fashion,

"Und sie sollen es nicht, doch sollen sie dankbar es oinsehen."

And ought not women also to recognize that the laws of Nature cannot be opposed with impunity, and that these have assigned different spheres of action to the two sexes and different parts to each in the spheres which are common to both? As a man who betakes himself to female arms on the field they have in common, becomes an object of ridicule, while he accomplishes but little, so does a woman lose all her charm as soon as she seeks to adopt men's weapons and a masculine style of warfare. These mutual relations, however, become yet more strangely perverted, if consideration for the weakness of one sex is expected together with an annihilation of all boundaries between both, as is largely the case in English society. In competition, the form which the struggle for existence assumes in human society, all combatants must stand on a footing of equality, otherwise the conditions of the combat cease to be equal. The "*Tirez les premiers, Messieurs les Anglais!*" is chivalry, not war, and if it pleases me to allow a competitor of mine to win the prize, because he may happen to be consumptive, this is generosity, not business. Now, what constitutes the whole charm of social intercourse is a diversity of Nature combined with an identity of intellectual interests; and every consideration which imposes an exaggerated decency, nay, prudery, on men in their conversation with women, puts an end to all free intercourse between them. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*. And that is precisely the reason why *pueri* and more especially *puellæ* are out of place in society. It is certainly by no means desirable that gentlemen, still less ladies, should make

use of improper language ; still when natural subjects present themselves unsought in the course of conversation, is it really necessary carefully to shun them ? Whoever wishes to form part of society must be capable of taking part in all the interests which animate it. A woman who desires to maintain any influence there, must be able to follow a philosophical discussion without lagging behind, a political argument without yawning ; nay, she must even be able to hear a spade sometimes called a spade without blushing. This does not render it incumbent upon her to advance new philosophical systems or develop original political theories ; for even in the struggle for existence, women are not called upon to take the offensive, or at any rate not directly, and in the great work of universal generation and development their activity is that of conception and giving birth, not that of creation and generation. But, that it is quite possible for them to forego the exaggerated restraint which has been imposed on conversation without becoming unwomanly, is sufficiently proved by the noble women of the Italian *quattro cento* and of ancient France ; and that this extreme prudery was not natural to the English, but is a product of modern conventionalism, is shown by the bewitching forms of a Beatrice and of a Rosalind, of a Portia and of an Isabella, of an Imogene and of an Ophelia, whose modesty and chastity is assuredly by no means tarnished by the *naïveté* with which they call things simply by their names, or jest upon subjects which in our days would be utterly tabooed. Or are we to take it for granted that Shakespeare never saw any such irresistible maidens and matrons, but conjured them all up out of his imagination ?

This somewhat unnatural condition of English society was probably caused chiefly by that religious movement which interrupted the healthy development of England for a second time toward the close of the past century, as the political reaction did her constitutional progress. I have already shown elsewhere how English intellectual freedom, which had victoriously broken the fetters of Puritanism and arisen from the mire of the Restoration, was again destroyed, and how cant regained an absolute do-

minion over the minds of Englishmen, as it had done in the seventeenth century, though in a somewhat different form. Its power over society, however, was still more irresistible. Whoever dared to oppose it, like Byron and Shelley, was driven into exile. Hypocritical respectability spread its gray shroud over English life, a leaden gravity took possession of society, an orthopaedic prudery forced it into her strait-waistcoat. True, the England of the past century was neither very refined nor delicate in its habits ; still, even if an Addison occasionally took a glass too much, if a Fielding was not at all times over-nice in the choice of his expressions, if a Goldsmith gave himself up a little too freely to a Bohemian life—where so artistic a feeling for beauty of form, so great a moderation in political judgment reigned, a social criterion would not long have been wanting ; and a Clarissa Harlowe, whose virtue we cannot question, a Sophia Western, whose every word breathes innocence, show us that the women also were on the way that leads to a union of liberty with self-restraint, of simplicity with culture. When the narrowest religious interests were forced into the foreground and checked the free intellectual progress of the century, as Puritanism had done that of the Renaissance, society also was deeply affected by them. This was fortunately held somewhat in check by the political life which at all times has purified and invigorated England like a current of fresh air. For politics still continue to be for England what art had been for Italy—the all-pervading, all-engrossing interest of the nation. And it is to this interest that English society is mainly indebted for the healthiness of its tone. By it the unity of national culture also was maintained, which sectarianism had menaced with destruction ; the different classes were saved from isolation by political liberty, while the dismemberment that might have resulted from country life was prevented by political centralization, and thus an organic whole, with perfect freedom in each of its members, came into being, which differed as widely from the mechanical whole produced by the centralization of the French State, as it did from the disconnection of national existence in Germany. Now

the free air of public life such as this may not be favorable to the growth of so delicate a plant as the refined sociability which flourished under the Renaissance in Italy or during the *ancien régime* in France; but the value of that social refinement should not be over-estimated. A healthy public life, a fertile intellectual and a vigorous economical activity, an abundant if not over-refined enjoyment of existence, are things which, taken singly, still more collectively, far outweigh any such advantage. If a little less anxiety were shown to attain such a social refinement without accepting the conditions indispensable to its possession, it might well be that foreigners would hardly feel its absence from English life as a loss, least of all we Germans, who have no idea of the higher sociability which Italy and France once possessed.

IV.

Is there any "society" at all in Germany, in the sense which other European nations attach to the word—a thing, by the way, which is quite conceivable even without higher sociability? We are almost inclined to question it. Three hundred years ago a society of this description certainly existed in Germany, but it was destroyed during the Thirty Years' War, and we Germans have been laboring ever since to reconstruct it, more especially in the present time, which has fortunately once more restored to us our national State. Before 1618, German and Italian society were not dissimilar, for the historical development of both nations has a striking, though easily explained analogy. Our cities at that time formed centres of culture, and it was the commercial patriciate which took the lead in them. Abundant riches, European connections, a solid education, resulted in a certain grandeur of existence which has since utterly disappeared. The wealthy delighted in refined surroundings, tastefully decorated dwellings, elegant mansion-houses and guild-halls, magnificent public buildings artistically designed and completed; but very few traces are preserved of what is, properly speaking, luxury. The style of life and education was common to all the higher classes

and to both sexes, as was the case in Italy; nor were religious and political, literary and artistic interests less common to all than the mode of life and education. Chivalrous pastimes, in which nobles and patricians indistinctively took part, alternated with hard work in the counting-house; for as yet it was no disgrace to earn one's bread, and commerce, although the newly-discovered ocean highways had injured it considerably, was still flourishing. True, the Hanseatic towns had lost a little of their former importance, though Lübeck still set the example of a metropolitan style of life; but the great commercial firms of Augsburg, Nürnberg, Frankfurt—the Fuggers and Welsers, Hochstetters and Tuchers, Peutingers, Pirkheimers, Glauburgs, were still unshaken; and the heads of these firms were the associates of princes and nobles, artists and *savants*, their connections with Reuchlin, Hutten, Dürer, Erasmus, Melancthon, were of the most intimate kind, nor were their wives and daughters by any means excluded from intercourse with the great representatives of classic lore and art.

All this was changed by that dreadful war. Towns and villages had been destroyed, wealth annihilated, commerce ruined, the high spirit of the citizens was broken. Work had fallen into discredit, as in Italy. Those only who had inherited enough to live upon from their forefathers, were ranked among the aristocracy. All intellectual culture had vanished. Even the very language had deteriorated. A listless indifference had replaced the healthy interest exhibited by the higher orders of the preceding century in religious, literary, or political questions. The petty nobles as well as the city patriciates had lost their former independence; the princes alone had become more powerful and important at the expense of the central power as well as of the higher middle-classes. These princes now proceeded to organize their power by means of a numerous bureaucracy. The reduced petty nobles and shortly afterward the half-reduced town-citizens, entered into their service. And whoever had once passed into this class, never came out again; for the younger sons did not, as in England, return to the citizen-class, and free

labor was prohibited to those who possessed a title—nay, even to their children and children's children. And now began the title-mania. Nor was this unnatural, since none but the titled were able to purchase *Rittergüter*, none but the titled were permitted to hold offices of State, none but the titled were admitted to court; and these courts—there were no less than five hundred of them, without mentioning the *Reichsunmittelbaren*, who were three times as numerous—became the centres, around which all social and political life gravitated; their ways and actions formed the subject of all conversation. And what courts they were! Without grandeur, cultivation, or originality; knowing no other interests than those of vanity, no higher ambition than that of aping the external culture of foreign lands. Their nobles delighted in empty flunkeyism; even military service was neglected in their miniature armies. Not a trace of mental aspiration was to be found, save where some distinguished woman perchance broke through the barriers, and thereby let in a fresh current of purer air from the outside. To be sure, it was hardly better outside either; in the absence of all centralization, without a capital, without any common interests, the State, as well as society, broke up into hundreds and thousands of diminutive *coteries*. The horizon grew narrower and narrower, life became emptier and emptier. Prying curiosity, gossip, and envy developed to excess. Dependence engendered servility; constant surveillance, together with the absence of generally recognized forms, produced that want of self-confidence and assurance which characterizes our countrymen even to the present day, as soon as they leave their studies, and the snug and cosy round of their accustomed life, and which is so often taken for affectation by foreigners. "*Les allemands sont les plus sincères des hommes, mais non pas les plus naturels*," said Ch. de Rémusat when he first visited Germany. To be sure, this is not quite so bad as if we were said to be the most natural of men but not the most sincere. All traces of that petty spirit in social intercourse, which grew up during the seventeenth century, are not yet effaced, nor is it a wrong judgment which G.

Freytag pronounces, when he says that "certain qualities were formed in the German character, which even to-day have not quite disappeared: a craving for rank and titles, an absence of freedom in our relations with, and behavior toward, our superiors in social position, whether they possess official rank or hereditary titles; aversion from publicity; above all a strong disposition to judge the life and nature of others in a narrow, disparaging, microscopic spirit." And what else had they to criticize or talk about? Shut out from every, or at all events from any influential, share in State affairs; without public life, without any community of interests which might have promoted so to say a moral circulation, of which the most distant members would have felt the effects; restricted to the office and the tavern; debarred from all commercial or political contact with other nations; in poverty-stricken circumstances, having constantly to combat with distress;—how could the middle-class work its way up to a free, open point of view from which to regard life? The growth of the national wealth was exceedingly slow, for it was not, in fact, till our century, and properly speaking till Stein's reforms in the administration and in the laws on property, till privileges had been abolished, inland barriers removed by the Customs' Union (*Zoll-Verein*), the river tolls done away with and the coinage simplified, it was not until all this had been accomplished that trade and manufacture once more revived, and with them the free life of the middle-classes. In our fathers' days all these arbitrary obstacles to commerce and intercourse were still in full force, impediments which at times seem almost to have been purposely established in order to prevent Germany from recovering the loss of two centuries, which other nations had gained upon her in consequence of the Thirty Years' War.

Now, just as the national life lost more and more of its coherence, and all sympathy between one city and the other gradually ceased, the gulf between the different classes likewise widened: the army was separate from the bureaucracy, the citizens stood aloof from the country nobility, who grew coarser and poorer, and being of no use to the commun-

ity squandered their strength, until the Prussian army commenced to draw them into the service of the State, whereby little by little they once more entered into the common current. Now, among these sharply separated classes, it was that of the officials with a liberal education which soon began to predominate, precisely because the sovereign, whose organ it had become, was the only acknowledged authority; this bureaucracy therefore in Germany played the part which a merchant patriciate, a nobility of the sword and robe, and a landed gentry played in Italy, France, and England, i.e., it grew to be the prevailing type of German society in the eighteenth century. The remaining "notabilities" which a little town contained—professors, doctors, lawyers, and a small number of educated merchants—followed their lead. But the German officials did not form an independent class like the wealthy, irremovable French magistracy. The German judge, like all the rest of the officials, was the instrument of the sovereign, without the princely salary which permits the English judge to play so important a part in society; in this, as in every other respect, he was, and remained, a modest, submissive official—honest, hardworking, conscientious—but without any decisive influence in the State or in society; poor and needy, timid and humble. It had become necessary to have recourse to the middle class, even at the beginning of the century, and rank in society was now conferred by office, as it formerly had been by birth. Of these citizen recruits in the bureaucracy a university education was required, and as all the above-mentioned notabilities attended the Latin School—the only one to be found in such places—every one, not excepting the few merchants who had the privilege of associating with them, acquired the same, often liberal, education, and this again led the way to the regeneration of society.

For, as the State gradually became strengthened by the severe discipline peculiar to this bureaucracy, so was the intellectual life of the nation invigorated by the preparatory studies required of those who entered into it. Modern German literature is a product of our higher schools (*Gymnasien*) and univer-

sities, and for more than a century it was for Germany what art once was for Italy and politics for England, i.e., the one great national interest, which left its impress upon the whole culture of her people. No wonder, then, if such a literature became a critically learned one, which stood in a close connection with science; no wonder if it was penetrated with philosophy and especially cultivated by those who taught, so as to form a literature of divines and professors different from that of any other time or people. This may, it is true, have had its disadvantages, but it had great advantages also. If our polite literature for the most part portrays narrow circles and circumstances, if its tone is often too didactic, its form at times wanting in elegance, its chief interests purely of a spiritual kind, if we miss the fresh current of public life in its pages, if in the idealism which pervades it, reality often falls short of its due; how great, on the other hand, is the inner nobility which is imparted to it by that idealism! What depth it acquires from this preponderance of the intellectual life of the individual over the external life of the collective community! We owe it precisely to the distance by which the circles that brought forth this literature were separated from reality, if we have arrived at the broad and unbiassed conception of life, which is unique of its kind, and distinguishes us from every other people. A firmly coherent society usually holds together by means of the cement of prejudice and convention; whereas the specific characteristic of our culture during that century was freedom from all prejudice. Let any one, who is inclined to doubt this, remember the life led at Weimar and in Berlin, the social position held by Jews and by actors, the tolerance in matrimonial matters—our literature, born during the sentimental period, may be said to have first introduced love matches, for till then *mariages de convenance* had alone been tolerated in Germany; let him also call to mind the high degree of religious forbearance, united to a religious feeling equally deep. It was intellectual unity, above all, which we acquired through this literature, and which later on paved the way to our political unity. By it, too, the nation once more gained a cen-

tre round which to gather. For a time literary and scientific interests stood entirely in the foreground. It forms a striking contrast between the history of our own and of other nations, that our higher orders voluntarily submitted to the guidance of the teaching class, from which princes, nobles, officers, officials, merchants, and women alike derived their instruction, nay, their whole intellectual life. The women, especially, even from the very beginning, stood in the closest connection with men of learning, and it would be difficult to say whether they exercised or experienced a greater influence.

Everywhere, from Sophie Charlotte, the friend of Leibnitz, to Anna Amalia, the patroness of Wieland, Germany has distinguished princesses and ladies of rank to show, who did much to further intellectual life. The biographies of Herder and Goethe show how deep an influence Marie zur Lippe and Fräulein von Klettenberg exercised over the religious views of these founders of our culture. Or who can forget the part which a Frau von Stein, a Frau von Kalb, and the two Lengefelds played in Thuringia, the Jewesses Rahel, Henriette Herz, and Dorothea Mendelssohn in Berlin? The wives of *savants*, too—a Caroline Herder, an Ernestine Voss, a Caroline Schlegel, like the ladies of the Pempelfort and Ehrenbreitstein circles, contested the palm with those of the metropolitan centres and of the nobility. We hear that all this has greatly changed since those times; the different classes are said to be more sharply separated, the sexes to have greatly modified their relations with each other; religious strife has once more obtained admission into our life in spite—or shall we rather say, in consequence—of diminished religious feeling. Even our former cosmopolitan sympathies seem to have given way to a narrower feeling of patriotism—all which changes became inevitable, as soon as we undertook the task of forming a national society; and after all they are not by any means so harmful as the admirers of unrestrained moral and intellectual freedom would have us think, provided they be kept within bounds and not suffered to degenerate into intolerance, the spirit of cast, and a rigid conventionalism. But has the advan-

tage, for which we have paid so high a price, really been attained? And if not, how are we to acquire that social unity, without having to relinquish what still remains to us of that individualism and freedom from prejudice, which were ours in the time of our greatness? It is not much, after all; for if we are still far from forming a single herd, as the English do, we nevertheless form a score of such herds in which individuality is scarcely better off. Liberals, Ultramontanes, professors, merchants, and whatever other elements the nation may contain, each form a world in themselves, a seemingly impassable gulf separating them from one another, and each of them concealing within itself a number of tacit freemasonries. To be sure, many things are in progress which bid fair to heal this condition of internal dismemberment—above all, the increase of material prosperity, which is the foundation of all the more refined forms of life, and the improvements in communication between different countries, which are constantly opening out a wider view and daily multiplying the points of contact with reality, not only for our learned middle-classes, but also for the poor inhabitants of our inland towns.

Sons of university men enter more and more frequently into commercial and industrial life, to fight the battle of free competition and increase the nation's wealth, while steeling their own character and developing its self-reliance. The sons of our clergymen may be found in all parts of the world, whether it be the far east of India or the far west of America, transformed into robust, resolute, practical men, who return to the mother country as free and independent people that no longer tremble before every policeman they may meet.

Our political life is growing daily more public, and thus gradually forcing into the background all the petty interest in one's neighbor's private affairs, which had so disastrous an influence even in the most brilliant period of our intellectual history. Our political unity has not only given us a sense of our own worth, which was wanting in us, and which, in the better elements of the nation, is as far removed from national conceit as from our former submissive humility; it has given us political in

terests in common. The army, to which we are so largely indebted, yet which, despite the great national movement in 1813, had retained agood deal of its squire-like (*junkerlich*) exclusiveness during the prolonged peace, has drawn nearer to the rest of the nation since our political revival, and tends more and more to become amalgamated with it. It is now the common school of all Germans, where the youth of all the educated classes meet together, first as volunteers, next as officers of the reserve, and finally as officers of the *Landwehr*; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, this citizen-soldier is destined to become the type of German culture, as the country gentleman has become that of English. Especially is this likely to be the case should admission to the volunteer service again be restricted to the educated, and those only who have passed through the highest school-classes be accepted, and should the officers' corps in the standing army continue, as during the last fifteen years, to be more and more recruited from the middle classes. If it has hitherto been the official, with his habits, sometimes formal, sometimes off-hand, who predominated and gave the tone in German society, that position is now from day to day passing more irrevocably into the hands of the independent merchant and manufacturer, who is also an officer in the national army, and on whose excess of *nonchalance* soldiery discipline acts as a wholesome check, while the starchness of his military bearing is advantageously corrected by the freedom of civil life.

Yet these are all merely external matters. As the free atmosphere of a scientific culture and ideal spirit breathed by our officials at the university, is the cause of their great superiority to the clerks of the French bureaucracy; so their presence in the army brings our youth together in the service of something higher, of something which transcends the narrow interests of their everyday life; and this it is that, properly speaking, crowns the whole civilization. This military training, it is true, only aims at making good Germans of our sons; but they ought to be brought up to be human beings as well. This our colleges (*Gymnasien*), our technical, commercial, and cadet-schools do not do, or rather have left off doing; they train them to be merchants, professors, engineers, and soldiers, things which ought to be left to special schools, apprenticeship, or life itself. This is the thing we must guard against as the greatest danger which menaces German culture. It will only be when all the sons of the educated, no matter what career they may afterward adopt, are once more obliged to sit on the same benches, to share the same pastimes, to derive their intellectual nourishment from the same source, that we shall again have a right to think and talk about a German society. Only then can we attain that social unity of which we all feel the want, as we have acquired our literary unity by hard work, and our political unity by the force of arms.—*Contemporary Review*.

OUR COOLING SPHERE.

BY REV. WILLIAM DOWNES, M.A.

EVERY ONE is familiar with the appearance which a turnpike road presents on a fine frosty morning after showery weather. The depth of winter, we will suppose, is over, and we are beginning to look forward hopefully to spring. The air is crisp, the ground firm, and the frozen puddles, glistening in the sunshine, are transformed into quite attractive objects. But if they are for the

time being "things of beauty," they are not destined to be "joys forever." The sun mounts the heavens, and his increasing power and loftier arc assure us of better times which are in store for the northern hemisphere; better times, which already the songsters of the wood, fondly credulous of the early promises of an English spring, are hailing in anticipation from their not yet leafy

haunts. Even to less sanguine man the prospect is a cheering one ; but while we gaze and listen—

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid—

the flashing crystals vanish from our path, and dirt resumes its sway. One short half-hour of vernal sunshine suffices to dispel those fragile ice-sheets, whose thickness may be estimated at about a quarter of an inch.

And a *quarter of an inch of ice* is our present starting point. We have to imagine such a film of ice continuous over the whole surface of the globe. And we have further to carry out in imagination the suggestion which the shepherd, according to the old ballad, once offered to King John, as to the speediest method of making a complete circuit of the world ; to wit,

Ride with the sun, and ride with the same
Until next morning he riseth again ;

so that we may have the opportunity of seeing our ice-sheet dissolved, at least along one parallel of latitude. We should then have realized one practical measure of the annual thermal loss of the planet on which we dwell. The heat radiated by the earth into space in one year has been computed to be, at the present time, as much as would be required to melt a quarter of an inch of ice covering the whole of its surface.*

Viewed in this light, the loss seems to be but infinitesimal. Half an hour of sunshine, or even the application of the palm of the hand for a few seconds, will produce in any one spot as much heat as finds its way there through the earth's crust in 365 days. But if, on the other hand, we look at it collectively, and imagine the ice whose supposed liquefaction is our present measure gathered together into a mass, it proves to be no less than 777 cubic miles of ice.† We may therefore in thought portray an enormous glacier or iceberg, a mile broad and a mile high, extending in one straight unbroken line, say, from London to Vienna. And when we have cal-

culated the heat which would be required to melt such a mass without any help, direct or indirect, from the sun, we should, if our statistics be correct, have again realized the amount of heat which the earth will have permanently lost between January 1st, and December 31st of the present year. So true is it that "great" and "small" are but relative terms. Time and space render inappreciable an amount of glaciation which would throughout an average English county produce a winter climate all the summer through.

That the interior of the earth is the seat of intense heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic phenomena give us ocular demonstration of it. Mining experiences, moreover, have furnished us with an almost uniform rate at which the heat increases, and this is generally computed to be about 1° F. for every 55 feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge Colliery near Wigan, takes us down only 2445 feet and to a temperature not much exceeding 90° F. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners, but that is all. This, however, is (so to speak) scarcely traversing the earth's epidermis. But if we may assume a uniform increase of heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of 50 miles may be expressed in figures as 4800° F. In other words, at less than an eighth of the distance which lies between the circumference of the earth and its centre, the heat would be about twenty-two times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. Proportionate figures might of course express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily transcend all imagination. Suffice it to say, that in a descending series we must eventually come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form. And we conclude, therefore, that if the earth's centre be not itself in a gaseous condition (and there is reason to think that it may not be so), there must be a gaseous zone somewhere between a solid centre and a solid circumference.

* "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time," by T. Mellard Reade, C.E., F.G.S., p. 34.

† "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time," by T. Mellard Reade, C.E., F.G.S., p. 34.

"*Facilis descensus Avernî*" is proverbially treated as a truism. But if the classic authors are to be our guides, and if in the centre of our planet Acheronian shades and Elysian fields are to be localized, there will be found practical difficulties of access which might well discourage even so unsubstantial a personage as a ghost. Nor can the all-powerful imagination accomplish the descent with any approach to ease. The distance we may suppose to be nearly 4300 miles; but along a line of this length connecting the surface of the earth with its centre, we may safely assume that conditions would vary greatly, and (since heat and pressure have to be balanced one against the other) probably by no means uniformly. We can measure the power of pressure upon the surface, but in the nether depths its power is in part open to conjecture, nor can we say how soon we may reach a debateable zone, at which the expansiveness of heat may overcome the compressive force of gravitation. Nor, again, could we venture to expect to find that zone itself always at an uniform depth. Here and there it seems to approach the surface. The volcano is nature's safety-valve, and the cavernous rumble of the earthquake warns us that there are imprisoned gases beneath our feet which pressure but imperfectly prevents from escaping. Upon other ground, also, it is quite evident that our experience, limited as it is to the surface of the earth, may tend to mislead us in regard to what lies beneath the surface; for if pressure increased uniformly with depth, the average density of the earth would be much greater than what upon astronomical data we know it to be. The earth, as a whole, is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy as it would be if it were entirely composed of water; or, technically expressed, the density of water is 1, and the mean density of the globe is $5\frac{1}{2}$. But $5\frac{1}{2}$ is only about double the density of rock matter upon the surface; whereas, if nothing but steadily increasing pressure be supposed it would vastly exceed this. There is therefore only one possible explanation. Heat, intense heat, somewhere or other, overcomes pressure and converts everything into gas; and if it were in our power to try experiments, and to feed

the subterranean crucible with the most intractable substances—asbestos, fire-proof safes, or what we will—all would there share the same fate—instant evanescence.

Figures would be useless to express the intensity of such a heat, and comparisons would be but feeble. But it is evident that there must be some analogy between steam—true gaseous invisible steam, not the condensed vapor which so often passes under the name of steam—and these vaporiform rocks. And it may be asked, If a heat of 212° F. suffices to convert water into a gas which will propel an engine, not without some risk of a boiler bursting, what must be both the heat imprisoned and the power of pressure which girds it in, when rock matter (which, if condensed, would measure doubtless many hundred millions of cubic miles) is thereby kept throughout the ages in a vaporous form, and, like the steam in the trusty locomotive, is the servant and not the master still?

But, as we have already said, this subterranean heat is escaping slowly yet incessantly; and that which once escapes never returns. One practical consequence, moreover, of this lessening of the internal heat of the globe is a reduction in its size. The weight of the world continues the same. The materials of which it was at first composed alone enter into its composition now, if we except a trifling accretion of meteorites, insufficient to make any calculable difference. There has, it is true, been a constant re-arrangement of the constituent particles, but the particles remain the same. And we know by the shrunken and wrinkled condition of the older rocks how important a part contraction, consequent upon cooling, has played in the re-moulding of the earth's surface. Year by year she has parted with a certain amount of heat, and as a consequence she has shrunk, and she is still shrinking, into slowly narrowing dimensions. But if geological time be as great as geologists claim, it may be thought that surely earth ought ere this to have cooled completely. That she has not done so is entirely due to the marvellous properties of rock-matter as a non-conductor of heat. The cooled surface of the globe is to the inner fires

as the eider-down quilt to the sleeper. Moreover, radiation through rock matter, necessarily a very slow process at all times, tends to become slower with the lapse of ages; for in proportion as the heat escapes, so does the cooled crust grow in bulk. If earth be growing older and colder, yet does she weave for herself an ever-thickening mantle and hug the closer the caloric whose escape she cannot altogether prevent.

The molten rock which volcanoes eject furnishes a good illustration of this non-conducting property. It is a well-known fact that the outer surface of a lava stream soon cools sufficiently for a man to walk over it. But for years afterward the heat will continue to be intense at a depth of a few feet. Poles can be thrust into fused rock by men standing upon the cooled surface above it. Water poured into cracks will spirt fiercely up again in jets of steam, and cigars may be lit in crevices around which the moss grows, or the fern frond nestles, or the wild crocus is forced into premature bloom.

But perhaps no more curious and conclusive instance can be cited than one which has been recorded by the late Sir C. Lyell,* who tells us how a portion of a glacier upon the slopes of Etna was actually prevented from melting by the incandescent lava which had flowed over it from some vent in the higher regions of the volcano. And the anomaly is thus accounted for: A shower of volcanic dust some ten feet thick seems to have first fallen upon the ice, and so good a non-conductor of heat did this dust bed prove, that the fiery lava stream afterward flowed over it, not only not melting the subjacent ice, but actually preserving it by the exclusion of solar heat. The glacier, thus strangely preserved, supplied the Catanians with ice during at least thirty summers; and in this position, if it had not been disturbed, it might have endured as long as the snows upon the summit of Mont Blanc, or the frozen billows of a Palæo-crycistic sea.

The hint thus given by Nature seems to have been adopted, as the same author tells us, by the shepherds of the

district, who "are accustomed to provide water for their flocks during summer by strewing a layer of volcanic sand a few inches thick over the snow, which effectually prevents the heat of the sun from penetrating."*

And thus it comes to pass that, with the intensest heat at proportionately no great distance beneath us, we shiver in the northern blast. Commerce and invention are taxed to the utmost to provide us with a little artificially produced caloric, while, Tantalus-like, we realize that just beyond our reach there is a practically exhaustless supply. Who knows but that the next triumph of science and engineering skill—surely one which would be no more wonderful than the telegraph or the telephone—might be a conductor of subterranean heat ramifying like the gas-pipes of a city into every house, and superseding the use of fuel! *Nous verrons*. But in the meantime our present subject leads to an inquiry exactly the converse of this. We have to explain, not how heat may be got out of the earth, but how in the first instance it ever got in.

An apple dumpling has ere now been represented as a phenomenon suggestive of philosophic inquiry. How an entire apple could have found its way into the centre of an unbroken but fragile crust certainly might be a problem demanding solution from one by whom an apple dumpling had never been otherwise regarded than as one of the delectable things which are charmed into existence by the magic sound of the dinner bell. The apple certainly could not have been placed there after the crust had assumed the conditions familiar to the eye and experience of the quasi-philosopher, who would reasonably and logically premise that the apple must be a something anterior to the paste. Upon exactly the same principle may we assume that Earth's inner fires must have been anterior to the cooled crust which has gathered round them; for after what we have seen of the non-conducting properties of this crust, we shall not be ready to suppose that heat from solar rays or from any other exterior source could penetrate so far. It is plain, therefore,

* "Principles of Geology," vol. ii. chap. xxxvi. pp. 38, 39.

* "Principles of Geology," vol. ii. chap. xxxvi. pp. 38, 39.

that our planet, or, to take a larger view, all the planets, were once in an incandescent state throughout, and that they are now found to be in various stages of cooling.

And this brings us to the "nebular hypothesis," whose origin, like the birth-place of Homer, is a subject of controversy. Some, and especially some Frenchmen, claim it for Laplace; some, and especially some Englishmen, assign it to Sir W. Herschel; while Prof. Hæckel,* writing from a German point of view, traces it back to some half-forgotten utterances of Kant. Certain, however, is it that little was heard of it until about the year 1811, when it became in this country intimately associated with the name of the elder Herschel, by whom a nebula in Orion was supposed to exhibit the same gaseous conditions as those out of which our solar system is now believed to have been developed. If a planetary system may be thus accounted for by phenomena which observation shows to be still in existence in another part of the universe, the fact is one of great interest and importance.

This celebrated and now generally accepted hypothesis assumes as its starting-point that the whole of our solar system, from the sun, its present centre, to the orbit of what is now Neptune, or even perhaps to a circumference more distant still, was originally one vast nebula, such as those which may now be observed in the heavens, associated with more than one constellation. At some distant period of the past (it supposes) a condensation of this nebula began while a spiral motion of the whole, due to stellar attraction, and still, probably, in force, caused it to rotate. Two sets of changes consequently commenced. Outer rings became detached from the nebula, while condensation and gravitation caused each of these to assume in turn the form of a sphere, which, obeying the impetus already given to it, circled along what we may now call its orbit. Thus the superior planets, as some think, came into existence first, then Earth, then the inferior planets. But after the birth of

Mercury, the youngest of our family of planets, no more rings were given off, but the condensed remains of the quondam nebula, driven with fierce energy against one another and toward a common centre, produced the huge fire-ball which we call the sun.

So well does this hypothesis account for observed phenomena, and so long has it now stood the test of criticism, that its truth may be regarded as little short of demonstrated. Its application to our present subject is manifold. To begin with, it accounts for the spherical forms of the planets. The sphere is the natural and necessary form for condensing matter to assume, when no modifying conditions are present. We see this in such familiar instances as the rain-drop or the dew-drop, both of which are vapors condensed into spheres. Any fluid, moreover, if just so much of it be allowed to pass over the rim of a vessel as will suffice to overcome cohesion, instantly assumes a spherical form, and we call it, by the synonym of ordinary parlance, a "drop." And this it does by virtue of that same law of molecular attraction which produced the round world, and each of its associated spheres.

We have, however, to account not only for a sphere, but for an intensely *heated* sphere. And condensation is a *vera causa* for this. It is a well-known fact that, as a rule, the more rapid the condensation, the more fierce will be the evolution of heat. Familiar experiments in chemistry and physics might be cited to show this. But for our present purpose the rain-drop will again suffice us. As slow condensation of aqueous vapor gives us the gentle shower, so does its rapid condensation produce the thunder-bolt.

This, however, upon our hypothesis, would not have been the only source of heat in a nascent planet. The very forces of attraction which moulded the sphere, must also have been accompanied by a fierce evolution of heat. The very same cause which first produced and now sustains the solar fires—those fires which are unaccountable upon any theory of combustion—must have made each planet to come into existence aglow with heat—in fact, a mimic sun.

A popular tradition has ventured to suggest that the law of gravitation was

* "History of Creation," by Prof. Hæckel, vol. i. chap. i.

first brought home to the mind of Sir Isaac Newton when sitting under an apple-tree, by the thump of a pipkin falling upon his cranium. Whether or not there be any truth in this sensational story, it is an instance of the way in which great natural laws are capable of homely illustrations. For thus it is with the nebular hypothesis; at least, with that part of it which teaches that spheres and satellites may be given off from a parent sphere. To exhibit the principle, we need only a little alcohol, some water, some oil, and a spoon. Let alcohol and water be mixed in a common basin until the diluted spirit becomes of exactly the same density as oil, and it will be found that oil poured into it will instantly assume a spherical form. Then, if this be stirred into a rotatory motion, rings will be given off, which in turn will form minor spheres coursing along their miniature orbits.

Such an illustration would throw no light upon the evolution of heat, but probably it would illustrate what is an important feature in the solar system—a great variety in the sizes of the detached spheres; and it is evident that many conditions will be dependent upon the size of a planet. With the size the force of gravitation will vary, so that on no two planets will the same object have the same weight. The spring which would carry a boy over a terrestrial hurdle would not suffice to take him over a Jovian hurdle of the same size, if hurdles there be in Jupiter; while upon some of the little asteroids whose superficies, like that of a farm, might be most conveniently measured by acres, a similar spring would send him flying like a bird into the air. And the difference in size is also an important element in regard to the present subject. Manifestly, the larger mass will take longer to cool. And slow as has been the process of cooling within the Earth, it must have been infinitely slower in a planet like Jupiter, which is as much larger than Earth as a hen's egg is larger than a pea. It has even been thought that the cloud masses, millions of miles in thickness which envelope Jupiter, may indicate that the surface of that planet is still too hot for water to rest upon it. It would be a remarkable thing if the elder planet be indeed thus imperfectly developed,

while Earth, so much younger in time, has had for countless ages a surface cool enough to sustain life.

It is only when we thus regard our globe as a member of a planetary system, and that system in turn as a unit among the systems, that we realize how infinitesimal are its concerns and how relatively insignificant it is. We may for practical purposes treat the orbit of Neptune as the circumference of our planetary system, and state the diameter of it therefore as about 5,486,000,000 of miles. But if we could suppose all this vast plane converted into a solid disc, instead of being, as now, for the most part, empty space, and if to it were then given, by some means or other, a slightly luminous surface, it would appear to an observer upon the very nearest fixed star no more portentous than a new shilling glittering in the sunshine would appear to an observer at a distance of somewhat over a hundred yards. In other words, it would want fairly good eyes to discern it at all. We may safely say, then, that the annual thermal loss of our own little sphere, though sufficient to melt 777 cubic miles of ice, would, even though multiplied by centuries of centuries, no more affect the temperature of space than the striking of a match would avail to moderate the climate of Siberia.

But though neither outer space nor our own immediate atmosphere are at all sensibly affected by the Earth's radiated heat, the effects of contraction, consequent upon it, are everywhere evident upon the Earth's own surface. We are apt to speak of land and sea as if they had been from the beginning of time the two distinct areas which we now see them, whereas in truth those land surfaces are quite exceptional which are not the sea-beds of the past, heaved up into the air from the depths, in which they were formed by the lateral pressure of a cooling and contracting sphere. The exceptions, such as peat bogs and lavas, are merely local. As a rule, contraction wrinkles up the mountain range which Jupiter Pluvius sculpts into peak, valley, and ravine. That oceanic abysses are being deepened by the same contractive force, we are led to believe by those who, from the deck of the "Challenger," have taken soundings in

every sea ; while the labors of certain Swiss geologists amid their native Alps are now teaching us that the crumpling-up of mountain masses transcends probably anything that even geologists have hitherto conceived. If four or five sheets of paper were placed one upon another, and then crushed into a ball in our hands, the crushed paper would, according to the mapping of MM. B. Studer et A. Escher,* be scarcely an exaggerated illustration of the present structure of the once horizontal strata of the Alps.

But while such grand regional disturbances as the above, traversing as they do whole continents and oceans, represent to us the effects of contraction upon a large scale, some of the results of merely local refrigeration are no less curious. Those even who have not paid a personal visit to the cave of Staffa, can hardly fail to be acquainted with the appearance which its hexagonal basaltic columns present in prints or photographs :

The pillared vestibule
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when
proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for its freight
Of softest music some responsive place.†

Downward into the clear still depths of the Irish sea stretches the marvellous edifice, and, continuous probably beneath it, reappears as the "Giant's Causeway" upon the Irish coast. Of course it has its appropriate legends, and is sacred to the memory of kings, bards, giants, and monsters of the deep. And it is reserved for this matter-of-fact age to dispel the dream, to call it a cooled lava stream, and even to simulate its hexagonal prisms in the homely material starch, cooled under similar conditions in miniature.

The theory is—and experiment has rendered it something more than a theory—that molten rock, when condensing into a solid form, tends to become an aggregation of spheres arranged in columns. But since the spheres are at

once flattened by their own weight and that of the rock above them, the columns are practically cylindrical ; or rather, they would be so, but that lateral pressure also crushes one against another until each becomes more or less angular. If the pressure be evenly distributed, regular hexagonal columns will be the result, as is very frequently the case with basaltic rocks.

The same principle, but with far less of symmetry, is believed to be also traceable in granite, which breaks up into blocks often not only irregularly angular at the sides, but also slightly concave or convex at the top or base. If the supposition of some geologists be correct, and we see in these lines of separation faint traces of that spherical form which the molten rock matter, when it first began to cool, tended to assume, then many a logan stone and rock basin visited by the traveler upon Devonshire moorlands may be accounted for by natural laws, and the association of them with Druidical horrors may oftentimes rank on a par with the legends of Fingal's Cave.

We will only here add that this tendency of cooling rock matter to contract into angular prisms has some curious analogues in the animal kingdom. What mechanical laws have effected in the one case, economy of space or of material has effected in the other. Rather too much, perhaps, has sometimes been made of the so-called instinct of the bee in constructing a honeycomb of regular hexagons. "It may be said that the instinct of making circular prismatic cells with spherical ends and then clearing away the unnecessary wax is all the instinct which the bee requires." * And that the hexagonal honey-cells are but modified spheres and cylinders, is confirmed by what Mr. Darwin tells us about the rude spherical and cylindrical cells of the humble bee, and the intermediate characters of those of the Mexican *Melipona*.† However this may be, corals at least cannot be accredited with an instinct which would influence their own growth. Yet not a few corals, and

* "Carte Géologique de la Suisse," par MM. B. Studer et A. Escher.

† "Cave of Staffa," Wordsworth.

* "God and Nature," by the Bishop of Carlisle. *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1880, p. 513.

† "Origin of Species," chap. vii.

notably certain fossil corals, as their names testify, are compressed into angular and even into perfectly hexagonal forms. A block of Lithostrotion basal-tiforme, from the mountain limestone, could easily be manipulated into an excellent model of the Giant's Causeway or of Staffa's Cave. Economy of space, conducing to economy of wax, is the apparent design on the part of the bee, which, whether consciously or unconsciously exercised, is doubtless a habit advantageous to the species. And in the same way an economy of carbonate of lime, certainly unconsciously exercised by the zoophyte, would give to

those corals, of whose mode of growth it is characteristic, an advantage over others in an element in which carbonate of lime is but scantily supplied. But apart from the philosophy of the matter, the plain fact is worthy of note, that circumscribed space does avail to produce analogous modifications of form in so many unconnected instances. For the final result differs little, if at all, whether illustrated by the skeleton of the brilliant zoophyte, by the structure of the moorland Tor, by the wave-washed basaltic cavern, or by the exquisite fabric of the bee.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Mr. Lodge's book is based upon a course of lectures which he delivered at the Lowell Institute of Boston, and which grew upon his hands as he extended the range of his inquiries until the result is a volume of considerable size. Its aim is to describe the condition of the various colonies in and about the year 1765—the year of the Stamp-Act Congress—to show "who and what the people were who fought the war for Independence and founded the United States—what was their life, what their habits, thoughts, and manners." Each colony is dealt with in a chapter by itself, except the four New England colonies, which were substantially identical in race, language, religious belief, manners, customs, and habits of mind and thought, and which consequently can be dealt with as a whole. Prefixed to the descriptive chapter on each colony or group, is a chapter giving a condensed outline of the political history of the colony from the date of its settlement up to the year 1765; and three concluding chapters summarize the events from 1765 to 1776 which ushered in the Revolution, describe briefly the war for Independence, and state the circumstances of the peace secured in 1782.

These historical chapters are merely supplementary to the main purpose of the book, which is to describe the various colonies in and about the year 1765; and by thus subordinating the historical and political aspect of his subject, Mr. Lodge has found a distinctive place for his work, and has avoided treading in the beaten tracks of his numerous predecessors, for whom the Colonial period appears to

have possessed a fascination not possessed in equal degree by any other portion of the national history. The events, the incidents, the occurrences, of the Colonial era have been recorded over and over again, until no future writer can hope to add materially to our knowledge of them; but there is no other work which tells so clearly and picturesquely as Mr. Lodge's who and what the people were who fought the War of Independence and founded the nation. Mr. Lodge, in fact, has achieved the difficult feat of producing a work which really fills a gap in American history.

ANTHROPOLOGY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MAN AND CIVILIZATION. By Edward B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. With Illustrations. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Man being the proper study of mankind, the science which deals with man must be assigned a foremost place among the subjects that demand the earnest attention of students; and Dr. Tylor has rendered a most valuable service in bringing its elementary principles and facts within such easy reach. His book is a model of its kind—systematic in arrangement, thorough in treatment, comprehensive in scope, and lucid in style, yet attempting nothing which cannot be readily accomplished within the limits of a modest-sized volume. He has not attempted, as he explains, to furnish a summary of all that Anthropology teaches, or to deal exhaustively with the facts upon which it is based: his book is, strictly speaking, an *introduction* to the science, complete and trustworthy so far as it goes, but leaving the more advanced work to special students who may be induced by it to carry their researches further. "It does not deal

with strictly technical matter, out of the reach of readers who have received, or are receiving the ordinary higher English education."

With whatever care it may be limited, however, the *Science of Man* covers and includes extremely multifarious subjects, "ranging," as Dr. Tylor says, "from body to mind, from language to music, from fire-making to morals." Among the topics to which special chapters are assigned are "Man, Ancient and Modern" (discussing the antiquity of man), "Man and Other Animals" (defining man's place in nature), "Races of Mankind," "Language," "Language and Race," "Writing," "Arts of Life" (these furnishing the subject of no less than four closely compacted chapters), "Arts of Pleasure," "Science," "The Spirit-World," "History and Mythology," and "Society." The subjects dealt with are much more various than even this summary of contents would indicate; yet, as the author remarks, "they are all matters to whose nature and history every well-informed person ought to give some thought."

The illustrations, especially those portraying racial types, are remarkably fine; and the treatise should find a place in even the most modest collection of books relating to modern science.

WOOD MAGIC: A FABLE. By Richard Jefferies. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

To the American public Mr. Jefferies is best known as the author of "Wild Life in a Southern County," and "The Gamekeeper at Home"—descriptions of English rural life which remind one of White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton. The present work is different from either of its predecessors, and is the subject of an appreciative notice by Prof. Grant Allen in the London *Academy*, from which we make the following extracts: "It is only a delicate, fanciful, fantastic, and beautiful apologue, full of exquisite description, strung upon a slender thread of narrative, and couched in pure, rich, and dainty English. . . To give a *compte-rendu* of such a light and graceful phantasy as this would be cold-blooded, and, moreover, it would be impossible. The book must be read; it cannot be dissected. Mr. Jefferies' style remains much the same as ever, only it has gained in polish and lost nothing in that peculiar power over the rural vocabulary which is one of its author's strongest points. It would be mere impertinence to write at the present time that Mr. Jefferies has a wonderful faculty for close observation of nature, for the interpretation of small hints and suggestions, for the realization of animal and plant life. All that need now be said. But, to some extent, in 'Wood

Magic' he has taken a fresh departure. There is a story, a fabulous, marvellous, curious story, with a charming little boy for its hero, and birds and moles and rats and weasels for its *dramatis personæ*. Sir Bevis, the little boy in question, wanders about among the insects and creeping things of the wood, with the best intentions in the world, after a childish fashion, but manages, nevertheless, to do rather more harm than good in the long run. His portrait is sketched with a minute fidelity and an evidently loving touch, which constrains one to identify him with the Harold to whom the book is inscribed. Sir Bevis, indeed, is the backbone of the story—as mischievous and as genuine a child as one could wish to come across on a summer's morning. Beside him there flits by a long phantasmagoria of talking beasts and birds, whose history centres round the exploits of King Kapchack, the successful magpie, and the Emperor Choo Hoo, the celebrated rebel. But the animals are not at all like the Reynard or the King Stork of our classical fables; they are real living wild creatures, rather than mere lay figures for the display of cardinal virtues and vices. Mr. Jefferies throws an amount of life and reality into his fable to which we are quite unaccustomed.

"And yet it is in many respects a saddening book. Whether the author means it or not—and it is difficult to say what his underlying intention may really be—this naturalistic picture of life in the woods, with all its frank struggle of brute force and cunning, and with its queer side-satire on human action, has a terrible moral of its own. The animals hate and fear one another, eat the weaker and are eaten by the stronger, exactly after the cruel fashion of nature herself. That "nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal," seems, indeed, at times to be the central thought of the book. Mr. Jefferies lends no countenance to the hypothesis of a beneficent Providence overruling all the evil of the world for good. His universe is like the real one, a perpetual conflict of selfish aims. Even his human beings are built upon the same egoistic pattern. There is a terrible, too realistic episode of a wounded keeper lying helpless in the covert through a long day and stormy night, while his wife does not seek him, because, when once she had looked for him in great alarm, she found him drunk at the alehouse, and he beat her for her trouble; and a laborer, slouching by with a wire in his pocket, will not go into the copse at his call, lest it should turn out to be a mere ruse for catching a poacher. Even little Bevis himself is a strange compound of childish temper with good impulses. All this side of the book is powerful and strongly written, but it is almost painful in its

naked exhibition of the world we live in. Is it not the fact that man—cultivated man, at least—has now grown too ethical for the planet in which his lot is cast, and shrinks from contemplating the horrible life-and-death struggle which goes on half-unsuspected in beautiful nature around him? At any rate, it is a relief to turn from the darkest passages to the fresh and breezy bits that intervene, and, above all, to the last chapter, where Bevis makes friends with the wind, and learns from it the secret of a happy life. This, the final moral, impressed upon him beside the grave of a prehistoric chieftain, appears to be something after a simple fashion: Oh, let us all go and be dolichocephalic savages! Not a bad moral either in a country which has four millions of people cooped up in a breathless, barren London, not to mention sundry stray half-millions cooped up here and there in still more breathless and barren Glasgows, Liverpools, and Manchesters. Mr. Jefferies' antidote for pessimism appears to be a healthy open-air life. That, we imagine, is the last word of this curious, beautiful, and enticing, but somewhat mystic parable."

LITERARY STYLE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The author has here brought together a budget of newspaper and magazine essays, which, admirably adapted for their original purpose, hardly possess the specific gravity that would indicate the need of preserving them in book form. It may be said, however, that Dr. Mathews has met with surprising success in similar ventures, and it is probable therefore that he has an audience who find in his homely teachings, direct simplicity of style, and copiousness of illustrative quotation, the sort of mental food and stimulus that they require; and if such is the case the present volume will be as likely to prove acceptable as any of its predecessors. It contains twenty-one essays, of which the more noteworthy, besides the one which gives the book its title, are "The Duty of Praise," "Periodical Literature," "The Blues" and their Remedy," "The Ideal and the Real" (not at all an abstract disquisition, as its title might imply), "Memory and its Marvels," "Angling," "The Secret of Longevity," "Originality," "Who are Gentlemen?" "Office-seeking," and "Americanisms."

This list gives a tolerably fair idea of the miscellaneous character of the contents, and there is no subject probably within the range of ordinary human interest about which Dr. Mathews would not find something to say himself, or something pertinent which somebody else had already said. The extent of reading

which his work reveals redeems even the simplest of his essays from mere commonplaceness, and is apt to provide the reader on every page with something for his note-book or his memory.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat" have reached an eighteenth edition in Paris.

AN industrious person has already begun to compile a concordance to the revised New Testament. The book will be published as soon as possible.

A NUMBER of unpublished letters written by Cardinal Richelieu will be shortly published under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction.

IT is stated that Marshal Macmahon has been putting together his papers with a view to the preparation of an autobiographical memoir, entitled "*Histoire de ma Présidence*," to be edited by one of his former *aides-de-camp*.

A MUSEUM of palæography has been established at Venice, under the charge of Profs. Crechetti and Predrelli, in which will be collected inscriptions, MSS., charters, and all that bears upon the early history of writing.

MME. MICHELET is engaged in preparing for publication an abridgement of her husband's "History of France," written entirely in his own words. It will consist of three volumes, of which the third, treating of the Revolution, will appear first, as being essential for the right understanding of the other two.

AN amusing instance of Carlyle's plain speaking is reported by a hearer of it. An acquaintance, with strong opinions of his own, had supported them pertinaciously one evening against Carlyle's views, and was thus taken leave of at the door: "Good night, sir! And let me tell you that you have capabilities for becoming one of the greatest bores in England."

A WORK on marriage ceremonies, particularly those of Russia, by N. F. Sumtsov, has just appeared at Kharkov. Besides a description of the marriage ceremonies prevalent in many parts of Russia, it contains the nuptial songs which form an interesting feature on such occasions. The marriage customs of the ancient Slavs and Germans are also compared with the modern survivals in order to explain the symbolic significance of the latter.

WE understand that Messrs. Macmillan will bring out a new translation of Kant's "*Critik der reinen Vernunft*" in honor of the centenary of that work. It will be the first English translation of the original text (Riga, 1781),

and the changes and additions of the later editions will be given in the form of supplements. The translation has been intrusted to Prof. Max Müller, and there will be an historical Introduction by Prof. Noiré.

THE subject of an international copyright between China and Japan is now under consideration. Chinese authors complain that their works are not only printed in Japan, but that cheap editions of them are imported into China and sold to their detriment. It is worthy of note that Chinese authors have perpetual copyright in their productions, and that any infringer of an author's rights is punished by receiving a hundred blows and being transported for three years.

THE Common Prayer, translated into the Mohawk language for the use of the Indians in the vicinity of New York, and printed at New York in 1715, is one of the rarest books in the class of American linguistics. When the third edition was published in 1787, it was stated that very few copies had survived the War of Independence, in which the Mohawk tribes, having joined the Royal cause against that of the States, suffered severely, and were expatriated to Canada. It was therefore an event of some bibliographical importance when a copy turned up in a recent sale at Puttick and Simpson's auction-rooms. Mr. Quaritch was the purchaser.

WE are informed that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has just discovered in Warwickshire a valuable collection of documents throwing considerable light on the social position and history of Shakespeare's connections in that county. Among other matters of interest, it seems that, throughout the poet's youth, his uncle Henry rented a considerable quantity of land under Bartholomew Hales at Snitterfield, and, by a chain of curious evidence, the exact site of his farm has been ascertained. It was situated on the brow of the hill near the church, skirting the road to Luscombe. As Snitterfield is within an easy walk of Stratford-on-Avon, the youthful Shakespeare must have been very familiar with the locality.

THE English Spelling Reform Association have addressed through their president, Mr. A. H. Sayce, a memorial to the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, praying that certain changes may be made in the present code, and, also offering to lay their views personally before the committee by means of a deputation. The special complaint of the spelling reformers is that the present code does not allow children, when examined in Standards I. and II., to offer any other system of spelling than that commonly in use. It is suggested that, as school-books have now been

printed according to more than one of the improved systems, such new systems might now be permitted as alternatives by the school inspectors in both writing and dictation.

A GREEK manuscript, which it is not unlikely may prove of considerable historical interest, has recently been discovered by Prof. Vassilyevsky in the Synodal Library at Moscow. The last and most interesting portion of the MS. is, as it appears, a contemporary account of the Greek wars and the Bulgarian insurrection of 1040. The unknown writer describes the Bulgarian movement in considerable detail, and assigns its commencement to the Valachs. The geographical situation of these last is defined. They are spoken of as a branch of the Bessi who dwelt along the Danube and Save, chiefly in hardly accessible regions, whence they ravaged the surrounding lands. They are, moreover, characterized as insincere and treacherous, an account of them which tallies with that of Strabo.

An interesting story is connected with the recovery by the Bibliotheca Palatina, at Heidelberg, of three manuscripts which were taken from it about 260 years ago. They are three Greek codices which in the sixteenth century were spoken of by the philologist Sylburg, and were supposed by him to have been lost. Lately the librarian of the University of Halle has discovered them among his treasures and established their identity. In 1862 they were taken from Wittenberg to Halle along with others. A certain Professor Erasmus Schmidt, who lived at Wittenberg in the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, took these manuscripts from Heidelberg and deposited them in the library of Wittenberg for safe keeping. Subsequently they were all carried off to Rome, where, however, only the acknowledgment of their receipt remains, which was published in 1844. As soon as the librarian at Halle made his discovery known, the University of Heidelberg demanded back its lost treasure, and the Prussian Minister of Education directed that it should be returned.

SCIENCE AND ART.

HEARING THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—It is now possible to *hear* plants growing. At a recent meeting of the Silesian Botanical Society, an apparatus was shown, in which the growing plant is connected with a disc, having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and thus on a scale, fifty times magnified, denotes the progress of growth. Both disc and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the dividing interstices of the disc, the

growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.

THE FOSSIL MAN OF NICE.—Some human remains, evidently of great antiquity, were discovered a few months ago at Carabacel, near Nice, and have been reported upon by a local scientific committee, as well as examined by M. de Quatrefages. The bones had not been artificially interred, but were found embedded in a deposit of calcareous clay, at a depth of about nine feet from the surface. This deposit was irregularly stratified, and contained a mixture of Pliocene and Eocene shells, showing that it had been formed by the reconstruction of the pre-existing strata. Of the bones, the most remarkable is the lower jaw. This is sufficiently characteristic to enable De Quatrefages to refer it to the Cro-Magnon type. The fossil man of Nice, therefore, belongs to the same race as M. Rivière's skeleton from Mentone, both being probably of Palæolithic age.

ELECTRICAL SPEECH-RECORDER.—A curious piece of apparatus has been devised by M. Amadeo Gentili, of Leipsic, for the purpose of giving an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers a series of electric contacts, and thereby sundry combinations of signs on a moving band of paper, similar to those of the Morse alphabet. The working parts are mainly arranged on an ebonite plate, from one end of which projects a piece to be taken between the teeth, whereupon the mouth-levers come into position. The nasal puff in sounding *m* and *n* affects a special delicate organ. It is mentioned by M. Guerout that the letters *g* and *k*, *d* and *t*, *b* and *p*, *f*, *v*, and *w*, which are produced by movements very slightly different, are represented by the same signs. Thus of these letters the alphabet comprises only *g*, *t*, *b*, and *f*. Further, *c*, *z*, and *x* are represented by *ts* and *gs*.

THE RELATION OF BRAIN STRUCTURE TO INTELLIGENCE.—There is plainly to be noticed a growing doubt among the most competent biologists as to there being any fixed relation between brain structure and mental function. That pet theory of a few years back is not now tenable. There is a *tertium quid* in the evolution and action of intelligence which we cannot yet put our finger on. One example in point may be mentioned, from a recent lecture of Prof. Calderwood of Glasgow. Speaking of insects, he quoted Sir John Lubbock with reference to their position in the order of development. Sir John said that, though the anthropoid apes ranked next to man in bodily structure, ants claimed that place in the scale of intelligence. Once he had watched an ant working, and it worked from six in the morning to

ten at night without intermission, carrying one hundred and eighty-seven larvæ to its nest. Prof. Calderwood said that it became apparent that anatomical structure was not in itself an adequate guide in determining comparative importance in the scale of organic existence, and that even comparative brain structure could not be taken as a sole test of the measure of intelligence. The whole order of ants presented quite exceptional difficulties for the theory of evolution, and also for the theory of intelligence, which seeks to account for it by complexity of brain structure.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

NEW VACCINATION STATISTICS.—Dr. Buchanan, the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, has put out some very striking statistics on the subject of vaccination. The death rate from small-pox among people of all ages is 90 to a million of those vaccinated, and 3350 to a million of those unvaccinated. The death-rate from the same cause of children under five years of age, is 40½ per million of those vaccinated, and 5950 per million of those unvaccinated. The inference is that even vaccination is not an absolute and final security from death by small-pox, but that it is an insurance against it of the most effectual character, and most effectual of all at that time when the period of vaccination is nearest, and the consequences on the constitution most potent. Of course, the antagonists of vaccination may reply that the security which vaccination affords against death by small-pox, is either a positive addition to the danger of death by other diseases, or a positive subtraction from the vigor and healthiness of the lives which it lengthens. But if they maintain this, they ought to bring statistical proof of it of the same adequate kind; and no such proof has ever been offered, nor has the existence of any such proof ever, so far as we know, been rendered probable, on grounds of the smallest plausibility.—*The Spectator*.

THE MASTODON IN RECENT TIMES.—Prof. John Collett, Ph.D., State Geologist of Indiana, gives some statistics in relation to the mastodon, that dispel the notion that these animals did not live in recent times. Archæologists who argue the great antiquity of man upon this planet, based upon the fact that his remains have been found with those of the mastodon, will be compelled to seek other lines of proof for their theory. We quote from p. 385, Geological Report for 1880. Prof. Collett says: "Of the thirty individual specimens of the remains of the mastodon (*Mastodon giganteus*) found in this State, in almost every case a very considerable part of the skeleton of each animal proved to be in a greater or less condition of decay. The remains have

always been discovered in marshes, ponds, or other miry places, indicating at once the cause of the death of the animal and the reason of the preservation of the bones from decay. Spots of ground in this condition are found at the summit of the glacial drift or in "old beds" of rivers which have adopted a shorter route and lower level, consequently their date does not reach beyond the most recent changes of the earth's surface; in fact, their existence was so late that the only query is, Why did they become extinct? A skeleton was discovered in excavating the bed of the canal a few miles north of Covington, Fountain County, bedded in wet peat. The teeth were in good preservation, and Mr. Perrin Kent states that when the larger bones were cut open the marrow, still preserved, was utilized by the bog cutters to "grease" their boots, and that chunks of sperm-like substance $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches in diameter (adipocere), occupied the place of the kidney fat of the monster. During the past summer of 1880, an almost complete skeleton of a mastodon was found six miles northwest from Hoopston, Iroquois County, Ill., which goes far to settle definitely that it was not only a recent animal, but that it survived until the life and vegetation of to-day prevailed. The tusks formed each a full quarter of a circle, were 9 feet long, 22 inches in circumference at the base, and in their water-soaked condition weighed 175 pounds. The lower jaw was well preserved, with a full set of magnificent teeth, and is nearly 3 feet long. The teeth, as usual, were thickly enamelled, and weighed each from 4 to 5 pounds. The leg bones, when joined at the knee, made a total length of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, indicating that the animal was no less than 11 feet high, and from 15 to 16 feet from brow to rump. On inspecting the remains closely, a mass of fibrous, bark-like material was found between the ribs, filling the place of the animal's stomach; when carefully separated, it proved to be a crushed mass of herbs and grasses, similar to those which still grow in the vicinity. In the same bed of miry clay a multitude of small fresh water and land shells were observed and collected, which still prevail all over the States of Illinois, Indiana, and parts of Michigan."

MISCELLANY.

COLORING WALLS.—Ceilings and walls are often finished in distemper, but very often turn out unsatisfactory, from the want of knowledge in the mixing and laying on. Absorption in the wall should be checked or stopped, or one part will absorb more color than another, and an uneven or spotty appearance results. Various preparations are used for preparing walls

and to stop absorption. One of these is to mix about a dozen pounds of the best whiting with water, adding thereto enough parchment or other size to bind the color, about two ounces of alum, and the same weight of soft-soap dissolved in water; mix well and strain through a screen or coarse cloth. In mixing the distemper, one writer says, "Two things are essentially necessary: clean and well-washed whiting, and pure jellied size." The whiting should be put to soak with sufficient soft water to cover it well and penetrate its bulk. When soaked sufficiently, the water should be poured off, which will remove dust from the whiting. It may then be beaten up to a stiff paste by the hand or spatula. Size is next added and mixed together. Care should be taken not to break the jelly of the size any more than can be avoided.

Another caution is that distemper should be mixed with jellied size to lay on well—the color then works cool and floats nicely; but when the size is used hot it drags and gathers and works dry, producing a rough wall. A little alum added to the distemper hardens it and helps to dry out solid and even. The best size is made from parchment clippings, which are put into an iron kettle filled with water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours till the pieces are thoroughly soaked, then they are boiled for five hours, and the scum removed. The liquid is then strained through a cloth. For mixing colors the whiting and the color required, finely ground, are dissolved separately and then mixed to the required tint. For example, lampblack mixed with whiting makes gray, and the most delicate to the darkest shades may be obtained. For French gray the whiting required is taken and soaked in water, and Prussian blue and lake finely ground in water are added to produce the necessary shade or tint. Buff may be made by dissolving in like manner, separately, whiting and yellow ochre. A little Venetian red gives a warm tone. A good salmon tint is produced by adding to the dissolved whiting a little of the same red, just sufficient to tinge. Drabs of various tints can be easily made by grinding up finely a little burnt umber and mixing it with the dissolved whiting. The sooner the distemper color dries after being laid on the better, and the best plan is to close windows and doors during laying, and throw them open afterward.—*Building News.*

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF DR. JOHNSON.—To Mr. Hector, in Birmingham, Oct. 7, 1756. Dear Sir: After a long intermission of our correspondence you took some time ago a very kind method of informing me that there was no intermission of our friendship, yet I know not why, after the interchange of a let-

ter or two, we have fallen again into our former silence. I remember that when we were nearer each other we were more diligent in our correspondence, perhaps only because we were both younger, and more ready to employ ourselves in things not of absolute necessity. In early life every new action or practice is a kind of experiment, which, when it has been tried, one is naturally less eager to try again. Friendship is indeed one of those few states of which it is reasonable to wish the continuance through life, but the form and exercise of friendship varies, and we grow to recollect (?) to show kindness on important occasions, without squandering our ardor in superfluities of empty civility. It is not in mere civility that I write now to you, but to inform you that I have undertaken a new edition of Shakespeare, and that the profits of it are to arise from a subscription. I therefore solicit the interests of all my friends, and believe myself sure of yours without solicitation. The proposals and receipts may be had from my mother, to whom I beg you to send for as many as you can dispose of, and to remit to her money which you or your acquaintances shall collect. Be so kind as to mention my undertaking to any other friends that I may have in your part of the kingdom, the activity of a few solicitors may produce great advantages to me. I have been thinking every month of coming down into the country, but every month has brought its hindrances. From that kind of melancholy indisposition which I had when we lived together at Birmingham I have never been free, but have always had it operating against my health and my life with more or less violence. I hope, however, to see all my friends, all that are remaining, in no very long time, and particularly you, whom I always think on with great tenderness. I am, Sir, your most affectionate servant, SAM. JOHNSON. — *Notes and Queries*.

INSTINCT OF THE WASP. — M. Fabre has continued and added to very interesting observations on the solitary wasps which he published some years ago. He then described the singular state of paralysis into which they throw their victims, which if killed would decay, and if buried alive would in their struggles almost infallibly destroy the egg or young larva of the wasp. The wasp, however, stings them in such a manner as to pierce the ganglia, and thus, without killing them, almost deprives them of all power of movement. One species of *Sphex*, which preys on a large grasshopper (*Ephippigera*), obtains the same result in a different manner. After having almost paralyzed her victim in the usual manner, she throws it on its back, bends the head so as to extend the articulation of the neck, and

then, seizing the intersegmental membrane with her jaws, crushes the suboesophageal ganglion. Truly a marvellous instinct. M. Fabre found that after this treatment the victims retain some power of digestion, and he was able considerably to prolong their life by feeding them with syrup. — *Sir John Lubbock*.

ANCIENT VINTAGES. — The Italian wine-growers are doing their best now to improve the products of their vineyards, and to study the methods of fermentation which are best suited to enable them to make good wine. If they are, as is doubtless the case, a good way behind the French and the Spaniards in this matter, some progress has been made. Italian wines have even already come to bear a high value in the markets of other countries. It is, however, little likely that the modern cultivators will ever send out from their vats anything resembling the wines which were formerly so much prized in Rome. A curious account of these ancient Roman wines was that which was written toward the end of his life by M. Grenier, of the *Constitutionnel*, who died a few days ago. He assures us that all our preconceived ideas as to wine must be abandoned in thinking of these liquors. They were rather to be compared to the sweetened drinks, and even to the confections of our own day, being either sweet by nature or rendered so by mixing with them a compound of various solid substances. Honey, cheese, essence of flowers, and many other ingredients were thus used, and in such quantities as often to convert the wine into a sort of jelly. New wine was used for pouring upon slices of bread, which were then eaten much in the same way as children eat bread and jam. When it was older, it was formed into cakes, and at fifty years of age, if M. Grenier is right, it was "hard enough to build walls of." The old wine was thus quite solid, and when intended to be taken, was broken up into pieces and put into a cup to be mixed with hot water and so dissolved. — *Globe*.

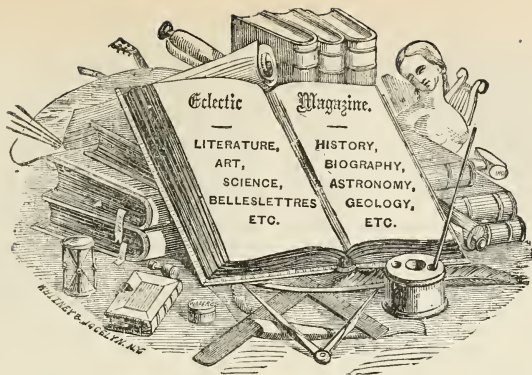
OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glittering wave of life
Once more—I know not how

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear
Faint, oh so faint, some air I used to sing,
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I knew not when.

EDWARD DOWDEN.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIV., No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE River Annan, rising above Moffat in Hartfell, in the Deil's Beef Tub, descends from the mountains through a valley gradually widening and spreading out, as the fells are left behind, into the rich and well-cultivated district known as Annandale. Picturesque and broken in the upper part of its course, the stream, when it reaches the level country, steals slowly among meadows and undulating wooded hills, till at the end of fifty miles it falls into the Solway at Annan town. Annandale, famous always for its pasturage, suffered especially before the union of the kingdoms from border forays, the effects of which were long to be traced in a certain wildness of disposition in the inhabitants. Dumfriesshire, to which it belongs, was sternly Cameronian. Stories of the persecutions survived in the farmhouses as their most treasured historical traditions. Cameronian congregations lingered till

the beginning of the present century, when they merged in other bodies of seceders from the established religion. In its hard fight for spiritual freedom Scotch Protestantism lost respect for kings and nobles, and looked to Christ rather than to earthly rulers. Before the Reformation all Scotland was clannish or feudal; and the Dumfriesshire yeomanry, like the rest, were organized under great noble families, whose pennon they followed, whose name they bore, and the remotest kindred with which, even to a tenth generation, they were proud to claim. Among the families of the western border the Carlyles were not the least distinguished. They were originally English, and were called probably after Carlisle town. They came to Annandale with the Bruces in the time of David the Second. A Sir John Carlyle was created Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald in reward for a beating

which he had given the English at Annan. Michael, the fourth lord, signed the Association Bond among the Protestant lords when Queen Mary was sent to Lochleven, the only one among them, it was observed, who could not write his name. Their work was rough. They were rough men themselves, and with the change of times their importance declined. The title lapsed, the estates were dissipated in lawsuits, and by the middle of the last century nothing remained of the Carlyles but one or two households in the neighborhood of Burnswark who had inherited the name either through the adoption by their forefathers of the name of their leader, or by some descent of blood which had trickled down through younger sons.*

In one of these families, in a house which his father, who was a mason, had built with his own hands, Thomas Carlyle was born on the 4th of December 1795. Ecclefechan, where his father lived, is a small market town on the east side of Annandale, six miles inland from the Solway, and about sixteen on the Great North Road from Carlisle.† It consists of a single street, down one side of which, at that time, ran an open brook. The aspect, like that of most Scotch towns, is cold, but clean and orderly, with an air of thrifty comfort. The houses are plain, that in which the Carlyles lived alone having pretensions to originality. In appearance one, it is really double, a central arch dividing it. James Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle's father, occupied one part. His brother, who was his partner in his trade, lived in the other.

In 1791, having then a house of his own, James Carlyle married a distant cousin of the same name, Janet Carlyle. They had one son, John, and then she died of fever. Her long fair hair, which had been cut off in her illness, remained as a memorial of her in a drawer, into which the children afterward looked

with wondering awe. Two years after the husband married again Margaret Aitken, "a woman," says Carlyle, "of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise." Her character will unfold itself as the story goes on. Thomas Carlyle was her first child; she lived to see him at the height of his fame, known and honored wherever the English language was spoken. To her care "for body and soul" he never ceased to say that "he owed endless gratitude." After Thomas came eight others, three sons and five daughters, one of whom, *Janet*, so called after the first wife, died when she was a few months old.

The family was prosperous, as Ecclefechan working men understood prosperity. In one year, his best, James Carlyle made in his business as much as £100. At first he earned an artisan's substantial wages, and was thrifty and prudent. The children, as they passed out of infancy, ran about barefoot, but otherwise cleanly clothed, and fed on oatmeal, milk, and potatoes. Our Carlyle learned to read from his mother too early for distinct remembrance; when he was five his father taught him arithmetic, and sent him with the other village boys to school. Like the Carlyles generally he had a violent temper. John, the son of the first marriage, lived generally with his grandfather, but came occasionally to visit his parents. Carlyle's earliest recollection is of throwing his little brown stool at his brother in a mad passion of rage, when he was scarcely more than two years old, breaking a leg of it, and "feeling for the first time the united pangs of loss and remorse." The next impression which most affected him was the small round heap under the sheet upon a bed where his little sister lay dead. Death, too, he made acquaintance with in another memorable form. His father's eldest brother John died. "The day before his funeral, an ill-behaving servant wench lifted the coverlid from off his pale ghastly befilleted head to show it to some crony of hers, unheeding of the child who was alone with them, and to whom the sight gave a new pang of horror." The grandfather followed next, closing finally his Anson and his Arabian Nights. He had a brother whose ad-

* When Carlyle became famous, a Dumfries antiquary traced his ancestry with apparent success through ten generations to the first Lord Torthorwald. There was much laughter about it in the house in Cheyne Row, but Carlyle was inclined to think on the whole that the descent was real.

† Ecclefechan—Kirkfechan, Church of St. Fechan, an Irish saint supposed to have come to Annandale in the seventh century.

ventures had been remarkable. Francis Carlyle, so he was called, had been apprenticed to a shoemaker. He, too, when his time was out, had gone to England, to Bristol among other places, where he fell into drink and gambling. He lost all his money; one morning after an orgie he flung himself desperately out of bed and broke his leg. When he recovered he enlisted in a brig of war, distinguished himself by special gallantry in supporting his captain in a mutiny, and was rewarded with the command of a Solway revenue cutter. After many years of rough creditable service he retired on half-pay to his native village of Middlebie. There had been some family quarrel, and the brothers, though living close to one another, had held no intercourse. They were both of them above eighty years of age. The old Thomas being on his death-bed, the sea captain's heart relented. He was a grim, broad, fierce-looking man; "prototype of Smollet's Trunnion." Being too unwieldy to walk, he was brought into Ecclefechan in a cart, and carried in a chair up the steep stairs to his dying brother's room. There he remained some twenty minutes, and came down again with a face which printed itself in the little Carlyle's memory. They saw him no more, and after a brief interval the old generation had disappeared.

Amidst such scenes our Carlyle struggled through his early boyhood.

It was not a joyful life (he says); what life is? yet a safe and quiet one, above most others, or any other I have witnessed, a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative, but if little was said that little had generally a meaning.

More remarkable man than my father I have never met in my journey through life; sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed, mostly quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful, and such a flash of just insight and brief natural eloquence and emphasis, true to every feature of it as I have never known in any other. Humor of a most grim Scandinavian type he occasionally had; wit rarely or never—too serious for wit—my excellent mother with perhaps the deeper piety in most senses had also the most sport. No man of my day, or hardly any man can have had better parents.

Education is a passion in Scotland. It is the pride of every honorable peasant, if he has a son of any promise, to

give him a chance of rising as a scholar. As a child Carlyle could not have failed to show that there was something unusual in him. The schoolmaster in Ecclefechan gave a good account of his progress in "figures." The minister reported favorably of his Latin. "I do not grudge thee thy schooling, Tom," his father said to him one day, "now that thy uncle Frank owns thee a better arithmetician than himself." It was decided that he should go to Annan Grammar School, and thence, if he prospered, to the University, with final outlook to the ministry.

He was a shy, thoughtful boy, shrinking generally from rough companions, but with a hot and even violent temper. His mother, naturally anxious for him, and fearing perhaps the family tendency, extracted a promise before parting with him that he would never return a blow, and, as might be expected, his first experiences of school were extremely miserable. Boys of genius are never well received by the common flock, and escape persecution only when they are able to defend themselves.

Sartor Resartus is generally mythic, but parts are historical, and among them the account of the first launch of Teufelsdröckh into the Hinterschlag Gymnasium. Hinterschlag (smack behind) is Annan. Thither leaving home and his mother's side Carlyle was taken by his father, being then in his tenth year, and "fluttering with boundless hopes," at Whitsuntide, 1805, to the school which was to be his first step into a higher life.

Well do I remember (says Teufelsdröckh) the red sunny Whitsuntide morning when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the place and saw its steeple clock (then striking eight) and Schuldthurm (jail) and the aproned or dis-aproned Burghers moving in to breakfast; a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing past, for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to its tail, fit emblem of much that awaited myself in that mischievous den. Alas! the kind beech rows of Entepfuhr (Ecclefechan) were hidden in the distance. I was among strangers harshly, at best indifferently, disposed to me; the young heart felt for the first time quite orphaned and alone. . . . My schoolfellows were boys, mostly rude boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude nature which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannize over the weak.

Carlyle retained to the end of his days a painful and indeed resentful recollection of these school experiences of his. "This," he said of the passage just quoted from "Sartor," "is true, and not half the truth. Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I received from those coarse misguided tyrannous cubs. One way and another I had never been so wretched as here, and the first two years of my time I still count among the miserable of my life."

He had obeyed his mother's injunctions. He had courage in plenty to resent ill usage, but his promise was sacred. He was passionate, but fight he would not, and every one who knows English and Scotch life will understand what his fate must have been. One consequence was a near escape from drowning. The boys had all gone to bathe; the lonely child had strayed apart from the rest, where he could escape from being tormented. He found himself in a deep pool which had been dug out for a dock and had been filled with the tide. The mere accident of some one passing at the time saved him. At length he could bear his condition no longer; he turned on the biggest bully in the school and furiously kicked him; a battle followed in which he was beaten; but he left marks of his fists upon his adversary, which were not forgotten. He taught his companions to fear him, if only like Brasidas's mouse. He was persecuted no longer, but he carried away bitter and resentful recollections of what he had borne, which were never entirely obliterated.

The teaching which Carlyle received at Annan, he says, "was limited, and of its kind only moderately good. Latin and French I did get to read with fluency. Latin quantity was left a frightful chaos, and I had to learn it afterward; some geometry; algebra, arithmetic tolerably well. Vague outlines of geography I learnt; all the books I could get were also devoured. Greek consisted of the alphabet merely." Of holidays we hear nothing, though holidays there must have been at Christmas and Midsummer; little also of school friendships or amusements. In the last, in such shape as could have been found in boys of his class in Annan, Carlyle could have had little interest. He spoke

warmly of his mathematical teacher, a certain Mr. Morley from Cumberland, "whom he loved much, and who taught him well." He had formed a comradeship with one or two boys of his own age, who were not entirely uncongenial to him; but only one incident is preserved which was of real moment. In his third year Carlyle first consciously saw Edward Irving. Irving's family lived in Annan. He had himself been at the school, and had gone thence to the University of Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself there, gained prizes, and was otherwise honorably spoken of. Annan, both town and school, was proud of the brilliant lad that they had produced; and Irving one day looked in upon the school, the masters out of compliment attending him. "He was scrupulously dressed, black coat, tight pantaloons, in the fashion of the day, and looked very neat, self-possessed, and amiable; a flourishing slip of a youth with coal-black hair, swarthy clear complexion, very straight on his feet, and, except for the glaring squint, decidedly handsome." The boys listened eagerly as he talked in a free airy way about Edinburgh and its professors. A University man who has made a name for himself is infinitely admirable to younger ones; he is not too far above them to be comprehensible; they know what he has done, and they hope distantly that the too one day may do the like. Of course Irving did not distinguish Carlyle. He walked through the rooms and disappeared.

The Hinterschlag Gymnasium was over soon after, and Carlyle's future career was now to be decided on. The Ecclefechan family life did not look with favor on displays of precocious genius. Vanity was the last quality that such a man as James Carlyle would encourage, and there was a severity in his manner which effectively repressed a disposition to it.

We had all to complain (Carlyle says) that we dared not freely love our father. His heart seemed as if walled in. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him, and that her affection and admiration of him were obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him, me especially. My heart and tongue played freely with my mother. He had an air of deepest gravity and even sternness. He had the most

entire and open contempt for idle tattle—what he called clatter. Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to; what had no meaning in it, above all what seemed false, he absolutely could not and would not hear, but abruptly turned from it. Long may we remember his "I don't believe thee;" his tongue-paralyzing cold indifferent "Hah."

Besides fear, Carlyle, as he grew older, began to experience a certain awe of his father as of a person of altogether superior qualities.

None of us (he writes) will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored soul, full of metaphor, though he knew not what metaphor was, with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with surprising accuracy—brief, energetic, conveying the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colors, but in full white sunlight. Emphatic I have heard him beyond all men. In anger he had no need of oaths; his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart.

Such a father may easily have been alarming and slow to gain his children's confidence. He had silently observed his little Tom, however. The reports from the Annan masters were all favorable, and when the question rose what was to be done with him, inclined to venture the University. The wise men of Ecclefechan shook their heads. "Educate a boy," said one of them, "and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents." Others said it was a risk, it was waste of money, there was a large family to be provided for, too much must not be spent upon one, etc. James Carlyle had seen something in his boy's character which showed him that the risk, if risk there was, must be ventured; and to Edinburgh it was decided that Tom should go and be made a scholar of.

To English ears university life suggests splendid buildings, luxurious rooms, rich endowments as the reward of successful industry; the students as young men between nineteen and twenty-three with handsome allowances, spending each of them on an average double the largest income which James Carlyle had earned in any year of his life. Universities north of the Tweed had in those days no money prizes to offer, no fellowships and scholarships, nothing at all but an education and a discipline in poverty and self-denial. The lads who went to them were the

children, for the most part, of parents as poor as Carlyle's father. They knew at what a cost the expense of sending them to college, relatively small as it was, could be afforded; and they went with the fixed purpose of making the very utmost of their time. Five months only of each year they could remain in their classes; for the rest of it they taught pupils themselves or worked on the farm at home to pay for their own learning.

Each student, as a rule, was the most promising member of the family to which he belonged, and extraordinary confidence was placed in them. They were sent to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or wherever it might be, when they were mere boys of fourteen. They had no one to look after them either on their journey or when they came to the end. They walked from their homes, being unable to pay for coach-hire. They entered their own names at the college. They found their own humble lodgings, and were left entirely to their own capacity for self-conduct. The carriers brought them oatmeal, potatoes, and salt butter from the home farm, with a few eggs occasionally as a luxury. With their thrifty habits they required no other food. In the return cart their linen went back to their mothers to be washed and mended. Poverty protected them from temptations to vicious amusements. They formed their economical friendships; they shared their breakfasts and their thoughts, and had their clubs for conversation or discussion. When term was over they walked home in parties, each district having its little knot belonging to it; and, known along the roads as University scholars, they were assured of entertainment on the way.

As a training in self-dependence no better education could have been found in these islands. If the teaching had been as good as the discipline of character, the Scotch universities might have competed with the world. The teaching was the weak part. There were no funds, either in the colleges or with the students, to provide personal instruction as at Oxford and Cambridge. The professors were individually excellent, but they had to teach large classes, and had no leisure to attend particularly to this

or that promising pupil. The universities were opportunities to boys who were able to take advantage of them, and that was all.

Such was the life on which Carlyle was now to enter, and such were the circumstances of it. It was the November term, 1809. He was to be fourteen on the fourth of the approaching December. Edinburgh is nearly one hundred miles from Ecclefechan. He was to go on foot like the rest, under the guardianship of a boy named "Tom Smail," two or three years his senior, who had already been at college, and was held, therefore, to be a sufficient protector.

How strangely vivid (he says in 1866), how remote and wonderful, tinged with the hues of far-off love and sadness, is that journey to me now after fifty-seven years of time! My mother and father walking with me in the dark frosty November morning through the village to set us on our way; my dear and loving mother, her tremulous affection, my, etc.

Of the University he says that he learned little there. In the Latin class he was under Professor Christieson, who "never noticed him nor could distinguish him from another Mr. Irving Carlyle, an older, bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck teeth, and scorched complexion, and the worst Latinist of his acquaintance."

In the classical field (he writes elsewhere) I am truly as nothing. Homer I learned to read in the original with difficulty, after Wolf's broad flash of light thrown into it; Æschylus and Sophocles mainly in translations. Tacitus and Virgil became really interesting to me; Homer and Æschylus above all; Horace egotistical, *leichtfertig*, in sad fact I never cared for; Cicero, after long and various trials, always proved a windy person and a weariness to me, extinguished altogether by Middleton's excellent though misjudging life of him.

It was not much better with philosophy. Dugald Stewart had gone away two years before Carlyle entered. Brown was the new professor, "an eloquent, acute little gentleman, full of enthusiasm about simple and relative suggestions," to Carlyle unprofitable utterly, and bewildering and dispiriting, as the autumn winds among withered leaves.

In mathematics only he made real progress. His temperament was impatient of uncertainties. He threw himself with delight into a form of knowledge in which the conclusions were in-

disputable, where at each step he could plant his foot with confidence. Professor Leslie (Sir John Leslie afterward) discovered his talent, and exerted himself to help him with a zeal of which Carlyle never afterward ceased to speak with gratitude. Yet even here, on ground with which he was familiar, his shy nature was unfitted for display. He carried off no prizes. He tried only once, and though he was notoriously superior to his competitors, the crowd and noise of the class room prevented him from even attempting to distinguish himself. I have heard him say late in life that his thoughts never came to him in proper form except when he was alone.

The teaching at a university is but half what is learned there; the other half, and the most important, is what young men learn from one another. Carlyle's friends at Edinburgh, the eleven out of the eleven hundred, were of his own rank of life, sons of peasants who had their own way to make in life. From their letters, many of which have been preserved, it is clear that they were clever good lads, distinctly superior to ordinary boys of their age, Carlyle himself holding the first place in their narrow circle. Their lives were pure and simple. Nowhere in these letters is there any jesting with vice, or light allusions to it. The boys wrote to one another on the last novel of Scott or poem of Byron, on the *Edinburgh Review*, on the war, on the fall of Napoleon, occasionally on geometrical problems, sermons, college exercises, and divinity lectures, and again on innocent trifles, with sketches now and then, humorous and bright, of Annandale life as it was seventy years ago. They looked to Carlyle to direct their judgment and advise them in difficulties. He was the prudent one of the party, able, if money matters went wrong, to help them out of his humble savings. He was already noted, too, for power of effective speech—"far too sarcastic for so young a man" was what elder people said of him. One of his correspondents addressed him always as "Jonathan," or "Dean," or "Doctor," as if he was to be a second Swift. Others called him Parson, perhaps from his intended profession. All foretold future greatness

to him of one kind or another. They recognized that he was not like other men, that he was superior to other men, in character as well as intellect. "Knowing how you abhor all affectation" is an expression used to him when he was still a mere boy.

His destination was "the ministry," and for this, knowing how much his father and mother wished it, he tried to prepare himself. He was already conscious, however, "that he had not the least enthusiasm for that business, that even grave prohibitory doubts were gradually rising ahead." It has been supposed that he disliked the formalism of the Scotch Church; but formalism, he says, was not the pinching point, had there been the preliminary of belief forthcoming. "No church or speaking entity whatever can do without formulas, but it must *believe* them first if it would be honest."

Two letters to Carlyle from one of these early friends may be given here as specimens of the rest. They bring back the Annandale of 1814, and show a faint kind of image of Carlyle himself reflected on the writer's mind. His name was Hill. He was about Carlyle's age, and subscribes himself Peter Pindar.

To T. Carlyle.

CASTLEBANK, Jan. 1, 1814.

Wind S.W. Weather hazy.

What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from trouble to trouble and from side to side? to button up one cause of vexation and unbutton another? So wrote the celebrated Sterne, so quoted the no less celebrated Jonathan, and so may the poor devil Pindar apply it to himself. You mention some two or three disappointments you have met with lately. For shame, sir, to be so peevish and splenetic! Your disappointments are "trifles light as air" when compared with the vexations and disappointments I have experienced. I was vexed and grieved to the very soul and beyond the soul, to go to Galloway and be deprived of the pleasure of—something you know nothing about. I was disappointed on my return at finding *her* in a devil of a bad shy humor. I was—but why do I talk to *you* about such things? There are joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, with which a Stoic Platonic humdrum bookworm sort of fellow like you, sir, intermeddleth not, and consequently can have no idea of. I was disappointed in Bonaparte's escaping to Paris when he ought to have been taken prisoner by the allies at Leipsic. I was disappointed at your not mentioning anything about our old acquaintances at Edinburgh. Last night there was a flag on the mail, and to-

night, when I expected a gazette announcing some great victory, the taking of Bayonne or the marching of Wellington to Bourdeaux, I was disappointed that the cause of all the rejoicing was an engagement with the French under the walls of Bayonne, in which we lost upward of 500 men killed and 3000 wounded, and drew off the remainder of our army safe from the destroying weapons of the enemy. I was disappointed last Sunday, after I had got my stockings on, to find that there was a hole in the heel of one of them. I read a great many books at Kirkton, and was disappointed at finding faults in almost every one of them. I will be disappointed; but what signifies going on at this rate? Unmixed happiness is not the lot of man—

"Of chance and change, oh! let not man complain,
Else never, never, will he cease to wail."

The weather is dull; I am melancholy.
Good night.

P.S.—My dearest Dean—The weather is quite altered. The wind has veered about to the north. I am in good spirits, am happy.

From the same.

CASTLEBANK, May 9, 1814.

DEAR DOCTOR: I received yours last night, and a scurrilous, blackguarding, flattering, vexing, pernicked, humorous, witty, daft letter it is. Shall I answer it piecemeal as a certain Honorable House does a speech from its Sovereign, by echoing back each syllable? No. This won't do. Oh! how I envy you, Dean, that you can run on in such an offhand way, ever varying the scene with wit and mirth, while honest Peter must hold on in one numbskull track to all eternity pursuing the even tenor of his way, so that one of Peter's letters is as good as a thousand.

You seem to take a friendly concern in my *affaires de cœur*. By the bye, now, Jonathan, without telling you any particulars of my situation in these matters, which is scarcely known to myself, can't I advise *you* to fall in love? Granting as I do that it is attended with sorrows, still, Doctor, these are amply compensated by the tendency that this tender passion has to ameliorate the heart, "provided always, and be it further enacted," that, chaste as Don Quixote or Don Quixote's horse, your heart never breathes a wish that angels may not register. Only have care of this, Dean, and fall in love as soon as you can—you will be the better for it.

Pages follow of excellent criticism from Peter on Leyden's poems, on the Duke of Wellington, Miss Porter, etc. Carlyle has told him that he was looking for a subject for an epic poem. Peter gives him a tragic-comic description of a wedding at Middlebie, with the return home in a tempest, which he thinks will answer; and concludes:

Your reflections on the fall of Napoleon bring to my mind an observation of a friend of mine the other day. I was repeating these

lines in Shakespeare and applying them to Bony—

"But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

"Aye, very true," quote he: "the fallow could na be content wi' maist all Europe, and now he's glad o' Elba room."

Now, doctor, let me repeat my instructions to you in a few words. Write immediately a very long letter; write an epic poem as soon as may be. Send me some more "remarks." Tell me how you are, how you are spending your time in Edinburgh. Fall in love as soon as you can meet with a proper object. Ever be a friend to Pindar, and thou shalt always find one in the heart-subdued, not subduing.

PETER.

In default of writings of his own, none of which survive out of this early period, such lineaments of Carlyle as appear through these letters are not without instructiveness.

Having finished his college course, Carlyle looked out for pupils to maintain himself. The ministry was still his formal destination, but several years had still to elapse before a final resolution would be necessary—four years if he remained in Edinburgh attending lectures in the Divinity Hall; six if he preferred to be a rural divinity student, presenting himself once in every twelve months at the University and reading a discourse. He did not wish to hasten matters, and the pupil business being precarious and the mathematical tutorship at Annan falling vacant, Carlyle offered for it, and was elected by competition in 1814. He never liked teaching. The recommendation of the place was the sixty or seventy pounds a year of salary, which relieved his father of further expense upon him, and enabled him to put by a little money every year, to be of use in future either to himself or his family. In other respects the life at Annan was only disagreeable to him. His tutor's work he did scrupulously well, but the society of a country town had no interest for him. He would not visit. He lived alone, shutting himself up with his books, disliked the business more and more, and came finally to hate it. Annan had indeed but one recommendation—that he was within reach of his family, especially of his mother, to whom he was attached with a real passion.

His father had by this time given up

business at Ecclefechan, and had taken a farm in the neighborhood. The Great North Road which runs through the village rises gradually into an upland treeless grass country. About two miles distant on the left-hand side as you go toward Lockerby, there stands, about three hundred yards in from the road, a solitary low whitewashed house, with a few poor outbuildings attached to it. This is Mainhill, which was now for many years to be Carlyle's *home*, where he first learned German, studied *Faust* in a dry ditch, and completed his translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The house itself is, or was when the Carlyles occupied it, of one story, and consisted of three rooms, a kitchen, a small bedroom, and a large one connected by a passage. The door opens into a square farmyard, on one side of which are stables, on the side opposite the door the cow byres, on the third a washhouse and dairy. The situation is high, utterly bleak and swept by all the winds. Not a tree shelters the house; the fences are low, the wind permitting nothing to grow but stunted thorn. The view alone redeems the dreariness of the situation. On the left is the great hill of Burnswark. Annandale stretches in front down to the Solway, which shines like a long silver riband; on the right is Hoddam Hill with the Tower of Repentance on its crest, and the wooded slopes which mark the line of the river. Beyond Hoddam towers up Criffel, and in the far distance Skiddaw, and Saddleback, and Helvellyn, and the high Cumberland ridges, on the track of the Roman wall. Here lived Carlyle's father and mother with their eight children, Carlyle himself spending his holidays with them; the old man and his younger sons cultivating the sour soil and winning a hard-earned living out of it, the mother and daughters doing the household work and minding cows and poultry, and taking their turn in the field with the rest in harvest time.

So two years passed away. Of Carlyle's own writing during this period there is still nothing preserved, but his correspondence continued, and from these letters glimpses can be gathered of his temper and occupations. He was mainly busy with mathematics, but he was reading incessantly, Hume's "Essays"

among other books. He was looking out into the world, meditating on the fall of Napoleon, on the French Revolution, and thinking much of the suffering in Scotland which followed the close of the war. There were sarcastic sketches, too, of the families with which he was thrown in Annan and the neighborhood. Robert Mitchell (an Edinburgh student who had become master of a school at Ruthwell) rallies him on "having reduced the fair and fat academicians into scorched, singed, and shrivelled hags;" and hinting a warning "against the temper with respect to this world which we are sometimes apt to entertain," he suggests that young men like him and his correspondent "ought to think how many are worse off than they," "should be thankful for what they had, and should not allow imagination to create unreal distresses."

To another friend, Thomas Murray, author afterward of a history of Gallo-way, Carlyle had complained of his fate in a light and less bitter spirit. To an epistle written in this tone Murray replied with a description of Carlyle's style, which deserves a place if but for the fulfilment of the prophecy which it contains.

5 CARNEGIE STREET, July 27, 1816.

I have had the pleasure of receiving, my dear Carlyle, your very humorous and friendly letter, a letter remarkable for vivacity, a Shandean turn of expression, and an affectionate pathos which indicate a peculiar turn of mind, make sincerity doubly striking and wit doubly poignant. You flatter me with saying my letter was good; but allow me to observe that among all my elegant and respectable correspondents there is none whose manner of letter-writing I so much envy as yours. A happy flow of language either for pathos, description, or humor, and an easy, graceful current of ideas appropriate to every subject, characterize your style. This is not adulation; I speak what I think. Your letters will always be a feast to me, a varied and exquisite repast; and the time, I hope, will come, but I trust is far distant, when these our juvenile epistles will be read and probably applauded by a generation unborn, and that the name of Carlyle, at least, will be inseparably connected with the literary history of the nineteenth century. Generous ambition and perseverance will overcome every difficulty, and our great Johnson says, "Where much is attempted something is performed." You will, perhaps, recollect that when I conveyed you out of town in April, 1814, we were very sentimental; we said that few knew us, and still fewer took an interest in us, and that we would slip through the world

inglorious and unknown. But the prospect is altered. We are probably as well known, and have made as great a figure, as any of the same standing at college, and we do not know, but will hope, what twenty years may bring forth.

A letter from you every fortnight shall be answered faithfully, and will be highly delightful; and if we live to be seniors, the letters of the companions of our youth will call to mind our college scenes, endeared to us by many tender associations, and will make us forget that we are poor and old. . . . That you may be always successful and enjoy every happiness that this evanescent world can afford, and that we may meet soon, is, my dear Carlyle, the sincere wish of

Yours most faithfully,
THOMAS MURRAY.

These college companions were worthy and innocent young men; none of them, however, came to much, and Carlyle's career was now about to intersect with a life of a far more famous contemporary who flamed up a few years later into meridian splendor and then disappeared in delirium. Edward Irving was the son of a well-to-do burgess of Annan, by profession a tanner. Irving was five years older than Carlyle; he had preceded him at Annan School. He had gone then to Edinburgh University, where he had specially distinguished himself, and had been selected afterward to manage a school at Haddington, where his success as a teacher had been again conspicuous. Among his pupils at Haddington there was one gifted little girl who will be hereafter much heard of in these pages, Jane Baillie Welsh, daughter of a Doctor Welsh, whose surgical fame was then great in that part of Scotland, a remarkable man who liked Irving and trusted his only child in his hands. The Haddington adventure had answered so well that Irving, after a year or two, was removed to a larger school at Kirkcaldy, where, though no fault was found with his teaching, he gave less complete satisfaction. A party among his patrons there thought him too severe with the boys, thought him proud, thought him this or that which they did not like. The dissentients resolved at last to have a second school of their own to be managed in a different fashion, and they applied to the classical and mathematical professors at Edinburgh to recommend them a master. Professor Christieson and Professor Leslie, who had noticed Carlyle more than he was aware of, had decided that he was the fittest person

that they knew of ; and in the summer of 1816 notice of the offered preferment was sent down to him at Annan.

He had seen Irving's face occasionally in Ecclefechan Church, and once afterward, when Irving, fresh from his college distinctions, had looked in upon Annan School ; but they had no personal acquaintance, nor did Carlyle, while he was a master there, ever visit the Irving family. Of course, however, he was no stranger to the reputation of their brilliant son, with whose fame all Annandale was ringing, and with whom kind friends had compared him to his own disadvantage.

I (he says) had heard much of Irving all along, how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as a teacher, how two professors had sent him out to Haddington, and how this new academy and new methods were illuminating and astonishing everything there. I don't remember any malicious envy toward this great Irving of the distance for his greatness in study and learning. I certainly might have had a tendency hadn't I struggled against it, and tried to make it emulation. "Do the like, do the like under difficulties."

In the winter of 1815 Carlyle for the first time personally met Irving, and the beginning of the acquaintance was not promising. He was still pursuing his Divinity course. Candidates who could not attend the regular lectures at the University came up once a year and delivered an address of some kind in the Divinity Hall. One already he had given in the first year of his Annan mastership—an English sermon on the text "Before I was afflicted I went astray," etc. He calls it "a weak flowery sentimental piece," for which, however, he had been complimented "by comrades and professors." His next was a discourse in Latin on the question whether there was or was not such a thing as "Natural religion." This too, he says was "weak enough." It is lost, and nothing is left to show the view which he took about the matter. But here also he gave satisfaction, and was innocently pleased with himself. It was on this occasion that he fell in accidentally with Irving at a friend's rooms in Edinburgh, and there was a trifling skirmish of tongue between them, where Irving found the laugh turned against him.

A few months after came Carlyle's

appointment to Kirkcaldy as Irving's *quasi* rival, and perhaps he felt a little uneasy as to the terms on which they might stand toward each other. His alarms, however, were pleasantly dispelled. He was to go to Kirkcaldy in the summer holidays of 1816 to see the people there and be seen by them before coming to a final arrangement. Adam Hope, one of the masters in Annan School, to whom Carlyle was much attached, and whose portrait he has painted, had just lost his wife. Carlyle had gone to sit with the old man in his sorrows, and unexpectedly fell in with Irving there, who had come on the same errand.

If (he says) I had been in doubts about his reception of me, he quickly and forever ended them by a friendliness which on wider scenes might have been called chivalrous. At first sight he heartily shook my hand, welcomed me as if I had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother, and before my leaving came up to me again and with the frankest tone said, "You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two. You know I am there ; my house and all that I can do for you is yours ; two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife." The doubting Thomas durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous was it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, "Well, it would be pretty."

To Kirkcaldy, then, Carlyle went with hopes so far improved. How Irving kept his word ; how warmly he received him ; how he opened his house, his library, his heart to him ; how they walked and talked together on Kirkcaldy Sands on the summer nights, and toured together in holiday time through the Highlands ; how Carlyle found in him a most precious and affectionate companion at the most critical period of his life—all this Carlyle has himself described. The reader will find it for himself in the reminiscences of Edward Irving.

Irving (he says) was four years my senior, the *facile princeps* for success and reputation among the Edinburgh students, famed mathematician, famed teacher, first at Haddington, then here a flourishing man whom cross fortune was beginning to nibble at. He received me with open arms, and was a brother to me and a friend there and elsewhere afterward—such friend as I never had again or before in this world, at heart constant till he died.

I am tempted to fill many pages with extracted pictures of the Kirkcaldy life,

as Carlyle has drawn them. But they can be read in their place, and there is much else to tell; my business is to supply what is left untold, rather than give again what has been told already.

Correspondence with his family had commenced and was regularly continued from the day when Carlyle went first to college. The letters, however, which are preserved begin with his settlement at Kirkcaldy. From this time they are constant, regular, and from the care with which they have been kept on both sides, are to be numbered in thousands. Father, mother, brother, sisters, all wrote in their various styles, and all received answers. They were "a clan-nish folk," holding tight together, and Carlyle was looked up to as the flower of the whole flock. Of these letters I can give but a few here and there, but they will bring before the eyes the Mainhill farm, and all that was going on there in a sturdy, pious, and honorable Annadale peasant's household. Carlyle had spent his Christmas holidays 1816-17 at home as usual, and had returned to work.

James Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, Feb. 12, 1817.

DEAR SON: I embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines with the carrier, as I had nothing to say that was worth postage, having written to you largely the last time. But only I have reason to be thankful that I can still tell you that we are all in good health, blessed be God for all his mercies toward us. Your mother has got your stockings ready now, and I think there are a few pairs of very good ones. Times is very bad here for laborers—work is no brisker and living is high. There have been meetings held by the lairds and farmers to assist them in getting meal. They propose to take all the meal that can be sold in the parish to Ecclefechan, for which they shall have full price, and there they sign another paper telling how much money they will give to reduce the price. The charge is given to James Bell, Mr. Miller, and William Graham to sell it.

Mr. Lawson, our priest, is doing very well, and has given us no more paraphrases; but seems to please every person that hears him, and indeed he is well attended every day. The sacrament is to be the first Sabbath of March, and he is visiting his people, but has not reached Mainhill. Your mother was very anxious to have the house done before he came, or else she said she would run over the hill and hide herself. Sandy (Alexander Carlyle, the second son) and I got to work soon after you went away, built partitions, and ceiled—a good floor laid—and indeed it is very dry

and comfortable at this time, and we are very snug and have no want of the necessities of life. Our crop is as good as I expected, and our sheep and all our cattle living and doing very well. Your mother thought to have written to you; but the carrier stopped only two days at home, and she being a very slow writer could not get it done, but she will write next opportunity. I add no more but your mother's compliments, and she sends you half the cheese that she was telling you about. Say in your next how your brother is coming on, and tell us when it is done and we will send you more. Write soon after you receive this, and tell us all your news and how you are coming on. I say no more, but remain,

Dear son, your loving father,

JAMES CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle (Mainhill).

KIRKCALDY, March 17, 1817.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have been long intending to write you a line or two in order to let you know my state and condition, but having nothing worth writing to communicate I have put it off from time to time. There was little enjoyment for any person at Mainhill when I was there last, but I look forward to the ensuing autumn, when I hope to have the happiness of discussing matters with you as we were wont to do of old. It gives me pleasure to hear that the bairns are at school. There are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge, and youth is the period for acquiring it. With the exception of the religious and moral instruction which I had the happiness of receiving from my parents, and which I humbly trust will not be entirely lost upon me, there is nothing for which I feel more grateful than for the education which they have bestowed upon me. Sandy was getting fond of reading when he went away. I hope he and Aitken* will continue their operations now that he is at home. There cannot be imagined a more honest way of employing spare hours.

My way of life in this place is much the same as formerly. The school is doing pretty well, and my health through the winter has been uniformly good. I have little intercourse with the natives here; yet there is no dryness between us. We are always happy to meet and happy to part; but their society is not very valuable to me, and my books are friends that never fail me. Sometimes I see the minister and some others of them, with whom I am very well satisfied, and Irving and I are very friendly; so I am never wearied or at a loss to pass the time.

I had designed this night to write to Aitken about his books and studies, but I will scarcely have time to say anything. There is a book for him in the box, and I would have sent him the geometry, but it was not to be had in the town. I have sent you a scarf as near the kind as Aitken's very scanty description would allow me to come. I hope it will please you. It is as good as any that the merchant had. A shawl of the same materials would have been

* John Aitken Carlyle, the third son, afterwards known as John.

warmer, but I had no authority to get it. Perhaps you would like to have a shawl also. If you will tell me what color you prefer, I will send it you with all the pleasure in the world. I expect to hear from you as soon as you can find leisure. You must be very minute in your account of your domestic affairs. My father once spoke of a threshing machine. If twenty pounds or so will help him, they are quite ready at his service.

I remain, dear mother, your affectionate son,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle could barely write at this time. She taught herself later in life for the pleasure of communicating with her son, between whom and herself there existed a special and passionate attachment of a quite peculiar kind. She was a severe Calvinist, and watched with the most affectionate anxiety over her children's spiritual welfare, her eldest boy's above all. The hope of her life was to see him a minister—a "priest" she would have called it—and she was already alarmed to know that he had no inclination that way.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, June 10, 1817.

DEAR SON: I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, as you will get it free. I long to have a craik,* and look forward to August, trusting to see thee once more, but in hope the mean time. Oh, Tom, mind the golden season of youth, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Seek God while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near. We hear that the world by wisdom knew not God. Pray for His presence with you, and His counsel to guide you. Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. I hope you will not weary, and may the Lord open your understanding.

I have no news to tell you, but thank God we are all in an ordinary way. I hope you are well. I thought you would have written before now. I received your present and was very proud of it. I called it "my son's venison." Do write as soon as this comes to hand and tell us all your news. I am glad you are so contented in your place. We ought all to be thankful for our places in these distressing times, for I daresay they are felt keenly. We send you a small piece of ham and a minding of butter, as I am sure yours is done before now. Tell us about it in your next, and if anything is wanting.

Good night, Tom, for it is a very stormy night, and I must away to the byre to milk.

Now, Tom, be sure to tell me about your chapters. No more from

Your old
MINNIE.

The letters from the other members of the family were sent equally regularly whenever there was an opportunity, and give between them a perfect picture of healthy rustic life at the Mainhill farm—the brothers and sisters down to the lowest all hard at work, the little ones at school, the elders ploughing, reaping, tending cattle, or minding the dairy, and in the intervals reading history, reading Scott's novels, or even trying at geometry, which was then Carlyle's own favorite study. In the summer of 1817 the mother had a severe illness, by which her mind was affected. It was necessary to place her for a few weeks under restraint away from home—a step no doubt just and necessary, but which she never wholly forgave, but resented in her own humorous way to the end of her life. The disorder passed off, however, and never returned.

Meanwhile Carlyle was less completely contented with his position at Kirkcaldy than he had let his mother suppose. For one thing he hated schoolmastering; he would, or thought he would, have preferred to work with his hands, and except Irving he had scarcely a friend in the place for whom he cared. His occupation shut him out from the best kind of society, which there, as elsewhere, had its exclusive rules. He was received, for Irving's sake, in the family of Mr. Martin, the minister, who was in some degree of intimacy there, liking Martin himself, and to some extent, but not much, his wife and daughters, to one of whom Irving had perhaps too precipitately become engaged. There were others also—Mr. Swan, a Kirkcaldy merchant, particularly—for whom he had a grateful remembrance; but it is clear, both from Irving's letters to him and from his own confession, that he was not popular either there or anywhere. Shy and reserved at one moment, at another sarcastically self-asserting, with forces working in him which he did not himself understand, and which still less could be understood by others, he could neither properly accommodate himself to the tone of Scotch provincial drawing-rooms, nor even to the business which he had specially to do. A man of genius can do the lowest work as well as the highest; but genius in the process of

* Familiar talk.

developing, combined with an irritable nervous system and a fiercely impatient temperament, was not happily occupied in teaching stupid lads the elements of Latin and arithmetic. Nor were matters mended when the Town Corporation, who were his masters, took upon them, as sometimes happened, to instruct or rebuke him.

Life, however, even under these hard circumstances, was not without its romance. I borrow a passage from the "Reminiscences :"—

The Kirkcaldy people were a pleasant, solid, honest kind of fellow mortals, something of quietly fruitful, of good old Scotch in their works and ways, more vernacular, peaceably fixed and almost genial in their mode of life, than I had been used to in the border home land. Fife generally we liked. Those ancient little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt-pans and weather-beaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters, and rude innocent machineries, are still kindly to me to think of. Kirkcaldy itself had many looms, had Baltic trade, whale fishery, etc., and was a solidly diligent and yet by no means a panting, puffing, or in any way gambling "Lang Town." Its flax-mill machinery, I remember, was turned mainly by wind; and curious blue-painted wheels with oblique vans rose from many roofs for that end. We all, I in particular, always rather liked the people, though from the distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by the sad trade one had. Some hospitable human friends I found, and these were at intervals a fine little element; but in general we were but onlookers, the one real society our books and our few selves. Not even with the bright young ladies (which was a sad feature) were we generally on speaking terms. By far the brightest and cleverest, however, an ex-pupil of Irving's, and genealogically and otherwise, being poorish and well-bred, rather an alien in Kirkcaldy, I did at last make some acquaintance with—at Irving's first, I think, though she rarely came thither—and it might easily have been more, had she and her aunt and our economics and other circumstances liked. She was of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent. Irving, too, it was sometimes thought, found her very interesting, could the Miss Martin bonds have allowed, which they never would. To me, who had only known her for a few months, and who within a twelve or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued, for perhaps three years, a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her, a candid and gentle pity, if needed at all. She was of the Aberdeenshire Gordons. Margaret Gordon, born I think in New Brunswick, where her father, probably in some official post, had

died young and poor; but her accent was prettily English, and her voice very fine.

An aunt (widow in Fife, childless with limited resources, but of frugal cultivated turn; a lean proud elderly dame, once a Miss Gordon herself; sang Scotch songs beautifully, and talked shrewd Aberdeenshire in accent and otherwise) had adopted her and brought her hither over seas; and here, as Irving's ex-pupil, she now, cheery though with dim outlooks, was. Irving saw her again in Glasgow one summer's touring, etc.; he himself accompanying joyfully—not joining, so I understood, in the retinue of suitors or potential suitors; rather perhaps indicating gently "No, I must not." A year or so after we heard the fair Margaret had married some rich insignificant Mr. Something, who afterward got into Parliament, thence out to "Nova Scotia" (or so) as governor, and I heard of her no more, except that lately she was still living childless as the "dowager lady," her Mr. Something having got knighted before dying. Poor Margaret! I saw her recognizable to me here in her London time, 1840, or so, twice; once with her maid in Piccadilly promenading—little altered; a second time that same year, or next, on horseback both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, yes, yes, that is you.

Margaret Gordon was the original, so far as there was an original, of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus." Two letters from her remain among Carlyle's papers, which show that on both sides their regard for each other had found expression. Circumstances, however, and the unpromising appearance of Carlyle's situation and prospects, forbade an engagement between them, and acquit the aunt of needless harshness in peremptorily putting an end to their acquaintance. Miss Gordon took leave of him as a "sister" in language of affectionate advice. A single passage may be quoted to show how the young unknown Kirkcaldy schoolmaster appeared in the eyes of the high-born lady who had thus for a moment crossed his path.

And now, my dear, friend, a long long adieu; one advice, and as a parting one consider, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. Subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. By those whose opinion will be valuable, they hereafter will be appreciated. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much and like you more. Why conceal the real

goodness that flows in your heart? I have ventured this counsel from an anxiety for your future welfare, and I would enforce it with all the earnestness of the most sincere friendship. Let your light shine before men, and think them not unworthy the trouble. This exercise will prove its own reward. It must be a pleasing thing to live in the affections of others. Again adieu. Pardon the freedom I have used, and when you think of me be it as of a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow.

Yours, with esteem and regard,

M.

I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.

Carlyle had by this time abandoned the "ministry" as his possible future profession—not without a struggle, for both his father's and his mother's hearts had been set upon it; but the "grave prohibitive doubts" which had risen in him of their own accord had been strengthened by Gibbon, whom he had found in Irving's library and had eagerly devoured. Never at any time had he "the least inclination" for such an office, and his father, though deeply disappointed, was too wise a man to remonstrate.* The "schoolmastering," too, after two years' experience of it, became intolerable. His disposition, at once shy and defiantly proud, had perplexed and displeased the Kirkcaldy burghers. Both he and Irving fell into unpleasant collisions with their employers, and neither of them was sufficiently docile to submit to reproof. An opposition school had been set up which drew off the pupils, and finally they both concluded that they had had enough of it—"better die than be a

schoolmaster for one's living"—and would seek some other means of supporting themselves. Carlyle had passed his summer holidays as usual at Mainhill (1818), where he had perhaps talked over his prospects with his family. On his return to Kirkcaldy in September, he wrote to his father explaining his situation. He had saved about 90%, on which, with his thrifty habits, he said that he could support himself in Edinburgh till he could "fall into some other way of doing." He could perhaps get a few mathematical pupils, and meantime could study for the *bar*. He waited only for his father's approval to send in his resignation. The letter was accompanied by one of his constant presents to his mother, who was again at home, though not yet fully recovered.

John Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, September 16, 1818.

DEAR BROTHER: We received yours, and it told us of your safe arrival at Kirkcaldy. Our mother has grown better every day since you left us. She is as steady as ever she was, has been upon haystacks three or four times, and has been at church every Sabbath since she came home, behaving always very decently. Also she has given over talking and singing, and spends some of her time consulting Ralph Erskine. She sleeps every night, and hinders no person to sleep, but can do with less than the generality of people. In fact we may conclude that she is as wise as could be expected. She has none of the hypocritical mask with which some people clothe their sentiments. One day, having met Agg Byers, she says, "Weel, Agg, lass, I've never spoken t'ye sine ye stole our coals." I'll gie ye an advice: never steal nae more."

Alexander Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1818.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We were glad to hear of your having arrived in safety, though your prospects were not brilliant. My father is at Ecclefechan to-day at a market, but before he went he told me to mention that with regard to his advising you, he was unable to give you any advice. He thought it might be necessary to consult Leslie before you gave up, but you might do what seemed to you good. Had my advice any weight, I would advise you to try the law. You may think you have not money enough to try that, but with what assistance we could make, and your own industry, I think there would be no fear but you would succeed. The box which contained my mother's bonnet came a day or two ago. She is very well pleased with it, though my father thought it too gaudy; but she purposes writing to you herself.

The end was, that, when December

* "With me," he says in a private note, "it was never much in favor, though my parents silently much wished it, as I knew well. Finding I had objections, my father, with a magnanimity which I admired and admire, left me frankly to my own guidance in that matter, as did my mother, perhaps still more lovingly, though not so silently; and the theological course which could be prosecuted or kept open by appearing annually, putting down your name, but with some trifling fee, in the register, and then going your way, was, after perhaps two years of this languid form, allowed to close itself for good. I remember yet being on the street in Argyle Square, Edinburgh, probably in 1817, and come over from Kirkcaldy with some intent, the languidest possible, still to put down my name and fee. The official person, when I rung, was not at home, and my instant feeling was, 'Very good, then, very good; let this be Finis in the matter,' and it really was.—T. C."

came, Carlyle and Irving "kicked the schoolmaster functions over," removed to Edinburgh, and were adrift on the world. Irving had little to fear; he had money, friends, reputation; he had a profession, and was waiting only for "a call" to enter on his full privileges. Carlyle was far more unfavorably situated. He was poor, unpopular, comparatively unknown, or, if known, known only to be feared and even shunned. In Edinburgh, "from my fellow-creatures," he says, "little or nothing but vinegar was my reception when we happened to meet or pass near each other—my own blame mainly, so proud, shy, poor, at once so insignificant-looking, and so grim and sorrowful. That in 'Sartor' of the worm trodden on and proving a torpedo, is not wholly a fable, but did actually befall once or twice, as I still with a kind of small, not ungenial, malice can remember." He had, however, as was said, nearly a hundred pounds, which he had saved out of his earnings; he had a consciousness of integrity worth more than gold to him. He had thrifty self-denying habits which made him content with the barest necessities, and he resolutely faced his position. His family, though silently disapproving the step which he had taken, and necessarily anxious about him, rendered what help they could. Once more the Ecclefechan carrier brought up the weekly or monthly supplies of oatmeal, cakes, butter, and, when needed, under-garments, returning with the dirty linen for the mother to wash and mend, and occasional presents which were never forgotten; while Carlyle, after a thought of civil-engineering, for which his mathematical training gave him a passing inclination, set down seriously, if not very assiduously, to study law. Letters to and from Ecclefechan were constant, the carrier acting as postman. Selections from them bring the scene and characters before the reader's eyes.

Sister Mary, then twelve years old, writes :

I take the opportunity of sending you this scrawl. I got the hat you sent with Sandy [brother Alexander], and it fits very well. It was far too good; a worse would have done very well. Boys and I are employed this winter in waiting on the cattle, and are going

on very well at present. I generally write a copy every night, and read a little in the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' or some such like; and it shall be my earnest desire never to imitate the abominable slutteries of Mrs. Maclarly. The remarks of the author, Mrs. Hamilton, often bring your neat ways in my mind, and I hope to be benefited by them. In the meantime, I shall endeavor to be a good girl, to be kind and obedient to my parents, and obliging to my brothers and sisters. You will write me a long letter when the carrier comes back.

The mother was unwearied in her affectionate solicitude—solicitude for the eternal as well as temporal interests of her darling child.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, January 3, 1819.

DEAR SON: I received yours in due time, and was glad to hear you were well. I hope you will be healthier, moving about in the city, than in your former way. Health is a valuable privilege; try to improve it, then. The time is short. Another year has commenced. Time is on the wing and flies swiftly. Seek God with all your heart; and oh, my dear son, cease not to pray for His counsel in all your ways. Fear not the world; you will be provided for as He sees meet for you.

As a sincere friend, whom you are always dear to, I beg you do not neglect reading a part of your Bible daily, and may the Lord open your eyes to see wonderful things out of His law! But it is now two o'clock in the morning, and a bad pen, bad ink, and I as bad at writing. I will drop it and add no more, but remain

Your loving mother,
PEGGIE CARLYLE.

Carlyle had written a sermon on the salutary effects of "affliction," as his first exercise in the Divinity school. He was beginning now, in addition to the problem of living which he had to solve, to learn what affliction meant. He was attacked with dyspepsia, which never wholly left him, and in these early years soon assumed its most torturing form like "a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach;" his natural irritability found escape in expressions which showed that he was already attaining a mastery of language. The noises of Edinburgh drove him wild and opened the sluices of his denunciatory eloquence.

I find living here very high (he wrote soon after he was settled in his lodgings). An hour ago I paid my week's bill, which, though 15s. 2d., was the smallest of the three I have yet discharged. This is an unreasonable sum when I consider the slender accommodation and the paltry, ill-cooked morsel which is my

daily pittance. There is also a schoolmaster right overhead, whose noisy brats give me at times no small annoyance. On a given night of the week he also assembles a select number of vocal performers, whose music, as they charitably name it, is now and then so clamorous that I almost wished the throats of these sweet singers full of molten lead, or any other substance that would stop their braying.

But he was not losing heart, and he liked, so far as he had seen into it, his new profession.

The law (he told his mother) is what I sometimes think I was intended for naturally. I am afraid it takes several hundreds to become an advocate. But for this I should commence the study of it with great hopes of success. We shall see whether it is possible. One of the first advocates of the day raised himself from being a disconsolate preacher to his present eminence. Therefore I entreat you not to be uneasy about me. I see none of my fellows with whom I am very anxious to change places. Tell the boys not to let their hearts be troubled for me. I am a stubborn dog, and evil fortune shall not break my heart or bend it either, as I hope. I know not how to speak about the washing which you offer so kindly. Surely you thought, five years ago, that this troublesome washing and baking was all over; and now to recommence! I can scarcely think of troubling you; yet the clothes are ill-washed here; and if the box be going and coming any way, perhaps you can manage it.

While law lectures were being attended, the problem was to live. Pupils were a poor resource, and of his adventures in this department Carlyle gave ridiculous accounts. In February, 1819, he wrote to his brother John:

About a week ago I briefly dismissed an hour of private teaching. A man in the New Town applied to one Nichol, public teacher of mathematics here, for a person to give instruction in arithmetic, or something of that sort. Nichol spoke of me, and I was in consequence directed to call on the man next morning. I went at the appointed hour, and after waiting for a few minutes was met by a stout, impudent-looking man with red whiskers, having much the air of an attorney, or some such creature of that sort. As our conversation may give you some insight into these matters, I report the substance of it. "I am here," I said, after making a slight bow, which was just perceptibly returned, "by the request of Mr. Nichol, to speak with you, sir, about a mathematical teacher whom he tells me you want." "Aye. What are your terms?" "Two guineas a month for each hour." "Two guineas a month! that is perfectly extravagant." "I believe it to be the rate at which every teacher of respectability in Edinburgh officiates, and I *know* it to be the rate below which I never officiate." "That will not do for my friend." "I am sorry that nothing

else will do for me;" and I retired with considerable deliberation.

Other attempts were not so unsuccessful; one, sometimes two, pupils were found willing to pay at the rate required. Dr. Brewster, afterward Sir David, discovered Carlyle and gave him employment on his *Encyclopædia*. He was thus able to earn, as long as the session lasted, about two pounds a week, and on this he contrived to live without trenching on his capital. His chief pleasure was his correspondence with his mother, which never slackened. She had written to tell him of the death of her sister Mary. He replies—

EDINBURGH, Monday, March 29, 1819.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I am so much obliged to you for the affectionate concern which you express for me in that long letter that I cannot delay to send you a few brief words by way of reply. I was affected by the short notice you give me of Aunt Mary's death, and the short reflections with which you close it. It is true, my dear mother, "that we must all soon follow her," such is the unalterable and not unpleasant doom of men. Then it is well for those who, at that awful moment which is before every one, shall be able to look back with calmness and forward with hope. But I need not dwell upon this solemn subject. It is familiar to the thoughts of every one who has any thought.

I am rather afraid I have not been quite regular in reading that best of books which you recommended to me. However, last night I was reading upon my favorite Job, and I hope to do better in time to come. I entreat you to believe that I am sincerely desirous of being a good man; and though we may differ in some few unimportant particulars, yet I firmly trust that the same power which created us with imperfect faculties will pardon the errors of every one (and none are without them) who seeks truth and righteousness with a simple heart.

You need not fear my studying too much. In fact, my prospects are so unsettled that I do not often sit down to books with all the zeal I am capable of. You are not to think I am fretful. I have long accustomed my mind to look upon the future with a sedate aspect, and at any rate my hopes have never yet failed me. A French author, d'Alembert (one of the few persons who deserve the honorable epithet of honest man), whom I was lately reading, remarks that one who devoted his life to learning ought to carry for his motto, "Liberty, Truth, Poverty," for he that fears the latter can never have the former. This should not prevent one from using every honest effort to attain a comfortable situation in life; it says only that the best is dearly bought by base conduct, and the worst is not worth mourning over. We shall speak of all these matters more fully in summer, for I am meditating just now to come down to stay awhile with you, accompanied with a cargo of books,

Italian, German, and others. You will give me yonder little room, and you will waken me every morning about five or six o'clock. Then *such* study. I shall delve in the garden too, and, in a word, become not only the wisest but the strongest man in those regions. This is all *claver*, but it pleases one.

My dear mother, yours most affectionately,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

D'Alembert's name had probably never reached Annandale, and Mrs. Carlyle could not gather from it into what perilous regions her son was travelling—but her quick ear caught something in the tone which frightened her.

Oh, my dear, dear son (she answered at once and eagerly), I would pray for a blessing on your learning. I beg you with all the feeling of an affectionate mother that you would study the Word of God, which He has graciously put in our hands, that it may powerfully reach our hearts, that we can discern it in its true light. God made man after His own image, therefore he behaved to be without any imperfect faculties. Beware, my dear son, of such thoughts; let them not dwell on your mind. God forbid! But I dare say you will not care to read this scrawl. Do make religion your great study, Tom; if you repent it, I will bear the blame forever.

Carlyle was thinking as much as his mother of religion, but the form in which his thoughts were running was not hers. He was painfully seeing that all things were not wholly as he had been taught to think of them; the doubts which had stopped his divinity career were blackening into thunderclouds; and all his reflections were colored by dyspepsia. "I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles," he says, "solitary, eating my own heart, fast losing my health too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts, three weeks without any kind of sleep from impossibility to be free of noise." In fact, he was entering on what he called "the three most miserable years of my life." He would have been saved from much could he have resolutely thrown himself into his intended profession; but he hated it, as just then, perhaps, he would have hated anything.

I had thought (he writes in a note somewhere) of attempting to become an advocate. It seemed glorious to me for its independency, and I did read some law books, attend Hume's lectures on Scotch law, and converse with and question various dull people of the practical sort. But it and they and the admired lectur-

ing Hume himself appeared to me mere denizens of the kingdom of dulness, pointing toward nothing but money as wages for all that bog-pool of disgust. Hume's lectures once done with, I flung the thing away forever.

Men who are out of humor with themselves see their condition reflected in the world outside them, and everything seems amiss because it is not well with themselves. But the state of Scotland and England also was fitted to feed his discontent. The great war had been followed by a collapse. Wages were low, food at famine prices. Tens of thousands of artisans were out of work, their families were starving, and they themselves were growing mutinous. Even at home from his own sternly patient father, who never meddled with politics, he heard things not calculated to reconcile him to existing arrangements.

I have heard my father say (he mentions), with an impressiveness which all his perceptions carried with them, that the lot of a poor man was growing worse, that the world would not, and could not, last as it was, but mighty changes, of which none saw the end, were on the way. In the dear years when the oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he had noticed the laborers, I have heard him tell, retire each separately to a brook and there drink instead of dining, anxious only to hide it.

These early impressions can be traced through the whole of Carlyle's writings, the conviction being forced upon him that there was something vicious to the bottom in English and Scotch society, and that revolution in some form or other lay visibly ahead. So long as Irving remained in Edinburgh "the condition of the people" question was the constant subject of talk between him and Carlyle. They were both of them ardent, radical, indignant at the injustice which they witnessed, and as yet unconscious of the difficulty of mending it. Irving, however, Carlyle had seen little of since they had moved to Edinburgh, and he was left, for the most part, alone with his own thoughts. There had come upon him the trial which in these days awaits every man of high intellectual gifts and noble nature on his first actual acquaintance with human things—the question, far deeper than any mere political one, What is this world then, what is this human life, over which a just God is said to

preside, but of whose presence or whose providence so few signs are visible? In happier ages religion silences scepticism if it cannot reply to its difficulties, and postpones the solution of the mystery to another stage of existence. Brought up in a pious family where religion was not talked about or emotionalized, but was accepted as the rule of thought and conduct, himself too instinctively upright, pure of heart, and reverent, Carlyle, like his parents, had accepted the Bible as a direct communication from Heaven. It made known the will of God, and the relations in which man stood to his Maker, as a present fact, the truth of it, like the truth of gravitation, which man must act upon or immediately suffer the consequences. But religion, as revealed in the Bible, passes beyond present conduct, penetrates all forms of thought, and takes possession wherever it goes. It claims to control the intellect, to explain the past and foretell the future. It has entered into poetry and art, and has been the interpreter of history. And thus there had grown round it a body of opinion on all varieties of subjects assumed to be authoritative; dogmas which science was contradicting; a history of events which it called infallible, yet which the canons of evidence, by which other histories are tried and tested successfully, declared not to be infallible at all. In the Mainhill household the Westminster Confession was a full and complete account of the position of mankind and of the Being to whom they owed their existence. For Carlyle's father and mother this Old and New Testament not only contained all spiritual truth necessary for guidance in word and deed, but every fact related in them was literally true. To doubt was not to mistake, but was to commit a sin of the deepest dye, and was a sure sign of a corrupted heart. His own wide study of modern literature had shown him that much of this had appeared to many of the strongest minds in Europe to be doubtful or even plainly incredible. Young men of genius are the first to feel the growing influences of their time, and on Carlyle they fell in their most painful form. With his pride, he was most modest and self-distrustful. He had been taught that want of faith

was sin, yet, like a true Scot, he knew that he would peril his soul if he pretended to believe what his intellect told him was false. If any part of what was called Revelation was mistaken, how could he be assured of the rest? How could he tell that the moral part of it, to which the phenomena which he saw round him were in plain contradiction, was more than a "devout imagination?" Thus in the midst of his poverty and dyspepsia there had come upon him the struggle which is always hardest in the noblest minds, which Job had known, and David, and Solomon, and Æschylus, and Shakespeare, and Goethe. Where are the tokens of His presence? where are the signs of coming? Is there, in this universe of things, any moral Providence at all? or is it the product of some force of the nature of which we can know nothing, save only that "one event comes alike to all, to the good and to the evil, and that there is no difference?"

Commonplace persons, if assailed by such misgivings, thrust them aside, throw themselves into outward work, and leave doubt to settle itself. Carlyle could not. The importunacy of the overwhelming problem forbade him to settle himself either to law or any other business till he had wrestled down the misgivings which had grappled with him. The greatest of us have our weaknesses, and the Margaret Gordon business perhaps intertwined itself with the spiritual torment. The result of it was that Carlyle was extremely miserable, "tortured," as he says, "by the freaks of an imagination of extraordinary and wild activity."

He went home, as he had proposed, after the session, but Mainhill was never a less happy place of retreat to him than it proved this summer. He could not conceal, perhaps he did not try to conceal, the condition of his mind; and to his family, to whom the truth of their creed was no more a matter of doubt than the presence of the sun in the sky, he must have seemed as if "possessed."

He could not read; he wandered about the moors like a restless spirit. His mother was in agony about him. He was her darling, her pride, the apple of her eye, and she could not restrain her lamentations and remonstrances.

His father, with supreme good judgment, left him to himself.

His tolerance for me, his trust in me (Carlyle says), was great. When I declined going forward into the Church, though his heart was set upon it, he respected my scruples, and patiently let me have my way. When I had peremptorily ceased from being a school-master, though he inwardly disapproved of the step as imprudent and saw me in successive summers lingering beside him in sickness of body and mind, without outlook toward any good, he had the forbearance to say at worst nothing, never once to whisper discontent with me.

In November he was back at Edinburgh again, with his pupils and his law lectures, which he had not yet deserted, and still persuaded himself that he would persevere with. He did not find his friend. Irving had gone to Glasgow to be assistant to Dr. Chalmers.

The law lectures went on, and Carlyle wrote to his mother about his progress with them. "The law," he said, "I find to be a most complicated subject, yet I like it pretty well, and feel that I shall like it better as I proceed. Its great charm in my eyes is that no mean compliances are requisite for prospering in it." To Irving he had written a fuller, not yet completely full, account of himself, complaining perhaps of his obstructions and difficulties. Irving's advice is not what would have been given by a cautious attorney. He admired his friend, and only wished his great capabilities to be known as soon as possible.

Edward Irving to Thomas Carlyle.

34 KENT STREET, GLASGOW,
December 28, 1819.

DEAR CARLYLE: I pray that you may prosper in your legal studies, provided only you will give your mind to take in all the elements which enter into the question of the obstacles. But remember, it is not want of knowledge alone that impedes, but want of instruments for making that knowledge available. This you know better than I. Now my view of the matter is that your knowledge, likely very soon to surpass in extent and accuracy that of most of your peers, is to be made salable, not by the usual way of adding friend to friend, which neither you nor I are enough patient of, but by a way of your own. Known you must be before you can be employed. Known you will not be for a winning, attaching, accommodating man, but for an original, commanding, and rather self-willed man. Now establish this last character, and you take a far higher grade than any other. How are you to

establish it? Just by bringing yourself before the public as you are. First find vent for your notions. Get them tongue; upon every subject get them tongue, not upon law alone. You cannot at present get them either utterance or audience by ordinary converse. Your utterance is not the most favorable. It convinces, but does not persuade; and it is only a very few (I can claim place for myself) that it fascinates. Your audience is worse. They are generally (I exclude myself) unphilosophical, unthinking drivellers who lie in wait to catch you in your words, and who give you little justice in the recital, because you give their vanity or self-esteem little justice, or even mercy, in the encounter. Therefore, my dear friend, *some other way is to be sought for*. Now pause, if you be not convinced of this conclusion. If you be, we shall proceed. If you be not, read again, and you will see it just, and as such admit it. Now what way is to be sought for? I know no other than the press. You have not the pulpit as I have, and where perhaps I have the advantage. You have not good and influential society. I know nothing but the press for your purpose. None are so good as these two, the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Do not start away and say, The one I am not fit for, the other I am not willing for. Both pleas I refuse. The *Edinburgh Review* you are perfectly fit for; not yet upon law, but upon any work of mathematics, physics, general literature, history, and politics, you are as ripe as the average of their writers. *Blackwood's Magazine* presents bad company, I confess; but it also furnishes a good field for fugitive writing, and good introductions to society on one side of the question. This last advice, I confess, is against my conscience, and I am inclined to blot it out; for did I not rest satisfied that you were to use your pen for your conscience I would never ask you to use it for your living. Writers in the encyclopedias, except of leading articles, do not get out from the crowd; but writers in the *Review* come out at once, and obtain the very opinion you want, opinion among the intelligent and active men in every rank, not among the sluggish *savants* alone.

It is easy for me to advise what many perhaps are as ready to advise. But I know I have influence, and I am willing to use it. Therefore, again let me entreat you to begin a new year by an effort continuous, not for getting knowledge, but for communicating it, that you may gain favor, and money, and opinion. Do not disembark all your capital of thought, and time, and exertion into this concern, but disembark a portion equal to its urgency, and make the experiment upon a proper scale. If it succeed, the spirit of adventure will follow, and you will be ready to embark more; if it fail, no great venture was made; no great venture is lost; the time is not yet come. But you will have got a more precise view by the failure of the obstacles to be surmounted, and time and energy will give you what you lacked. Therefore I advise you as a very sincere friend that forthwith you choose a topic, not that you are best informed on, but that you are most likely to find admittance for, and set apart

some portion of each day or week to this object and this alone, leaving the rest free for objects professional and pleasant. This is nothing more than what I urged at our last meeting, but I have nothing to write I reckon so important. Therefore do take it to thought. Depend upon it, you will be delivered by such present adventure from those harpies of your peace you are too much tormented with. You will get a class with whom society will be as pleasant as we have found it together, and you will open up ultimate prospects which I trust no man shall be able to close.

I think our town is safe for every leal-hearted man to his Maker and to his fellow-men to traverse without fear of scath. Such traversing is the wine and milk of my present existence. I do not warrant against a Radical rising, though I think it vastly improbable. But continue these times a year or two, and unless you unmake our present generation, and unman them of human feeling and of Scottish intelligence, you will have commotion. It is impossible for them to die of starvation, and they are making no provision to have them relieved. And what on earth is for them? God and my Saviour enable me to lift their hearts above a world that has deserted them, though they live in its plenty and labor in its toiling service, and fix them upon a world which, my dear Carlyle, I wish you and I had the inheritance in; which we may have if we will. But I am not going to preach, else I would plunge into another subject which I rate above all subjects. Yet this should not be excluded from our communion either.

I am getting on quietly enough, and, if I be defended from the errors of my heart, may do pretty well. The doctor (Chalmers) is full of acknowledgments, and I ought to be full—to a higher source.

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD IRVING.

Carlyle was less eager to give his thoughts "tongue" than Irving supposed. He had not yet, as he expressed it, "taken the Devil by the horns." He did not mean to trouble the world with his doubts, and as yet he had not much else to trouble it with. But he was more and more restless. Reticence about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. Dyspepsia had him by the throat. Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint. His mother had early described him as "gay ill to live wi'," and while in great things he was the most considerate and generous of men, in trifles he was intolerable irritable. Dyspepsia accounts for most of it. He did not know what was the matter with him, and when the fit was severe he drew pictures of his con-

dition which frightened every one belonging to him. He had sent his family in the middle of the winter a report of himself which made them think that he was seriously ill. His brother John, who had now succeeded him as a teacher in Annan School, was sent for in haste to Mainhill to a consultation, and the result was a letter which shows the touching affection with which the Carlyles clung to one another.

J. A. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, February, 1820.

I have just arrived from Annan, and we are all so uneasy on your account that at the request of my father in particular, and of all the rest, I am determined to write to call on you for a speedy answer. Your father and mother, and all of us, are extremely anxious that you should come home directly if possible, if you think you can come without danger. And we trust that, notwithstanding the bitterness of last summer, you will still find it emphatically a home. My mother bids me to call upon you to do so by every tie of affection, and by all that is sacred. She esteems seeing you again and administering comfort to you as her highest felicity. Your father, also, is extremely anxious to see you again at home. The room is much more comfortable than it was last season. The roads are repaired, and all things more convenient; and we all trust that you will yet recover, after you shall have inhaled your native breezes and escaped once more from the unwholesome city of Edinburgh, and its selfish and unfeeling inhabitants. In the name of all, then, I call upon you not to neglect or refuse our earnest wishes; to come home and experience the comforts of parental and brotherly affection, which, though rude and without polish, is yet sincere and honest.

The father adds a postscript:

MY DEAR TOM: I have been very uneasy about you ever since we received your moving letter, and I thought to have written to you myself this day and told you all my thoughts about your health, which is the foundation and keystone of all our earthly comfort. But, being particularly engaged this day, I caused John to write. Come home as soon as possible, and forever oblige,

Dear sir, your loving father,
JAMES CARLYLE.

The fright had been unnecessary. Dyspepsia, while it tortures body and mind, does little serious injury. The attack had passed off. A letter from Carlyle was already on the way, in which the illness was scarcely noticed; it contained little but directions for his brother's studies; and an offer of ten pounds out of his scantily filled purse to assist "Sandy" on the farm. With his

family it was impossible for him to talk freely, and through this gloomy time he had but one friend, though he was of priceless value. To Irving he had written out his discontent. He was now disgusted with law, and meant to abandon it. Irving, pressed as he was with work, could always afford Carlyle the best of his time and judgment.

Edward Irving to Thomas Carlyle.

GLASGOW, March 14, 1820.

Since I received your last epistle, which reminded me of some of those gloomy scenes of nature I have often had the greatest pleasure in contemplating, I have been wrought almost to death, having had three sermons to write, and one of them a charity sermon; but I shall make many sacrifices before I shall resign the entertainment and benefit I derive from our correspondence.

Your mind is of too penetrating a cast to rest satisfied with the frail disguise which the happiness of ordinary life has thrown on to hide its nakedness, and I do never augur that your nature is to be satisfied with its sympathies. Indeed, I am convinced that were you translated into the most elegant and informed circle of this city, you would find it please only by its novelty, and perhaps refresh by its variety; but you would be constrained to seek the solid employment and the lasting gratification of your mind elsewhere. The truth is, life is a thing formed for the average of men, and it is only in those parts of our nature which are of average possession that it can gratify. The higher parts of our nature find their entertainment in sympathizing with the highest efforts of our species, which are, and will continue, confined to the closet of the sage, and can never find their station in the drawing-rooms of the talking world. Indeed, I will go higher and say that the highest parts of our nature can never have their proper food till they turn to contemplate the excellencies of our Creator, and not only to contemplate but to imitate them. Therefore it is, my dear Carlyle, that I exhort you to call in the finer parts of your mind, and to try to present the society about you with those more ordinary displays which they can enjoy. The indifference with which they receive them,* and the ignorance with which they treat them, operate on the mind like gall and wormwood. I would entreat you to be comforted in the possession of your treasures, and to study more the times and persons to which you bring them forth. When I say your treasures, I mean not your information so much, which they will bear the display of for the reward and value of it, but of your feelings and affections, which, being of finer tone than theirs, and consequently seeking a keener expression, they are apt to mistake for a rebuke of their own tameness, or for intolerance of ordinary things, and too many of them, I fear, for asperity of mind.

* *I.e.*, the talk to which you usually treat your friends.

There is just another panacea for your griefs (which are not imaginary, but for which I see a real ground in the too penetrating and, at times perhaps, too severe turn of your mind); but though I judge it better and more worthy than reserve, it is perhaps more difficult of practice. I mean the habit of using our superiority for the information and improvement of others. This I reckon both the most dignified and the most kindly course that one can take, founded upon the great principles of human improvement, and founded upon what I am wont, or at least would wish, to make my pattern, the example of the Saviour of men, who endured, in His errand of salvation the contradiction of men. But I confess, on the other hand, one meets with so few that are apt disciples, or willing to allow superiority, that will be constantly fighting with you upon the threshold, that it is very heartless, and forces one to reserve. And besides, one is so apt to fancy a superiority where there is none, that it is likely to produce overmuch self-complacency. But I see I am beginning to prose, and therefore shall change the subject—with only one remark, that your tone of mind reminds me more than anything of my own when under the sense of great religious imperfection, and anxiously pursuing after higher Christian attainments.

I have read your letter again, and, at the risk of further prosing, I shall have another hit at its contents. You talk of renouncing the law, and you speak mysteriously of hope springing up from another quarter. I pray that it may soon be turned into enjoyment. But I would not have you renounce the law unless you coolly think that this new view contains those fields of happiness, from the want of which the prospect of law has become so dreary. Law has within it scope ample enough for any mind. The reformation which it needs, and which with so much humor and feeling you describe,* is the very evidence of what I say. Did Adam Smith find the commercial system less encumbered? (I know he did not find it more); and see what order the mind of one man has made there. Such a reformation must be wrought in law, and the spirit of the age is manifestly bending that way. I know none who, from his capacity of remembering and digesting facts, and of arranging them into general results, is so well fitted as yourself.

With regard to my own affairs, I am becoming too much of a man of business, and too little a man of contemplation. I meet with few minds to excite me, many to drain me off, and, by the habit of discharging and receiving nothing in return, I am run off to the very lees, as you may easily discern. I have a German master and a class in college. I have seen neither for a week, such is the state of my engagements—engagements with I know not what; with preaching in St. John's once a week, and employing the rest of the week in visiting objects in which I can learn nothing, unless I am collecting for a new series of

* Carlyle's letters to Irving are all unfortunately lost.

"Tales of My Landlord," which should range among Radicals and smugglers.

Dr. Chalmers, though a most entire original by himself, is surrounded with a very prosaic sort of persons, who please me something by their zeal to carry into effect his philosophical schemes, and vex me much by their idolatry of him. My comforts are in hearing the distresses of the people, and doing my mite to alleviate them. They are not in the higher walks (I mean as to wealth) in which I am permitted to move, nor yet in the greater publicity and notoriety I enjoy. Every minister in Glasgow is an oracle to a certain class of devotees. I would not give one day in solitude or in meditation with a friend as I have enjoyed it often along the sands of Kirkcaldy for ages in this way. . . .

Yours, most truly,
EDWARD IRVING.

It does not appear what the "other quarter" may have been on which the prospect was brightening. Carlyle was not more explicit to his mother, to whom he wrote at this time a letter unusually gentle and melancholy.

Thomas Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, March 29, 1820.

To you, my dear mother, I can never be sufficiently grateful, not only for the common kindness of a mother, but for the unceasing watchfulness with which you strove to instil virtuous principles into my young mind ; and though we are separated at present, and may be still more widely separated, I hope the lessons which you taught will never be effaced from my memory. I cannot say how I have fallen into this train of thought, but the days of childhood arise with so many pleasing recollections, and shine so brightly across the tempests and inquietudes of succeeding times, that I felt unable to resist the impulse.

You already know that I am pretty well as to health, and also that I design to visit you again before many months have elapsed. I cannot say that my prospects have got much brighter since I left you ; the aspect of the future is still as unsettled as ever it was ; but some degree of patience is behind, and hope, the charmer, that "springs eternal in the human breast," is yet here likewise. I am not of a humor to care very much for good or evil fortune, so far as concerns myself. The thought that my somewhat uncertain condition gives you uneasiness chiefly grieves me. Yet I would not have you despair of your *ribe* of a boy. He *will* do something yet. He is a shy stingy soul, and very likely has a higher notion of his parts than others have. But, on the other hand, he is not incapable of diligence. He is harmless, and possesses the virtue of his country—thrift ; so that, after all, things will yet be right in the end. My love to all the little ones.

Your affectionate son,
T. CARLYLE.

The university term ends early in

Scotland. The expenses of the six months which the students spend at college are paid for in many instances by the bodily labors of the other six. The end of April sees them all dispersed, the class room closed, the pupils no longer obtainable ; and the law studies being finally abandoned, Carlyle had nothing more to do at Edinburgh, and migrated with the rest. He was going home ; he offered himself for a visit to Irving at Glasgow on the way, and the proposal was warmly accepted. The Irving correspondence was not long continued ; and I make the most of the letters of so remarkable a man which were written while he was still himself, before his intellect was clouded.

Edward Irving to T. Carlyle.

34 KENT STREET, GLASGOW, April 15, 1820.

MY DEAR CARLYLE : Right happy shall I be to have your company and conversation for ever so short a time, and the longer the better ; and if you could contrive to make your visit so that the beginning of the week should be the time of your departure, I could bear you company on your road a day's journey. I have just finished my sermon—Saturday at six o'clock—at which I have been sitting without interruption since ten ; but I resolved that you should have my letter to-morrow, that nothing might prevent your promised visit, to which I hold you now altogether bound.

It is very dangerous to speak one's mind here about the state of the country. I reckon, however, the Radicals have in a manner expatriated themselves from the political co-operation of the better classes ; and, at the same time, I believe there was sympathy enough in the middle and well-informed people to have caused a melioration of our political evils, had they taken time and legal measures. I am very sorry for the poor ; they are losing their religion, their domestic comfort, their pride of independence, their everything ; if timely remedies come not soon, they will sink, I fear, into the degradation of the Irish peasantry ; and if that class goes down, then along with it sinks the morality of every other class. We are at a complete stand here ; a sort of military glow has taken all ranks. They can see the houses of the poor ransacked for arms without uttering an interjection of grief on the fallen greatness of those who brought in our Reformation and our civil liberty, and they will hardly suffer a sympathizing word from any one. Dr. Chalmers takes a safe course in all these difficulties. The truth is, he does not side with any party. He has a few political nostrums so peculiar that they serve to detach his ideal mind both from Whigs and Tories and Radicals—that Britain would have been as flourishing and full of capital though there had been round the island a brazen wall a thousand cubits high ; that the

national debt does us neither good nor ill, amounting to nothing more or less than a mortgage upon property, etc. The Whigs dare not speak. The philanthropists are so much taken up, each with his own locality, as to take little charge of the general concern; and so the Tories have room to rage and talk big about armaments and pikes and battles. They had London well fortified yesterday by the Radicals, and so forth.

Now it will be like the unimprisoning of a bird to come and let me have free talk. Not that I have anything to say in favor of Radicalism, for it is the very destitution of philosophy and religion and political economy; but that we may lose ourselves so delightfully in reveries upon the emendation of the State, to which, in fact, you and I can bring as little help as we could have done against the late inundation of the Vallois.

I like the tone of your last letter, for, remember, I read your very tones and gestures, at this distance of place, through your letter, though it be not the most diaphanous of bodies. I have no more fear of your final success than Noah had of the Deluge ceasing; and though the first dove returned, as you say you are to return to your father's shelter, without even a leaf, yet the next time, believe me, you shall return with a leaf; and yet another time, and you shall take a flight who knows where? But of this and other things I delay further parley.

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD IRVING.

Carlyle went to Glasgow, spent several days there, noting, according to his habit, the outward signs of men and things. He saw the Glasgow merchants in the Tontine, he observed them, fine, clean, opulent, with their shining bald crowns and serene white heads, sauntering about or reading their newspapers. He criticised the dresses of the young ladies, for whom he had always an eye, remarking that with all their charms they had less taste in their adornments than were to be seen in Edinburgh drawing-rooms. He saw Chalmers too, and heard him preach. "Never preacher went so into one's heart." Some private talk, too, there was with Chalmers, "the doctor" explaining to him "a new scheme for proving the truth of Christianity," "all written in us already in *sympathetic ink*; Bible awakens it, and you can read."

But the chief interest in the Glasgow visit lies less in itself than in what followed it—a conversation between two young, then unknown men, walking alone together over a Scotch moor, the most trifling of actual incidents, a mere feather floating before the wind, yet, like the

feather, marking the direction of the invisible tendency of human thought. Carlyle was to walk home to Ecclefechan. Irving had agreed to accompany him fifteen miles of his road, and then leave him and return. They started early, and breakfasted on the way at the manse of a Mr. French. Carlyle himself tells the rest.

Drumclog Moss is the next object that survives, and Irving and I sitting by ourselves under the silent bright skies among the "peat hags" of Drumclog with a world all silent round us. These peat hags are still pictured in me; brown bog all pitted and broken with heathy remnants and bare abrupt wide holes, four or five feet deep, mostly dry at present; a flat wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days, and wet still in rainy seasons). Clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse soldiery if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them! Scott's novels had given the Claverse skirmish here, which all Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that we talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than ever before; a colloquy the sum of which is still mournfully beautiful to me though the details are gone. I remember us sitting on the brow of a peat hag, the sun shining, our own voices the one sound. Far far away to the westward over our brown horizon, towered up, white and visible at the many miles of distance, a high irregular pyramid. "Alisa Craig" we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder. But we did not long dwell on that—we seem to have seen no human creature after French, to have had no bother and no need of human assistance or society, not even of refection, French's breakfast perfectly sufficing us. The talk had grown ever friendlier, more interesting. At length the declining sun said plainly, you must part. We sauntered slowly into the Glasgow Muirkirk highway. Masons were building at a wayside cottage near by, or were packing up on ceasing for the day. We leaned our backs to a dry stone fence, and looking into the western radiance continued in talk yet a while, loth both of us to go. It was just here as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well from me like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him, and right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.

The sun was about setting when we turned away each on his own path. Irving would have had a good space further to go than I, perhaps fifteen or seventeen miles, and would not be in Kent Street, till toward midnight. But he feared no amount of walking, enjoyed

it rather, as did I in those young years. I felt sad, but affectionate and good in my clean, utterly quiet little inn at Muirkirk, which and my feelings in I still well remember. An innocent little Glasgow youth (young bagman on his first journey, I supposed) had talked awhile with me in the otherwise solitary little sitting room. At parting he shook hands, and with something of sorrow in his tone said, "Good night. I shall not see you again." I was off next morning at four o'clock.

Nothing further has to be recorded of Carlyle's history for some months. He remained quietly through the spring and summer at Mainhill, occupied chiefly in reading. He was beginning his acquaintance with German literature, his friend Mr. Swan, of Kirkcaldy, who had correspondents at Hamburg, providing him with books. He was still writing small articles, too, for "Brewster's Encyclopædia," unsatisfactory work, though better than none.

I was timorously aiming toward literature (he says—perhaps in consequence of Irving's urgency). I thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some wages that way by honest labor, somehow to help my finances; but in that too I was painfully sceptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible to me, poor downtrodden soul), and in fact there came little enough of produce and finance to me from that source, and for the first years absolutely none, in spite of my diligent and desperate efforts, which are sad to me to think of even now. *Abci laboris*. Yes, but of such a futile, dismal, lonely, dim, and chaotic kind, in a scene all ghastly chaos to me. Sad, dim, and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, as a nightmare dream become real. No more of that; it did not conquer me, or quite kill me, thank God.

August brought Irving to Annan for his summer holidays, which opened possibilities of renewed companionship. Mainhill was but seven miles off, and the friends met and wandered together in the Mount Annan woods, Irving steadily cheering Carlyle with confident promises of ultimate success. In September came an offer of a tutorship in a "statesman's" * family, which Irving urged him to accept.

You live too much in an ideal world (Irving said), and you are likely to be punished for it by an unfitness for practical life. It is not your fault but the misfortune of your circumstances, as it has been in a less degree of my own. This situation will be more a remedy for that than if you were to go back to Edin-

burgh. Try your hand with the respectable illiterate men of middle life, as I am doing at present, and perhaps in their honesty and hearty kindness you may be taught to forget, and perhaps to undervalue the splendors and envies, and competitions of men of literature. I think you have within you the ability to rear the pillars of your own immortality, and, what is more, of your own happiness, from the basis of any level in life, and I would always have any man destined to influence the interests of men, to have read these interests as they are disclosed in the mass of men, and not in the few who are lifted upon the eminence of life, and when there too often forget the man to ape the ruler or the monarch. All that is valuable of the literary caste you have in their writings. Their conversations, I am told, are full of jealousy and reserve, or perhaps, to cover that reserve, of trifling.

Irving's judgment was perhaps at fault in this advice. Carlyle, proud, irritable, and impatient as he was, could not have remained a week in such a household. His ambition (downtrodden as he might call himself) was greater than he knew. He may have felt like Halbert Glendinning when the hope was held out to him of becoming the Abbot's head keeper—"a body servant, and to a lazy priest!" At any rate the proposal came to nothing, and with the winter he was back once more at his lodgings in Edinburgh, determined to fight his way somehow, though in what direction he could not yet decide or see.

T. Carlyle to Alexander Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, December 5, 1820.

I sit down with the greatest pleasure to answer your most acceptable letter. The warm affection, the generous sympathy displayed in it go near the heart, and shed over me a meek and kindly dew of brotherly love more refreshing than any but a wandering forlorn mortal can well imagine. Some of your expressions affect me almost to weakness, I might say with pain, if I did not hope the course of events will change our feelings from anxiety to congratulation, from soothing adversity to adorning prosperity. I marked your disconsolate look. It has often since been painted in the mind's eye. But believe me, my boy, these days will pass over. We shall all get to rights in good time, and long after, cheer many a winter evening by recalling such pensive, but yet amiable and manly thoughts to our minds. And in the meanwhile let me utterly sweep away the vain fear of our forgetting one another. There is less danger of this than of anything. We Carlyles are a clannish people because we have all something original in our formation, and find therefore less than common sympathy with others: so that we are constrained, as it were, to draw to one another, and to seek that friendship in our own blood which we do not find so readily elsewhere. Jack and I and you will

* "Statesman," or small freeholder farming his own land, common still in Cumberland, then spread over the northern counties.

respect one another to the end of our lives, because I predict that our conduct will be worthy of respect, and we will love one another, because the feelings of our young days—feelings impressed most deeply on the young heart—are all intertwined and united by the tenderest yet strongest ties of our nature. But independently of this your fear is vain. Continue to cultivate your abilities, and to behave steadily and quietly as you have done, and neither of the two literati* are likely to find many persons more qualified to appreciate their feelings than the farmer their brother. Greek words and Latin are fine things, but they cannot hide the emptiness and lowness of many who employ them.

Brewster has printed my article. He is a pushing man and speaks encouragingly to me. Tait, the bookseller, is loud in his kind anticipations of the grand things that are in store for me. But in fact I do not lend much ear to those gentlemen. I feel quite sick of this drivelling state of painful idleness. I am going to be patient no longer, but quitting study or leaving it in a secondary place I feel *determined*, as it were, to find something stationary, some local habitation and some name for myself, ere it be long. I shall turn and try all things, be diligent, be assiduous in season and out of season to effect this prudent purpose; and if health stay with me I still trust I shall succeed. At worst it is but narrowing my views to suit my means. I shall enter the writing life, the mercantile, the lecturing, any life in short but that of country schoolmaster, and even that sad refuge from the storms of fate, rather than stand here in frigid impotence, the powers of my mind all festering and corroding each other in the miserable strife of inward will against outward necessity.

I lay out my heart before you, my boy, because it is solacing for me to do so; but I would not have you think me depressed. Bad health does indeed depress and undermine one more than all other calamities put together, but with care, which I have the best of all reasons for taking, I know this will in time get out of danger. Steady, then, steady! as the drill-sergeants say. Let us be steady unto the end. In due time we shall reap if we faint not. Long may you continue to cherish the manly feelings which you express in conclusion. They lead to respectability at least from the world, and, what is far better, to sunshine within which nothing can destroy or eclipse.

In the same packet Carlyle inclosed a letter to his mother.

I know well and feel deeply that you entertain the most solicitous anxiety about my temporal, and still more about my eternal welfare; as to the former of which I have still hopes that all your tenderness will yet be repaid; and as to the latter, though it becomes not the human worm to boast, I would fain persuade you not to entertain so many doubts. Your character and mine are far more similar than you imagine; and our opinions too, though clothed in different garbs, are, I well know,

still analogous at bottom. I respect your religious sentiments and honor you for feeling them more than if you were the highest woman in the world without them. Be easy, I entreat you, on my account; the world will use me better than before; and if it should not, let us hope to meet in that upper country, when the vain fever of life is gone by, in the country where all darkness shall be light, and where the exercise of our affections will not be thwarted by the infirmities of human nature any more. Brewster will give me articles enough. Meanwhile my living here is not to cost me anything, at least for a season more or less. I have two hours of teaching, which both gives me a call to walk and brings in four guineas a month.

Again, a few weeks later:

T. Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

January 30, 1821.

My employment, you are aware, is still very fluctuating, but this I trust will improve. I am advancing, I think, though leisurely, and at last I feel no insuperable doubts of getting honest bread, which is all I want. For as to fame and all that, I see it already to be nothing better than a meteor, a will-o'-the-wisp which leads one on through quagmires and pitfalls to catch an object which, when we have caught it, turns out to be nothing. I am happy to think in the meantime that you do not feel uneasy about my future destiny. Providence, as you observe, will order it better or worse, and with His award, so nothing mean or wicked lie before me, I shall study to rest satisfied.

It is a striking thing, and an alarming to those who are at ease in the world, to think how many living beings that had breath and hope within them when I left Ecclefechan are now numbered with the clods of the valley! Surely there is something obstinately stupid in the heart of man, or the flight of threescore years, and the poor joys or poorer cares of this our pilgrimage would never move us as they do. Why do we fret and murmur, and toil, and consume ourselves for objects so transient and frail? Is it that the soul living here as in her prison-house strives after something boundless like herself, and finding it nowhere still renews the search? Surely we are fearfully and wonderfully made. But I must not pursue these speculations, though they force themselves upon us sometimes even without our asking.

To his family Carlyle made the best of his situation; and indeed, so far as outward circumstances were concerned, there was no special cause for anxiety. His farmhouse training had made him indifferent to luxuries, and he was earning as much money as he required. It was not here that the pinch lay; it was in the still uncompleted "temptations in the wilderness," in the mental uncertainties which gave him neither peace nor respite. He had no friend in Edinburgh

* His brother John and himself.

with whom he could exchange thoughts, and no society to amuse or distract him. And those who knew his condition best, the faithful Irving especially, became seriously alarmed for him. So keenly Irving felt the danger that in December he even invited Carlyle to abandon Edinburgh altogether and be his own guest for an indefinite time at Glasgow.

You make me too proud of myself (he wrote) when you connect me so much with your happiness. Would that I could contribute to it as I most fondly wish, and one of the richest and most powerful minds I know should not now be struggling with obscurity and a thousand obstacles. And yet, if I had the power, I do not see by what means I should cause it to be known; your mind, unfortunately for its present peace, has taken in so wide a range of study as to be almost incapable of professional trammels; and it has nourished so uncommon and so unyielding a character, as first unfits you for, and then disgusts you with, any accommodations which would procure favor and patronage. The race which you have run these last years pains me even to think upon it, and if it should be continued a little longer, I pray God to give you strength to endure it. We calculate upon seeing you at Christmas, and till then you can think of what I now propose—that instead of wearying yourself with endless vexations which are more than you can bear, you will consent to spend not a few weeks, but a few months, here under my roof, where enjoying at least wholesome conversation and the sight of real friends, you may undertake some literary employment which may present you in a fairer aspect to the public than any you have hitherto taken before them. Now I know it is quite Scottish for you to refuse this upon the score of troubling me: but trouble to me it is none, and if it were a thousand times more, would I not esteem it well bestowed upon you and most highly rewarded by your company and conversation? I should esteem it an honor that your first sally in arms went forth from my habitation.

Well might Carlyle cherish Irving's memory. Never had he or any man a truer-hearted, more generous friend. The offer could not be accepted. Carlyle was determined before all things to earn his own bread, and he would not abandon his pupil work. Christmas he did spend at Glasgow, but he was soon back again. He was corresponding now with London booksellers, offering a complete translation of Schiller for one thing, to which the answer had been an abrupt No. Captain Basil Hall, on the other hand, having heard of Carlyle, tried to attach him to himself, a sort of scientific companion on easy terms—Car-

lyle to do observations which Captain Hall was to send to the admiralty as his own, and to have in return the advantage of philosophical society, etc., to which his answer had in like manner been negative. His letters show him still suffering from mental fever, though with glimpses of purer light.

Thomas Carlyle to John Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, March 9, 1821.

It is a shame and misery to me at this age to be gliding about in strenuous idleness, with no hand in the game of life where I have yet so much to win, no outlet for the restless faculties which are up in mutiny and slaying one another for lack of fair enemies. I must do or die then, as the song goes. Edinburgh, with all its drawbacks, is the only scene for me. In the country I am like an alien, a stranger and pilgrim from a far-distant land. I must endeavor most sternly, for this state of things cannot last, and if health do but revisit me as I know she will, it shall ere long give place to a better. If I grow seriously ill, indeed, it will be different, but when once the weather is settled and dry, exercise and care will restore me completely. I am considerably clearer than I was, and I should have been still more so had not this afternoon been wet, and so prevented me from breathing the air of Arthur's seat, a mountain close beside us, where the atmosphere is pure as a diamond, and the prospect grander than any you ever saw. The blue majestic everlasting ocean, with the Fife hills swelling gradually into the Grampians behind; rough crags and rude precipices at our feet (where not a hillock rears its head unsung), with Edinburgh at their base clustering proudly over her rugged foundations, and covering with a vapory mantle the jagged black venerable masses of stonework that stretch far and wide and show like a city of Fairyland. . . I saw it all last evening when the sun was going down, and the moon's fine crescent, like a pretty silver creature as it is, was riding quietly above me. Such a sight does one good. But I am leading you astray after my fantasies when I should be inditing plain prose.

The gloomy period of Carlyle's life—a period on which he said that he ever looked back with a kind of horror—was drawing to its close, this letter, among other symptoms, showing that the natural strength of his intellect was asserting itself. Better prospects were opening; more regular literary employment; an offer, if he chose to accept it, from his friend Mr. Swan, of a tutorship at least more satisfactory than the Yorkshire one. His mother's affection was more precious to him, however simply expressed, than any other form of earthly consolation.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, March 21, 1821.

SON TOM : I received your kind and pleasant letter. Nothing is more satisfying to me than to hear of your welfare. Keep up your heart, my brave boy. You ask kindly after my health. I complain as little as possible. When the day is cheerier it has a great effect on me. But upon the whole I am as well as I can expect, thank God. I have sent a little butter and a few cakes with a box to bring home your clothes. Send them all home that I may wash and sort them once more. Oh, man, could I but write ! I'll tell ye a' when we meet, but I must in the meantime content myself. Do send me a long letter ; it revives me greatly ; and tell me honestly if you read your chapter e'en and morn, lad. You mind I hod if not your hand, I hod your foot of it. Tell me if there is anything you want in particular. I must run to pack the box, so I am

Your affectionate mother,

MARGARET CARLYLE.

Irving was still anxious. To him Carlyle laid himself bare in all his shifting moods, now complaining, now railing at himself for want of manliness. Irving soothed him as he could, always avoiding preaching.

I see (he wrote*) you have much to bear, and perhaps it may be a time before you clear yourself of that sickness of the heart which afflicts you ; but strongly I feel assured it will not master you, that you will rise strongly above it and reach the place your genius destines you to. Most falsely do you judge yourself when you seek such degrading similitudes to represent what you call your "whining." And I pray you may not again talk of your distresses in so desperate, and to me disagreeable, manner. My dear sir, is it to be doubted that you are suffering grievously the want of spiritual communion, the bread and water of the soul ? and why, then, do you, as it were, mock at your calamity or treat it jestingly ? I declare this is a sore offence. You altogether mistake at least *my* feeling if you think I have anything but the kindest sympathy in your case, in which sympathy I am sure there is nothing degrading, either to you or to me. Else were I degraded every time I visit a sick bed in endeavoring to draw forth the case of a sufferer from his own lips that I may if possible administer some spiritual consolation. But oh ! I would be angry, or rather I should have a shudder of unnatural feeling, if the sick man were to make a mockery to me of his case or to deride himself for making it known to any physician of body or mind. Excuse my freedom, Carlyle. I do this in justification of my own state of mind toward your distress. I feel for your condition as a brother would feel, and to see you silent about it were the greatest access of painful emotion which you could cause me. I hope soon to look back with you over this scene of trials as the soldier does over a

hard campaign, or the restored captives do over their days of imprisonment.

Again, on the receipt of some better account of his friend's condition, Irving wrote on the 26th of April :

I am beginning to see the dawn of the day when you shall be plucked by the literary world from my solitary, and therefore more clear, admiration ; and when from almost a monopoly I shall have nothing but a mere shred of your praise. They will unearth you, and for your sake I will rejoice, though for my own I may regret. But I shall always have the pleasant superiority, that I was your friend and admirer, through good and through bad report, to continue, so I hope, unto the end. Yet our honest Demosthenes, or shall I call him Chrysostom (Boanerges would fit him better),* seems to have caught some glimpse of your inner man, though he had few opportunities ; for he never ceases to be inquiring after you. You will soon shift your quarters, though for the present I think your motto should be, "Better a wee bush than na bield." If you are going to revert to teaching again, which I heartily deprecate, I know nothing better than Swan's conception, although success in it depends mainly upon offset and address, and the studying of humors, which, though it be a good enough way of its kind, is not the way to which I think you should yet condescend.

Friends and family might console and advise, but Carlyle himself could alone conquer the spiritual maladies which were the real cause of his distraction. In June of this year, 1821, was transacted what in "Sartor Resartus" he describes as his "conversion," or "new birth," when he "authentically took the Devil by the nose," when he achieved finally the convictions, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed.

Nothing in "Sartor Resartus" (he says) is fact ; symbolical myth all, except that of the incident in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, which occurred quite literally to myself in Leith Walk, during three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Incident was as I went down ; coming up I generally felt refreshed for the hour. I remember it well, and could go straight to about the place.

As the incident is thus authenticated, I may borrow the words in which it is described, and so close what may be called the period of Carlyle's apprenticeship.

But for me so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net result of my workings amounted

* March 15, 1821.

* Dr. Chalmers.

as yet simply to—nothing. How, then, could I believe in my strength when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain worth, such as even the most have not; or art thou the completest dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first last faith in myself, when even to me the heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all too cruelly belied? The speculative mystery of life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of enchantment, divided me from all living. Now when I look back it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women round me, even speaking with me, were but figures; I had practically forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary, and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been could I, like Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the devil; for a hell as I imagine, without life, though only diabolic life, were more frightful: but in our age of downpulling and disbelief, the very devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a devil. To me the universe was all void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death! Why was the living banished thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no devil, nay, unless the devil is your god? From suicide a certain aftershine (Nachschein) of Christianity withheld me, perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, there was a question present to me: should some one now at the turning of that corner blow thee suddenly out of space into the other world or other no-world by pistol-shot, how were it? . . .

So had it lasted, as in bitter protracted death-agony through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half audibly, recited Faust's death-song, that wild

"Selig der, den er im Siegesglanze findet," Happy whom *he* finds in battle's splendor, and thought that of this last friend even I was not forsaken, that destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of man or devil, nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing could the arch-devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual indefinite pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous apprehension of I knew not what. It seemed as if all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath would hurt me; as if the heavens and the earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I palpitating waited to be devoured. Full of such humor was I one sultry dogday after much perambulation toiling along the dirty little *Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer* in a close atmosphere and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when all at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: "What *art* thou afraid of? wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then, and I will meet it and defy it." And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me for ever. I was strong; of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance.

Thus had the everlasting No ("das ewige Nein") pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my ME; and then it was that my whole ME stood up in native god-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. Such a protest, the most important transaction in my life, may that same indignation and defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The everlasting No had said: Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the devil's); to which my whole ME now made answer; I am not thine but free, and forever hate thee.

It is from this hour I incline to date my spiritual new birth: perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

REMINISCENCES OF PRISON LIFE.

IN the days of our grandfathers the prison was built according to the wisdom of the local magnates of the district, guided by an architect who was as ready

to plan a house or a church as a place of detention and punishment. The triumphs of science and uniformity have, however, now reached this gloomy re-

gion of architectural skill. A group of ground plans, on the last accepted model, would show us buildings radiating from centres, like so many great wheels. The officers in charge are arrayed in the uniform of honor, the prisoners in the uniform of shame. Where the regulation is perfect, it is held that in every cell everything should occupy the same place, from the sleeping-bed or hammock, to the towel and the piece of soap. It is said that this uniformity of conditions, great and small, not only neutralizes the prisoner's plea of mistake in the commission of any petty irregularity, but at once puts the new officer at home when he is drafted from one prison to another. It may be noted, as of some historical interest, that the same idea once prevailed in a nobler sphere. Uniformity was an avowed object in the Roman system of castrametation, so that the soldier transferred from Spain or Italy to Britain, could find his proper place in the intrenched camp even if he reached it during night.

Among the uniform features of the conventional prison of the day, is the circular airing-yard. This arrangement has had a moral influence in exemplifying the marvellous power of discipline. The stranger is often seen visibly to start when a door opens, and he is led into a high-walled yard, where a hundred ruffians are taking their exercise under the government of four or five officers. This exercise is taken by rapid walking round and round on circular pavements. The number trained at exercise on each of these stone circles corresponds with a circle of pegs. If any tendency toward association is noticed—if any are seen advancing toward those in front, or loitering so as to be joined by companions in the rear, there is a call of "Halt!" and then each convict must stop at the peg immediately in front of him.

This phenomenon, like many others peculiar to prison-life, exemplifies and illustrates one of the strange mysteries in the criminal character. Much of course is done by sheer force or terror to subdue the prisoner to the exigencies of his lot; but much, too, is accomplished by the facilities—the amiable facilities they might be called—of the criminal nature. An officer in the ser-

vice, addicted to cynical remarks, used to maintain that his birds, and others of the same class, were the only perfect human beings to be found in the world. In sobriety and the other cardinal virtues they were models. Regularity, method, tidiness, punctuality, and all the petty accomplishments and restraints that go to make up the virtuous and worthy member of society, they practised to perfection. And there was one peculiarly charming attribute of their daily conduct in life, that one always found them at home when calling on them.

There is something, however, deeper than such trifling peculiarities and the jests that may be passed on them, in the ready acquiescence of the criminal with inevitable conditions. This part of his nature includes a signal exemption from irritability or angry excitement, and a bland courtesy of obedience that has a strange similarity to a high tone of Christian resignation. So long as he remains free from prison bonds, he of course adopts every alternative for the protection of his freedom. He hides himself; he flees before his enemy the officer of justice; he knocks down his pursuer if that is apparently the sole alternative for the retention of his freedom. But once in prison bonds, all is changed in the direction of gentle submission. It is like the occurrences so often exemplified in books of sensational religion, where the wicked, unscrupulous, dissipated man, having experienced a "call," is at once converted into the meek forgiving saint. What makes the amiability of prison-life so perplexing a phenomenon is, that we know the evil passions to be in existence beneath the gentle exterior. The phenomenon is not mere acting. It has a root much deeper. The passions of hatred and revenge are somehow for the time suspended, and Christian amiability reigns in their stead. There are general conclusions known to all of us that point to the absence of vindictiveness in the criminal nature. Judges, jurymen, prosecutors, and prison officers have all been their enemies in bringing them under conditions of suffering and grief. Yet it never crosses the thought of such official persons that society is filled with people of a degraded, unscrupulous nature, who have had occasion to be roused against them by a

sense of injury. The litigant who is the suffering party in a civil suit submits of course to his fate with a grumble; but his religious and moral training will at once assure him that he must not attribute evil motives to the hostile judge. We may be assured that reasoning like this never pierces to the mind of the convict. His patient acquiescence—his exemption from all hatred, malice, or uncharitableness to those who have been his persecutors, make a phenomenon not to be thus accounted for by the moral influences that reign throughout the uncriminal part of the community. It seems to be a result following on a certain torpidity which we shall, ere much more is said, find to be a phenomenon of the criminal nature, and a phenomenon as yet in its sources unsolved.

One peculiar, and it may be said interesting, form of this phenomenon in the criminal world, is the abject subjugation of the female to the male. To one happily unacquainted with the inner life of the criminal world there will be a ready cause for this in the brutal and unscrupulous nature of the male offender, subduing and coercing to his will the weaker partner in wickedness. But those who have had opportunities for the accurate study of the criminal nature will not be content with this solution. The phenomenon is, along with others in the same dreary region of human experience, merely to be recognized as a distinct fact, supported by abundant and indubitable evidence. Nor can it be solved on the theory that a united career in crime will give opportunity for enhancing the power naturally exercised by the stronger over the weaker nature. Sometimes, no doubt, it has occurred that the corrupt wife has been the tutor of the husband in the ways of crime; but there can be no question that such an incident is rare in comparison with its converse, in the husband being the leader in the road to ruin. A prison officer who had arranged many interviews between husband and wife, the one being a prisoner and the other free, was known to give this utterance of his experience in such affairs—that he had known many instances where the man had upbraided his wife as the cause of his career in wickedness, but had never

known a single instance of the wife casting such a charge on her husband.

The author of these casual and fugitive notices does not profess to be a philosopher with a perfect system of prison discipline in his brain, ready to be communicated to the world whenever the world desires to see it. He will be satisfied if he affords a few morsels of amusement to the casual reader; and in offering them, he does not desire to reveal the conditions under which his experience in prison discipline was obtained. It is, then, in a merely expositive and not a critical spirit that he says what he has to say. He means neither laudation nor blame in noticing that the conditions of interview with a criminal husband are hard on a virtuous wife. They are placed, as it were, in two cages where they can speak to but not touch each other. A warder sits in the space between them, and the poor woman has seldom the happiness of knowing how dead every word passing between them touches his well-practised ear. One intellectual function he must exercise—a vigilant skill directed toward the defeating of any attempt at secret communication. Whatever be his skill in defeating, it may have to meet its match in a skill for trickery, educated up to an almost miraculous point. The officer's skill is aided by general regulations, and one is, that no specific thing, however innocent, is to be transferred from the one to the other. Take an example of the necessity for this strictness. The woman, plunged in deep and sonorous grief, dandles an infant in her arms. Becoming excited, she swings the infant wildly about. It has an apple in its hand, and that apple, by a skilful sweep, the infant brings within reach of its father, and it passes into his hand. The warder instantly seizes it, and finds that it is stuffed with a letter to the prisoner-father. It may be noted that people are much mistaken when they adopt the notion that the visit from wife or daughter is always acceptable. That this idea is entertained is testified by the suspension of such visits being inflicted as a punishment for misconduct in prison. It is believed that criminal often misconduct themselves to gain an end in this form of punishment. On the other hand, if

there be in the criminal any remnant of susceptibility to gentle or virtuous impressions, the visit from mother, wife, or daughter is often the means of giving life to it.

There was a passing intention of conferring on these erratic gleanings, the title "Lights and Shadows of Prison-Life." It occurred, however, as an admonitory objection, that the association of light with prison-life, would appear, in its unexplained simplicity, something incongruous, and that it might be well to reserve it for a place where some explanation could be given of the nature of such lights. Their nature is embodied not so much in brightness as in serenity. Even this requires explanation, and here it comes. It may not be said that to any one there is positive happiness in prison-life, but to the habitual criminal it is frequently the portion of his life that has least unhappiness in it—the unhappiness caused by terrors that seldom cease to haunt, and by occasional visitations of starvation and other physical forms of hardships. Long as they may for freedom, there is to this class an obvious serenity in prison-life. The terrible responsibilities that may follow on some mistake in the policy of a life full of schemes and dangerous projects are unknown for a time. The deteriorating influence of orgies destructive to the vital powers is suspended. The food is simple and wholesome, and after a time the prison bird feeds on it with satisfaction. The dinner is seized and devoured with so much avidity that the warder in charge of it feels that it would be personally dangerous to withdraw or delay it : there is a feeling in the class that a convict would commit murder to secure his dinner if it were in danger. It is true that there is a depressing influence in long sentences, but this is counteracted by abundant and nourishing diet ; so that the accidental onlooker from the outer world is scandalized by the sight of the petty offender feeding on porridge, while the great criminal enjoys an ample meal of butcher meat.

There is something very solemn in a large convict-prison at midnight. A faint sound of healthy slumber comes from the cells where the convicts sleep. Perhaps there are a thousand, perhaps only five hundred, undergoing punish-

ment ; but whatever may be the number one is conscious that nowhere else save in a convict-prison could so many human beings sleep with so little to interrupt the sense of calm repose. In the same number of people taken from the ordinary world, there would be slight sounds arising from nightmare following on indigestion—perhaps from some reminiscence troubling the conscience on the question whether the strong steps taken for payment of that bill were not in the circumstances slightly harsh, or some other disturbing recollection ; there might also be uneasy thoughts and dreams creative of restlessness. None of these troubles disturb the sleep of the habitual criminal. This is not because his conscience lies easy on him, but because he does not possess the article known to the rest of the world as a conscience. Hence he neither enjoys the satisfaction of its healthy and genial condition, nor the troubles attending on its inflictions, and it is with him essentially that the "Prayer for Indifference," by Greville, as it may be found in the old "Elegant Extracts," is granted.

"Oh haste to shed the sacred balm—
My shattered nerves new string ;
And for my guest serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach see hope, see fear,
See expectation fly,
And disappointment in the rear
That blasts the promised joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow
The eye shall then disown ;
The heart that melts for others' woe
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close,
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose."

It is only to the hardened and habitual offender, however, that there is serenity in prison-life. To the man whose weak apparatus of moral restraint has been insufficient to overcome the temptations of gain, and who has been detected in a forgery or some other fraud, the entrance at the prison-gate is an announcement to him in terrible and appalling reality of the warning of Dante, that all hope is left behind—that for him in this world it is dead and buried. And here we touch one of the points where there arises a sense of the extreme difficulty of meas-

uring punishment against the weight of crime, and are reminded that we are generally driven to the alternative of inflicting not what is abstractly just, but what is most likely to protect the world from fraud and injury.

Yet there are some considerations inclining to the alternative that the punishment of the man who has lapsed from virtue and respectability should, if nominally light, lie more heavily upon him than that of the habitual offender hardened to prison-life. Let us see how in the general case he comes to be what he is. Pedigree is reputed to be an attribute of aristocratic position; but if it is not the mere ordering of stars and garters, but the stamp of certain qualities on races of living beings, we must go to the races of the lower criminals to find its fullest development. As intermediate between these two classes of pedigree, comes to the person familiar with prison populations, the pedigree of crime; and it may perhaps some day be seen that note is taken of the descendants of thieves, and of the qualities developed by them, as we follow the descendants of the lower animals in "The Short-horned Book," and other manuals of that kind of lore.

There is no attempt here to develop any philosophy of criminal descent by pedigree, but the fact of its existence is well known to every one whose lot it has been to come in contact with criminals. Beyond the bare fact, nothing seems as yet to be seen that would lead to a closer knowledge of the whole affair as a psychological phenomenon. And indeed incidents have occurred suggesting that the hereditary taint may be latent in a race not notorious for crime. Even in those unexpected instances already referred to, where a man has stepped out of respectability to inhabit a felons' prison, the curiosity of the inquiring world, excited by the strangeness of the event, is gratified by the discovery of ancestral stains of criminality. There was recently an instance of a lapse into crime on the part of a gentle, kindly, inoffensive man whose immediate relations were clergymen, or members of the other decorous professions; yet it was found that he had a grand-uncle who had been hanged.

There was another curious little inci-

dent of coincidence in the case of this man connecting him with perhaps the best account to be found in print of the experiences of one who has lapsed from the respectable into the criminal classes: "Five Years Penal Servitude. By One who has Endured it." The author of This book begins by stating:

"It matters little to the public what it was that brought me within the grip of my country's laws; suffice it to say, after over twenty years of commercial life in more than one large English city, I found myself, in the year 186—, drawn into the meshes of a man who was too clever for me and for the law, and who, crossing the seas to a place of safety, left me to meet a charge to which, in his absence, I had really no defence."—P. 3.

The persons who thus lapse from external respectability into crime have generally something like an apology to state—the habitual criminal knows that to be useless. It happened that in the instance above referred to, the apology corresponded precisely with that of the author of "Five Years' Penal Servitude." It was hence inferred that he must have been the author of that book, but that was contradicted by the fact that he had not to pass through the prisons so well described by the author of the "Five Years."

There is something characteristic in the excuse or apology set forth by the five years' man in this, that it does not assert absolute innocence; and this calls up to recollection the conduct of habitual criminals in their intercourse with inspectors and other persons superintending the administration of prison discipline. The ears of these officers are open to any complaints that may be made to them, but it is notorious that they rarely if ever are told by the convict that he is innocent of the crime for which he is undergoing punishment. If a reason is given by him why sentence should not have been passed on him, it is founded on some legal technicality which his ingenuity has suggested to him. No better reason can be given for this than the supposition in the criminal mind that the official mind will listen to a story about a technical error, but not to an assertion of innocence.

It has been noted that serenity and a sense of relief in a prison is more likely to be the lot of its habitual than of its causal inmates. But it may be, and in

fact is, occasionally known to occur, that the person who has lapsed from a position among his neighbors, recognized as respectable, into punishable crime, may also enjoy with the habitual criminal a sense of peace and gloomy repose when he takes his place in the cells for convicted prisoners. His life may have been for any number of years a succession of dexterous and narrow escapes from the grip of the criminal law. The most familiar to us among cases of this kind is in a succession of forged bills, each retired by the discounting of its successor. It has been whispered in certain of these instances that some of the knowing persons through whose hands the forged documents passed in the banks knew what they were, and kept silence. Money was circulated, and trade encouraged, while there was ever the comforting assurance, "Thou canst not say I did it." But, on the other hand, the supposition that such things may be is probably a calumny. All who, under any circumstances, spend their time within the walls of a prison, undergo a process of assimilation toward a scepticism as to the capacity of poor human nature for real goodness.

Before losing sight of the hereditary character of crime, it is proper to say that it has been recognized, examined, and commented on, not only by ethical philosophers, but by men of practical understanding, holding high administrative offices. But all has been fruitless, so far as definite practical conclusions go. Let us here, as in so many other human difficulties, hope to see a better day dawning on us as the result of earnest and candid inquiry. The following passage from a writer whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge on the point may be of interest, if merely from the haze of mystery that envelops all clear insight into causes and effects, accompanied with the consciousness that there is mischief of a formidable kind at work, for which a remedy is surely possible :

"Among dogs, we have a modification of structure and function made fixed and permanent, and more or less hereditary. Habits got by training are transmitted to the offspring of certain breeds of dogs as their very nature. It is so in the wolf-dog and the hound. The pointer, also, from original teaching, shows as the pup, while yet in the farmyard, a tendency

to point at every fowl or bird it sees before it has ever been afield. The shepherd dogs—perhaps above all others—show inherent sagacity of an extraordinary kind from transmitted habits by training. It is the same in certain castes and races and communities of the human family; and is the transmission of thieving and other criminal habits to form an exception to other analogies?

"One of the most remarkable examples of a criminal family I know of is as follows: 'Three brothers had families amounting to fifteen members in all. Of these, fourteen were utterers of base coin. The fifteenth appeared to be exceptional, but was at length detected setting fire to his house after insuring it for four times its value.' The importance of checking, if possible, by legal restrictions, such criminal tendencies, is brought out in this case, when it is calculated that thousands of offences might have been prevented by these three brothers being *permanently* imprisoned before they became fathers of families, and thereby perpetuated crime by heritage."

After some further general remarks, the author, whose opinions are thus expressed, sets forth some statements of a more specific kind, as to inmates of the prisons under his own medical charge :

"At the same time, one hundred prisoners were known to be in the same prison out of fifty families. Of one family eight were known—often two or three—at the same time. The father had been several times under long sentences; and since 1843 this family had been chiefly supported at the public expense in prisons. The relations I found in prison were: the father, two sons, three daughters, one daughter-in-law, and a sister-in-law. Doubtless other connections not discovered were there also. When these notes were taken there were in this prison three cousins (two being sisters), two aunts, and two uncles of the same family. Of two families, six were in prison about the same time—viz., four brothers and two sisters. Of three families, there were three prisoners from each family, chiefly brothers and sisters; also several mothers and their daughters at the same time. From four families, two brothers belonging to each family. From eight families a brother and a sister. From ten families two sisters."*

This is a gloomy statement. Where are we to find materials for weighing against it hereditary groups of poets, artists, metaphysicians, and mathematicians? It is but a morsel gathered from an overwhelming mass of testimony, proving that the human animal is most prolifically hereditary in the class of ac-

* "The Hereditary Nature of Crime." By J. B. Thomson, F.R.C.S., Resident Surgeon, General Prison for Scotland at Perth. Pp. 8, 9.

complishments that ought if possible to be extirpated. The facts stated by the writer just quoted are to be depended on, for he was an honest man and an indefatigable investigator. There is no doubt, too, a sort of truth in the sweeping conclusion that a deal of crime and mischief would have been obviated had the three fatal brothers referred to been committed to permanent imprisonment before they became fathers of families.

But how is such a feat as this imprisonment to be accomplished in a country like ours, where the law keeps jealous watch on the liberty of the subject, and will be reluctant to take it on the word of any man, that some other man is sure to be the sire of a race of housebreakers and pickpockets? A time was indeed, when there seemed to be a pleasant prospect of such a practical realization of philosophical positivism. The phrenologists would have done the world the service of identifying the proper objects of restraint by manipulation of the bumps of the skull. But the day and influence of these adepts has passed away, and the world is not even conscious of the calamity it has endured in the privation.

The criminal classes are extremely dexterous in catching and appropriating any popular cry likely to be of service to them. In recent years they have evidently been lending an attentive ear to the loud wailings of a portion of the community against the jovial habits of another portion. "Drink did it all—that weary drink;" "If it hadn't been for the drink we never would have been here," are assurances often repeated by the jail-bird. The doctrine is a consolatory one to them, as it in a manner brings in as the accomplices, and, indeed, in some respects as the instigators of their crimes, all who commit themselves as "participators" by the pot of porter or the pint of wine taken at dinner-time. If we take this in the sense of some jolly bout having been the cause that drove or tempted the partaker of it to the commission of some predatory crime, no alliance of cause and effect can be more preposterous. No group of human beings is likely to be more absolutely untouched by the influence of any intoxicant than the companions who have arranged a heavy "cracksman's"

or housebreaker's job; and the experienced hand who goes on a special pick-pocket expedition near the door of a church or theatre will be as uncontaminated in his sobriety as the adept who is striving after the solution of a difficulty in the higher mathematics. There is a belief that criminals are apt to indulge in a jolly fit after a good take. Such an incident has been told as that a crew of housebreakers having found liquor with the other rewards of their skill and industry, have been prompted to partake too rashly of it on the premises, and in their excitement and exuberance to revel in excesses that have betrayed them to their capture. But drinking is not so markedly the vice of the habitual criminal as of some less offensive members of society. There seems to be something in the excitement of criminal work that is sufficient in itself and needs no aid. The expert pocket picker is shy of anything that would tend to injure the nicety of his fingering.

On the other hand, the partaker whose excesses have carried him so far beyond the bounds of self-control as to bring him into the class called "habitual drunkards," sometimes comes within the walls of the prison under conditions terrible and tragical. He has committed some great act of violence—generally the greatest of all—murder, and it often happens that the victim is some member of his own family whom he had been known in the days of his sanity to cherish and protect from all harm. The usual arrangement for dealing with such tragedies is to find the perpetrator to have been insane at the time of committing the act, and decreeing that he shall be put at the disposal of the sovereign. By this arrangement an addition is made to the class treated as "criminal lunatics." Then comes a difficulty in dealing with such cases when the man who has brought himself to lunacy by his evil habits is restored to the condition of sanity by treatment in the prison or the hospital. There are causes exciting to furious and criminal lunacy other than excess; but these, and the treatment of the poor creatures affected by them, belong to a science beyond the acquisition of those who merely deal with the criminal in possession of his senses. Perhaps the adepts in it know something of

the nature of cause and effect as attending on the treatment they administer to its victims ; but the unlearned onlooker, however closely he may look, being under the same roof with the mysteriously afflicted, finds it a vain task to endeavor to solve the mystery. One clear result, however, is perceptible among the mysteries and difficulties, and though it may go to the aid of those who are apt to be intolerant in their conclusions and vociferous in supporting them, they are entitled to possess it. The result points very clearly to the irreclaimability of the habitual drunkard. There has been for some time at work an arrangement by which persons detained as criminal lunatics have been set at large, or rather removed from the prison or asylum, under conditions of supervision or espionage, so that they may be immediately restored to seclusion in case of an outbreak of the old insane malady. Among these the dipsomaniacs as a class were found less curable than the others, and of course more apt to find their way back to the old retreat. Years of untainted abstinence passed over some of them abiding in respectability and peace, when, as if by some caprice of destiny, the fatal primary drop was swallowed and followed by a wild career of orgies, proclaiming aloud that no time must be lost in reinstating them in safety.

A dialogue was once overheard between one of these "Queen's lunatics," as they are often called, and a person in authority over the prison where he was in custody. He had been for years in possession of his senses, and they were the senses of a man who had received a good education to qualify manners naturally inoffensive and gentle. He represented the hardship, to a cultivated man like himself, of restriction to the society of the loathsome lunatics around him. It was pleaded in vindication : "Ah ! but you know when you are at large you are apt to play such tricks." The latest of these tricks that had occurred was, that he had been caught in Paris rushing along a street with a bloody knife in his hand. Restraint brought him to composure, and it was thought a safe and judicious arrangement to send him to his grandmother, residing in a quiet village. He was much attached to her, yet, nevertheless, in one of his

grim revels he cut her throat. After some years of treatment the arrangement for liberation under supervision was tried in his case ; but he tasted the fatal first drop, and had to be hustled back into close custody.

At this point of his story it happened to the writer of it to dip into a book called "Buried Alive ; or, Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia, by Fedor Dostoyeffsky, translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo." The tone of the book he found utterly antagonistic to all experience of convict-life in Britain. For instance, "My First Impressions :

"I distinctly remember being very much struck at first to find that my new life was, after all, not so very different from my old one. I seemed to have known all about it beforehand. When on my way to Siberia I tried to guess what my life would be like. It was not till I had spent some time in the convict-prison that I fully realized what an exceptional and unnatural existence I was to lead henceforth, and I could never make up my mind to bear it patiently. My first impression on entering the prison was a feeling of intense depression ; yet, strange to say, the life of a convict seemed to me less hard than I had pictured it upon the road. The convicts were in chains, but still they were free to go about in the prison, to smoke, to swear at each other, sing whatever songs they liked ; a few even drank brandy, and some had regular card-parties every night. Neither did the work appear to me very difficult, and it was not till later on that I began to realize that it was rendered irksome and unbearable through being imposed as a task which had to be finished by a certain time for fear of punishment. Many a poor laborer who is free works perhaps harder than a convict, and even spends sometimes a part of the night working out of doors—especially in the summer time. But he works for himself only ; and this thought, and the knowledge that he will profit by his labor, is enough to reward him, while the convict is obliged to work at something which can never be of the slightest use to him."—Pp. 28, 29.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the portion of this sketch of prison-life, dealing with brandy and card-parties, has no parallel—or anything approaching to a parallel—in our British prisons. The other part of the picture, representing the distastefulness of labor bringing no gain to the laborer, admits of some explanations that may be found instructive as well as curious. Perhaps the reader has heard of the "mark system," yet if he has not come in personal intercourse with it, his impression of it may

be vague and indistinct. When it was first suggested, it gained little respect from the old hands, whether among prisoners or their keepers. Its first announcement came in the midst of a crowd of ingenious suggestions, devised by distinguished pundits in prison discipline, as infallible remedies for all the mischiefs of crime, and potent instruments for the regeneration of the human race. There was something, however, about this suggestion of marks that recommended it to the practical mind ; and it gradually took a form capable of overcoming many of the difficulties in the way of bribing prisoners under punishment into the pursuit of industry.

The first danger was that, giving the prison-bird certain benefits for good conduct, the system could only be worked by the officers of the prison, and would be open to abuse from the difficulty of bringing home responsibility for fair-dealing to them. To meet this came a complicated system of records or diaries, where the conduct of the prisoner, being recorded from day to day, it would not be in the power of the officer, if he quarrelled with the prisoner, to alter the record to his prejudice ; while, on the other hand, if the record were damaging, he would not have an opportunity, if, through bribery or otherwise, he desired to benefit the prisoner, to effect his purpose. Hence it came to be an understanding that marks were to be earned for industry solely. Thus they were payment for specific work, and the character and value of the work being in existence and produceable, its price became credited in marks.

Still conduct called for consideration, and hence for specific acts of misconduct marks came to be forfeited. Of course there might be a possibility of false evidence in the reasons for forfeiture, but the process would have the distinctness of any other punishment, as by a fine, and would not leave the same openings to the exercise of partiality or enmity in the prison officers, as the method, no doubt simpler, of conferring the marks according to the character and conduct of the prisoners as these were appreciated by the officers.

Dissipation and dirt within the walls of a prison are now in this country traditions of the far past, but scantily find-

ing any place in the memory of living men. It has been in some respect calamitous to a district to be forward in the race of improvement, since it may have happened that a prison has been erected for it, not equal to the demands of these declining years of the nineteenth century, yet too good to be sacrificed. Of the prison that, with a curious baronial picturesqueness crowns the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, this may be said. An acute recorder of the events of his time thus commemorates its coming into existence.

"The year 1808 saw the commencement of our new jail on the Calton Hill. It was a piece of undoubted bad taste to give so glorious an eminence to a prison. It was one of our noblest sites, and would have been given by Pericles to one of his finest edifices."

Fortunately the writer of this brief announcement was acquainted with the old building, celebrated by Scott in the great romance of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and has given this potent description of it :

"The completion of the new jail implied the removal of the old one ; and accordingly, in a few years after this the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' ceased to beat. A most atrocious jail it was, the very breath of which almost strack down any stranger who entered its dismal door ; and as ill placed as possible, without an inch of ground beyond its black and horrid walls. And these walls were very small, the entire hole being filled with little dark cells ; heavy manacles the only security ; airless, waterless, drainless ; a living grave. One week of that dirty, fetid, cruel torture-house was a severer punishment than a year of our worst modern prisons—more dreadful in its sufferings—more certain in its corruption ; overwhelming the innocent with a more tremendous sense of despair—provoking the guilty to more audacious defiance." *

The structural character of the more recent prisons, as well as the purifications in the whole system of arrangement, have done service to the officers in extinguishing one of the old traditional plagues of their existence in the dealing with gentleman criminals. There may be little doubt that the man of education and social position, who has yielded himself to crime, may be fairly considered a more guilty mortal than the race of habitual criminals cursed with the nature that is found in them. But

* Cockburn's Memorials of his own Time.

this will not prevent the exceptional inmate from grumbling at the sordidness of conditions not so acutely felt by his neighbor the rough, and the official staff of a prison is not unlikely to sympathize with such grumbings. They may in these days, however, be substantially met. For that essential that is said to be next to godliness, there is perhaps scarce a gentleman's house in the empire quite so cleanly kept as the large convict-prisons. The diet is with careful skill adapted to the ends of wholesomeness and nutrition. The medical authorities are supreme in the enforcement of these qualities ; and it would be neither beneficial to the ends of justice nor to the prisoner's health and happiness that he should indulge in such luxurious superfluities as he may have addicted himself to in the days of his freedom. The stoppage of his wine is of course a serious element in his punishment, and so is the wearing of the convict uniform. But it is clean, like everything else about him ; and the consideration of exempting him from any rules of prison discipline must be considered in its influence on his fellow-prisoners of humbler condition.

Liberal efforts have been made in recent times to distribute clergymen and lay teachers through our prisons. It is one of those works to which people bid God-speed without too closely criticising the extent of its efficiency. The tolerant and pliant nature of the habitual criminal prompts him to manifestations of acceptance apt to mislead the teacher—especially the religious teacher—as to the practical extent of his services. It is, unfortunately, a notion familiar to all to whom prison life is familiar, that a fresh chaplain is delighted to find that the spiritual harvest to be reaped is now spread before him. He will not perhaps announce the blasting of his hopes ; but it is a common opinion among those acquainted with prison interiors, that there is perhaps no officer within the walls more thoroughly sceptical of any moral or religious good having been effected among the flock than the prison chaplain. The members of his congregation will remember the words uttered by him and will perhaps repeat them to others in a manner not tending to edification ; as where an emi-

nent statesman questioning a prisoner about to be released as to his intentions for the future, was answered, " I am to sell all I have and give unto the poor." Still it would be a dreary conclusion to reach that no good results come from the costly efforts to plant teachers of religion among the inmates of prisons, and it must at least be believed that it is good to bring them into contact with people of earnestly religious views and high culture.

In the way of other methods of bringing such influences to operate on the criminal nature there are difficulties. A prison is a place where precision and order are the rule. All exciting novelties are a source of intense anxiety and great trouble to the discipline officers, whose services, even when they are supported and encouraged, are not of a kind to be cheerful or enjoyable. Yet it would not be wise, or consistent with British notions of the sacredness of personal liberty, that none but the officers of a prison should have access to it, and opportunity of communication with its criminal inhabitants. Reference has been made to that instinct of the jail-bird that warns him against any attempt to plead innocence of the offence attributed to him, and induces him to found his complaint of the injustice done to him on some technical irregularity. But this weakness loses its restraint in the presence of the benevolent stranger, who is often perplexed and vexed by the heavy burden laid upon him in the distinct and fervent declaration of perfect innocence made by every inmate of a prison who has had an opportunity of appealing to him.

Chaplains and teachers are, to a certain extent, a wholesome element of influence on the pedantries and conventionalities of the officers trained to monotonous daily duties ; and other visitors are received under certain conditions in conformity with the established routine of discipline. If they generally conform with these, and consent to visit the establishment, not as a show, but as a sphere of useful labor, they do an eminent service to the public.

There has been of late years a gradual but wholesome pressure against the practice of making any inmate of a prison a public show on account of the atrocity

or some other exciting quality in the crime for which the imprisonment has been inflicted. The love of fame is powerfully at work in the criminal mind ; and it is not an entirely preposterous conclusion, on the part of people who have had opportunities for observation, that the homage of curiosity paid by the foolish public to the martyr undergoing punishment for some flagrant crime has been an element of temptation to others to attempt the accomplishment of the like. A certain grade of rank, in fact, in the criminal world, is conceded to the perpetrators of crimes of a high and startling character. Vidocq, the illustrious French policeman, gives more distinction to this peculiarity than it is perhaps entitled to claim with us ; and among the inmates of a prison he gives a lively account of the miseries of a poor creature, whose crime was limited to the theft of certain cabbages, under the sneers of a high-class convict, whose plunderings had been among diamonds and other precious articles. It seemed, however, to persons experienced in prison-work, an unexpected novelty when a body of men, under sentences of penal servitude, complained of the humiliation of occupying the same premises with petty offenders sentenced to short periods of imprisonment. They claimed for themselves, as the " Secretary of State's convicts," something like a position of exclusive dignity.

Convicts are signally susceptible to those emotions that are sometimes spoken of as the amiable defects of human nature. A prominent place among these is vanity. Personal vanity is naturally more conspicuous among the women than on the male side. Some of them will appropriate and adorn themselves with any strip of ribbon, silk, or even tinfoil, that may happen to be found ; and there is an unaccountable oddity in the exercise of the passion, since it must be done in secret, and especially since it is precluded from attracting the attention of any male admirer.

The susceptibility of the criminal to the influence of vanity sometimes takes a troublesome shape in efforts to deceive or mystify his custodiers. The steady perseverance and long endurance of misery often expended in the gratification of this passion, is one of the standing

marvels of prison-life. " Malingering," or feigning sickness, is the most ordinary form taken by the passion, and, with the other vanities, it prevails on the female side. Instances could be recalled of women keeping themselves bedridden for years to this end. In one instance the poor patient was enabled, by a peculiar muscular power, to create the external symptoms of a dangerous structural disease. A surgeon celebrated for successful operations on such maladies was called in. His first act was to administer chloroform, and this deprived the malingerer of the physical capacity to create the phenomenon. This woman was an instance of the elements of profuse health and strength often the gift of criminals. After having lain for several years an abject wasted wretch, when restored to the discipline and hard work of the healthy, she gained weight and color, and all the elements of an excellent constitution.

In another instance, the convict betrayed herself by an imprudent exercise of the virtue of cleanliness. Criminals, while in their own hands, are generally dirty in their habits ; and the personal cleanliness enforced under good prison discipline is one of its most effective hardships. In this instance, however, there was the innate love of cleanness peculiar to the respectable English woman. The keeping of this woman's cell in order had to be performed by some one of her comrades in affliction. It was observed, however, that it was always in a more perfectly clean condition in the morning, before the assistant had access to it, than at any other time. It seemed like the result of visits from the " drudging goblin," whose capacity was tested—

" When in one night ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn."

But the source of the phenomenon in the eyes of the attendants was simple and obvious. The convict had risen in the night to the work, and given a precedent for setting her to work at regulation hours. An instance occurred when a clever officer suggested the pitting of personal vanity against the vanity of mystification. The convict was paralysed. She was proof against all attempts to surprise her out of her malingering by physical means, but she could

not resist the temptation of a pair of new shoes, and presented her feet promptly to be invested with them.

The question of the possible reformation of the habitual criminal has evidently given much uneasy concern to those who have undertaken it. We are told that in Ireland the feat has been accomplished, and the assertion is supported by a crowd of instances where fiends have been converted into angels of light; but Ireland is always producing some phenomenon flagrantly contradictory to our experience in other parts of the empire. An official man connected with the administration of justice elsewhere having visited Ireland for the purpose of practically examining the whole matter, brought back some curious items of information. He had had the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of an ardent admirer of the system—so ardent that he had selected all his servants from jail-birds; and his table was served by ticket-of-leave men. The presiding female genius of the house gave practical confirmation to the success of the scheme, saying, that since she had been served by ex-convicts she had never thought it necessary to lock up her plate and jewels. In people who find their way to conclusions of this kind there must be a store of sunny happiness much to be envied by people less fortunate. How much they must enjoy, for instance, of all that is denied to persons like a sceptical old prison officer who, in the course of some practical discussions on the Irish convict millenium, remarked that “there are no thieves in Ireland because there is nothing there to steal!” But there is a partial meaning in the abrupt conclusion. It is not by the wealth of the inmates of palaces and castles that the thief is supported, but by the abundant sums of money and articles of value distributed in other parts of the empire among multitudes individually possessed of moderate means. The convenience and value of this stock-in-trade gives the English

thief a prejudice against Scotland, where the ready cash of the farmer or shopkeeper is despitely deposited in a bank, or, if retained, is kept in the form of traceable bank-notes, instead of the stocking full of gold pieces so welcome in England.

As appropriate to the exemption of Ireland from the depredations of the accomplished thief, it may be noted that few natives of Ireland find their way into the prisons on this side of the water. On the other hand, names indicating undoubted Irish descent abound in them, so as sometimes to distinguish nearly half the population within the walls of some of the larger prisons. Hence it is to be inferred that Milesian descent does not exclude its possessor from the acquisition of the furtive propensities of his neighbor living in the richer country. The native Irishman is of course, distinguishable from him who, born elsewhere, has inherited the Irish name from his grandfather, by the brogue, or other peculiarity of speech. It may be desirable that we should have closer information on such points as these, and on many others connected with the pedigree of criminals. Earnest attempts have been made to collect and arrange statistics embodying the pedigree, the place of birth, and the places they have frequented since birth, of all persons who come under the lash of the criminal law. But there is a fatal obstacle at the outset of such inquiries. Criminals—thieves especially—are found to be people of a modest and retiring disposition. As to their past career, however they may luxuriate in conceit and vanity, they exhibit reticence to those having charge of them for the time. To any questions about the past their instinct ever is to give a lying answer. The only thing one can feel assured of, therefore, in the statistics so collected is, that the truth in each instance lies somewhere else than in their record.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ITALY: HER HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

BY A. GALLENGA.

It is surprising to see how little charity there is among men ; how unable or unwilling we are to make allowance for the circumstances by which our neighbors are swayed ; how often we grudge common justice even though we profess exaggerated partiality.

The best-abused nations in Europe at this moment are those which the general consent and deliberate act of the European States combined to recall from political death to life—the Roumans, the Bulgarians, and other Wallach or Slavic races ; but more especially the modern representatives of those two great races of antiquity—the Helenes and the Latins. Few of us remember how harshly men's judgment had for centuries, and till very recent times, gone against those fallen people ; how persistently Greeks and Italians were looked upon as "degenerate bastards ; the mere dust of the noble generations on whose graves they trod ; the maggots," to quote the expression of a crabbed German, "claiming descentance from the lion's carcass, out of whose putrefaction they swarmed." Few of us recollect how often it was asserted that the Turk or the Austrian was "too good for them ;" how expedient it was that they should bear their yoke till, forsooth, "slavery should ripen them for self-government."

But they had not to wait so long as that ; their valor or despair, their good fortune or the interested policy of the Great Powers, wrought out their deliverance ; Greeks and Italians were allowed the free guidance of their own destinies, and forthwith our expectations transcended all limits of reason. We looked for an immediate revival of heroic races : for a reproduction of the deeds and thoughts of ancient Athens, or Sparta, or Rome ; and now, because stubborn reality does not come up to our ideal, we fall back on our fathers' ungenerous views, and look upon those "half-emancipated bondsmen" as "corrupt and debased past recovery." We lament our ill-bestowed sympathies, and almost wish our work undone.

Leaving the Greeks to plead their

own cause as they can, I shall venture, as an Italian, to assert that my countrymen might be entitled to a little more consideration where they so long met with so much indulgence. I shall attempt an apology of that long-enthralled nation, which seems daily to sink in the estimation of those who had perhaps too great a pity on its durance, and who also, perhaps, too hastily and too loudly applauded its release.

There are few words better deserving to be treasured up, with respect to Italy, than those which fell from Massimo d'Azeglio, when amid the first exultation of the meeting of an Italian Parliament in Turin, in 1860, he exclaimed—"*L'Italia è fatta, ma chi farà ora gl'Italiani.*" D'Azeglio, both the warmest-hearted and the coolest headed of Italian patriots, well knew by what long and painful stages freedmen must rise to the dignity of freemen. Had the emancipation of the Peninsula been the result of a few years' struggle with Austria, or, if need were, with the whole world, the energies called forth by a sustained action would have brought forth a new race, as it happened in Switzerland at the rise of the Forest Cantons, or in Italy itself at the epoch of the Lombard League of the twelfth century. But the Italy of our days was not—fortunately, as some people think—sufficiently tempered by the fire of adversity. She came too easily through the ordeal of 1859 ; she fought but little in that year ; she fought again in 1866, and not victoriously. She won by defeat. The generation of "patriots," "rebels," or "conspirators," as men may prefer to call them, who gave their blood, their homes, or their fortunes for their country's cause, is rapidly dying away, and a new set of mere "politicians" has sprung up, who seem to look upon the long trials Italy had to go through as a mere myth, and laugh to scorn the idea of a possibility of their recurrence. They do not inquire by what virtues or by what chances their country became their own ; they do not expect to be called upon to produce

their title deeds. It is their country, of course. "Italy for the Italians!" as good a cry as France for the French, or Denmark for the Danes. They would probably be surprised to hear that, less than thirty years ago, grave statesmen only spoke of Italy as of a "geographical expression."

This consciousness, natural to the Italians, that they have a country of their own—a country formerly the greatest and perhaps still the most beautiful—too readily suggests the notion that it should at once take rank among the strongest, and induces them to assume an attitude which is resented by their neighbors as provocative and aggressive, and which might cause some uneasiness, were it not for that unerring political instinct common to all Italians which makes them feel when they are getting into a scrape, and advises a timely retreat out of any dangerous path into which fond conceit might beguile them.

From the fact, for instance, that they have made good their claims to their country springs the corollary that they have a right to the whole of it. Hence the outcry for those "unredeemed" districts on the frontiers of the Tyrol or Istria, of the Canton Ticino, of the Maritime Alps, and the islands of Corsica and Malta, which would seem at any moment likely to involve the Italians in hostilities with Austria, Switzerland, France, and England. Hence, again, from the idea that they are a great nation, one of the "Six Powers," and, as such, interested in maintaining the equilibrium between the European States, arise the pretensions of the Italians, that anything that might disturb that balance, any aggrandizement by which one State might threaten to sink the scale on one side—as, for example, Austria's annexation of Bosnia, or France's *coup de main* upon Tunis—should, by way of compensation and counterpoise, justify Italy's demand for a corresponding territorial increase on the other side.

These covetous aspirations, natural and common to every family as to every individual of the human species, find an easy vent in Italy—a country where opinion has been made free even to license—in the vamping declamations of stump orators, and in the vaunting

effusions of farthing prints; but they are promptly, eagerly, and sincerely disavowed by responsible statesmen in and out of power, and hushed up by the authority of their official or semi-official organs; not because the Italians, as a people, have any doubt of the justice or reasonableness of their national claims, but because there is wisdom enough among them to understand how hopeless it is for the frog to swell himself to the size of an ox, and how little profitable to the dog to bark if he has no fangs to bite. No chauvinism in a young thin-skinned Southern community is proof against the withering blast of ridicule.

The Italians, in sober moments, are well aware that hardly any continental State may be said to be circumscribed within what are called natural frontiers; that every kingdom or empire has within its boundary, as every landed proprietor within his ring-fence, some petty *enclave* or debatable border-district, some Naboth's vineyard, which gold cannot purchase and force cannot seize, without undergoing heavier sacrifices or incurring greater risks than the longed-for prize would be worth. The Italians see, wherever they look, instances of great Powers, such as England, Germany, or Russia, falling back from pretensions, submitting to arbitrations, accepting compromises, and even putting up with affronts, for the sake of that peace which is a common necessity; and how could the conviction of this necessity, this amiable disposition to mutual forbearance, to timely concession, to a give-and-take policy, not be forced upon a new State, whose walls and bulwarks are barely rising, whose solidity, it must be avowed, withstood but indifferently the first trial to which it was exposed?

For, undoubtedly, at the bottom of all the uneasiness, of the jealous, exacting sensitiveness evinced by the Italians in all matters concerning their position in the European concert there rankles the recollection of their defeats of Custoza and Lissa. Their instinct tells them that the first claim an untried nation like Italy may put forth to the consideration of her neighbors must rest on her character as a fighting nation. She may never have an occasion to put forth her strength; she will be praised and loved for her pacific disposition; but,

all the same, the world must be sure that, though she "beware of entrance to a quarrel, she will, being in, bear it that her opposer may beware of her." She must fight if need be, and not only bravely, but victoriously; for little will it avail her to blame either her soldiers or her generals or ill-fortune for her reverses; it is only success, no matter how won, that will make her neighbors seek her as an ally or dread her as an adversary.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to persuade the Italians that they can never have a war except of their own seeking, or that a war provoked by them can never turn out to their advantage. It would be idle to repeat to them that the "barbarians," who have for so many centuries used Italy for their cockpit, have had enough of a country which has almost invariably become their cemetery. No argument could prove to the Italians' satisfaction that their only safety lies in a policy of absolute neutrality; their real strength in a military organization based on the Swiss system, which should reduce the standing army to a minimum, and muster the whole population into militia regiments and rifle companies. It is all in vain! Italy cannot be reassured on the score of her neighbors' attitude. Till they all agree on some scheme of simultaneous disarmament, Italy will go on adding cannon to cannon, man-of-war to man-of-war. Though France fought at Magenta and Solferino for the Italians, she has never concealed her desire to undo the work that those two battles accomplished—a work the result of which went so far beyond her calculations or intentions—she has never lost an opportunity of humiliating them or working them mischief. Witness her mediation at Venice, the wonders of her chassepots at Mentana, her recent campaign at Tunis. France, the Italians think, hates them with the lingering, undying hatred, not of him who received, but of him who inflicted an injury. Of course the Italians are aware that their country never could, single-handed, be a match for France. But they reckon on the chapter of accidents; they look upon war between the Great Powers as an inevitable and not remote contingency; and, following the traditional policy which has for so many

centuries and so well answered the purposes of "plucky little Piedmont"—the policy which won for them Solferino, Sadowa, and Sedan—they trust that in the next war they may, by being well armed, still be able to sell their cooperation or inaction to the highest bidder, so as, either as auxiliaries or neutrals, to come in for a share of the gains of the chief combatants.

That such calculations are ignoble, that such a policy would be undignified, and lower their country to the position of the jackal among European lions, the Italians must readily acknowledge. But they plead necessity as their excuse. As it was said of the Princes of Savoy, "*La géographie les empêche d'être honnêtes gens.*" The Italians conceive that no pacific attitude, no declaration of non-interference on their part, would ward off those calamities of invasion from which their fertile plains have so often suffered. It ought to be sufficient for Europe, they argue, that Italy will never voluntarily be the cause of an outbreak or give the signal for it. But if her good-will avails not, if she must needs be dragged into the *mêlée*, it would be too much to pretend that she should suffer events to find her unprepared, unable not only to hold her own, but also to make the most of other people's necessities, or to turn their errors or their mishaps to account. Italy cannot hope to exist on mere sufferance. Her protection from attack lies on her ability, or simply on the reputation of her ability, to defend herself. Such is the argument on the Italians' side, and they clench it with their proverb, "*Colui che si fa pecora il lupo se la mangia.*"

Unfortunately, as we have seen, Italy can put but little reliance on her military reputation. Ask a French or a German general, and he will tell you that he would feel less confident of success in an encounter with a mere handful of sturdy mountaineers of the Swiss cantons than in an inroad into Italy with her half-million combatants; and this because the Swiss have on their side the prestige of Sempach, Morgarten, Grandson, Marignano, while, from the days of Fornovo, in 1495, to those of Custoza, in 1866, all the battles fought by the Italians as a nation have been inglorious disasters. Not but the Italians

have on many an occasion proved themselves good soldiers. Not but Spinola, Farnese, Montecuccoli, and others, have taken high rank among generals; but, somehow or other, either soldiers or generals have been at fault. There has always been something deficient in the organization or discipline of an Italian army. It was only as generals at the head of alien soldiers, or as soldiers serving under alien generals, that the Italians very frequently behaved with honor. "Conquering or vanquished, always to be enslaved," was the fate of the country.

The force that the Italians have now at their disposal is numerous, well-armed and equipped; it shows to advantage on parade; it is well-behaved; a model of subordination and discipline. But the proof of an army is in the battle; and how can one answer for its conduct in the field, if it numbers very few officers and hardly any of the rank and file who have ever seen fire? The Italians take no little pride in the exploits of their troops at Palestro and San Martino; but the men engaged in these encounters were not pure Italians. One half of the Piedmontese army consisted of Savoyards, the other half chiefly of sub-alpine mountaineers, men tempered by the nature of their rugged soil and climate, and whose bravery never belied itself in the best or worst times of their connection with the Savoy dynasty. Out of these and of their Lombard brethren, and from the whole valley of the Po between the Alps and the Apennines, recruits available for good work may always be drawn; but these were already in the minority at Custoza. The greatest number of the Italian army has to be made up of Southern men, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans, available also, but not without long training and very firm discipline. Out of Piedmont, for a period of three centuries, every effort was made by Italian rulers to unstring the nerves and break the spirit of the Italian nation. Those were the days when at Naples men heard a brute of a king, himself a coward, boasting, with his *Fuggiranno sempre*, of the cowardice of his soldiers. The slaves of a tyrant can never be cowardly enough to reassure their master's fears. But now the times are changed. Italy has a manly

race of sovereigns at her head, and every effort should be made to reawaken the manliness of a naturally soft and indolent, but not irretrievably debased population. Unfortunately, what has been attempted hitherto has met with but indifferent results. The rifle-clubs and shooting-galleries, opened with great eagerness in the towns of the Peninsula on the first outburst of patriotic enthusiasm in 1859, were either closed or abandoned in most instances not many years after their inauguration. Athletic sports, walking tours, alpine climbing, boating, and riding, are diversions in which few Italians take pleasure; and, since the introduction of the Prussian system of universal enlistment, the Italians seem to think that a soldier's training need only be applied to the conscript or recruit, while in Germany and everywhere in the North it is with the schoolboy that the physical and moral discipline of the future soldier begins.

But even supposing that by proper management an Italian army could be made to reach the highest degree of efficiency, and that it had at its back, as a Reserve, Landwehr, and Landsturm, the whole regenerated nation, there would always remain the question of the "sinews of war" to be settled; and the finances of the Italian kingdom have been from the beginning in so deplorable a condition that it would be under present circumstances the height of madness to take the field, as it would require superhuman efforts to maintain it. The military establishment of Italy began to weigh as an intolerable incubus on the national exchequer at the time that the Minghetti administration borrowed 300,000,000 francs in one lump to make ready for the final contest with Austria in 1866. The annexation of Venetia at that juncture was considered a matter of life and death, and no sacrifice by which the means to reach that end could be procured was then deemed too enormous. But the end was compassed; Venice was won, and not much later Rome, and yet Italy went on adding year after year to her war budget, as if what had been deemed sufficient for the requirements of an active war were no longer adequate to the exigencies of an armed peace. And matters have been carried so far that, even now, when the

Tunis difficulty, which threatened to lead to a quarrel with France, was brought to an end by an arrangement in which Italy had *volens volens* to acquiesce, we hear of a popular War Minister, General Mezzacapo, in the recent Cabinet crisis, declining to take office, because his colleagues grudged him a sum of 400,000,000 francs to be laid out by instalments of 10,000,000 francs to 30,000,000 francs yearly, necessary, in the general's opinion, to "complete the supply and equipment of the army; as more than half the cavalry are badly mounted, the batteries incomplete, and in short the army in many respects wholly unfurnished."

It would be to little purpose to assert that, madly extravagant as the military and naval establishment of Italy may be said to be, its expenditure still falls considerably short of the War and Marine Budgets of England, France, and other States, bearing in mind the different ratio of their respective populations. For the army of a nation should be proportionate not to the number of its inhabitants, but to the extent of its financial resources: the suit of armor should be so contrived as to protect without crushing the body that has to wear it. And Italy cannot afford to keep in her pay even an army of half the numerical strength of France or England, unless she can also muster at least half the wealth of either of those two countries. But it is quite certain that Italy does not find herself in such conditions. Italy is comparatively a poor country, and her poverty in a great measure arises not only from the extravagance, but also from the defective administration of the military and naval as well as of most other departments of the public service.

The kingdom of Italy has been in existence for more than a score of years. During this period it has received a momentous impulse in every branch of public works, in popular education, in the development of its agricultural and industrial resources; and there has been to all appearance so rapid and extensive an increase of national prosperity, that, while the public expenditure has been more than doubled, the revenue has ultimately been made to keep pace with it. This result has, however, not been obtained without a dire strain on the blood

and substance of the people, from whom loud complaints arise that they have to bear burdens exceeding their powers of endurance. The Italians, indeed, seem to have survived the worst times, as, owing to the propitious circumstances of a long-continued European peace, and a succession of abundant harvests, the well-being of the nation has been deemed so perceptible as to encourage the government to propose the abolition of the unpopular grist tax, and of the irksome circulation of the forced paper currency. But there is little expectation of a speedy removal of other taxes, as objectionable as these—improvident taxes, falling with ruthless severity on the necessities of life, and weighing especially on the lower orders, such as the salt and tobacco monopoly, the *octroi*, or duty on consumption at the town gates—immoral taxes, tending to encourage the gambling propensities of the multitude, such as the public lottery—taxes absorbing nearly half the income of real property, such as the house tax, which in some of the towns—in Florence, for instance—amounts to 49 per cent of the estimated rent; finally, taxes on mere expectations, as the legacy duty, which is equally exacted from an heir upon immediate succession, or upon the reversion of a legacy which may not fall due for an indefinite number of years. Add to all this a customs tariff virtually amounting to prohibition, and port duties and other navigation laws, the effect of which has been greatly to diminish both the number and tonnage of the mercantile marine.

That private fortunes should be made subservient to the interests of the public income is sufficiently clear; still we must not be unmindful of the plain rules of common sense about "the feather that breaks the camel's back," and the inexpediency of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." The results of excessive taxation in Italy are perceptible in the slow progress of public works, in the stagnation of trade and industry, but, above all things, in the cruel sufferings of the lower classes, especially among the rural population. Nowhere, perhaps, does the unmatched fertility of the soil offer a more striking contrast with the wretchedness of its cultivators than in those rich Lombard

and Emilian plains, where the *Pellagra*, a mysterious but horrible complaint, affecting both body and mind, is bred from the insufficient quantity or bad quality of food, from the squalor of the dwellings, the impurity of the waters; from a complication of evils all springing from the same source of abject poverty; the low wages being equally insufficient to enable a laborer to keep body and soul together in his native land, or to better his condition by quitting it. It is but justice to inquire whether such miseries did not exist in those same regions of Italy in former times; and whether, if we hear more about them now, it is not simply because greater attention is being paid to the subject, and somewhat more earnest efforts are made to point out the evil and devise its remedy. Whether the pellagra is on the increase, or whether it abates; whether the emigration which has lately set in in vast proportions from many Italian provinces, is to be accounted gain or loss for the community, are all matters about which discussion is not easy. One ought to be thankful to the Italian Government for its activity in supplying statistical information on these and other subjects, and trust to publicity and the natural progress of reason and humanity to force both the government itself and the wealthier classes to come to the relief of the helpless lower orders.

A nation which has been as long aspiring to the dignity of self-government as Italy must not only be willing to pay the costs of so great a privilege, but also be able to exercise a proper control over such expenses. It must feel that it is responsible for the management of its own affairs, and should not intrust it to incompetent or unscrupulous public servants. The Italians were called upon to exercise freemen's rights and fulfil freemen's duties upon little or no preparation. Their constitution of 1848 grew up like the prophet's gourd in one night, a mere copy of the French charter of Louis Philippe, which the revolution at that very moment was tearing to tatters. In spite of its many theoretical faults and practical inconveniences, the Italians wisely put up with it, partly because no provisions are made by the act itself for its revision, and partly also because they are aware that a constituent

assembly would be in Italy as dangerous an experiment as it has almost invariably been elsewhere. The electoral law, however, is a separate enactment; it has none of the irrevocable stability of the fundamental statute. There have been frequent attempts to amend it; and the Chamber of Deputies is even now discussing a bill brought in by the government for its radical reform, and aiming at the establishment of the broadest manhood suffrage.

For a period of sixteen years after the inauguration of the first Italian Parliament, in 1860, the Italian Government was in the hands of Cavour and of the statesmen of his school, Ricasoli, Sella, Minghetti, etc.—the "Right" or Moderate Liberal or Conservative party, who, all engrossed with the fulfilment of the country's emancipation by the deliverance of Venice and Rome, were inclined to adjourn any rash modification of mere political institutions. But in 1876, in consequence of some petty or personal questions, the Minghetti administration collapsed; and the Left or former Rattazzi party, headed by Depretis, Cairoli, Crispi, Nicotera, etc., came into power. It was an amalgam of more or less advanced democrats, some of whom, when in opposition, had committed themselves to ultra-radical principles and measures, specious perhaps in theory, but fraught with insurmountable difficulties in their practical application. Moderate and Radical politicians in Italy both borrow their ideas from the French; and none of these ideas had struck deeper roots among the men of the Extreme Left than that of the utmost extension of the electoral franchise, and that of a revision of the Penal Code aiming at the mitigation of its severity, and the eventual abolition of capital punishment. On these subjects, however, it was no easy matter for the governing party to bring about an agreement among the various sections of which it is composed; and it found it still more difficult to satisfy the ambition, or overcome the hostility of the section leaders, especially Nicotera and Crispi, by allowing them as high a place in the government as they considered themselves entitled to. The consequence was that the government of the Left, in spite of its very large majority, was from the be-

ginning a house divided against itself ; and, as such, exposed to disastrous defeats, leading to very frequent ministerial crises, in which the Cabinet almost entirely consisted of the same men, but with the alternate appearance of Depretis or Cairoli, or Cairoli or Depretis, as President of the Council or Prime Minister. For, on the one hand, the Democratic majority was always sufficiently united to stand its ground against all opposition whenever any dangers arose of a triumph of the Right likely to bring back that party into power ; and, on the other hand, success in the Chambers was of no avail to the leaders of the Left, as they well knew that almost in any measure they proposed they would be forsaken by some of their discordant sections, which for this special purpose would have no scruple about turning against the government and making common cause with its adversaries.

There is thus, properly speaking, no government in Italy, and the whole home policy of the country is in an *impasse*. It is not so much as rash and dangerous innovators that the men of the Left have hitherto been able to do mischief. The evil has rather arisen from their impotence, from their want of capacity as well as of unity of purpose. For after the death of the rather tricky than clever Rattazzi, the Radicals have always been a headless party, as all, or very nearly all, the able men of the Chamber have for the last sixteen years been sitting on the Right or Right Centre, as supporters of the Moderate Government, leaving the opposite benches to mere mediocrities like Depretis, to well-meaning but inexperienced patriots like Cairoli, or to hot-headed agitators like Nicotera, and Crispi. The Left during their six years' tenure of office have simply done nothing in a country where there was, and is, and will for a long time be so much to be done ; a country where the administration in all its branches is still in the utmost disorder, in which crime of the most appalling frequency and atrocity is still rampant, and where, while in too many cases the police suffer the worst malefactors to elude their vigilance and baffle pursuit, the judges, with their unconscionable delays and tedious proceedings, too often doom an innocent man to languish in jail

month after month, year after year, in some instances even prolonging his suspense till death comes to his relief before they vouchsafe him his trial.

Of the measures on the passing of which the men of the Left staked their existence on coming into power six years ago, only the two financial schemes already mentioned—the grist tax and the forced paper currency—are now in progress of execution. About the success of their trump-card—the Electoral Reform, which is now the theme of debate in the Chambers—great doubts are still entertained ; and yet it is on the alleged necessity of getting at the real will of the nation that King Humbert, with honorable but somewhat exaggerated ideas of his duties as a Constitutional Sovereign, resisted, during the recent crisis, all suggestions about dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, putting off all appeal to the people till the present Legislature is brought to its natural close, or till the question of the electoral franchise is decided. Everybody about the King, though perhaps not the King himself, well knows how little reliance can be put on the results of a general election. In a country so new as Italy is to constitutional life, the popular vote is either unduly swayed by the ascendancy of the government functionaries, high and low, or actually hocus-pocussed and falsified by the sleight-of-hand tricks of its underhand agents. At any rate, it very seldom happens on the continent that a majority is returned hostile to the government which manipulates the election. And it is in this respect that Democrats in those Southern communities have succeeded in perverting the ideas of the unthinking multitude ; they contend that in their scheme of universal suffrage and the ballot lies the panacea for all electoral disorders. Some of the Conservatives, however, if they would speak out, might object that the electoral franchise, far from needing extension, ought on the contrary to be limited, at least until the electors show a better consciousness of their public duties, and are cured of that indolence or timidity by which they allow the rough and desperate to have their own way at the polls. In Italy, at all events, with a suffrage still grounded on property qualification or superior education—

limited to the payers of 40 francs yearly of direct taxes, and to members of the learned professions—it not unfrequently happens that the election of a “College,” or constituency mustering 1500 registered electors, is barely attended by one-tenth of that number. With such a disposition on the part of what is considered the *élite* of the people, what other results can be expected from manhood suffrage and secret voting than what we see in France—the reign of the multitude, which is another word for the dictatorship of a Napoleon or a Gambetta. One might well accept the *Vox populi* as *Vox Dei*, if the mass acted on its own impulse and not often on its worst enemies’ suggestion, and if zeal for its class interests did not interfere with its sense of the public good.

By thus freely and fairly, to the best of my abilities, pointing out the shortcomings of the Italians in such experiment of an independent political life as they have up to this moment gone through, I think I have made the best case for them in what concerns the past, and set out the most encouraging prospects of what may be expected of them in the future. Twenty or even two-and-twenty years is but a short period in the existence of a nation—a brief lapse of time to efface the marks of years, to correct the stoop of the shoulders contracted by long submission to a home and foreign yoke. The Italians are not now what they were in the palmy days of ancient Rome, or what they again became in the stirring times of mediæval Florence, Genoa, or Venice. Four centuries of priestly and princely misrule could not fail to leave on their mental and moral character an impression so deep as to seem, on a cursory view, indelible; and nothing but a miracle could at once raise them to the ideal of their too sanguine well-wishers. But the question is whether any nation, under the same circumstances, would be very much better; or whether, as it used to be said before 1860, “men of any other race of duller fibre and grosser habits would, after undergoing so demoralizing an ordeal, still preserve the features and upright bearing of human beings, and not crawl, like brutes, on all fours.”

The Italians, it must be allowed, have not, during this last score of years, done

the best for themselves; but surely they could have done worse; and a sufficient defence for them would be the mere enumeration of the many mistakes and misdeeds which they might not unpardonably have committed, but from which they have wisely abstained. In their foreign policy, to begin with, they have not been free from vague aspirations and tender or even morbid susceptibilities—but they have, after all, always commanded their temper, soothed or quelled insane agitation, disavowed rash and absurd pretensions, put up with deliberate, galling provocation. They have not been that “sure guarantee of European peace” which would have become the mission assigned to them; they have not trusted to an inoffensive attitude as their best safeguard, and have followed their neighbors’ bad example by arming themselves to the teeth. But the war minister who called for more cannon and gunpowder had to withdraw before the prudent vote of his colleagues in the cabinet. The charge of a military establishment has been heavy for Italy, it must be granted; but it has not, as elsewhere, led to the prevalence of militarism; it has never subjected the country to the sudden catastrophe of a *Pro-nunciamento*. The evils of an armed peace, added to those of an overgrown and improvident administration, have led to financial distress, and to a ruthless taxation, exhausting the resources and all but breaking the back of the nation. But even in that respect the Italians have reached the limits beyond which recklessness cannot go; they seem now bent on retrenchment; their Budget has for the last four or five years presented, if not quite a satisfactory, at least a more encouraging balance-sheet. Public confidence has risen at home and abroad, and Italian Five per Cents are at 93½.

In matters of home policy, again, it must be granted that Italy has not well withstood the influence of pseudo-democratic and ultra-humanitarian Utopias. But the bill introducing universal suffrage and that abolishing capital punishment have not yet become law, and are hardly likely to pass without amendments that will take the sting from them—amendments, not only accepted, but even suggested by the Radical Govern-

ment, always half-hearted about the measures to which it is bound by its precedents, yet which it has for these last five years managed to postpone. Italy would, moreover, not be the first country in which measures of that nature have not been repealed by the very men by whom they were most ardently and most persistently advocated.

Finally, the Italians cannot deny the charge that they have been, in politics as in crinolines, chignons, or idiot fringes, servile imitators of French fashions, aping almost exclusively the very nation which harbors perhaps the least good-will to them, and deals them the hardest snubs and slaps in the face. But they have hitherto followed their leaders at a tolerably safe distance; they have not carried French theories to their ultimate conclusions. The Italians have a ready-made "Head of the State," a corner-stone of the constitution, in their loyalty to their king and dynasty. They are not by nature hero-worshippers.

Since Cavour's death and Garibaldi's marriage there has been no case of transcendent genius or miraculous valor to call forth their veneration or enthusiasm. Italy supplies Napoleons and Gambettas to her neighbors, but will have none for herself. It is fortunate also that France should show so much ingenuity, and be so ready to seize every opportunity to affront the Italians, that she should become more exacting and overbearing in proportion as she, notwithstanding her great wealth, sinks in importance and loses *prestige*. It is not many years since an Italian Deputy, on his visit to Madrid, "thanked Heaven that had created Spain, lest his own Italy should be the lowest in the scale of civilized nations." For what concerns government, it is questionable whether either Italy or Spain herself can find anything to envy in the condition of their Gallic sister.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A SUNFLOWER.

EARTH hides her secrets deep
Down where the small seed lies,
Hid from the air and skies
Where first it sank to sleep.
To grow, to blossom, and to die—
Ah, who shall know her hidden alchemy?

Quick stirs the inner strife,
Strong grow the powers of life,
Forth from earth's mother breast,
From her dark homes of rest,
Forth as an essence rare
Eager to meet the air
Growth's very being, seen
Here, in this tenderest green.

Drawn by the light above,
Upward the life must move;
Touched by the outward life
Kindles anew the strife,
Light seeks the dark's domain,
Draws thence with quickening pain
New store of substance rare,
Back through each tingling vein
Thrusts the new life again—
Beauty unfolds in air.

So grows earth's changeling child,
 By light and air beguiled
 Out of her dreamless rest
 Safe in the mother breast.
 Impulses come to her,
 New hopes without a name
 Touch every leaf, and stir
 Colorless sap to flame;
 Quick through her pulses run
 Love's hidden mystic powers,
 She wakes in golden flowers
 Trembling to greet the sun.

What means this being new,
 Sweet pain she never knew
 Down in the quiet earth
 Ere hope had come to birth?
 Golden he shines above,
 Love wakes, and born of love
 All her sweet flowers unfold
 In rays of burning gold.
 Life then means nought but this—
 Trembling to wait his kiss,
 Wake to emotion?
 There where he glows she turns
 All her gold flowers and burns
 With her devotion.
 Ah, but when day is done?
 When he is gone, her sun,
 King of her world and lover?
 Low droops the faithful head
 Where the brown earth is spread
 Waiting once more to cover
 Dead hopes and blossoms over.

Earthborn to earth must pass—
 Spirits of leaf and grass
 Touched by the sun and air
 Break into colors rare,
 Blossom in love and flowers.
 Theirs are the golden fruits—
 Earth clings around the roots,
 She whispers through the hours,
 "I will enfold again
 Life's being; love and pain.
 Back to the mother breast
 Fall as the falling dew,
 Once more to pass anew
 Into the dreamless rest."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

STRANGE PLAYERS.

BY DUTTON COOK.

No doubt the actor's art depends considerably upon his physical gifts and qualifications. It is not enough for him to sympathize sincerely with the character he undertakes, to feel deeply its emotions, to weep or to laugh with it,

as the case may require ; he must be prepared also to represent or to personate it ; he must so express it as to render it credible, intelligible, and affecting to others. Aspect, elocution, attitude and gesture, these are the means wherewith he accomplishes his effects, illudes his audience, and wins of them their applause ; these are his professional implements and symbols, and without these there can be no acting. "A harsh inflexible voice, a rigid or heavy face," Mr. G. H. Lewes has said, "would prevent even a Shakespeare from being impressive and affecting on the stage;" and the same critic has decided that unless the actor possesses the personal and physical qualifications requisite for the representation of the character he undertakes, no amount of ability in conceiving it will avail.

But, of course, stage portraiture can only be a matter of approximation ; the actor has to seem rather than to be the character he performs, although it is likely that the actors themselves do not so clearly perceive this distinction. Macready enters in his diary at one place : "Began to read over Macbeth. Like MacIse over his pictures, I exclaim, 'Why cannot I make it the very thing, the reality?'" At another time he writes : "Acted Macbeth as badly as I acted it well on Monday last. The gallery was noisy, but that is no excuse for me. I could not feel myself in the part. I was laboring to play Macbeth. On Monday last I *was* Macbeth." And again a little later : "Acted Macbeth in my best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. J'ai été le personnage." The admired comedian Molé had a sounder view of his professional duties when he observed of one of his own performances : "Je ne suis pas content de moi ce soir. Je me suis trop livré, je ne suis pas resté mon maître ; j'étais entré trop vivement dans la situation ; j'étais le personnage même, je n'étais plus l'acteur qui le joue. J'ai été vrai comme je le serais chez moi ; pour l'optique du théâtre il faut l'être autrement."

This *optique du théâtre*, in fact, with certain artifices of the toilet skilfully employed, so materially abets the player

in his efforts to portray, disguising his imperfections and making amends for his shortcomings, that it becomes a question at last as to what natural advantages he can or cannot dispense with. Is there anything, he may be tempted to ask, that positively unfits him for creditable appearance upon the scene ? The stage is a wide field, an open profession, finds occupation for very many ; what matters it if some of its servants present sundry physical defects and infirmities ? Can absolutely nothing be done with the harsh inflexible voice ? Is the rigid heavy face so fatal a bar to histrionic success ? It is desirable, of course, that Romeo should be young, and Juliet beautiful ; that Ferdinand should be better-looking than Caliban, and Hamlet less corpulent than Falstaff ; that Lear should appear venerable, and Cæsar own a Roman nose ; but even as to these obvious conditions the play-going public is usually prepared to allow some discount or abatement. No doubt, too great a strain may be placed upon public lenity in this respect. There is an old story told of the seeking of a theatrical engagement by a very unlikely candidate. It was objected that he was very short. So, he said, was Garrick. It was charged against him that he was very ugly. Well, Weston had been very ugly. But he squinted abominably. So did the admirable comedian, Lewis. But he stuttered. Mrs. Inchbald had stuttered, nevertheless her success upon the stage had been complete. But he was lame of one leg. Mr. Foote had been very lame—in fact, had lost one of his legs. But his voice was weak and hollow. So, he alleged, was Mr. Kemble's. But, it was finally urged against him, he had all these defects combined. So much the more singular, he pleaded. However, the manager decided not to engage him.

Some years since a book was published entitled "The Lost Senses," which set forth how, notwithstanding grievous afflictions and physical infirmities, the writer had contrived to lead a studious, useful, and not unhappy life. How many of his faculties can an actor afford to lose ? There have been mad players. The case of the Irish actor Layfield, narrated by O'Keefe, is perhaps hardly in point. Layfield was

struck with incurable madness while in the act of playing Iago to the Othello of Sheridan, and died shortly afterwards in an asylum. The first symptom of his malady is said to have been the perversion of the text of his part and his description of Jealousy as a "green-eyed lobster." And the later eccentricities of the veteran Macklin may be attributed rather to excessive senility than to absolute mental disease. We are told that, properly attired as Shylock, he entered the greenroom, where the other players were already assembled. He was about to make his last appearance upon the stage. "What! is there a play to-night?" he inquired. All were amazed; no one answered. "Is there a play to-night?" he repeated. The representative of Portia said to him, "Yes, of course. *The Merchant of Venice*. What is the matter with you, Mr. Macklin?" "And who is the Shylock?" he asked. "Why, you, sir, you are the Shylock." "Ah," he said, "am I?" and he sat down in silence. There was general concern. However, the curtain went up, the play began, and the aged actor performed his part to the satisfaction of the audience, if he stopped now and then and moved to the side the better to hear the prompter. "Eh, what is it? what do you say?" he sometimes demanded audibly, as he lifted up his hair from his ear and lowered his head beside the prompter's box.

But Reddish, the stepfather of George Canning, was decidedly a mad player. He had been dismissed from Covent Garden Theatre because of his "indisposition of mind," when, upon the intervention of certain of his friends, the management granted him a benefit. The play of *Cymbeline* was accordingly announced with Reddish as Posthumus. Ireland in his biography of Henderson relates that an hour before the performance he met Reddish "with the step of an idiot, his eye wandering, and his whole countenance vacant." Congratulated upon his being sufficiently recovered to appear, "Yes, sir," he said, "I shall perform, and in the garden scene I shall astonish you!" "The garden scene?" cried Ireland; "I thought you were to play Posthumus." "No, sir, I play Romeo." And all the way to the

theatre he persisted that he was to appear as Romeo; he even recited various of the speeches of that character, and after his arrival in the greenroom it was with extreme difficulty he could be persuaded that he had to play any other part. When the time came for him to appear upon the stage, he was pushed on, every one fearing that he would begin his performance of Posthumus with one of Romeo's speeches. "With this expectation," writes Ireland, "I stood in the pit, close to the orchestra, and being so near had a perfect view of his face. The instant he came in sight of the audience his recollection seemed to return, his countenance resumed meaning, his eye appeared lighted up, he made the bow of modest respect, and went through the scene much better than I had before seen him. On his return to the greenroom, the image of Romeo returned to his mind, nor did he lose it till his second appearance, when, the moment he had the cue, he went through the scene; and in this weak and imbecile state of his understanding performed the whole better than I ever saw him before." Ireland even pronounced that the actor's manner in his insane state was "less assuming and more natural" than when he had "the full exercise of his reason." Reddish was not seen again upon the stage, however; he died soon afterward hopelessly mad, an inmate of York Asylum.

In the records of the Théâtre Française a very similar case may be found. The actor Monrose, famous at one time for his admirable personation of the character of Figaro, had been for some months in confinement because of the disordered condition of his mind. His success in Beaumarchais' comedy had in truth turned his brain. He had so identified himself with the part of the Spanish barber that he could not lay it down or be rid of it. On the stage or off, sleeping or waking, he was always Figaro. He had forgotten his own name, but he answered to that of Figaro. In conversation he was absent, appeared not to hear or not to understand what was said to him; but a quotation from the "Barbier" produced an immediate reply, a merry laugh, a droll gesture. It was resolved that a performance should be given for his benefit,

and that he should appear as Figaro upon the occasion. The house was crowded to excess. Mlle. Rachel and all the leading players of the Française lent their services. The representation produced a profit of 18,000 francs. Dr. Blanche, the leading physician of the asylum in which the actor had been confined, was present throughout the evening, in close attendance upon his patient, soothing and encouraging him in the intervals of the performance. The anxiety both of spectators and actors was very great. The scene was described as "exciting in the highest degree." It was dreaded lest the actor's malady should suddenly disclose itself. The audience hesitated to applaud lest they should dangerously excite the poor man. Mlle. Rachel was so affected that she twice lost recollection of the words she should speak, although she was appearing in one of her most favorite and familiar characters. The representatives of Rosina and Almaviva could not disguise their terror; at each word, at each gesture, of Figaro's they looked for betrayal of his insanity. It was said, however, that the actor had never played better than on this his last night upon the stage, when he was released but for a few hours from the madhouse. He sought to re-assure his friends by his ease of manner, his smiling glances, his air of complete self-possession. At one time only did he seem thoroughly conscious of the painful position in which he was placed. Toward the close of the third act of the comedy Figaro is required to exclaim three times, "Il est fou!" We are told that at this utterance "every heart beat with terror . . . and here, and here only, did Monrose himself seem to betray that he was aware of the truth; he spoke with increasing vehemence and with an expression of the most poignant grief."

In the Memoirs of Mrs Bellamy of Covent Garden Theatre it is told how an insane actress once forced her way on to the stage and represented to perfection the madness of Ophelia; but the story is not very credible. Mrs. Verbruggen—she had been known, too, as Mrs. Mountford, and in her honor Gay, it was said, had written his "Black-eyed Susan"—had been confined for some

time in an asylum; her mind had suffered because of the perfidy of Mr. Barton Booth the tragedian, who had suddenly transferred his affections from her to the beautiful Miss Santlow the dancer. Mrs. Verbruggen was allowed considerable liberty, however, for her malady had not assumed a violent form, so that she was able with little difficulty to elude the watchfulness of her attendants and make her way to the theatre. She had ascertained that *Hamlet* was to be represented; as Ophelia she had been wont to receive the most fervent applause. "Concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia makes her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on to the stage before her who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was in truth Ophelia's self, to the amazement of the performers as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her."

There have been blind players. In the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, December, 1792, appeared a statement to the effect that one Briscoe, the manager of a small theatrical company then in Staffordshire, although stone-blind, represented all the heroes in his tragedies and the lovers in genteel comedies. In 1744, on April 2d the Drury Lane playbill was headed with a quotation from Milton: "The day returns, but not to me returns." The performances were given for the benefit of Dr. Clancy, author of the tragedies, *Tamar Prince of Nubia*, and *Hermon Prince of Chorea*, who had become blind. The public was duly advertised that "Dr. Clancy being deprived of the advantages of following his profession, the master of the playhouse had kindly favored him with a benefit night; it was therefore hoped that, as that was the first instance of any person laboring under so heavy a deprivation performing on the stage, the novelty as well as the unhappiness of his case would engage the favor and protection of a British audience." The tragedy of *Œdipus* was represented, and the blind man personated the blind prophet Teresias. The performance produced some profit, and Dr. Clancy was further assisted by a pension of £40 per annum out of the

privy purse. Imperfect sight has been no bar to success upon the stage. Even Roscius is said to have been afflicted with obliquity of vision, and therefore to have played in a vizard, until his audience, recognizing his great histrionic merits, induced him to discard his mask that they might better enjoy his exquisite oratory and the music of his voice. The great Talma squinted. And a dramatic critic writing in 1825 noted it as a strange fact that "our three light comedians, Elliston, Jones, and Browne," each suffered from "what is called a cast in the eye." Mr. Bernard in his "Retrospections" describes a provincial actor of some reputation who, although possessed of but one eye, played "all the lovers and harlequins." With shortness of sight many of our players have been troubled, or how can we account for such well-known facts, for instance, as the eye-glass of Mr. Bancroft and the *pince-nez* of Mr. Irving? Poor Mrs. Dancer—she was afterward famous as Mrs. Spranger Barry and as Mrs. Crawford—was so short-sighted that Hugh Kelly, in his satirical poem of "Thespis," rudely spoke of her as a "moon-eyed idiot." And once when by accident she dropped her dagger as she was about to commit self-slaughter upon the stage in the old tragic way—she was playing Calista in the *Fair Penitent*—her imperfect vision hindered her from perceiving where her weapon had fallen, and she could not recover it. "The attendant endeavored to push it toward her with her foot; this failing, she was obliged to pick it up, and very civilly handed it to her mistress to put an end to herself with; an awkward effect, as it took from the probability of the scene," simply comments O'Keeffe who relates the story. The late Herr Staudigl, who usually wore spectacles when he was not engaged upon the stage, found his weakness of sight a special disadvantage when he personated Bertram in *Robert le Diable*. He could not find the trap-door through which Bertram should descend in the final scene of the opera, although pains had been taken to mark broadly with chalk the exact position of the opening. The famous bass was usually conducted carefully to the spot and held over it that he might not miss it by the Robert and

Alice of the night. From the first, indeed, the trapdoor in *Robert* had been a source of inconvenience. On the night of the production of the opera, Nourrit, who played Robert, an impassioned artist, "entraîné par la situation, se précipita étourdiment dans la trappe à la suite du dieu des enfers." The audience, much alarmed, exclaimed, "Nourrit est tué!" Mlle. Dorus, the representative of Alice, shed tears. No harm had been done, however. Robert was not hurt. He had fallen upon the mattress arranged for Bertram. "Que diable faites-vous ici?" said Bertram's interpreter Levasseur to Nourrit as they met beneath the stage. "Est-ce qu'on a changé le dénouement?"

The late John Baldwin Buckstone was extremely deaf; his infirmity scarcely affected his performance, however, if, as Mr. Tom Taylor wrote, it "raised a wall of separation between him and all but a small circle of intimates." His quickness of intelligence in matters of his craft was so great that he might have been closely watched not only on the stage at night but even at the morning's rehearsal without discovery being made that he could hear no word of what was passing about him. "He was guided, in his by-play as well as in his spoken part, entirely by his knowledge of the piece acquired in reading it, and by his quick eye, which could catch much of what his stage interlocutors said from the movement of their lips and the expression of their faces. I remember his telling me," Mr. Taylor notes, "that it was only by this means he knew when his cue to 'speak came.'" An earlier actor, one Winstone, attached to the Bristol Theatre, remained upon the stage as an octogenarian although he was so affected with deafness that he could not possibly "catch the word" from the prompter. Delivering his farewell address, he secured the assistance of one of the performers to stand close behind him, advancing as he advanced and retiring as he retired, like a shadow, and charged to prompt him should he fail in the words of his speech.

Foote presents the most remarkable instance of a one-legged player. While on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, riding a too spirited horse, he was thrown, and received so severe a hurt that his left leg

had to be amputated. It was suggested at the time, "as a marvellous proof of the efficacy of avarice," that Foote had unnecessarily undergone amputation that he might surely enlist the sympathies of the Duke of York and by his influence obtain the Chamberlain's license for the little "theatre in the Haymarket;" but such a supposition is wholly incredible. Foote jested, as his wont was, even under the surgeon's knife. A little while before he had caricatured, in his farce of *The Orators*, the manner and aspect of Alderman Faulkner, the eccentric Dublin publisher, whose wooden leg had been turned to laughable account upon the stage. "Now I shall be able to take off old Faulkner to the life," said the satirist, when it was announced to him that the operation must be performed. But, in truth, he felt his misfortune acutely; he suffered deeply both in mind and body. He wrote pathetically of his state to Garrick: "I am very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! it is incredible all I have suffered." After an interval he re-appeared upon the stage, however, the public finding little abatement of his mirthfulness or of his power to entertain. But, as O'Keeffe writes, "with all his high comic humor, one could not help pitying him sometimes as he stood upon his one leg leaning against the wall while his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump; he looked sorrowful, but instantly resuming all his high comic humor and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laugh and delight." He wrote his comedy of *The Lame Lover* as it were to introduce his false leg to the public, and as Sir Luke Limp protested that he was not the worse but much the better for his loss. "Consider," he urged, "I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, nor gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes. . . . What, d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs? What is there I am not able to do? To be sure, I am a little awkward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in

town. . . . A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have!"

Charles Mathews the elder, though he did not incur the loss of a limb, was thrown from his carriage and lamed for life. When he was enabled to return to the stage, he re-appeared leaning upon a crutch stick and personating a lame harlequin in a comic extravaganza entitled *Hocus Pocus, or Harlequin Washed White*, designed especially for his re-introduction to the public. Some few years since Signor Donato, a one-legged dancer, appeared in the course of a Covent Garden pantomime, and surprised the audience by the grace and agility he displayed, his mutilated state notwithstanding. He wore the dress of a Spanish bull-fighter, and to the stump of his leg a tassel was affixed, so that it resembled somewhat an old-fashioned sofa cushion. In his "Retrospections of the Stage" Mr. Bernard describes a veteran manager who, though bent with age and afflicted with gout in all his members, delighted to represent the heroes of light comedy. He was unable to walk or even to stand, and throughout the performance had to remain seated in his easy chair, his lower limbs swathed in flannels, and to be wheeled on and off the stage as the circumstances of the play required. He endeavored to compensate for these drawbacks by taking large pinches of snuff very frequently, and by energetically waving in the air a large and dingy pocket-handkerchief. In this way he would represent such characters as Plume, the vivacious hero of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, to audiences that were certainly indulgent and tolerant if they were not enthusiastic.

One of Mr. George Vandenhoff's "Dramatic Reminiscences" relates to a one-armed tragedian he encountered in 1840 on the stage of the Leicester Theatre. The poor man's left arm, it seems, "had been accidentally shot off," nevertheless he appeared as Icilus, as Pizarro, and as Banquo, concealing his deficiency now with his toga, now with his mantle, and now with his plaid. Mr. Vandenhoff writes: "I had really not noticed the poor fellow's mutilation, though I

had observed that he seemed rather one-sided in his action, till I played Othello to his Iago ; and then what was my horror, on seizing him in the third act, to find that I had got hold of an armless sleeve stuffed out in mockery of flesh, for he did not wear a cork arm ! I was almost struck dumb, and it was only by a strong effort that I recovered myself sufficiently to go on with the text. Poor fellow ! he was a remarkably sensible man and good reader ; but of course he could never rise in his profession with only one arm." Art might have helped him, however, as it helped the late M. Roger, the admired French tenor, to a mechanical hand, when by the accidental bursting of his gun his own natural right hand was so shattered that immediate amputation above the wrist became absolutely necessary. By touching certain springs with the left fingers the artificial right hand performed several useful functions, opened and closed, held a pen or paper, grasped and even drew a sword from its sheath. Those uninformed upon the subject might have witnessed the performances of the original John of Leyden in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and never have suspected the loss he had sustained. By a similar accident the English comedian John Bannister injured his left hand, and for some time it was feared that amputation must be undergone. The actor, however, escaped with the loss of two joints from two of his fingers and one joint from a third ; this involved his always appearing on the stage afterward with a gloved hand. In Anthony Pasquin's Life of Edwin the comedian there is an account of a " barn-door actor," boasting the strange name of Gemea, who having lost an eye wore a glass substitute, and was further troubled in that he had been deprived of the use of his left arm, which paralyzed and withered hung down uselessly at his side. Nevertheless he contrived to play Richard the Third occasionally, when he endeavored to keep his lame limb out of the way tucked under his cloak behind him. But as he stalked about and spoke his speeches, the pendent arm shifted its position, came into sight, swung forward and incommoded him greatly, to be " instantly and unkindly slapped back into its place by the right hand." Throughout the

performance, indeed, his right hand was found to be constantly engaged in keeping his left in order ; the spectators, meantime, greeting with laughter and applause this curious conduct on the part of the strangest Richard that could ever have been seen upon the stage.

Old age, it need hardly be said, is no disqualification to the player. Curious cases of longevity abound upon the stage. It is almost a condition of the actor's life that he shall be old and seem young. What does the artist's age matter if his art does not grow old ? As one of the characters observes in the comedy of *Confident par Hazard*—" Mon acte de naissance est vieux, mais non pas moi." A youth of twenty was charged with being in love with the septuagenarian actress Déjazet. He denied it, but his blushes seemed to contradict his denial. " Oh ! " said Nestor Roqueplan, an elderly gentleman, but a few years the junior of the lady, " il n'y a pas de mal à cela ; et vous avez tort de vous en défendre. Quand je l'ai aimée, j'avais votre âge ! " The famous French actress Mlle. Mars at sixty was still accepted by the Parisian public as an admirable representative of stage heroines of sixteen. The English actress, Mrs. Cibber, advanced in years, studying through her spectacles the part of Cælia in *The School for Lovers* declined the proposition made to her that Cælia's age should be altered and advanced from sixteen to twenty-three. The old actress preferred that Cælia should be as young as possible ; and at night the audience confirmed her judgment and held that Mrs. Cibber was no older than the part represented her to be. Mrs. Cibber, however, had preserved a certain youthful grace and slenderness and symmetry of figure ; this was not the case with Mlle. Mars, whose form had become robust and portly—" square-built," to adopt the term employed by Captain Gronow, who, while admiring the actress's " fine black hair and white and even teeth and voice of surpassing sweetness," noted that " the process of dressing her for the stage was a long and painful one, and was said to have been done by degrees, beginning at early dawn, the tightening being gradually intensified until the stage hour, when the finish was accomplished by the maid's foot being

placed in the small of the lady's back, and thus the last vigorous haul being given to the refractory staylace." The fat have been usually received with complacency and indulgence by the play-going public, however. Is not the well-rounded form of Mlle. Croizette always cordially welcomed to the stage of the Théâtre Français? A German gentleman visiting England some sixty years ago questioned whether there existed in any other European theatre "so many untheatrical female figures" as on the London stage. "The managers," wrote this caviller, "appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. That class of women who are not improperly termed in Germany 'female dragoons,' seem here considered as the most suitable recruits." And he comments upon the "monstrous absurdity of the performance by Mrs. Jordan, a dame of forty with a portly figure and lusty proportions, of the character of Miss Lucy, a country girl of sixteen who takes delight in playing with her doll in the form of *The Virgin Unmasked*." But the Londoners "liberally remunerated her with the most enthusiastic applause." For poor Mlle. Mars a hint came at last that she was lagging superfluously upon the scene, and that she had outlived the favor and the indulgence of her public. Even while certain of her admirers continued to maintain that "Mlle. Mars a l'âge qu'elle a besoin d'avoir, parcequ'elle a la force et la grâce de cet âge," a wreath not of live flowers but of *immortelles* such as adorn graveyards was thrown to her upon the stage. The actress withdrew from the scene. The insult may have rather expressed an individual opinion than a general sentiment; but it sufficed. Audiences rarely permit themselves thus to affront their favorites; albeit it is told of a very plain-faced actor that when he played Mithridate, at the line addressed to him by Monime, "Seigneur, vous changez de visage," the parterre would sometimes cry out, "Laissez-le faire!"

"Mislike me not for my complexion," says the black Prince of Morocco. Is the player ever misliked for his complexion? Like a good horse, a good actor

may be of any color. Lord Byron found at Venice in 1818 an Othello who for some "exquisite reason" declined to assume "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and played the part with a white face—but this was in Rossini's opera, not in Shakespeare's tragedy. "They have been crucifying Othello into an opera," wrote Byron, "the music good but lugubrious," etc. Jackson, in his "History of the Scottish Stage," mentions an actress reputed to be "not only excellent as to figure and speaking, but remarkably so as to singing," who was wont to appear as Juliet and Polly in *The Beggar's Opera*, but who had the misfortune to be a negress! Foote proposed that the old Roman fashion should be revived and that the lady should wear a mask, while it was remarked that, in the case of a black Juliet, Romeo's comparison of her beauty to the "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear" would have a special application. Jackson passing through Lancashire had witnessed the lady's performance of Polly. He writes: "I could not help observing to my friend in the pit, when Macheath addressed her with 'Pretty Polly, say,' that it would have been more germane to the matter had he changed the phrase to 'Sooty Polly, say.'"

Mr. Ira Aldridge, who was pleased to call himself the African Roscius, and who for some years flourished as a tragedian, was a veritable negro born on the west coast of Africa, the son of a native minister of the Gospel. It was intended that the boy should follow his father's calling and become a missionary; for some time he studied theology at an American college and at Glasgow University, obtaining several premiums and a medal for Latin composition. But in the end he adopted the profession of the stage, appearing at the Royalty Theatre in the east of London and at the Coburg, in a round of characters of a dark complexion such as Othello, Zanga, Gambia, Oroonoko, Aboan, and Mungo. He fulfilled various provincial engagements, and at Dublin his exertions were specially commended by Edmund Kean. At Belfast Charles Kean played Iago to Mr. Aldridge's Othello and Aboan to his Oroonoko. He appeared at the Surrey Theatre, at Covent Garden, and the

Lyceum. The dramatic critic of the *Athenæum* in 1858 particularly noticed one merit of his performance of Othello ; he dispensed with the black gloves usually worn by Othellos of the theatre and displayed his own black hands, with "his finger-nails expressively apparent." He travelled upon the Continent, and was received with enthusiasm in the theatres of Germany. Princes and people vied in distinguishing him, crowded houses witnessed his performances, and honors, orders, and medals were showered upon him. He extended his repertory of parts, playing Peruvian Rolla, who was no doubt dark-skinned but not of African complexion. By-and-by he exhibited a black Macbeth, a black King Lear. For him was revived the doubtful play of *Titus Andronicus*, and he personated Aaron the Moor to admiring audiences. On the German stage, strange to say, he was permitted to deliver the English text while his fellow-players were confined to the German version of their speeches. However, the audiences of New York and Boston were similarly tolerant in the case of the German tragedian Herr Bogumil Dawison, who played Othello in German to Mr. Edwin Booth's Iago in English.

Many foreign players have appeared successfully upon the English stage speaking English or broken English. More rarely have English actors ventured to speak from the stage in a language not their own. In the last century, however, Mr. Bellamy, with a company of English amateurs who "spoke French like natives," presented

the tragedies of *Andromaque*, *Athalie*, and *Zaire* in French at the Richmond Assembly Rooms, expressly engaged and fitted up for the occasion, some assistance being rendered by the Marquis de Verneuil and Madame Brilliant. Junius Brutus Booth, whose "knowledge and accent of the French tongue" an American critic describes as "simply perfect," played *Oreste* in French, when *Andromaque* was produced at the French Theatre, New Orleans, "in a manner to rouse the wildest enthusiasm." Curiously enough, Macready had contemplated the same feat with Rachel for his *Andromaque* or his *Hermione* ; but he abandoned the notion, satisfied that, although he might succeed in conveying the substance and passion of the scenes, the minor beauties and more subtle meaning belonging to the genius of the language would certainly escape him. It may be added that, within the last few months, certain English performers have amused themselves by joining in a representation in French of Augier's comedy *L'Aventurière* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

We have wandered from our theme a little. But perhaps it has been shown sufficiently that the physical qualifications of the players have been always regarded liberally by the public, and that generally there has prevailed a disposition to accept just what the stage has been prepared to tender, without subjecting it to anything like harsh requisitions or exactions.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

LÉON MICHEL GAMBETTA.

M. GAMBETTA perhaps thought of his own position when he said, in one of his speeches, that the peculiar danger of Democracy was not, as was so commonly supposed, its jealousy of superiors, but exactly the opposite weakness, of giving its heart too freely to a man, as if he could be the very incarnation of its idea. He is himself the only person in France who ever approaches this dangerous degree of popularity. No other combines so many—or perhaps possesses in the same measure any one—of

the greater qualities which impress the popular mind. In oratorical power, in impassioned energy of character, in the prestige accruing from playing a high part in momentous times, he stands without a rival. Then he has, more than any one else, made himself the spokesman of the great classes to whom universal suffrage has transferred supreme political control, and with whose interests, aspirations, and even passions he has always manifested an active and evidently a sincere sympathy. And he

has been for years the chief apostle of the Republican cause, which has eventually triumphed, and whose success has naturally contributed a certain "unearned increment" to his ascendancy. He has, moreover, gained credit with many whose politics are of a more Conservative turn by the unexpected moderation which has hitherto largely guided his counsels. He is conscious that the now governing classes, if they may be called so, especially the peasantry and the small tradesmen, are in many respects more Conservative and timid than their predecessors; and he is equally conscious that, for the present at any rate, it is impossible to carry even measures which the former might approve without making concessions to the interests and ideas of the latter. Policy, he says, always means compromise, and inopportunism is the most fatal of political heresies. This is, of course, only the natural outcome of the political mind, which it is his peculiarity to unite with an almost dogmatic doctrine and his own Democratic creed. The common impression of his growing moderation is for the most part an illusion. Men think he has grown moderate when they have only themselves got better acquainted with his moderation. He never was the fanatic he was once taken to be, but time has not contracted the extent of the innovations he contemplates except by accomplishing them. His highest ambition is to be a creative statesman, and to mould the political institutions and even the national character and manners of France into a Democratic type. A mere Republican *façade*, he has said, will not content him; the whole building, every wall, pillar, and cornice, must be through and through Republican. But this, he owns, cannot be done at once, or by one man, or in one generation. The Democratic shape which the Republic is now assuming may prove to be incompatible with the national character of the French, and M. Gambetta's authority may fall away, and his works follow it. But he is certainly the one great figure whom the third Republic has as yet produced; he has a long career still before him, whatever it may hide in it, and it is impossible to regard him without either admiration, or hope, or anxiety.

M. Gambetta became legally a French citizen only ten years before he was dictator on the Loire. He was naturalized by a formal adoption of the French nationality in presence of the mayor of his native town, when he was about to set out for Paris to begin the practice of his profession. His father, Joseph Gambetta, was Italian, who came from Genoa in the early years of the present century, and settled as a grocer in the old Gascon town of Cahors. Cahors is a small place of some 14,000 inhabitants, the chief town of its department, and the seat of the district courts of law, of a bishopric, of secondary schools, of an excellent public library, and of a fair trade in wine and woollen stuffs. It was the birthplace of Clement Marot, the poet, and it once had a university at which Fénelon was a student. It was in its quaint and narrow streets that Henry of Navarre, with 700 followers, fought hand to hand with the inhabitants for five days, and was so hard beset with stones and tiles that his troops would fain have retreated, till Henry set his back against a shop and said: "My only retreat from this town will be the retreat of my soul from my body." A shop hardly less interesting than this to visitors of the present time is the "Bazar Genois" (a picture of which may be found in M. Sala's last delightful book), with its door-jamb adorned with carved sugar loaves, and its broad signboard indicating that Messrs. "Gambetta Jeune et Cie." provide "sucres du Havre, Nantes, et Bordeaux" at "1 fr. le kil." Joseph Gambetta prospered in his calling, and in 1837 married Mlle. M. Massabie, daughter of a druggist in Cahors, by whom he has had two children—Léon, born April 2, 1838, and a daughter, Benedette, now the wife of a functionary in the treasury. The elder Gambetta is still alive, in comfortable retirement at Nice. He is not an ordinary man. He possesses a natural eloquence which his son has inherited, and his conversation, which is very abundant, is said to be so full of picturesque images, felicitous expressions, and impromptu *mots*, that many of his son's friends pronounce him to be the finer and better talker of the two. Gambetta said at Cherbourg this autumn with dignity, "I

have never forgotten my origin ;" and his father was present with him at Grenoble when he made his famous declaration about the new social classes who had now acceded to power.

The age of legends is not gone, and perhaps never will be. Their type even changes little, and it is at least an evidence of the hold Gambetta has taken of the popular mind, that as in the case of other great men, a local seer is said to have predicted to his mother soon after her marriage that she would give birth to a boy who should be the most famous man in all that country. A eight years of age Léon lost the sight of his right eye—not, as another legend goes, by his own hand to escape from school, but while he was watching a cutler—a neighbor of his father's—boring the handle of a knife with a drill driven by a bow made of catgut and an old foil ; the foil broke, and one of the ends entered his eye. Through unskilful treatment the injury grew into glaucoma, which caused him from time to time much suffering, and eventually compelled him in 1867 to have the eye taken out and a glass one substituted, in order to save the left eye, which was showing symptoms of being sympathetically affected.

M. Gambetta's parentage was foreign ; his education—unlike M. Waddington's—was entirely French. He was first sent to a small Catholic seminary at Montfaucon, being probably at this time destined by his mother, like many other sons of the *petite bourgeoisie*, for the ecclesiastical state ; but he disliked this institution so much that he remained only a few months there. In 1849 he entered the Lyceum of Cahors, where he attracted notice as a great reader, with a remarkable memory, and a pronounced taste for philosophy and politics. His metaphysical essays were commended at the time for the maturity and force of their reasoning, and the independence of his mind is shown by his having at sixteen studied the economical works of Proudhon. In 1857 he went to Paris to study law, and for three years was a courted and moving spirit among the students of the Latin Quartier. Here we find him zealous, laborious, omnivorous in his studies, rising early and working hard, attending lectures at the Sor-

bonne, at the medical school, at any place where lectures worth hearing were to be met with, varying Vattel and Gaius with Voltaire, Diderot, La Fontaine, and above all, with his favorite author and inseparable companion, Rabelais. We find the instincts of the orator, the politician, the leader of men, already unconsciously making their appearance. He is very fond of spouting the Olynthiaks of Demosthenes in the Greek. He never misses an afternoon without going to the Odéon to read the newspapers. He is always encircled by friends, many and enthusiastic, whom he holds and moves with a genuine gift of ascendancy, charming them by the boldness of his ideas, the gayety and stimulus of his talk, and the manly fervor of his nature. In the evenings he is generally found with a group of students in the cafés or eagerly continuing their discussions under the lamps in the streets, and people already used to ask one another if they knew the pale-faced, compact figure who always seemed the soul of the group, whose sonorous voice had a certain broad authority in it, and whose left eye grew so strangely enlarged in his animation.

He received his license to plead in January, 1860, and determined to practice in Paris. In this resolution he was strongly opposed by his father, who thought it hopeless for a young man without connection to make his way at the metropolitan bar, and who urged him to settle in Cahors. Léon, however, believed in himself, whoever might doubt, and he fortunately found a seasonable friend in his aunt, Jenny Massabie, who also believed in him, and who was to be a very important element in his private circle for the next fifteen years. She had an annuity of about £100 a year, and she said to the father, " You do not see how you can keep your son in Paris, it may be for long years, but next week I will go with him, and we shall stay together ;" and then turning to Léon she added, " And now, my boy, I will give you food and shelter, and you will do the rest by your work." They took a small house in the Latin Quartier, from whence in 1863 they removed to a fourth floor in the Rue Bonaparte, in 1869 to a larger house in the Rue Montaigne, and in

1872 to still better quarters in the premises of the "République Française." Gambetta always had his friends about him on the Sundays, and they have many a kindly recollection of the good "Tata" as she was called in the southern dialect, of her warm greetings, her shrewd sense, her Gascon ways, and accents, and dishes, and her devotion to her "Leïon," whose successes she used to regard as personal triumphs to herself, for had she not said, while they were yet in Cahors, that he would be a great man one day? Her nephew was warmly attached to her, and his grief was profound when she was struck with paralysis in 1876, and died at Nice in 1877.

Having been inscribed on the list of advocates, M. Gambetta was appointed secretary to M. Crémieux, who was afterward to be one of his colleagues in the Government of National Defence. He became likewise a member of the Conférence Molé, of which M. Crémieux was president, which Mulfroy still attended occasionally, and which numbered among its most active members at this period Ernest Picard, Clément Laurier, and Léon Renault, all of whom were subsequently well known to fame. It met in the Café Procope, in the Rue del'Ancienne-Comédie, the oldest coffee-house in Paris—the first indeed in which coffee was supplied for sale, and in the last century a common resort of the great wits and philosophers of the age; Diderot, D'Alembert, Rousseau, D'Arlbach, are all known to have frequented it, and a red marble table still remains at which Voltaire sat and wrote. It was in the debates of the society, which met in this historical place every Friday, that M. Gambetta, like many other French orators, first learnt the art of public speaking. He soon displayed ease and energy, he spoke the better the more he was contradicted, and members used to invite their friends to "come and hear Gambetta speak."

During his early years at the bar he remained at the office of M. Crémieux, and added a little to his income by acting as correspondent for the *Journal de l'Europe* at Frankfort. He had to encounter many obstacles to success in his profession. He had no connection; his politics were no doubt against him; his

voice even, rich and powerful as it is, was said to be a disadvantage, for it was too sonorous for a court of law. But employment gradually came his way, especially in political and press causes. In 1862 he was engaged, on the recommendation of Jules Favre, to defend Buette, a foreman mechanic, who was implicated in an alleged insurrection, and it was on this occasion that he boldly denounced the imperial interference with the course of justice, and charged the judge not to listen to the suggestion, *Tu non es amicus Cesaris*. From that moment the workmen of Paris began to take account of the "one-eyed advocate." He made his first appearance on a political platform in 1863, during the elections of that year, when the city of Paris gave its first vote against the Empire. The Orleanists had put up M. Prevost Paradol as a Liberal candidate for the city, and M. Gambetta rose in one of his meetings and made a speech, not in support of his candidature, but in favor of adopting a decidedly Republican programme. Becoming gradually better and better known, he was at length in 1868 employed to defend Delescluse, of the *Reveil* newspaper, in the Baudin case, and made a vehement speech which resounded through the whole country, and at once brought him to the forefront of public life. Tinot's history of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, had revived the popular interest in that event, and one of the incidents thrown into relief in the book was the execution of Dr. Baudin, a deputy, by order of Louis Napoleon, for having protested against his violation of the law. This passage was quoted at full length in the Liberal journals, and made such an impression on the public mind, that on November 2d, the day of the Feast of the Dead, the Paris populace went in multitudes to the Cemetery of Montmartre to lay a crown on the neglected grave of this forgotten martyr. The grave was found after some difficulty, the weeds which overgrew it were cut away, and in a short time more than a thousand people were standing at the spot with their heads uncovered. Several political discourses were then delivered, and next day subscriptions for a monument were opened in the columns of the *Reveil* and other journals. On the 13th several of the

more prominent journalists who favored this movement, including M. Challemlacour, the present Ambassador of France at the English Court, who was then editor of the *Revue Politique*, were charged before the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine with exciting hostility against the government. They were defended by men like Crémieux, Jules Favre, and Emmanuel Arago, but the speech which made the profoundest impression was that of M. Gambetta. He did not content himself with defending his client, but boldly assumed the aggressive, and in a time when men lived in constant fear of the gendarmes, he declared that Louis Napoleon had on December 2d taken France like a highwayman and felled her senseless, that the Napoleonic legend was the virus that poisoned the veins of France and produced all her evils, and that the Empire stood self-condemned because after seventeen years' absolute mastery over the country it had never dared to celebrate the anniversary of its origin. "Every government France has passed under," he said, "has honored the day of its birth. There are only two exceptions. One is that of the 18th Brumaire, the other that of the 2d December. You have not celebrated this day because you know the universal conscience of the nation would reject it. Well, that anniversary which you pass by we claim. We will celebrate it as the anniversary of our dead till the day when the country shall become its own master again, and in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity impose upon you a great national expiation." The combined audacity and eloquence of his speech made an immense stir in France, and M. Gambetta was received with *vivats* at Lille and Toulouse, where he went soon after to defend other journalists for like offences.

At the election of 1869 he was chosen for Belleville and Marseilles—in the latter place in preference to Thiers and Lesseps—and he decided to sit for Marseilles, because Belleville was more certain to return a member of his own way of thinking. In his address to the electors he said that he was sprung from the people and lived for the people, that he wished to secure the government of all by all, and that he accepted their mandate as one of irreconcilable opposition

to the Empire. This was the first time the word "irreconcilable" had been used to describe the position of his party, and it became thenceforth its watchword. The young men of Paris gave him a congratulatory banquet, at which he said that he was a Republican by tradition, by family, by race; that he regarded that also as a noblesse, that he entered public life with the one great ambition of working for the definitive realization of liberty in a Republican form, and that he hoped the centenary of 1789 would not arrive without having accomplished the French Revolution, for the French Revolution was the last word of political intelligence, and the French Revolution meant the Democratic Republic. Events have accelerated his hope faster than he dared to suppose.

His first appearance in the Legislative body—where he of course sat on the extreme left—was to protest indignantly against the arrest of Rochefort for animadverting on the acquittal of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and on April 5, 1870, he delivered on the subject of the *plébiscite* one of the most remarkable speeches he has ever made. He spoke for two hours, contending that there was an absolute incompatibility between parliamentary monarchy and universal suffrage, and that the *plébiscite*, being an appeal to popular sovereignty, involved a virtual surrender of the hereditary claim of the dynasty. This speech expounds with great precision some of the fundamental views of M. Gambetta's political philosophy. It gave him immediately the position of a great party leader. One of his chief desires at this time—as appears from a letter written on April 24, 1870, which has been published—was that the Democratic party should take an attitude of moderation, and that they should strive to make clear "that Democracy meant security for all material interests, respect for property, guarantee of all rights; and that, while it sought to ameliorate and moralize those who were disinherited of fortune and intelligence, it meant neither loss nor peril to those who were privileged with them." On August 23d he spoke against going to war with Germany. Ten days afterward the Empire fell—from that time Gambetta belongs to history.

On September 4th the Government of National Defence was established under General Trochu, with Gambetta in the important post of Minister of the Interior. The object of this government was to continue the war and repel the invading German army, and Gambetta's first advice was that, as that army was now advancing upon Paris, the government ought to leave the capital and organize the defences from some uninvested town. His advice was sound, but it was not taken. The government, however, sent a delegation of three of its members to Tours for this purpose, and on October 7th despatched Gambetta after them to enforce more energy into the work. Paris being by this time invested, Gambetta left it by a balloon, accompanied by his friend M. Spuller, afterward editor of the *République Française*. As he mounted the basket he said, "*C'est peut-être mon avant-dernier panier*," and it was nearly so, for the Prussian shot grazed the envelope of the balloon before it passed beyond their range. It fell near Amiens, from whence he reached Tours on the 9th. There was not a soldier in Tours when he arrived, but in a month he had an army ready for the field, and on November 9th it had won the battle of Coulmiers. From Tours he went to Bourges, from Bourges to Lyons, from Lyons to Bordeaux, whither the delegation had come from Tours, raising by indefatigable labors three armies of in all 800,000 men, negotiating loans for their maintenance, and even, with dictatorial assumption, but with what Von Goltz and others venture to describe as a true strategic genius, directing their military operations. It is impossible here to follow all the campaign in the Loire, or to touch on the controverted points of his policy. The only wonder is that his errors were not graver and more numerous than they were. De Tocqueville says that a lawyer makes the worst of administrators; and here was a young lawyer taken fresh from his chambers, and set to govern all France without control during an extraordinary crisis. It will be admitted that he showed a genuine governing faculty, a marvellous power of work and mastery of details, a great readiness of resource, and a certain instinctive insight into the condition

of things. M. Jules Simon gives us an amusing description of how he found him in the Prefecture at Bordeaux, when he arrived on his mission from the Government of National Defence after the capitulation of Paris. Every room, he says, was packed with clerks; the great staircase bustled like a railway station when a train is about to start; deputations were standing to be received on the stair head; crowds were waiting outside to be addressed from the balcony. If the dictator wanted to write a letter or circular he took refuge behind a screen, and when generals from the seat of military operations came to consult him he had to retire with them behind a door. Still, in all this atmosphere of confusion, he was working out his great schemes with the clearest purpose, and preserved a spirit so gay, that he was sometimes reproved for an unseemly forgetfulness of his country's griefs. He kept all in heart, and used to say that courage was a quality which ought to be inflamed rather than extinguished by reverses.

It was a deep disappointment to him when Paris capitulated, and the government concluded an armistice with the Germans in order that the country might elect an assembly to conclude a peace. War *à outrance* would have still been his voice, for he entertained a passionate conviction of the immense reserve of strength which yet remained in France. He feared, also, that this assembly might, under Prussian influences, restore the Empire, and he accordingly issued an ordinance declaring that no person who had held office under the Imperial Government should be eligible to the new assembly. This ordinance was recalled by his colleagues in Paris, Prince Bismarck having threatened to break off the armistice if one of its most essential provisions—that of freedom of election—were to be thus unjustly violated. M. Gambetta retired from office rather than assent to this course. Prince Bismarck asked with surprise how it was that he, the friend of despots and tyrants, should be standing up for liberty against M. Gambetta, the great champion of freedom. Many persons will share this feeling of surprise. But the truth is that M. Gambetta has never been a champion of freedom in and for

itself. His watchword is, Get the Republic, with freedom if possible, but by all means get the Republic. This is not the only occasion in his career in which he has made no scruple about depriving individuals of their political rights, and setting aside some of the most sacred and honored principles of liberty. But it is worth noticing that on the present occasion he sacrificed these principles to a fear which turned out to be entirely ill-grounded. An anti-Republican majority was, indeed, returned; but the Imperialists whom he dreaded, and whom alone he sought to exclude, were nowhere. His policy derives, therefore, as little justification from events as from principles. The majority of the new Assembly—elected on February 7, 1871—was composed of Monarchists, in great part old Legitimist landowners, who were chosen because the country desired, above all things, peace. Gambetta himself was returned for ten different constituencies, and he elected to sit for Strasbourg, thus staking his parliamentary existence on the integrity of France, and indicating how stoutly he meant to resist the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. When these provinces were ceded, and Strasbourg was no longer part of France, Gambetta, of course, lost his seat in the Assembly. He then went for a month to St. Sebastian for greatly needed rest; and it was during his absence there that the outbreak of the Commune occurred in Paris. He is sometimes blamed for his absence during that insurrection, and "St. Sebastian" is one of the commonest cries with which his enemies try to interrupt his speeches. The insinuation is that he shrunk either from the responsibilities or from the personal dangers of his position. But M. Gambetta is no coward, either moral or physical, and nothing is more natural than that he should seek rest after the infinite labor of the previous six months, as soon as he got a brief respite from public duties through the disfranchisement "by an act of God" of the seat which he had patriotically and self-sacrificingly risked sitting for. He was not long out of parliament, however, for he was again sent to Versailles at the complementary elections in July.

He had already spoken with his immediate friends, whom he still gathered

about him on the Sundays, of the necessity of starting a newspaper, to be a more exact organ of their views, and the idea was at once adopted, and a capital of £5000 subscribed for the purpose by friends of the party. The first name they thought of for this new journal was *La Revanche*, then *La Patriote*, but the one, we are told, was considered premature, and the other too specific. Both names, however, reveal the ideas which held at the time the foremost place in the minds of this group of politicians. The great revenge was certainly a cardinal article of faith with Gambetta then, and what has once been an article of faith with a nature like his is probably never renounced, though it ought to be added that it does not therefore follow that M. Gambetta will be at all ready to plunge his country into war for the purpose. No one sees so clearly as he does that the work of France for many years to come is that of national reconstruction and regeneration, and it was he who said at Havre, so long ago as 1872, that "our true revenge is the regaining of our hereditary qualities and the reformation of our national morale." The title ultimately chosen for their organ was *La République Française*, and Gambetta became its political director, Spuller its editor, and Challemeil-Lacour, De Freycinet, and Ranc were among its leading contributors. Gambetta attended very assiduously to his editorial duties. Not a line of political matter was printed without passing under his eye; and even when he had undergone a hard day's work in the Assembly at Versailles, he yet never missed going through all the laborious duties of his editorial office in the evening. The success of the paper may be said to have been assured from the beginning, and one result was that in a short time its proprietors bought larger premises, in which Gambetta and his aunt came to reside, increasing their establishment by the cook and the brougham, which figured so much in the reactionary journals as indications of the luxurious indifference of the dictator.

In the Versailles Assembly Gambetta spoke much more seldom than was expected; indeed, his enemies twitted him upon his taciturnity. But in the face of a hostile majority he felt that his best

policy was to wait and watch, if by any means he might save the Republic. He bore the personal attacks to which he was frequently subjected with much calmness, only demanding a Commission of Inquiry into the conduct of the Delegation at Tours and Bordeaux, and delivering his vindication once for all before that body. It need hardly be said that, while he may have committed blunders and faults, even his adversaries were obliged to acknowledge that his integrity and patriotism were beyond challenge. He perceived, however, that for the time the work of the Republican cause was not to be done in the Assembly so much as in the *beaureau* and on the platform; and his main efforts were directed—and very successfully—to securing the cohesion of the Republicans within the house and creating a powerful public opinion in favor of the Republic outside. He showed himself, according to universal admission, a singularly good party manager, and convinced M. Thiers that he was not the *fou furieux* he had taken him to be. During the parliamentary vacations of 1871, 1872, and 1873 he delivered a series of speeches in various provincial centres, which carried his Republican evangel through the length and breadth of the land, and contributed immensely to win the minds of the peasantry to the Republic. In one of his speeches M. Gambetta took up a sneer which was cast at him, and said that he believed it not imperfectly described his position; he was indeed “the commercial traveller of the Republic, who labored to make known its excellencies, to extend its connections, to establish its good will in the minds of all France.” In the first beginnings of a business the commercial traveller has perhaps a more important work to do than the manager. That is the kind of work M. Gambetta has hitherto been doing for the Republic, and he seems still to feel that the time has not yet come when he can serve it better by any other.

The speeches M. Gambetta delivered in the years now mentioned present us with a very good view of his political programme. To remove the prejudices and fears of the peasantry, he is at pains to show what the democratic Republic he preached to them did not mean. In

the first place it was no socialist utopia; it was the enemy of such. The French Revolution had given a new sanction to individual property, and the form of government which was to complete the revolution would confirm that sanction and not weaken it. He said, moreover, “There is no social panacea, for there is no social question. There is a series of questions, but they differ in different places even in the same country, and must be solved each for itself, and not by any single formula.” If he quelled the fears of the peasantry by these assurances, he satisfied the aspirations of the laboring classes—the dreaded proletariat—by others. For while he said that the French Revolution consecrates the principle of individual property, he said at the same time that it made property “a moral as well as a material condition of the liberty and dignity of the citizen,” and that it was therefore essential that there should be a wider distribution of capital and the instruments of labor among the masses of the people. How this is to be secured he has not declared.

He sought to remove a second misunderstanding. He said at Belleville, in 1873, “Democracy to-day says no longer ‘All or nothing.’ It says no longer ‘If this government does not give us all we want, we will overturn it.’ It says, ‘Let us proceed gradually, and not make any *tabula rasa*, or take up all questions at once.’” He said, “The ideal was the end, and not the beginning, of their work,” that the better might be the enemy of the good, and that the true policy was “a policy of results” or of opportunism. This was his second broad divergence from the Republicanism of the men of 1848, and it involved greater moderation of method, as the first involved greater moderation of doctrine. There was, he fully owned, a great work to do, but it must needs be done bit by bit, as the country was able to bear it. The Republic, he said, is not the end, but only a means; it is not the solution, but only a very essential prerequisite to the solution of the social and political problem of France. “The work before France is to leaven legislation and manners with the ideas and doctrines of 1789, and especially with that greatest and highest idea of civil and political equality.” And what is

equality? By equality he says he means "no levelling, jealous, and chimerical equality," but simply the abolition of everything that remains of old castes and privileges, and the making of political rights, civil functions, education, and property legally open and accessible to all, so that every capacity in the nation may have a fair field. That would tend to give "power to the wisest and most worthy," which he declares to be the watchword of Democracy.

This is a work, however, which it will take, in his opinion, several generations to accomplish, and all that can be done now is to lay the foundation. For the present there are various minor necessities, such as securing the loyalty of civil functionaries to the Republic, and various general necessities, such as promoting material prosperity by economy, by public works, and in every possible way; but the two special requirements of the time are that every man in France be armed, and every man in France be educated. Those who have to do the work of citizens and patriots ought to begin by being soldiers and scholars. Without such training you cannot, in his opinion, create a truly free, brave, independent, and just people; and that is what the Republic must aim to do; but with it there is no limit to the possibilities in store for a race with such admirable capacities as the French.

Education is the theme to which he devotes his strength in these speeches. The country must at all hazards be saved from ignorance—"the double ignorance which is peculiar to France"—the absolute ignorance of its peasantry, and the more dangerous "half-ignorance" of the towns. Ignorance, he declares, has been the cause of all their social crises; it has given all its strength to the Napoleonic legend; it has exposed the land to "constant alternations of despotism and demagoguery." Primary education must be obligatory, gratuitous, laic; and secondary education is even more necessary than primary, and, like it, ought to be open to all. Books, libraries, academies, institutes, ought to be scattered everywhere. Science must descend to the humblest locality, and descend in its best. Let all truth, let the highest truth, be taught in schools and colleges; for the highest

truths, he says, are those which young minds taken in most readily.

For this laicity is essential, for education on a modern democracy must be imbued with the modern spirit. "With all my soul," he said at St. Quentin in 1871, "I wish to separate not only the Churches from the State, but the schools from the Church. That is for me a necessity of political order, and I will add of social order." The Pope had, in 1864, condemned all modern liberties, and it was, therefore, simply dangerous to the public safety to leave the education of the electors of the next generation in the hands of men who would train them in an aversion to the principles of the political system under which they dwelt, and over which they were ultimate masters. Gambetta's antipathy to the superior clergy has only increased with time, for he has found them constantly interfering at elections, and using the ecclesiastical organization in the interests of anti-Republican factions. He has denounced them not merely as being un-democratic, but un-French, wearing a Romish costume, and taking their orders from a foreign power. On May 4, 1877, he proposed a question in the Chamber as to breaking off relations between France and the Vatican, and finished his speech by quoting a remark of his friend Peyrat, "*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi.*" And at Rome, on September 18th of the same year, he made a speech, in which he said, "I have the right to say, pointing to those clericals served by 400,000 regular, beside all the secular clergy, those masters in the art of making dupes, and who speak of social peril, *Le péril social, le voilà!*" In this speech, he explained, however, that what he meant by clericalism was the spirit and power of the higher clergy, and that he had no thought in the world of attacking the inferior clergy, "most of whom," he said, "groaned under the yoke of clericals of high rank." This distinction is one of considerable importance for the understanding of Gambetta's policy. He knows that to attack the lower clergy would be to forfeit the support of the peasantry, among whom they live, and by whom their services are valued; but he believes likewise that it is possible to weld the lower clergy into complete

solidarity with Democracy, while it is impossible to do the like with the higher. In the speech at St. Quentin in 1871, the first he delivered on the subject of the Church, this was the view he most prominently presented.

There was once (he said) in the ancient French monarchy a great clergy faithful to the traditions of religious and national independence. The Church of France had always held itself above Ultramontane pretensions, and by so doing had won the respect of the whole world. That Church has disappeared, because, under pretext of combating the principles of the Revolution, but in reality from an instinct of domination, the higher clergy have been—little by little at first, but soon exclusively—recruited from among the representatives of the Romish doctrine pure and simple. So that to-day there is really no longer a French clergy, at least in its superior ranks. There remains, indeed, to us a portion of the clergy who may give us evidence of those of ancient France. It is the low clergy. They are called so because, like slaves in the hands of their masters, they are entirely low. They are the most humble, the most resigned, the most modest of clergies. "It is a regiment," said a high cardinal in full senate; "when I speak it must go." I have never read without a movement of indignation that infamous saying. Yes, I am a votary of free thought. I put nothing on a level with human science. But I cannot prevent myself from being possessed with an emotion of respect when I think of these men who are spoken of with so much *hauteur*. No, I am not cold to the deserving, humble man who, after having received certain ideas—very few, very incomplete, and very obscure—returns to the bosom of the robust and healthy rural populations, from which he has sprung, peasant and priest in one. He lives in the midst of them. He sees their hard and rude struggles for existence. His mission is to alleviate their sufferings, and he gives himself to it with his whole soul. In the dangers and perils of invasion I have seen them show themselves ardent and devoted patriots. They belong to the Democracy and they remain in it, and if they could yield themselves freely to their convictions more than one would avow himself a Democrat and a Republican. Well, it is the clergy of the country that it is necessary to elevate, to liberate, to emancipate, to rescue from the *rôle* and the servitude which that cruel word, low clergy, denotes. So far from being the enemy of the clergy, our only desire is to see them return to the democratic traditions of their predecessors of the *Grande Constituante*, and to associate themselves like true Frenchmen in the life of a Republican nation.

This quotation may serve as a specimen of M. Gambetta's oratory, as well as

an expression of his policy on a question of surpassing interest in France. It leaves, however, little space to follow his subsequent career. The most important incidents in his public life after this period were the part he took in promoting the transition from the Provisional Republic of 1871 to the quasi-definitive Republic—the Septennate—of February, 1875; and, again, in promoting the transition from this to the definitive Republic of February, 1879. In the first he worked hand in hand with M. Thiers, who had come to learn that his *fou furieux* was as patient, and calculating, and disposed for compromise as himself. It was mainly Gambetta's influence that secured the adhesion of the Republican party to the Wallon amendment, the compromise which gave birth to the Septennate of MacMahon. Even men like M. Grévy remained inflexible to the last, and some went so far as to reproach M. Gambetta with changing his cue. Thinking that, as he said, the militant period of the Republic was now over, he gave a general support to the rule of the Marshal until the latter, fearing the growing Republican sentiment of the country, which the elections continued to manifest, violently dismissed M. Jules Simon from power on May 16, 1877, and gave signs of conspiring against the future of the Republic. He then bent all his energy against the Marshal, and on July 8th made a famous speech at Lille, in which he said that France would at the approaching elections say to the President, "Either submit or desist." For this he was prosecuted and condemned to imprisonment, which, however, his inviolability as a deputy saved him from undergoing. At length, in January, 1879, the Marshal succumbed, and the Republic being definitively established, in February M. Grévy was chosen in his stead, and M. Gambetta, who declined to stand for the presidency, was elected president of the Chamber of Deputies. Once again the Republic militant seems to have ended and given place to the Republic triumphant, which many think is only too bent on making its enemies its footstool.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

CONCERNING NAMES.

MONTAIGNE has observed that in the genealogy of princes there seems to be certain names peculiarly affected—as the Ptolemies of Egypt, the Henries of England, the Charleses of France, the Baldwins of Flanders, and the Williams of Aquitaine. This hereditary partiality for certain Christian names would form an interesting subject of inquiry of itself, though it is one which we do not propose at present to pursue. One remarkable fact, however, may be cited in support of this partiality—namely, that when Henry, Duke of Normandy, son of Henry the Second, King of England, made a great feast in France, the concourse of nobility and gentry was so great that, for diversion's sake, the guests were divided into groups according to their names. It was found that in the first group, which consisted of those only bearing the name of William, there were no fewer than one hundred and ten knights, without reckoning the ordinary gentlemen and their servants. Now many families, not content with good, short, and easily pronounceable names, such as John, Alfred, William, Charles, etc., must perforce rake up Methuselahs, Ezekiels, Habakkuks, Malachis, and the like, which only result in being a torment to their friends.

There never was a more pronounced movement in nomenclature than that of the Puritans. They resolved to throw off all semblance of the world, or acquaintance with worldly things. So they rushed to the other extreme, and although many of them were very brave and noble men, they exposed themselves to ridicule by their fantastic choice of names. Such names as Mr. Praise God Barebones, Sergeant Zerubbabel Grace, and Swear-not-at-all Ireton, were calculated to excite the risible faculties of the Cavaliers; while there was something even still more ludicrous in such long-sounding typical titles as Hew - Agag - in - pieces - before - the - Lord Robinson, Glory-be-to-God Pennyman, and Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and - their - nobles - with - links - of - iron Needham. The Rev. Charles W. Bardsley recently published an amusing

work on the Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature, citing some very singular examples thereof. For instance, we find that one Mr. Hopkinson, of Salehurst, christened three of his daughters Persis, Renewed, and Safe-on-high, respectively; while Mr. Thomas Heley, preacher of Warbleton, gave to four of his own offspring the names of Muchemercye, Increased, Sin - denie, and Fear-not. "For half a century Warbleton was, in the names of its parishioners, a complete exegesis of justification by faith without the deeds of the law. Sorry-for-sin Coupard was a peripatetic exhortation to repentance, and Nomerit Vynall was a standing denunciation of works." Coming to "grace names," Mr. Bardsley notes that Sir Thomas Carew, Speaker of the House of Commons in James's and Charles's reigns, had a wife Temperance, and four daughters, Patience, Temperance, Silence, and Prudence. In the year 1758, the death of the Rev. Experience Mayhew is recorded, and the baptism of more than one Diligence, Obedience, Perseverance, Confidence, and Victory. Humiliation was a favorite Christian-name with some families, though its bearers were probably not always so humble as some who have borne the surname of Pride. Preserved was another favorite name, and it is stated that a boy who was washed ashore on the New Jersey coast was named Preserved Fish, a name which he lived to bear with distinction. In 1611 there was baptized at St. Helen's, Bishops-gate, a child to whom was given the name of Job - raked - out-of-the-ashes. Another curious name was Cherubin Diball, but upon this Mr. Bardsley remarks that it was not more singular than many another. "In 1678, Seraphim Marketman is referred to in the last testament of John Kirk. But was it gratitude after all? We have all heard of the wretched father who would persist in having the twins his wife presented to him christened by the names of Cherubin and Seraphim, on the ground that they 'continually do cry.' Perhaps Cherubin Diball and Seraphim Marketman made noise enough for two."

Two other singular Puritan names may be mentioned—namely, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer of Crowhurst, and Search-the-Scriptures Moreton of Salehurst. But we must leave this interesting branch of our subject, merely remarking that, although as we have said this grotesque Puritan nomenclature has died out, there are still some curious names to be occasionally met with. As Mr. Edward Peacock has recently noted, such names as Original, Philadelphia, Pleasant, and Eden are by no means as yet extinct.

There are a great many popular errors with regard to the etymological derivation of names. Not long ago a writer in *Notes and Queries* took the opportunity of correcting some of these. For example, Anna-belle is not Anna-bella, or Fair Anna, but it is the feminine of Hannibal, meaning gift or grace of Bel. Arabella is not Ara-bella, or beautiful altar, but Arabilia, a praying woman. It appears that in its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century than it is at present. Maurice has nothing whatever to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Amalric—himmelreich—the kingdom of heaven. The very common name of Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Alan, or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language, and is older by some thousand years at least. Amy is not from aimée, but from amie. Avice, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, as many seem to think. It comes from Aed-wis, and means happy wisdom, so that our masculine readers had better secure for their helpmeet (providing they do not already possess one) a lady bearing the name of Avice. Eliza bears no relation to Elizabeth; it is the sister of Louisa, and both are the daughters of Héloïse, which is hidden-wisdom. There is, indeed, it is pointed out, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Héloïse, from the form of name, Aloisa, Aloisia, or Aloysia, was adapted into mediæval English, as Alesia—a name which our old genealogists always confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily

is from Æmylia, the name of an Etruscan gens. Amelia comes from the Gothic amala, heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a queen. It is Rein-alt, exalted purity. Alice, Adalais, Adelaide, Alisa, Alix, Adeline, are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel, noble. Anne was never used as identical with Annis, or Agnes (of which last the old Scottish Annas is a variety), nor was Elizabeth ever synonymous with Isabel.

Coming now to surnames, we are astonished at their heterogeneous whimsicality. As a genial essayist has observed, the whole of Europe suffered from the deeds of Buonaparte, whose name really means Good-part or Good-side. When the Hollanders were compelled to receive the Prince of Benevento, that august personage must greatly have belied his name with the Dutch, seeing that it signifies "welcome." "Fortune seems to have intended, by her whimsical distribution of names, sometimes to show the nothingness of a bad name to great men, and sometimes the nothingness of a good name to men of indifferent character." In feudal times men were named from their estates, and in still more ancient days from some peculiar feature in their mental character or personal appearance, and both these methods had some show of reason in them. The appellations could not then be regarded as inconsistent; but among nations the Greeks were pre-eminently fond of anticipating the greatness of their offspring by giving them high-sounding names. In some cases their choice proved sublimely ridiculous, and, in still more, exceedingly unfortunate and malapropos. "With the word love especially they made sad work. Their lovers of horses (Philippoi), who never cared for a horse; their brotherly-lovers (Philadelphoi), who cut the throats of their family; and their lovers-of-the-people (Philolaoi), who oppressed the whole community, deserved their appellations quite as much as the great majority of their lovers of wisdom (Philosophoi), who disputed so fiercely about the nonentity of pain or the lawfulness of eating beans. The Athenian populace must have been grievously annoyed to see the philosopher Heavenborn (for

this is the meaning of Diogenes) make such a beast of himself."

Other European nations have exhibited equal incongruities in the use of names. Taking first the Romans, it is a moot point whether the greatest of all names, that of Cæsar, which was originally Phœnician, signified an elephant or red-hair; but in any case the great Julius of that ilk was a small-set man with a bald head. Then there are the celebrated warriors and men of genius, the Scipiones or sticks. Daring exploits have rendered illustrious the name of Decius Mus, or General Mouse, while it is not a little singular that some of the most temperate beings mentioned in the whole course of Roman history were their great hogs (Porcii quasi, Porci Catones). As regards the Italians, they have been, if possible, even more extravagant. Their history furnishes us with the Bentivogli (well-wishers), who have been exceptionally treacherous individuals; with Buoncompagni (good-fellows), and Buonamici (good-friends), who have displayed characteristics the very opposite of those indicated; while an ugly and uncouth writer went by the name of Angelo Poliziano, or polished angel. Then, too, there was a desperate scoundrel mentioned by Benvenuto Cellini, of the name of Michel Angelo (the Angel Michael), who must not be confounded with the great sculptor and painter of that name. On the other hand, Hermolaus the Barbarian (Barbarus) was one of the most learned and polite men of the fifteenth century. Mankind has been scandalized by a series of popes, who called themselves blessed and pious (Benedetto e Pio); and one at least of the Holy Fathers, named Innocent, parted at a very early age with the virtue symbolized by his name. The French also have been almost as infelicitous in the use of names. They have had many Capets (heads) who lacked in an extraordinary degree the substance usually found in the cranium—brains. The most sanguinary and cruel of the French revolu-

tionists was St. Just, or the holy and the just; while many bearing the names of St. Pierre and St. Croix (Saint Peters and Holy Crosses) have led vicious and scandalous lives. Other curiosities in Gallic names will readily suggest themselves to the reader.

But we are not without these incongruities in England. We have among us Clements, who can be stern and overbearing; Gallops, among the slowest men of our acquaintance; Longs, who are something under five feet in height; Loves, who certainly do not "let brotherly love continue;" and Deaths, who look much more like living than those with a less sepulchral name. Many of the Swifts and the Quicks are noted for their slothfulness; there are Golightlys, who tread very heavily indeed; Heavisides, who are the very soul of company, and can keep the table in a roar; Joys, Gladmans, Merrys, and Merryweathers, who each and all afflict us by their melancholy; Stocks and Stones, who are really very clever; Smarts, who are very dense; Whites, who are dark; and Blacks and Browns who are exceeding fair. Then there are the Moodyes, among the jolliest of men; the Nobles, who do not always rise to the dignity of their appellation; Edens, whose lives are anything but of a paradisaical character; Ravens, who are white; Honeys, who are the reverse of sweet; and men who rejoice in the name of Wiseman, but are far from being the natural successors of Solomon. The field thus opened up is an endless one, but our excursion in it must come to a close. Human nature is the victim of many anomalies, many of them being imposed by itself. That of our nomenclature, while perhaps the least harmful, is certainly not the least amusing. It has, of course, like most things, its graver aspect, and the study of many of our English names, both Christian and surname, may be rendered both an entertaining and a profitable one.—*All the Year Round*.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IX.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED
IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF
NATURE. (*Continued.*)

THE considerations set forth in the previous chapter indicate the fallacies which lie in our way when we endeavor to collect from the worship of savage nations any secure conclusions as to the origin of religion. Upon these fallacies, and upon no more safe foundation, Comte built up his famous generalization of the four necessary stages in the history of religion. First came Fetishism, then Polytheism, and then Monotheism, and last and latest, the heir of all the ages, came Comtism itself, or the Religion of Humanity, which is to be the worship of the future.

Professor Max Müller has done admirable service in the analysis and in the exposure which he has given us of the origin and use of the word "Fetishism," and of the theory which represents it as a necessary stage in the development of religion.* It turns out that the word itself, and the fundamental idea it embodies, is a word and an idea derived from one of those popular superstitions which are so common in connection with Latin Christianity. The Portuguese sailors who first explored the West Coast of Africa were themselves accustomed to attach superstitious value to beads, or crosses, or images, or charms and amulets of their own. These were called "feitiços." They saw the negroes attaching some similar value to various objects of a similar kind, and these Portuguese sailors therefore described the negro worship as the worship of "feitiços." President de Brosses, a French philosopher of the Voltairean epoch in literature, then extended the term Fetish so as to include not only artificial articles, but also such great natural features as trees, mountains, rivers, and animals. In this way he was enabled to classify together under one indiscriminate appellation many different

kinds of worship and many different stages in the history of religious development or decay. This is an excellent example of the crude theories and false generalizations which have been prevalent on the subject of the origin of religion. First, there is the assumption that whatever is lowest in savagery must have been primeval—an assumption which, as we have seen, is in all cases improbable, and in many cases must necessarily be false. Next there is great carelessness in ascertaining what is really true even of existing savages in respect to their religious beliefs. It has now been clearly ascertained that those very African negroes whose superstitious worship of material articles supposed to have some mysterious powers or virtues, is most degraded, do nevertheless retain behind and above this worship certain beliefs as to the nature of the Godhead, which are almost as far above their own abject superstitions as the theology of a Fénelon is above the superstitions of an ignorant Roman Catholic peasant. It is found that some African tribes have retained their belief in one Supreme Being, the Creator of the world, and the circumstance that nevertheless no worship may be addressed to Him has received from Professor Max Müller an explanation which is ample. "It may arise from an excess of reverence quite as much as from negligence. Thus the Odjis or Cohantis call the Supreme Being by the same name as the sky; but they mean by it a Personal God, who, as they say, created all things and is the giver of all good things. But though He is omnipresent and omniscient, knowing even the thoughts of men, and pitying them in their distress, the government of the world is, as they believe, deputed by Him to inferior spirits, and among these, again, it is the malevolent spirits only who require worship and sacrifice from man."* And this is by no means a solitary case. There are many others in which the investigations of missionaries respecting the religious con-

* Hibbert Lectures. 1878.

* Hibbert Lectures, pp. 107, 108.

ceptions of savage nations have revealed the fact that they have a much higher theology than is indicated in their worship.

The truth is, that nowhere is the evidence of development in a wrong direction so strong as in the many customs of savage and barbarous nations which are more or less directly connected with religion. The idea has long been abandoned that the savage lives in a condition of freedom as compared with the complicated obligations imposed by civilization. Savages, on the contrary, are under the tyranny of innumerable customs which render their whole life a slavery from the cradle to the grave. And what is most remarkable is the irrational character of most of these customs, and the difficulty of even imagining how they can have become established. They bear all the marks of an origin far distant in time—of a connection with doctrines which have been forgotten, and of conceptions which have run, as it were, to seed. They bear, in short, all the marks of long attrition, like the remnants of a bed of rock which has been broken up at a distant epoch of geological time, and has left no other record of itself than a few worn and incoherent fragments in some far-off conglomerate. Just as these fragments are now held together by common materials which are universally distributed, such as sand or lime, so the worn and broken fragments of old religions are held together, in the shape of barbarous customs, by those common instincts and aspirations of the human mind which follow it in all its stages, whether of growth or of decay.

The rapidity of the processes of degradation in religion, and the extent to which they may go, depend on a great variety of conditions. It has gone very far indeed, and has led to the evolutions of customs and beliefs of the most destructive kind among races which, so far as we know, have never been exposed to external conditions necessarily degrading. The innate character of this tendency to corruption, arising out of causes inherent in the nature of man, becomes indeed all the more striking when we find that some of the most terrible practices connected with religious superstition, are practices which have become

established among tribes which are by no means in the lowest physical condition, and who inhabit countries highly blest by Nature. Perhaps there is no example of this phenomenon more remarkable than the "customs" of Dahomey, a country naturally rich in products, and affording every facility for the pursuits of a settled and civilized life. Yet here we have those terrible beliefs which demand the constant, the almost daily sacrifice of human life, with no other aim or purpose than to satisfy some imaginary being with the sight of clotted gore, and with the smell of putrefying human flesh. This is only an extreme and a peculiarly terrible example of a general law, the operation of which is more or less clearly seen in every one of the religions of the heathen world, whether of the past or of the present time. In the very earliest ages in which we become acquainted with the customs of their worship, we find these in many respects strange and unaccountable, except on the supposition that even then they had come from far, and had been subject to endless deviations and corruptions through ages of a long descent.

Of no religion is this more true than of that which was associated with the oldest civilization known to us—the civilization of Egypt. So strange is the combination here of simple and grand conceptions with grotesque symbols and with degrading objects of immediate worship, that it has been the inexhaustible theme of curious explanations. Why a snake or why a dung-beetle should have been taken to represent the Divine Being, and why in the holiest recess of some glorious temple we find enshrined as the object of adoration the image or the coffin of some beast, or bird, or reptile, is a question on which much learned ingenuity has been spent. It has been suggested, for example, that a conquering race, bringing with it a higher and a purer faith, suffered itself to adopt or to embody in its system the lower symbolism of a local worship. But this explanation only removes the difficulty—if it be one—a step further back. Why did such sufferance arise? why was such an adoption possible? It was possible simply because there is an universal tendency in the human mind to developments in the wrong direction,

and especially in its spiritual conceptions to become more and more gross and carnal.

Nor is it difficult to follow some, at least, of the steps of consequence—that is to say, the associations of thought—by which worship may become degraded when once any serious error has been admitted. Animal worship, for example, may possibly have begun with very high and very profound conceptions. We are accustomed to regard it as a very grotesque and degraded worship, and so no doubt it was in its results. But if we once allow ourselves to identify the Divine Power in Nature with any of its operations, if we seek for the visible presence of the Creator in any one of His creations, I do not know that we could choose any in which that presence seems so immanent as in the wonderful instincts of the lower animals. In a previous chapter we have seen what knowledge and what foreknowledge there is involved in some of these. We have seen how it often seems like direct inspiration that creatures without the gift of reason should be able to do more than the highest human reason could enable us to do—how wonderful it is, for example, that their prevision and provision for the nurture and development of their young should cover the whole cycle of operations in that second work of creation which is involved in the metamorphoses of insects—all this, when we come to think of it, may well seem like the direct working of the Godhead. We have seen in a former chapter that men of the highest genius in philosophical speculation, like Descartes, and men of the highest skill in the popular exposition of scientific ideas, like Professor Huxley, have been led by these marvels of instinct to represent the lower animals as automata or machines. The whole force and meaning of this analogy lies in the conception that the work done by animals is like the work done by the mechanical contrivances of men. We look always upon such work as done not by the machine but by the contriving mind which is outside the machine, and from whom its adjustments are derived. Fundamentally, however little it may be confessed or acknowledged, this is the same conception which, in a less scientific age,

would take another form. What is seen in the action of an automaton is not the mechanism but the result. That result is the work of mind, which seems as if it were indwelling in the machine. In like manner, what is seen in animals is the wonderful things they do; and what is not seen, and is indeed wholly incomprehensible, is the machinery by which they are made to do it. Moreover, it is a machinery having this essential distinction from all human machines, that it is endowed with life, which in itself also is the greatest mystery of all. It is therefore, no superficial observation of animals, but, on the contrary, a deep pondering on the wonders of their economy, which may have first suggested them to religious men as at once the type and the abode of that agency which is supreme in Nature. I do not affirm as an historical fact that this was really the origin of animal worship, because that origin is not historically known, and, like the origin of religion itself, it must be more or less a matter of speculation. Some animals may have become objects of worship from having originally been the subjects of sacrifice. The victim may have been so associated with the god to whom it was devoted as to become his accepted symbol. The ox and the bull may well have been consecrated through this process of substitution. But no such explanation can be given in respect to many animals which have been worshipped as divine. Perhaps no further explanation need be sought than that which would be equally required to account for the choice of particular plants, or particular birds and fishes, as the badges of particular tribes and families of men. Such badges were almost universal in early times, and many of them are still perpetuated in armorial bearings. The selection of particular animals in connection with worship would be determined in different localities by a great variety of conditions. Circumstances purely accidental might determine it. The occurrence, for example, in some particular region of any animal with habits which are at once curious and conspicuous, would sufficiently account for the choice of it as the symbol of whatever idea these habits might most readily suggest or symbolize. It is remarkable, accord-

ingly, that in some cases, at least, we can see the probable causes which have led to the choice of certain creatures. The Egyptian beetle, the *Scarabæus*, for example, represents one of those forms of insect life in which the marvels of instinct are at once very conspicuous and very curious. The characteristic habit of the *Scarabæus* beetle is one which involves all that mystery of prevision for the development of the species which is common among insects, coupled with a patient and laborious perseverance in the work required, which does not seem directly associated with any mere appetite or with any immediate source of pleasure. The instinct by which this beetle chooses the material which is the proper nidus for its egg, the skill with which it works that material into a form suitable for the purpose, and the industry with which it then rolls it along the ground till a suitable position is attained—all these are a striking combination of the wonders of animal instinct, and conspicuous indication of the spirit of wisdom and of knowledge which may well be conceived to be present in their work.

But although it is in this way easy to imagine how some forms of animal-worship may have had their origin in the first perception of what is really wonderful, and in the first admiration of what is really admirable, it is also very easy to see how, when once established, it would tend to rapid degradation. Wonder and reverence are not the only emotions which impel to worship. Fear, and even horror, especially when accompanied with any mystery in the objects of alarm, are emotions suggesting, perhaps more than any, that low kind of worship which consists essentially in the idea of deprecation. Some hideous and destructive animals, such as the crocodile, may have become sacred objects neither on account of anything admirable in their instincts, nor on account of their destructiveness; but, on the contrary, because of being identified with an agency which is beneficent. To those who live in Egypt the Nile is the perennial source of every blessing necessary to life. An animal so characteristic of that great river may well have been chosen simply as the symbol of all that it was, and of all that it gave to men. There is no mystery, therefore, in the

crocodile being held sacred in the worship of the God of Inundation. But there are other animals which have been widely invested with a sacred character, in respect to which no such explanation can be given. The worship of serpents has been attributed to conceptions of a very abstract character—with the circle, for example, into which they coil themselves, considered as an emblem of Eternity. But this is a conception far too transcendental and far-fetched to account either for the origin of this worship, or for its wide extension in the world. Serpents are not the only natural objects which present circular forms. Nor is this attitude of their repose, curious and remarkable though it be, the most striking peculiarity they present. They have been chosen, beyond any reasonable doubt, because of the horror and terror they inspire. For this, above all other creatures, they are prominent in Nature. For their deceptive coloring, for their insidious approach, for their deadly virus, they have been taken as the type of spiritual poison in the Jewish narrative of the Fall. The power of inflicting almost immediate death, which is possessed by the most venomous snakes, and that not by violence, but by the infliction of a wound which in itself may be hardly visible, is a power which is indeed full of mystery even to the most cultivated scientific mind, and may well have inspired among men in early ages a desire to pacify the powers of evil. The moment this becomes the great aim and end of worship, a principle is established which is fertile in the development of every foul imagination. Whenever it is the absorbing motive and desire of men to do that which may most gratify or pacify malevolence, then it ceases to be at all wonderful that men should be driven by their religion to sacrifices the most horrid, and to practices the most unnatural.

But if we wish to see an illustration and an example of the power of all conceptions of a religious nature in the rapid evolution of unexpected consequences, we have such an example in the case of one man who has lived in our own time and who still lives in the school which he has founded. I refer to Auguste Comte. It is well known that he denied the existence, or at least

denied that we can have any knowledge of the existence, of such a being as other men mean by God. Mr. John Stuart Mill has insisted with much earnestness and with much force that, in spite of this denial, Auguste Comte had a religion. He says it was a religion without a god. But the truth is, that it was a religion having both a creed and an ideal object of worship. That ideal object of worship was an abstract conception of the mind so definitely invested with personality that Comte himself gave to it the title of The Great Being (*Grand Etre*). The abstract conception thus personified was the abstract conception of humanity—man considered in his past, his present, and his future. Clearly this is an intellectual fetish. It is not the worship of a being known or believed to have any real existence; it is the worship of an idea shaped and moulded by the mind, and then artificially clothed with the attributes of personality. It is the worship of an article manufactured by the imagination, just as Fetishism, in its strictest meaning, is the worship of an article manufactured by the hand. Nor is it difficult to assign to it a place in the classification of religions in which a loose signification has been assigned to the term Fetishism. The worship of humanity is merely one form of animal-worship. Indeed, Comte himself specially included the whole animal creation. It is the worship of the creature man as the consummation of all other creatures, with all the marvels and all the unexhausted possibilities of his moral and intellectual nature. The worship of this creature may certainly be in the nature of a religion, as much higher than other forms of animal worship as man is higher than a beetle, or an ibis, or a crocodile, or a serpent. But so also, on the other hand, it may be a religion as much lower than the worship of other animals, in proportion as man can be wicked and vicious in a sense in which the beasts cannot. Obviously, therefore, such a worship would be liable to special causes of degradation. We have seen it to be one of the great peculiarities of man, as distinguished from the lower animals, that while they always obey and fulfil the highest law of their being, there is no

similar perfect obedience in the case of man. On the contrary, he often uses his special powers with such perverted ingenuity that they reduce him to a condition more miserable and more degraded than the condition of any beast. It follows that the worship of humanity must, as a religion, be liable to corresponding degradation. The philosopher, or the teacher, or the prophet who may first personify this abstract conception, and enshrine it as an object of worship, may have before him nothing but the highest aspects of human nature, and its highest aspirations. Mill has seen and has well expressed the limitations under which alone such a worship could have any good effect. "That the ennobling power of this grand conception may have its full efficacy, he should, with Comte, regard the *Grand Etre*, humanity or mankind, as composed in the past solely of those who, in every age and variety of position, have played their part worthily in life. It is only as thus restricted that the aggregate of our species becomes an object worthy our veneration."* This, no doubt, was Comte's own idea. But how are his disciples and followers to be kept up to the same high standard of conception? Comte seems to have been personally a very high-minded and a pure-minded man. His morality was austere, almost ascetic, and his spirit of devotion found delight in the spirit of Christian Mystics. Yet even in his hands the development of his conceptions led him to results eminently irrational, although it cannot be said that they were ever degrading or impure. But we have only to consider how comparatively rare are the examples of the highest human excellence, and how common and prevailing are the vices and weaknesses of humanity, to see how terrible would be the possibilities and the probabilities of corruption in a religion which had man for the highest object of its worship. Nor is this all that is to be said on the inevitable tendency to degradation which must attend any worship of humanity. Not only are the highest forms of human virtue rare, but even when they do occur, they are very apt to be rejected and despised by men. Power and strength,

* Mill's "Comte and Positivism," p. 136.

however vicious in its exercise, almost always receives the homage of the world. The human idols, therefore, who would be chosen as symbols in the worship of humanity, would often be those who set the very worst examples to their kind. Perhaps no better illustration of this could be found than the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. I think it is impossible to follow that history, as it is now known, without coming to the conclusion that in every sense of the word he was a bad man—unscrupulous, false, and mean. But his intellect was powerful, while his force and energy of character were tremendous. These qualities alone, exhibited in almost unexampled military success, were sufficient to make him the idol of many minds. And as mere success secured for him this place, so nothing but failure deprived him of it. Not a few of the chosen heroes of humanity have been chosen for reasons but little better. Comte himself, seeing this danger, and with an exalted estimate and ideal of the character of womanhood, had laid it down that it would be best to select some woman as the symbol, if not the object, of private adoration in the worship of humanity. The French Revolutionists selected a woman, too, and we know the kind of woman that they chose. It may be wise, perhaps, to set aside this famous episode in a fit of national insanity as nothing more than a profane joke; but the developments of anthropomorphism in the mythology of the Pagan world are a sufficient indication of the kind of worship which the worship of humanity would certainly tend to be.

The result, then, of this analysis of that in which all religion essentially consists, and of the objects which it selects, or imagines, or creates for worship, is to show that in religion, above all other things, the processes of evolution are especially liable to work in the direction of degradation. That analysis shows how it is that in the domain of religious conceptions, even more than in any other domain of thought, the work of development must be rapid, because, in the absence of revelation or the teachings of authority, fancy and imagination have no guide and are under no restraint.

When, now, we pass from the phe-

nomena which religion presents in the present day to what we know of its phenomena in the earliest historic times, the conclusions we have reached receive abundant confirmation. Of the origin of religion, indeed, as we have already seen, history can tell us nothing, because, unless the Mosaic narrative be accepted, there is no history of the origin of man. But the origin of particular systems of religion does come within the domain of history, and the testimony it affords is always to the same effect. In regard to them we have the most positive evidence that they have been uniformly subject to degradation. All the great religions of the world which can be traced to the teaching or influence of individual men have steadily declined from the teaching of their founders. In India it has been one great business of Christian missionaries and of Christian governors, in their endeavors to put an end to cruel and barbarous customs, to prove to the corrupt disciples of an ancient creed that its first prophets or teachers had never held the doctrines from which such customs arise, or that these customs are a gross misconception and abuse of the doctrine which had been really taught. Whether we study what is now held by the disciples of Buddha, of Confucius, or of Zoroaster, it is the same result. Wherever we can arrive at the original teaching of the known founders of religious systems, we find that teaching uniformly higher, more spiritual, than the teaching now. The same law has affected Christianity, with this difference only, that alone of all the historical religions of the world it has hitherto shown an unmistakable power of perennial revival and reform. But we know that the processes of corruption had begun their work even in the lifetime of the Apostles; and every church in Christendom will equally admit the general fact, although each of them will give a different illustration of it. Mahommedanism, which is the last and latest of the great historical religions of the world, shows a still more remarkable phenomenon. The corruption in this case began not only in the lifetime but in the life of the prophet and founder of that religion. Mahomet was himself his own most corrupt disciple. In the earliest days of his mission he

was best as a man and greatest as a teacher. His life was purer and his doctrine more spiritual when his voice was a solitary voice crying in the wilderness, than when it was joined in chorus by the voice of many millions. In his case the progress of development in a wrong direction was singularly distinct and very rapid. Nor is the cause obscure. The spirit of Mahomet may well have been in close communion with the spirit of all truth, when, like St. Paul at Athens, his heart was stirred within him as he saw his Arabian countrymen wholly given to idolatry. Such deep impressions on some everlasting truth—such overpowering convictions—are in the nature of inspiration. The intimations it gives and the impulses it communicates are true in thought and righteous in motive, in exact proportion as the reflecting surfaces of the human mind are accurately set to the lights which stream from nature. This is the adjustment which gives all their truthfulness to the intimations of the senses ; which gives all its wisdom and foresight to the wonderful work of instinct ; which gives all their validity to the processes of reason ; which is the real source of all the achievements of genius ; and which, on the highest level of all, has made some men the inspired mouthpiece of the oracles of God. But it is the tenderest of all adjustments—the most delicate, the most easily disturbed. When this adjustment is, as it were, mechanical, as it is in the lower animals, then we have the limited, but, within its own sphere, the perfect wisdom of the beasts. But when this adjustment is liable to distortion by the action of a will which is to some extent self-determined and is also to a large extent degraded, then the real inspiration is not from without, but from within—then the reflecting surfaces of mind are no longer set true to the light of nature ; and then, “if the light within us be darkness, how great is that darkness !” Hence it is that one single mistake or misconception as to the nature and work of inspiration is, and must be, a mistake of tremendous consequence. And this was Mahomet’s mistake. He thought that the source of his inspiration was direct, immediate, and personal. He thought that even the very words in which his own impulses

were embodied were dictated by the angel Gabriel. He thought that the Supreme Authority which spoke through him when he proclaimed that “the Lord God Almighty was one God, the Merciful, the Compassionate,” was the same which also spoke to him when he proclaimed that it was lawful for him to take his neighbor’s wife. From such an abounding well-spring of delusion the most bitter waters were sure to come. How different this idea of the methods in which the Divine Spirit operates upon the minds of men from the idea held on the same subject by that great Apostle of our Lord whose work it was to spread among the Gentile world those religious conceptions which had so long been the special heritage of one peculiar people ! How cautious St. Paul is when expressing an opinion not directly sanctioned by an authority higher than his own ! “I think also that I have the Spirit of God.” The injunction, “Try the spirits whether they be of God,” is one which never seems to have occurred to Mahomet. The consequences were what might have been expected. The utterances of his inspiration when he was hiding in the caves of Mecca were better, purer, higher than those which he continued to pour forth when, after his flight to Medina, he became a great conqueror and a great ruler. From the very first indeed he breathed the spirit of personal anger and malediction on all who disbelieved his message. This root of bitterness was present from the beginning. But its developments were indeed prodigious. It was the animating spirit of precepts without number which, in the minds and in the hands of his ruthless followers, have inflicted untold miseries for twelve hundred years on some of the fairest regions of the globe.

Passing now from the evidence of the law of corruption and decline which is afforded by this last and latest of the great historical religions of the world, we find the same evidence in those of a much older date. In the first place, all the founders of those religions were themselves nothing but reformers. In the second place, the reforms they instituted have themselves all more or less again yielded to new developments of decay. The great prophets of the world have been men of inspiration or of genius

who were revolted by the corruptions of some pre-existing system, and who desired to restore some older and purer faith. The form which their reformation took was generally determined, as all strong revolts are sure to be, by violent reaction against some prominent conception or some system of practice which seemed, as it were, an embodiment of its corruption. In this way only can we account for the peculiar direction taken by the teaching of that one great historical religion which is said to have more disciples than any other in the world. Buddhism was in its origin a reform of Brahminism. In that system the beliefs of a much older and simpler age had become hid under the rubbish-heaps of a most corrupt development. Nowhere perhaps in the world had the work of evolution been richer in the growth of briars and thorns. It had forged the iron bonds of caste, one of the very worst inventions of an evil imagination; and it had degraded worship into a complicated system of sacrifice and of ceremonial observances. There seems to be no doubt that the teaching of the reformer Sakya Muni (Buddha) was a revolt and a reform. It was a reassertion of the paramount value of a life of righteousness. But the intellectual conceptions which are associated with this great ethical and spiritual reform had within themselves the germs of another cycle of decay. These conceptions seem to have taken their form from the very violence of the revulsion which they indicate and explain. The peculiar tenet of Buddhism, which is or has been interpreted to be a denial of any Divine Being or of personal or individual immortality, seems the strangest of all doctrines on which to recommend a life of virtue, of self-denial, and of religious contemplation. But the explanation is apparently to be found in the extreme and ridiculous developments which the doctrines of Divine Personality and of individual immortality had taken under the Brahminical system. These developments do indeed seem almost incredible, if we did not know from many other examples the incalculable wanderings of the human imagination in the domain of religious thought. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls at death into the bodies

of beasts was a doctrine pushed to such extravagances of conception, and yet believed in with such intense conviction, that pious Brahmins did not dare even to breathe the open air lest by accident they should destroy some invisible animalcule in which was embodied the spirit of their ancestors. Such a notion of immortality might well oppress and afflict the spirit with a sense of intolerable fatigue. Nor is it difficult to understand how that desire of complete attainment, which is, after all, the real hope of immortality, should have been driven to look for it rather in reabsorption into some one universal essence, and so to reach at last some final rest. Freedom from the burden of the flesh, rendered doubly burdensome by the repeated cycles of animal existence which lay before the Brahmin, was the end most naturally desired. For, indeed, complete annihilation might well be the highest aspiration of souls who had before them such conceptions of personal immortality and its gifts. A similar explanation is probably the true one of the denial of any God. A prejudice had arisen against the very idea of a Divine Being from the concomitant ideas which had become associated with personality. The original Buddhist denial of a God was probably in its heart of hearts merely a denial of the grotesque limitations which had been associated with the popular conceptions of Him. It was a devout and religious aspect of that most unphilosophical negation which in our own days has been called the "Unconditioned." In short, it was only a metaphysical, and not an irreligious, Atheism. But although this was probably the real meaning of the Buddhistic Atheism in the mind of its original teachers, and although this meaning has reappeared and has found intelligent expression among many of its subsequent expounders, it was in itself one of those fruitful germs of error which are fatal in any system of religion. The negation of any Divine Being or agency, at least under any aspect or condition conceivable by man, makes a vacuum which nothing else can fill. Or rather, it may be said to make a vacuum which every conceivable imagination rushes in to occupy. Accordingly, Buddha himself seems to have taken the place of a Divine Being in the

worship of his followers. His was a real personality—his was the ideal life. All history proves that no abstract system of doctrine, no mere rule of life, no dreamy aspiration, however high, can serve as an object of worship for any length of time. But a great and a good man can be always deified. And so it has been with Buddha. Still, this deification was, as it were, an usurpation. The worship of himself was no part of the religion he taught, and the vacuum which he had created in speculative belief was one which his own image, even with all the swellings of tradition, was inadequate to fill. And so Buddhism appears to have run its course through every stage of mystic madness, of gross idolatry, and of true fetish-worship, until, in India at least, it seems likely to be reabsorbed in the Brahminism from which it originally sprang.

And so we are carried back to the origin of that great religion, Brahminism, which already in the sixth or seventh century before the Christian era had become so degraded as to give rise to the revolt of Buddha. The course of its development can be traced in an elaborate literature which may extend over a period of about 2000 years. That development is beyond all question one of the greatest interest in the history of religion, because it concerns a region and a race which have high traditional claims to be identified with one of the most ancient homes, and one of the most ancient families of man. And surely it is a most striking result of modern inquiry that in this, one of the oldest literatures of the world, we find that the most ancient religious appellation is Heaven-Father, and that the words "Dyaus-pitar," in which this idea is expressed are the etymological origin of Jupiter *Ζεύς πατήρ*—the name for the supreme Deity in the mythology of the Greeks.

We must not allow any preconceived ideas to obscure the plain evidence which arises out of this simple fact. We bow to the authority of Sanskrit scholars when they tell us of it. But we shall do well to watch the philosophical explanations with which they may accompany their intimations of its import. Those who approach the subject with the assumption that the idea of a Divine

Being or a Superhuman Personality must be a derivative, and cannot be a primary conception, allow all their language to be colored by the theory that vague perceptions of "The Invisible" or of "The Infinite," in rivers, or in mountains, or in sun and moon and stars, were the earliest religious conceptions of the human mind. But this theory cannot be accepted by those who remember that there is nothing in nature so near to us as our own nature, nothing so mysterious and yet so intelligible, nothing so invisible, yet so suggestive of energy and of power over things that can be seen. Nothing else in nature speaks to us so constantly or so directly. Neither the infinite nor the invisible contains any religious element at all, unless as conditions of a being of whom invisibility and infinitude are attributes. There is no probability that any abstract conceptions whatever about the nature or properties of material force can have been among the earlier conceptions of the human mind. Still less is it reasonable to suppose that such conceptions were more natural and more easy conceptions than those founded on our own personality and on the personality of parents. Yet it seems as if it were in deference to this theory that Professor Max Müller is disposed to deprecate the supposition that the "Heaven-Father" of the earliest Vedic hymns is rightly to be understood as having meant what we mean by God. Very probably indeed it may have meant something much more simple. But not the less on that account it may have meant something quite as true. I do not know, indeed, why we should set any very high estimate on the success which has attended the most learned theologians in giving anything like form or substance to our conceptions of the Godhead. Christianity solves the difficulty by presenting, as the type of all true conceptions on the subject, the image of a Divine Humanity, and the history of a perfect life. In like manner, those methods of representing the character and attributes of the Almighty, which were employed to teach the Jewish people, were methods all founded on the same principle of a sublime anthropomorphism. But when we come to the abstract definitions of theology they invariably end either in

self-contradictions, or in words in which beauty of rhythm takes the place of intelligible meaning. Probably no body of men ever came to draw up such definitions with greater advantages than the Reformers of the English Church. They had before them the sublime imagery of the Hebrew Prophets—all the traditions of the Christian world—all the language of philosophy—all the subtleties of the schools. Yet, of the Godhead, they can only say, as a negative definition, that God is "without body, parts, or passions." But, if by "passions" we are to understand all mental affections, this definition is not only in defiance of the whole language of the Jewish Scriptures, but in defiance also of all that is conceivable of the Being who is the author of all good, the fountain of all love, who hates evil, and is angry with the wicked every day. A great master of the English tongue has given another definition in which, among other things it is affirmed that the attributes of God are "incommunicable." * Yet, at least, all the good attributes of all creatures must be conceived as communicated to them by their Creator, in whom all fulness dwells. I do not know, therefore, by what title we are to assume that "what we mean by God" is certainly so much nearer the truth than the simplest conceptions of a primeval age. It is at least possible that in that age there may have been intimations of the Divine Personality, and of the Divine Presence, which we have not now. Moreover, there may have been developments of error in this high matter, which may well shake our confidence in the unquestionable superiority of "what we mean by God" over what may have been meant and understood by our earliest fathers in respect to the Being whom they adored. Some conceptions of the Divine Being which have been prevalent in the Christian Church, have been formed upon theological traditions so questionable that the developments of them have been among the heaviest burdens of the faith. It is not too much to say that some of the doctrines derived from scholastic theology, and once most

widely accepted in the Christian Church—such, for example, as the fate of unbaptized infants—are doctrines which present the nature and character of the Godhead in aspects as irrational as they are repulsive. One of the most remarkable schools of Christian thought which has arisen in recent times is that which has made the idea of the "Fatherhood of God" the basis of its distinctive teaching. Yet it is nothing but a reversion to the simplest of all ideas, the most rudimentary of all experiences—that which takes the functions and the authority of a father as the most natural image of the Invisible and Infinite Being to whom we owe "life and breath and all things." In the facts of Vedic literature, when we carefully separate these facts from theories about them, there is really no symptom of any time when the idea of some living being in the nature of God has not yet been attained. On the contrary, the earliest indications of this conception are indications of the sublimest character, and the process of evolution seems distinctly to have been a process not of an ascending but of a descending order. Thus it appears that the great appellative "Dyaus," which in the earliest Vedic literature is masculine, and stood for "The Bright or Shining One," or the Living Being whose dwelling is the Light, had in later times become a feminine, and stood for nothing but the sky.* It is quite evident that in the oldest times of the Aryan race, in so far as those times have left us any record, not only had the idea of a Personal God been fully conceived, but such a being had been described, and addressed in language and under symbols which are comparable with the sublimest imagery in the visions of Patmos. How firmly, too, and how naturally these conceptions of a God were rooted in the analogies of our own human personality, is attested by the additional fact that paternity was the earliest Vedic idea of Creation, and Dyaus was invoked not only as the Heaven-Father, but specially as the "Dyaush pitā ganitā," which is the Sanskrit equivalent of the Greek Ζεὺς πατὴρ γενετήρ.

When again we are told by Sanskrit

* J. H. Newman, "Idea of a University," p. 60.

* Hibbert Lectures, pp. 276, 277.

scholars that the earliest religious conceptions of the Aryan race, as exhibited in the Veda, were Pantheistic, and that the gods they worshipped were "Deifications" of the forces or powers of nature, we are to remember that this is an interpretation and not a fact. It is an interpretation, too, which assumes the familiarity of the human mind in the ages of its infancy with one of the most doubtful and difficult conceptions of modern science—namely, the abstract conception of energy or force as an inseparable attribute of matter. The only fact, divested of all preconceptions, which these scholars have really ascertained is, that in compositions which are confessedly poetical the energies of nature were habitually addressed as the energies of personal or living beings. But this fact does not in the least involve the supposition that the energies of nature which are thus addressed had, at some still earlier epoch, been regarded under the aspect of material forces, and had afterward come to be personified; nor does it in the least involve the other supposition that, when so personified, they were really regarded as so many different beings absolutely separate and distinct from each other. Both of these suppositions may indeed be matter of argument; but neither of them can be legitimately assumed. They are, on the contrary, both of them open to the most serious, if not to insuperable objections. As regards the first of them—that the earliest human conceptions of nature were of that most abstruse and difficult kind which consists in the idea of material force without any living embodiment or abode, I have already indicated the grounds on which it seems in the highest degree improbable. As regards the second supposition—viz., that when natural forces came to be personified each one of them was regarded as the embodiment of a separate and distinct divinity—this is a most unsafe interpretation of the language of poetry. The purest monotheism has a pantheistic side. To see all things in God is very closely related to seeing God in all things. The giving of separate names to diverse manifestations of one Divine Power may pass into Polytheism by insensible degrees. But it would be a most erroneous conclusion from the use

of such names at a very early stage in the history of religious development, that those who so employed them had no conception of one Supreme Being. In the philosophy of Brahminism even, in the midst of its most extravagant polytheistic developments, not only has this idea been preserved; but it has been taught and held as the central idea of the whole system. "There is but one Being—no second." Nothing really exists but the one Universal Spirit, called Brahmin; and whatever appears to exist independently is identical with that spirit.* This is the uncompromising creed of true Brahminism. If, then, this creed can be retained even amid the extravagant polytheism of later Hindu corruptions, much more easily could it be retained in the early pantheism of the Vedic hymns.

There is, however, one kind of evidence remaining, which may be said to be still within the domain of history, and that is the evidence derived from language, from the structure and etymology of words. This evidence carries us a long way further back, even to the time when language was in the course of its formation, and long before it had been reduced to writing. From this evidence, as we find it in the facts reported respecting the earliest forms of Aryan speech, it seems certain that the most ancient conceptions of the energies of nature were conceptions of personality. In that dim and far-off time, when our prehistoric ancestors were speaking in a language long anterior to the formation of the oldest Sanskrit, we are told that they called the sun the Illuminator, or the Warmer, or the Nourisher; the moon, the Measurer; the dawn, the Awakener; the thunder, the Roarer; the rain, the Rainer; the fire, the Quick-Runner.† We are told further that in these personifications the earliest Aryans did not imagine them as possessing the material or corporeal forms of humanity, but only that the activities they exhibited were most easily conceived as comparable with our own. Surely this is a fact which is worth volumes of speculation. What was most

* Professor Monier Williams, "Hinduism," p. 11.

† Max Müller, Hibbert Lectures, 1878, p. 193.

easy and most natural then must have been most easy and most natural from the beginning. With such a propensity in the earliest men of whom we have any authentic record to see personal agency in everything, and with the general impression of unity and subordination under one system which is suggested by all the phenomena of nature, it does not seem very difficult to suppose that the fundamental conception of all religion may have been in the strictest sense primeval.

But the earliest records of Aryan worship and of Aryan speech are not the only evidences we have of the comparative sublimity of the earliest known conceptions of the Divine Nature. The Egyptian records are older still; and some of the oldest are also the most sublime. A hymn to the rising and setting sun, which is contained in the 125th chapter of the "Book of the Dead," is said by Egyptian scholars to be "the most ancient piece of poetry in the literature of the world." * In this hymn the Divine Deity is described as the Maker of Heaven and of Earth, as the Self-existent One; and the elementary forces of

nature, under the curious and profound expression of the "Children of inertness," are described as His instruments in the rule and government of nature. † Nor is it less remarkable that these old Egyptians seem to have grasped the idea of law and order as a characteristic method of the Divine government. He who alone is truly the living One is adored as living in the truth, and in justice considered as the unchanging and unchangeable rule of right, in the moral world, and of order in the physical causation. ‡ The same grand conception has been traced in the theology of the Vedas. The result of all this historical evidence may be given in the words of M. Renouf: "It is incontestably true that the sublimer portions of the Egyptian religion are not the comparatively late result of a process of development or elimination from the grosser. The sublimer portions are demonstrably ancient; and the last stage of the Egyptian religion, that known to the Greek and Latin writers, was by far the grossest and most corrupt."—*Contemporary Review*.

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OLD DREAMS.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

WHERE are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not: the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the beech;
And for one moment Heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment,—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

* Renouf, Hibbert Lectures, 1879, p. 197.
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† *Idem*, pp. 198, 199. ‡ *Idem*, pp. 119, 120.
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So near is Eden, yet so far ; it lies
 No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight ;
 We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
 Still seek it every way except the right.

The Spectator.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XX.

"MY COUSIN JUDITH!"

BERNARD did not return to Scar Foot that night. He had left word with Mrs. Aveson that he might not do so. He remained all night at Mr. Whaley's, at Yoresett, discussing business matters with him. Judith, after her return, sat upstairs with her mother, and wondered what made her feel so wretched—what caused the sensation of fierce desolation in her heart. Mrs. Conisbrough was quickly recovering, and had begun to chat, though scarcely cheerfully. Her conversation was hardly of a bracing or inspiriting nature, and the blow dealt by the old man's will was still felt almost in its full force. Likewise, she was a woman much given to wondering what was to become of them all.

But she no longer raged against Aglionby, and Judith did not know whether to be relieved or uneasy at the change.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Lowther called, and pronounced Mrs. Conisbrough quite fit to go home on the following day, as arranged ; he added, that she might go downstairs that day, if she chose. Judith trembled lest she should decide to do so, but she did not. She either could not, or would not face Bernard Aglionby, and, in him, her fate. So Judith said to herself, trying to find reasons for her mother's conduct, and striving, too, to still the fears which had sprung up in her own breast, to take no heed of the sickening qualms of terror which had attacked her at intervals ever since she had seen her mother on the morning of the reading of the will—her expression, and the sudden failing of her voice ; her cowering down ; the shudder with which she had shrunk away from Bernard's direct gaze. That incident had marked the first stage of her

terrors ; the second had been reached when her mother had opened her eyes, and spoken her incoherent words about "Bernarda," and what Bernarda had said. The third and worst phase of her secret fear had been entered upon when Aglionby had solemnly assured her that, save his grandfather, he had never possessed a rich relation, on either father's or mother's side. She had pondered upon it all till her heart was sick. She saw the deep flush which overspread Mrs. Conisbrough's face every time that Bernard's name was mentioned, and her own desire to "depart hence and be no more seen" grew stronger every hour. Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, Mrs. Conisbrough, tired of even pretending to listen to the book which Judith had been reading to her, advised the latter to take a walk, adding that she wished to be alone, and thought she could go to sleep if she were left. Judith complied. She put on her hat and went out into the garden. Once there, the recollection came to her mind, that to-morrow she was leaving Scar Foot—that after to-morrow it would not be possible for her to return here ; she took counsel with herself, and advised herself to take her farewell now, and once for all, of the dear familiar things which must henceforth be strange to her. Fate was kind, in so far as it allowed her to part on friendly terms from Bernard Aglionby, but that was all she could expect. If, for the future, she were enabled to stay somewhere in shelter and obscurity, and to keep silence, what more could be wanted ? "By me, and such as me, nothing," she said inwardly, and with some bitterness.

In addition to this feeling, she was wearied of the house, of the solitude, and the confinement. Despite her grief and her foreboding, she being, if not

"a perfect woman," at least a "nobly-planned" one, felt strength and vigor in every limb, and a desire for exercise and expansion, which would not let her rest. She wandered all round the old garden, gathered a spray from the now flowerless "rose without thorns," which flourished in one corner of it, sat for a minute or two in the alcove, and gazed at the prospect on the other side with a mournful satisfaction, and then, finding that it was still early, wandered down to the lake side, to the little landing-place, where the boat with the grass-green sides, and with the name "Delphine" painted on it, was moored.

"I should like a last row on the lake, dearly," thought Judith, and quickly enough followed the other thought, "and why not?" So thought, so decided. She went to the little shed where the oars were kept, seized a pair, and sprang into the boat, unchained it from its moorings, and with a strong, practised stroke or two was soon in deep water. It gave her a sensation of joy, to be once more here, on the bosom of the sweet and glistening Shennamere. She pulled slowly, and with many pauses; stopping every now and then to let her boat float, and to enjoy the exquisite panorama of hills surrounding the lake, and of the long, low front of Scar Foot, in its gardens. A mist rushed across her eyes and a sob rose to her throat, as she beheld it.

"Ah," thought Judith, "and this is what will keep rising up in my memory at all times, and in all seasons good or bad. Well, it *must* be, I suppose. Shennamere, good-bye!"

She had rowed all across the lake, a mile, perhaps, and was almost at the opposite shore, beneath the village of Busk. There was a gorgeous October sunset, flaming all across the heavens, and casting over everything a weird, beautiful light and glamour, and at the same time the dusk was creeping on, as it does in October, following quickly on the skirts of the sunset.

She skirted along by the shore, thinking, "I must turn back," and feeling strangely unwilling to do so. She looked at the grassy fringe at the edge of the lake, which in summer was always a waste of the fair yellow iris; one of the sweetest flowers that blows, to her think-

ing and to mine. She heard the twittering of some ousels, and other water birds. She heard the shrill voice of a young woman on the road, singing a song. She raised her eyes to look for the young woman, wondering whether it were any acquaintance of hers, and before her glance had time to wander far enough, it rested, astonished, upon the figure of Bernard Aglionby; whose presence on that road, and on foot, was a mystery to her, since his way to Scar Foot lay on the other side of the lake.

But he was standing there, had stopped in his walk evidently, so that she knew not from which direction he came, and was now lifting his hat to her.

"Good afternoon!" cried Judith, quickly, and surprised to feel her cheeks grow hot.

"Good afternoon," he responded, coming down to the water's edge, and looking, as usual, very earnest.

"You are not rowing about here all alone?" he added, in some astonishment.

This question called up a smile to Judith's face, and she asked, leaning on her oars:

"And why not, pray?"

"It is dangerous. And you are alone, and a lady."

Judith laughed outright. "Shennamere dangerous! That shows how little you know about it. I have rowed up and down it since I was a child; indeed, any child could do it."

"Could it? I wish you would let me try, then."

"Would you like it, really?" asked Judith, in some surprise.

"There is nothing I should like better, if you will let me."

"Then see! I will row up to the shore, and you can get in and pull me back if you will, for I begin to feel my arms tired. It is some time since I have rowed, now."

This was easily managed. He took her place, and she took the tiller-cords, sitting opposite to him. It was not until after this arrangement had been made, and they were rowing back in a leisurely manner, toward Scar Foot, that Judith began to feel a little wonder as to how it had all happened—how Bernard came to be in the boat with her, rowing her

home. He was very quiet, she noticed, almost subdued, and he looked somewhat tired. His eyes rested upon her every now and then with a speculative, half absent expression, and he was silent, till at last she said :

"How came you on the Lancashire road, Mr. Aglionby, and on foot? I thought you would be driving back from Yoresett."

"I did drive as far as the top of the hill above the bridge, and then I got out to walk round this way. You must know that I find a pleasure which I cannot express, in simply wandering about here, and looking at the views. It is perfectly delightful. But I might say, how came you to be at this side of the lake, alone and at sunset?"

"That is nothing surprising for me. We are leaving to-morrow, after which we shall have done with Scar Foot forever. I have been bidding good-bye to it all. The house, the garden, the lake, everything."

That "everything" came out with an energy which smacked of anything but resignation pure and simple.

"Bidding good-bye? Ah, I must have seemed a bold, insolent intruder, at such a moment. I wonder you condescended to speak to me. I wonder you did not instantly turn away, and row back again with all speed. Instead of which—I am here with you."

Judith did not reply, though their eyes met, and her lips parted. It was a jest, but a jest which she found it impossible to answer. Aglionby also perhaps judged it best to say nothing more. Yet both hearts swelled. Though they maintained silence, both felt that there was more to be said. Both knew, as they glided on in the sharp evening air, in the weird light of the sunset, that this was not the end; other things had yet to happen. Some of the sunset glow had already faded, perhaps it had sunk with its warmth and fire into their hearts, which were hot; the sky had taken a more pallid hue. At the foot of the lake, Addleborough rose, bleak and forbidding: Judith leaned back, and looked at it, and saw how cold it was, but while she knew the chilliness of it, she was all the time intensely, feverishly conscious of Aglionby's proximity to herself. Now and again, for a second

at a time, her eyes were drawn irresistibly to his figure. How rapidly had her feelings toward him been modified! On the first day she had seen him, he had struck her as an enthusiastic provincial politician; he had been no more a real person to her than if she had never seen him. Next she had beheld him walking behind Mr. Whaley into the parlor at Scar Foot; had seen the cool unpromising curve of his lips, the proud, cold glance in his eyes. Then, he had suddenly become the master, the possessor, wielding power undisputed and indisputable over what she had always considered her own, not graspingly, but from habit and association. She had for some time feared and distrusted his hardness, but gradually yet quickly those feelings had changed, till now, without understanding how, she had got to feel a deep admiration for, and delight in his dark, keen face; full of strength, full of resolution and pride; it was all softened at the present moment, and to her there seemed a beauty not to be described in its sombre tints, and in the outline, expressive of such decision and firmness, a firmness which had just now lost the old sneering vivacity of eye and lip.

It all seemed too unstable to be believed in. Would it ever end? Gliding onward, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic splash of the oars, and ripple of the water, with the mountains apparently floatingly receding from before them while the boat darted onward. A month ago, this young man had been an obscure salesman in an Irkford warehouse, and she, Judith Conisbrough, had been the supposed co-heiress, with her sisters, of all John Aglionby's lands and money: now the obscure salesman was in full possession of both the lands and the money, while from her, being poor, had been taken even that she had, and more had yet to go. She felt no resentment toward Aglionby, absolutely none; for herself she experienced a dull sensation of pain; a shrinking from the years to come of loneliness, neglect, and struggle. She pictured the future, as she glided on in the present. He, as soon as he had settled things to his pleasure, would get married to that tall, fair girl with whom she had seen him. They would live at Scar Foot, or wherever

else it list them to live ; they would be happy with one another ; would rejoice in their possessions, and enjoy life side by side ;—while she—bah ! she impatiently told herself—of what use to repine about it ? That only made one look foolish. It was so, and that was all about it. The sins of the fathers should be relentlessly and unsparingly visited upon the children. He—her present companion, had said so, and she attached an altogether unreasonable importance to his words. He had held that creed in the days of his adversity and poverty, that creed of “no forgiveness.” If it had supported him, why not her also ? True, he was a man, and she was a woman, and all men, save the most unhappy and unfortunate of all, were taught and expected to work. She had only been forced to wait. Perhaps, if he had not had to work, and been compelled to forget himself and his wrongs in toil, he might have proved a harder adversary now than he was.

The boat glided alongside the landing place. He sprang up, jumped upon the boards, and handed her out.

“It is nearly dark,” he observed, and his voice, though low, was deep and full, as a voice is wont to be, when deep thoughts or real emotion has lately stirred the mind. “We will send out to have the things put away.” He walked beside her up the grassy path, as silent as she was, and her heart was full. Was it not for the last time ? As he held the wicket open for her, and then followed her up the garden, he said :

“Miss Conisbrough, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“A favor, what is it ?”

“Only a trifle,” said Aglionby. “It is, that you will sing me a song to-night—one particular song.”

“Sing you a song !” ejaculated Judith, amazed. And the request, considering the terms on which they stood, was certainly a calm one.

“Yes, the song I overheard you singing on Sunday night, ‘Goden Abend, Gode Nacht !’ I want to hear it again.”

They now stood in the porch, and as Judith hesitated, and looked at him, she found his eyes bent upon her face, as if he waited, less for a reply, than for compliance with his request—or demand—

she knew not which it was. She conquered her surprise ; tried to think she felt it to be a matter of entire indifference, and said, “I will sing it, if you like.”

“I do like, very much. And when will you sing it ?” he asked, pausing at the foot of the stairs. Judith had ascended a step or two.

“Oh, when Mrs. Aveson calls me down to supper,” she answered slowly, her surprise not yet overcome.

“Thank you. You are very indulgent, and I assure you I feel proportionately grateful,” said Aglionby, with a smile which Judith knew not how to interpret. She said not a word, but left him at the foot of the stairs, with an odd little thrill shooting through her, as she thought :

“I was not wrong. He does delight to be the master—and perhaps I ought to have resisted—though I don’t know why. One might easily obey that kind of master—but what does it all matter ? After to-morrow afternoon, all this will be at an end.”

Aglionby turned into the parlor, as she went upstairs ; the smile lingering still on his lips. All the day, off and on, the scene had haunted him in imagination—Judith seated at the piano, singing, he standing somewhere near her, listening to that one particular song. All day, too, he had kept telling himself that, all things considered, it would hardly do to ask her to sing it ; that it would look very like impertinence if he did ; would be presuming on his position—would want some more accomplished tactician than he was, to make the request come easily and naturally.

Yet (he thought, as he stood by the window), whether he had done it easily or not, it had been done. He had asked her, and she had consented. What else would she do for him, he wondered, if he asked her. Then came a poignant, regretful wish that he had asked her for something else. In reflecting upon the little scene which was just over, he felt a keen, pungent pleasure, as he remembered her look of surprise, and seemed to see how she gradually yielded to him, with a certain unbending of her dignity, which he found indescribably and perilously fascinating.

“I wish I had asked her for some-

thing else!" he muttered. "Why had I not my wits about me? A trumpery song! Such a little thing! I am glad I made her understand that it was a trifle. I should like to see her look if I asked her a real favor. I should like to see how she took it. Something that it would cost her something to grant—something the granting of which argued that she looked with favor upon me. Would she do it? By Jove, if her pride were tamed to it, and she did it at last, it would be worth a man's while to go on his knees for it, whatever it was."

He stood by the window frowning over what seemed to him his own obtuseness, till at last a gleam of pleasure flitted across his face.

"I have it!" he said within himself, with a triumphant smile. "I will make her promise. She will not like it, she will chafe under it, but she shall promise. The greatest favor she could confer upon me, would be to receive a favor from me—and she shall. Then she can never look upon me as 'nobody' again."

He rang for lights, and pulled out a bundle of papers which Mr. Whaley had given to him to look over, but on trying to study them, he found that he could not conjure up the slightest interest in them; that they were, on the contrary, most distasteful to him. He opened the window at last, and leaned out, saying to himself, as he flung the papers upon the table:

"If she knew what was before her, she would not come down. But she has promised, and heaven forbid that I should forewarn and forearm her."

The night was fine; moonless, but starlight. He went outside, lit his pipe, and paced about. He had been learning from Mr. Whaley what a goodly heritage he had entered upon. He was beginning to understand how he stood, and what advantages and privileges were to be his. All the time that he conned them over, the face of Judith Conisbrough seemed to accompany them, and a sense of how unjustly she had been treated above all others, burned in his mind. Before he went to Irkford, before he did anything else, this question must be settled. It should be settled to-night between him and her. He meant first to make her astonished, to

see her put on her air of queenly surprise at his unembarrassed requests, and then he meant her to submit, for her mother's and sisters' sake, and, incidentally, for his pleasure.

It was an agreeable picture; one, too, of a kind that was new to him. He did not realize its significance for himself. He only knew that the pleasure of conquest was great, when the obstacle to be conquered was strong and beautiful.

He was roused from these schemes and plans by the sound of some chords struck on the piano, and he quickly went into the house. Judith had seated herself at the piano: she had resumed her usual calmness of mien, and turned to him, as he entered.

"I thought this would summon you, Mr. Aglionby. You seem fond of music."

"Music has been fond of me, and a kind friend to me, always," said he. "I see you have no lights. Shall I ring for candles?"

"No, thank you. I have no music with me. All that I sing, must be sung from memory, and the firelight will be enough for that."

She did not at once sing the song he had asked for, but played one or two fragments first; then struck the prelude chords and sang it.

"I like that song better than anything I ever heard," said he emphatically, after she had finished it.

"I like it too," said Judith. "Mrs. Malleeson gave it me, or I should never have become possessed of such a song. Do you know Mrs. Malleeson?" she added.

"No. Who is she?"

"The wife of the vicar of Stanni-forth. I hope he will call upon you, but of course he is sure to do so. And you will meet them out. I advise you to make a friend of Mrs. Malleeson, if you can."

"I suppose," observed Bernard, "that most, or all of the people who knew my grandfather, will call upon me, and ask me to their houses?"

"Of course."

"How odd that seems, doesn't it? If I had not, by an accident, become master here—if I had remained in my delightful warehouse at Irkford, none of these people would have known of my

existence, or if they had they would have taken no notice of me. Not that I consider it any injustice," he added quickly, "because I hold that unless you prove yourself in some way noticeable, either by being very rich or very clever, or very handsome, or very something, you have no right whatever to complain of neglect—none at all. Why *should* people notice you?"

"Just so; only you know, there is this to be said on the other side. If all these people had known as well as possible who you were, and where you lived, and all about you, they would still have taken no notice of you while you were in that position. I don't want to disparage them. I am sure some of them are very good, kind-hearted people. I am only speaking from experience."

"And you are right enough. You are not going?" he added, seeing that she rose. "Supper is not ready yet."

"Thank you. I do not want any supper. And it is not very early."

"Then, if you will go, I must say now what I wanted to say. You need not leave me this instant, need you? I really have something to say to you, if you will listen to me."

Judith paused, looked at him, and sat down again.

"I am in no hurry," said she; "what do you wish to say to me?"

"You said this afternoon, that you had gone to say good-bye to Scar Foot, to the lake—to everything; that after you left here to-day you would have 'done with' Scar Foot. It would no longer be anything to you. You meant, I suppose, that you would never visit it again. Why should that be so?"

They were seated, Judith on the music-stool, on which she had turned round when they began to talk, and he leaning forward on a chair just opposite to her. Close to them was the broad hearth, with its bright fire and sparkling blazes, lighting up the two faces very distinctly. He was looking very earnestly at her, and he asked the question in a manner which showed that he intended to have an answer. It was not wanting. She replied, almost without a pause:

"Well, you see, we cannot possibly come here now, as we were accustomed to do in my uncle's time, just when we

chose; to ramble about for an hour or two, take a meal with him, and then go home again, or, if he asked us, to spend a few days here: it would not do."

"But you need not be debarred from ever coming to the place, just because you cannot do exactly as you used to do."

She was silent, with a look of some pain and perplexity—not the dignified surprise he had expected to see. But the subject was, or rather it had grown, very near to Bernard's heart. He was determined to argue the question out.

"Is it because Scar Foot has become mine, because I could turn you out if I liked, and because you are too proud to have anything to do with me?" he asked, coolly and deliberately.

Judith looked up, shocked.

"What a horrible idea! What could have put such a thought into your head?"

"Your elaborate ceremonial of everlasting farewell, this afternoon, I think," he answered, and went on boldly, though he saw her raise her head somewhat indignantly. "Do listen to me, Miss Conisbrough; I know that in your opinion I must be a most unwelcome interloper. But I think you will believe me when I say that I have nothing but kindly feelings toward you—that I would give a good deal—even sacrifice a good deal—to be on kindly terms with Mrs. Conisbrough and you and your family. I wish to be just, to repair my grandfather's injustice. You know, as we discovered the other night, we are relations. What I want to ask is, will you not meet me half way? You will not hold aloof—I beg you will not! You will help me to conciliate Mrs. Conisbrough, to repair in some degree the injustice which has been done her. I am sure you will. I count securely upon you," he added, looking full into her face, "for you are so utterly outside all petty motives of spite or resentment. You could not act upon a feeling of pique or offence, I am sure."

She was breathing quickly; her fingers locked in one another; her face a little averted, and flushed, as he could see, by something more than the firelight.

"You have far too good an opinion of me," she said, in a low tone; "you are mistaken about me. I *try* to forget

such considerations, but I assure you I am not what you take me for. I am soured, I believe, and embittered by many things which have conspired to make my life rather a lonely one."

"How little you know yourself!" said Bernard. "If I had time, I should laugh at you. But I want you to listen to me, and seriously to consider my proposal. Will you not help me in this plan? You said at first, you know, that you would not oppose it. Now, I want you to promise your co-operation."

"In other words," said Judith quietly, "you want me to persuade mamma to accept as a gift from you, some of the money which she had expected to have, but which, as is very evident, my uncle was at the last determined she should not have."

Aglionby smiled. He liked the opposition, and had every intention of conquering it.

"That is the way in which you prefer to put it, I suppose," he said. "I do not see why you should, I am sure. You did not use such expressions about it the other night, and, at any rate, I have your promise. But I fear you think the suggestion an impertinent one. How am I to convince you that nothing could be further from my thoughts than impertinence?"

"I never thought it was impertinent," answered Judith, and if her voice was calm, her heart was not. Not only had she not thought him impertinent, but she was strangely distressed and disturbed at his imagining she had thought him so.

"I thought," she went on, "that it was very kind, very generous."

"I would rather you took it as being simply just. But, at any rate, you will give me your assistance, for I know that without it I shall never succeed in getting Mrs. Conisbrough's consent to my wishes."

He spoke urgently. Judith was moved—distressed—he saw.

"I know I gave you a kind of promise," she began slowly.

"A kind of promise! Your words were, 'I shall not oppose it.' Can you deny it?"

"No, those were my words. But I had had no time to think about it then. I have done so since. I have looked at

it in every possible light, with the sincere desire to comply with your wish, and all I can say is, that I must ask you to release me from my promise."

"Not unless you tell me why," said he, in a deep tone of something like anger.

"I cannot tell you why," said Judith, her own full tones vibrating and growing somewhat faint. "I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it would indeed be best in every way if, after we leave your house, you cease to take any notice of us. If we meet casually, either in society or in any other way, there is no reason why we should not be friendly. But it must end there. It is best that it should do so. And do not try to help my mother in the way you proposed. I—I cannot give any assistance in the matter, if you do."

This was not the kind of opposition which Aglionby had bargained for. For a few moments he was silent, a black frown settling on his brow, but far indeed from having given up the game. Nothing had ever before aroused in him such an ardent desire to prevail. He was thinking about his answer; wondering what it would be best for him to say, when Judith, who perhaps had misunderstood his silence, resumed in a low, regretful voice:

"To spend money which had come from you—to partake of comforts which your generosity had procured, would be impossible—to me, at any rate. It would scorch me, I feel."

Again a momentary silence. Then the storm broke:

"You have such a loathing for me, you hate me so bitterly and so implacably that you can sit there, and say this to me, with the utmost indifference," with a passionate grief in his voice; grief and anger blended in a way that cut her to the quick. And so changed was he, all in a moment, that she was startled, and almost terrified.

"What!" she faltered, "have I said something wrong? I hate you! Heaven forbid! It would be myself that I should hate, because—"

"Because you had touched something that was defiled by coming from me. Because it had been mine!"

"Thank God that it is yours!" said Judith suddenly, and in a stronger tone.

"It is the one consolation that I have in the matter. When I think how very near it was to being ours, and that we might have had it and used it, I feel as if I had escaped but little short of a miracle, from—"

She stopped suddenly.

"I do not understand you."

"Do not try. Put me down as an ill-disposed virago. I feel like one sometimes. And yet, I would have you believe that I appreciate your motives—it is out of no ill-feeling—"

"It is useless to tell me that," he broke in, in uncontrollable agitation. "I see that you have contained your wrath until this evening; you have nourished a bitter grudge against me, and you feel that the time has come for you to discharge your debt. You have succeeded. You wished to humiliate me, and you have done so most thoroughly, and as I never was humiliated before. Understand—if you find any gratification in it, that I am wounded and mortified to the quick. I had hoped that by stooping—by using every means in my power—to please you, I should succeed in conciliating you and yours. I wished to put an end to this horrible discord and division, to do that which was right, and without doing which, I can never enjoy the heritage that has fallen to me. No, never! and you—have led me on—have given me your promise, and now you withdraw it. You know your power, and that it is useless for me to appeal to Mrs. Conisbrough, if you do not allow her to hear me, and—"

"You accuse me strangely," she began, in a trembling voice, forgetting that she had desired him to look upon her as a virago, and appalled by the storm she had aroused, and yet, feeling a strange, thrilling delight in it, and a kind of reckless desire to abandon herself to its fury. Even while she raised her voice in opposition to it, she hoped it would not instantly be lulled. There was something more attractive in it, than in the commonplace civilities of an unbroken and meaningless politeness. She had her half-conscious wish gratified to the utmost, for he went on:

"Strangely, how strangely? I thought women were by nature fitted to promote peace. I thought that you, of all others, would encourage harmony and kind-

ness. I appealed to you, because I knew your will was stronger than that of your mother. It only needs your counsel and influence to make her see things as I wish her to see them. And you thrust me capriciously aside—your manner, your actions, all tell me to retire with the plunder I have got, and to gloat over it alone. You stand aside in scorn. You prefer poverty, and I believe you would prefer starvation, to extending a hand to one whom you consider a robber and an upstart—"

"You are wrong, you are wrong!" she exclaimed vehemently, and almost wildly, clasping her hands tightly together, and looking at him with a pale face and dilated eyes.

"Then, show me that I am wrong!" he said, standing before her, and extending his hands toward her. "Repent what you have said about benefits derived from me *scorching* you!" (He did not know that the flash from his own eyes was almost enough to produce the same effect.) "Recall it, and I will forget all this scene—as soon as I can, that is. Judith—" She started, changed color, and he went on in his softest and most persuasive accent. "My cousin Judith, despite all you have just been flinging at me of hard and cruel things, I still cling to the conviction that you are a noble woman, and I ask you once more for your friendship, and your good offices toward your mother. Do not repulse me again."

She looked speechlessly into his face. Where were now the scintillating eyes, the harsh discord of tone, the suppressed rage of manner? Gone; and in their stead there were the most dulcet sounds of a most musical voice; eyes that pleaded humbly and almost tenderly, and a hand held out beseechingly, craving her friendship, her good offices.

A faint shudder ran through Judith's whole frame. His words and the tone of them rang in her ears, and would ring there for many a day, and cause her heart to beat whenever she remembered them. "Judith—my cousin Judith!" His hot earnestness, and the unconscious fascination which he could throw into both looks and tones, had not found her callous and immovable. While she did not understand what the feeling was which overmastered her, she

yet felt the pain of having to repulse him amount to actual agony. She felt like one lost and bewildered. All she knew or realized was, that it would have been delicious to yield unconditionally in this matter of persuading her mother to his will ; to hear his wishes and obey them, and that of all things this was the one point on which she must hold out, and resist. Shaken by a wilder emotion than she had ever felt before, she suddenly caught the hands he stretched toward her, and exclaimed, brokenly :

"Ah, forgive me, if you can, but do not be so hard upon me. You do not know what you are saying. I cannot obey you. I wish I could."

She covered her face with her hands, with a short sob.

Aglionby could not at first reply. Across the storm of mortification and anger, of goodwill repulsed, and reverence momentarily chilled, another feeling was creeping, the feeling that behind all this agitation and refusal on her part, something lay hidden which was not aversion to him ; that the victory he had craved for was substantially his : she did not refuse his demand because she had no wish to comply with it. She denied him against her will, not with it. She was not churlish. He might still believe her noble. She was harassed evidently, worn with trouble, and with some secret grief. He forgot for the moment that a confiding heart at Irkford looked to him for support and comfort ; indeed, he had a vague idea, which had not yet been distinctly formulated, that there were few troubles which Miss Vane could not drive away, by dint of dress, and jewelry, and amusement. He felt that so long as he had a full purse, he could comfort Lizzie, and cherish her. This was a different case ; this was a suffering which silk attire and diamonds could not alleviate, a wound not to be stanchd for a moment by social distinction and the envy of other women. His heart ached sympathetically. He could comprehend that feeling.

He knew that he could feel likewise. Nay, had he not experienced a foretaste of some such feeling this very night, when she had vowed that she could not aid him in his scheme, and he had felt his newly-acquired riches turn poor and sterile in consequence, and his capacity

for enjoying them shrivel up ? But there was a ray of joy even amid this pain, in thinking that this hidden obstacle did not imply anything derogatory to her. He might yet believe her noble, and treat her as noble. His was one of the natures which can not only discern nobility in shabby guise, but which are perhaps almost too prone to seek it there, rather than under purple mantles ; being inclined to grudge the wearers of the latter any distinction save that of inherited outside splendor. The fact that Miss Conisbrough was a very obscure character ; that she was almost sordidly poor ; that the gown she wore was both shabby and old-fashioned, and that whatever secret troubles she had, she must necessarily often be roused from them, in order to consider how most advantageously to dispose of the metaphorical sixpence—all this lent to his eyes, and to his way of thinking, a reality to her grief ; a concreteness to her distress. He had no love for moonshine and unreality, and though Judith Conisbrough had this night overwhelmed him with contradictions and vague, intangible replies to his questions, yet he was more firmly convinced than ever that all about her was real.

If she had to suffer—and he was sure now that she had—he would be magnanimous, though he did not consciously apply so grand a name to his own conduct. After a pause, he said, slowly :

"I must ask your forgiveness. I had no business to get into a passion. It was unmanly, and I believe, brutal. I can only atone for it in one way, and that is by trying to do what you wish ; though I cannot conceal that your decision is a bitter blow to me. I had hoped that everything would be so different. But tell me once again that you do not *wish* to be at enmity with me ; that it is no personal ill-will which—"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby !"

"Could you not stretch a point for once," said Bernard, looking at her with a strangely mingled expression, "as we are so soon to be on mere terms of distant civility, and address me like a cousin—just once—it would not be much to do, after what you have refused ?"

There was a momentary pause. Aglionby felt his own heart beat faster, as

he waited for her answer. At last she began, with flaming cheeks, and eyes steadily fixed upon the ground :

"You mean—Bernard—there is nothing I desire less than to be at enmity with you. Since we have been under your roof here, I have learned that you at least are noble, whatever I may be ; and—"

At this point Judith looked up, having overcome, partially at least, her tremulousness, but she found his eyes 'fixed upon hers, and her own fell again directly. Something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her ; at last she faltered out :

"Do not imagine that I suffer nothing in refusing your wish."

"I believe you now, entirely," he said, in a tone almost of satisfaction. "We were talking about creeds the other night, and you said you wanted a strong one. I assure you it will take all the staying power of mine to enable me to bear this with anything like equanimity. And meantime, grant me this favor, let me accompany you home to-morrow, and do me the honor to introduce me to your sisters ; I should like to know my cousins by sight, at any rate—if Mrs. Conisbrough will allow it, that is."

"Mamma will allow it—yes."

"And I promise that after that I will not trouble nor molest you any more."

"Don't put it in that way."

"I must, I am afraid. But you have not promised yet."

"Certainly, I promise. And, oh ! Mr. Aglionby, I am glad, I am *glad* you have got all my uncle had to leave," she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis. "The knowledge that you have it will be some comfort to me in my dreary existence, for it is and will be dreary."

She rose now, quite decidedly, and went toward the door. He opened it for her, and they clasped hands silently, till he said, with a half-smile which had in it something wistful :

"*Goden Abend !*"

"*Gode Nacht !*" responded Judith, but no answering smile came to her lips—only a rush of bitter tears to her eyes.

She passed out of the room ; he gently closed the door after her, and she was left alone with her burden.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN AFTERNOON EPISODE.

"WE must not go out this afternoon, because they are coming, you know," observed Rhoda to Delphine.

"I suppose not, and yet, I think it is rather a farce, our staying in to receive them. I cannot think it will give them any joy."

"You are such a tiresome, analytical person, Delphine ! Always questioning my statements—"

"Sometimes you make such queer ones."

"I wish something would happen. I wish a change would come," observed Rhoda, yawning. "Nothing ever does happen here."

"Well, I should have said that a good deal had happened lately. Enough to make us very uncomfortable at any rate."

"Oh, you mean about Uncle Aglionby and his grandson. Do you know, Del, I have a burning, a consuming curiosity to see that young man. I think it must have been most delightfully romantic for Judith to be staying at Scar Foot all this time. I don't suppose she has made much of her opportunities. I expect she has been fearfully solemn, and has almost crushed him, if he is crushable, that is, with the majesty of her demeanor. Now, I should have been amiability itself. I think the course I should have taken would have been, to make him fall in love with me—"

"You little stupid ! When he is engaged to be married already !"

"So he is ! How disgusting it is to find all one's schemes upset in that way. Well, I don't care whether he is engaged or not. I want to see him awfully, and I think it was intensely stupid of mamma to quarrel with him."

"No doubt you would have acted much more circumspectly, being a person of years, experience, and great natural sagacity."

"I have the sagacity at any rate, if not the experience. And after all, that is the great thing, because if you have experience without sagacity, you might just as well be without it."

"I know you are marvellously clever," said Delphine, "but you are an awful

chatterbox. Do be quiet, and let me think."

"What can you possibly have to think about here?"

"All kinds of things about which I want to come to some sort of an understanding with myself. So hold your peace, I pray you."

They had finished their early dinner, and had retired to that pleasant sunny parlor where Judith had found them, little more than a week ago, on her return from Irkford. Delphine, being a young woman of high principle, had pulled out some work, but Rhoda was doing absolutely nothing, save swaying backward and forward in a rocking-chair, while she glanced round with quick, restless gray eyes at every object in the room, oftenest at her sister. Not for long did she leave the latter in the silence she had begged for.

"Won't you come upstairs to the den, Delphine? It is quite dry and warm this afternoon, and I want you so to finish that thing you were doing."

"Not now, but presently, perhaps. I feel lazy just now."

Pause, while Rhoda still looked about her, and at last said abruptly:

"Delphine, should you say we were a good looking family?"

Delphine looked up.

"Good-looking? It depends on what people call good-looking."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, I suppose you mean. I have been considering the subject seriously of late, and on comparing us with our neighbors, I have come to the conclusion that, taken all in all, we *are* good-looking."

"Our good looks are all the good things we have to boast of, then," said Delphine unenthusiastically, as she turned her lovely head to one side, and contemplated her work—her sister keenly scrutinizing her in the meantime.

"Well, good looks are no mean fortune. What was it I was reading the other day about—'As much as beauty better is than gold,' or words to that effect."

"Pooh!" said Delphine, with a little derisive laugh.

"Well, but it is true."

"In a kind of way, perhaps—not practically."

"In a kind of way—well, in such a way as this. Suppose—we may suppose anything, you know, and for my part, while I am about it, I like to suppose something splendid at once—suppose that *you* were, for one occasion only, dressed up in a most beautiful ball-dress; *eau de Nil* and wild roses, or the palest blue and white lace, or pale gray and pale pink, you know—ah, I see you are beginning to smile at the very idea. I believe white would suit you best, after all—a billow of white, with little humming-birds all over it, or something like that. Well—imagine yourself in this dress, with everything complete, you know, Del—" she leaned impressively forward—"fan and shoes, and gloves and wreath, and a beautiful pocket-handkerchief like a bit of scented mist—and jewelry that no one could find any fault with; and then suppose Philippa Danesdale popped down in the same room, as splendid as you please—black velvet and diamonds, or satin, or silk, and ropes of pearls, or anything grand, with her stupid little prim face and red hair—"

"Oh, for shame, Rhoda! You are quite spiteful."

"I, spiteful!" cried Rhoda, with a prolonged note of indignant surprise. "That is rich! Who has drawn Miss Danesdale, I wonder, in all manner of attitudes: 'Miss Danesdale engaged in prayer,' holding her prayer-book with the tips of her lavender kid fingers, and looking as if she were paying her maker such a compliment in coming and kneeling down to him, with an ivory-backed prayer-book and a gold-topped scent-bottle to sustain her through the operation? 'Miss Danesdale, on hearing of the Mésalliance of a Friend'—now, who drew *that*, Delphine? and many another as bad? My sagacity, which you were jeering at just now, suggests a reason for your altered tone. But I will spare you, and proceed with my narrative. Suppose what I have described to be an accomplished fact, and then suppose a perfect stranger—we'll imagine Mr. Danesdale to be one, because I like to make my ideas very plain to people, and there's nothing like being personal for effecting that result—suppose him, there, not knowing anything about either of you, whether you were rich or poor, or

high or low—now, which of the two do you think he would be likely to dance with oftenest?"

"How should I know?"

"Delphine, you used to be truthful once—candid and honest. The falling off is deplorable. 'Evil communications'—I won't finish it. You are shirking my question. Of course he would dance with you, and you know he would. There's no doubt of it, because you would look a vision of beauty—"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"And Miss Danesdale would look just what she is, a stiff, prudish *plain* creature. And so beauty *is* better than gold."

"Yes, under certain conditions, if one could arbitrarily fix them. But we have to look at conditions as they are, not as we could fix them if we tried. Suppose, we'll say, that he had been dancing with me all the evening—"

"Which he would like to do very much, I haven't a doubt."

"And suddenly, some one took him aside, and said, 'Friend, look higher. She with whom thou dancest has not a penny, while she who stands in yonder corner neglected, lo! she hath a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.' After that, I might dance as long as I liked, but it would be alone."

"I call that a very poor illustration, and I don't know that it would be the case at all. All I know is, that it pleases you to pretend to be cynical, though you don't feel so in the very least. I do so like to dream sometimes, and to think what I would do if we were rich! Delphine, *don't* you wish we were rich?"

"Not particularly; I would rather be busy. I wish I was a great painter, that's what I should like to be, with every hour of the day filled up with work and engagements. Oh, I am so tired of doing nothing. I feel sometimes as if I could kill myself."

Before Rhoda had time to reply, Louisa, the maid, opened the door, remarking:

"Please, miss, there's Mr. Danesdale."

The girls started a little consciously as he came in, saying, as Louisa closed the door after him,

"Send me away if I intrude. Your servant said you were in, and when I asked if you were engaged, she replied, 'No, sir, they are a-doing of nothing.' Encouraged by this report, I entered."

"We are glad to see you," said Delphine, motioning him to take a seat, and still with a slight flush on her face.

"I called for two reasons," said Randolph, who, once admitted, appeared to feel his end gained; "to ask if you arrived at home in safety after that confabulation with Miss Conisbrough, and to ask if you have any news from Mrs. Conisbrough. How is she?"

"Much better, thank you. So much better indeed, that we expect her and Judith home this afternoon—"

"Yes," interposed Rhoda, "so far from doing nothing, as Louisa reported, we were waiting for mamma's return."

"Ah, I can tell Philippa then. She has been talking of calling to see Mrs. Conisbrough."

It was Rhoda's turn to cast down her eyes a little, overcome by the reflections called up by this announcement. There was a pause; then Rhoda said:

"How thankful Judith and mother will be to come away from Scar Foot, and how very glad Mr. Aglionby will be to get rid of them!"

"Had you just arrived at that conclusion when I came?"

"Oh no! We were at what they call, 'a loose end,' if you ever heard the expression. We were exercising our imaginations."

Rhoda pursued this topic with imperterable calm, undismayed by the somewhat alarmed glances given her by Delphine, who feared that her sister might, as she often did, indiscreetly reveal the very subject of a conversation.

"Were you? How?"

"We were imagining ourselves *rich*," said Rhoda with emphasis. "You can never do that you know, because you are rich already. We have the advantage of you there, and I flatter myself that that is a new way of looking at it."

"I beg your pardon, Rhoda—I was not imagining myself rich. I was imagining myself—" she stopped suddenly.

"Imagining yourself what?" he asked, with deep interest.

"Oh, nothing—nonsense!" said Delphine hastily, disinclined to enter into

particulars. He turned to Rhoda. Delphine looked at her with a look which said, "Speak if you dare!" Rhoda tossed her head and said:

"There's no crime in what you were wishing, child. She was imagining herself a great painter. That's Delphine's ambition. Like Miss Thompson, you know—"

"Oh no!" interposed Delphine hastily—"not battle-pieces."

"What then?"

"Landscapes, I think, and animals," said Delphine, still in some embarrassment.

"Del draws beautiful animals," said Rhoda turning to him, and speaking very seriously and earnestly. Randolph was charmed to perceive that the youngest Miss Conisbrough had quite taken him into her confidence, and he trusted that a little judiciously employed tact would bring Delphine to the same point.

"Oh, not beautiful, Rhoda? Only—" she turned to Randolph, losing some of the shyness which with her was a graceful hesitation and not the ugly awkward thing it generally is. "Not beautiful at all, Mr. Danesdale, but it is simply that I cannot help, when I see animals and beautiful landscapes—I absolutely can't *help* trying to copy them."

"That shows you have a talent for it," said Mr. Danesdale promptly. "You should have lessons."

He could have bitten his tongue off with vexation the next moment, as it flashed into his mind that most likely she could not afford to have lessons.

"That would be most delightful," said Delphine composedly; "but we can't afford to have lessons, you know, so I try not to think about it."

Randolph was silent, his mind in a turmoil, feeling a heroic anger at those "ceremonial institutions" not altogether unallied to those with which Mr. Herbert Spencer has made us familiar—which make it downright improper and impertinent for a young man to say to a young woman (or vice versa), "I am rich and you are poor. You have talent; allow me to defray the expenses of its cultivation, and so to put you in the way of being busy and happy."

"And do you paint from nature?" he asked at last.

"Of course," replied Delphine, still

not quite reconciled to being thus made a prominent subject of conversation. "Why should I paint from anything else? Only, you know, one can't do things by instinct. Uncle Aglionby let me have some lessons once—a few years ago—oh, I did enjoy it! But he had a conversation with my painting master one day, and the latter contradicted some of his theories, so he said he was an impudent scoundrel, and he would not have me go near him again. But I managed to learn something from him. Still, I don't understand the laws of my art—at least," she added hastily, crimsoning with confusion, "I don't mean to call my attempts art at all. Mamma thinks it great waste of time, and they are but daubs, I fear."

"I wish you would show me some of them. Where do you keep them? Mayn't I look at them?"

"Oh, I could not think of exposing them to your criticism! you, who have seen every celebrated picture that exists, and who know all about all the 'schools,' and who make such fun of things that I used to think so clever—you must not ask it indeed! Please don't."

Delphine was quite agitated, and appealed to him, as if he could compel her to show them, even against her will.

"You cannot suppose that I would be severe upon anything of yours!" he exclaimed, with warmth. "How can you do me such injustice?"

"If you did not say it, you would think it," replied Delphine, "and that would be worse. I can imagine nothing more unpleasant than for a person to praise one's things out of politeness, while thinking them very bad the whole time."

"I never heard such unutterable nonsense," cried Rhoda, who had been watching her opportunity of cutting in. "To hear you talk, one would imagine your pictures were not fit to be looked at. Mr. Danesdale, I should like you to see them, because I know they are good. Delphine does so like to run herself down. You should see her dogs and horses, I am sure they are splendid, far better than some of the things you see in grand magazines. And I think her little landscapes—"

"Rhoda, I shall have to go away, and

lock myself up alone, if you will talk in this wild, exaggerated way," said Delphine, in quiet despair.

"But you can't refuse, after this, to let me judge between you," said Randolph persuasively. "An old friend like me—and after rousing my curiosity in this manner—Miss Conisbrough, you cannot refuse!"

"I—I really—"

"Let us take Mr. Danesdale to 'your den!'" cried Rhoda, bounding off her chair, in a sudden fit of inspiration.

"Come, Mr. Danesdale, it is up a thousand stairs, at the very top of the house, but you are young and fond of exercise, as we know, so you won't mind that."

She had flung open the door, and led the way, running lightly up the stairs, and he had followed her, unheeding Delphine's imploring remonstrances, and thinking:

"By Jove, they are nice girls! No jealousy of one another. I'll swear to the pictures, whatever they may turn out to be."

Delphine slowly followed, wringing her hands in a way she had when she was distressed or hurried, and with her white forehead puckered up in embarrassed lines. Rhoda flew ahead, and Randolph followed her, up countless stairs, along great broad, light passages, and even in his haste the young man had time to notice—or rather, the fact was forced upon his notice—how bare the place looked, and how empty. He felt suddenly, more than he had done before, how narrow and restricted a life these ladies must be forced to lead.

Rhoda threw open the door of a large, light room, with a cold, clear, northern aspect. It was bare, indeed; no luxurious *atelier* of a pampered student. Even the easel was a clumsy-looking thing, made very badly by a native joiner of Yoresett, who had never seen such a thing in his life, and who had not carried out the young lady's instructions very intelligently.

Randolph, looking round, thought of the expensive paraphernalia which his sister had some years ago purchased, when the whim seized her to paint in oils; a whim which lasted six months, and which had for sole result, bitter complaints against her master, as having no faculty for teaching, and no power of

pushing his pupils on; while paints, easel, canvases and maulstick were relegated to a cockloft in disgust. Delphine's apparatus was of the most meagre and simple kind—in fact, it was absolutely deficient. Two cane-bottomed chairs, sadly in need of repairs, and a rickety deal table, covered with rags and oil tubes, brushes, and other impediments, constituted the only furniture of the place.

"It's very bare," cried Rhoda's clear, shrill young voice, as she marched onward, not in the least ashamed of the said bareness. "And in winter it is so cold that she can never paint more than an hour a day, because fires are out of the question. With one servant, you can't expect coals to be carried, and grates cleaned, four stories up the house. Now see, Mr. Danesdale. I'll be showwoman. I know everything she has done. You sit there, in that chair. We'll have the animals first. Most of them are in watercolors or crayons. Here's a good one, in watercolors, of Uncle Aglionby on his old 'Cossack,' with Friend looking at him, to know which way he shall go. Isn't it capital?"

Despite his heartfelt admiration for all the Misses Conisbrough, and for Delphine in particular, Randolph fully expected to find, as he had often found before with the artistic productions of young lady amateurs, that their "capital" sketches were so only in the fond eyes of partial sisters, parents and friends. Accordingly he surveyed the sketch held up by Rhoda's little brown hand with a judicial aspect, and some distrust. But in a moment his expression changed; a smile of pleasure broke out; he could with a light heart cry, "Excellent!"

It was excellent, without any flattery. It had naturally the faults of a drawing executed by one who had enjoyed very little instruction; there was crudeness in it—roughness, a little ignorant handling; but it was replete with other things which the most admirable instruction cannot give: there was in it a spirit, a character, an individuality which charmed him, and which, in its hardy roughness, was the more remarkable and piquant, coming from such a delicate looking creature as Delphine Conisbrough. The old squire's hard,

yet characteristic features; the grand contours of old Cossack, the rarest hunter in all the country-side; and above all, the aspect of the dog; its inquiring ears and inquisitive nose, its tail on the very point, one could almost have said in the very action, of wagging an active consent, one paw upraised, and bent, ready for a start the instant the word should be given—all these details were as spirited as they were true and correct.

"It is admirable!" said Randolph emphatically. "If she has many more like that, she ought to make a fortune with them some time. I congratulate you, Miss Conisbrough"—to Delphine, who had just come in, with the same embarrassed and perplexed expression—"I can somehow hardly grasp the idea that that slender little hand has made this strong, spirited picture. It shows the makings of a first-rate artist—but it is the very last thing I should have imagined you doing."

"Ah, you haven't seen her sentimental drawings yet," said Rhoda, vigorously hunting about for more. Oh, here's one of her last. I've not seen this. Why—why—oh what fun! Do you know it?"

"Rhoda, you little—oh, *do* put it down!" cried the harassed artist, in a tone of sudden dismay as she made a dart forward.

But Rhoda, with eyes in which mischief incarnate was dancing a tarantella, receded from before her, holding up a spirited sketch of a young man, a pointer, a retriever, a whip, an apple-tree, and in the tree a cat, apparently in the last stage of fury and indignation.

"Do you know it, Mr. Danesdale? Do you know it?" cried the delighted girl, dancing up and down, her face alight with mirth.

"Know it—I should think I do!" he cried, pursuing her laughingly. "Give it to me, and let me look at it. 'Tis I and my dogs, of course. Capital! Miss Conisbrough, you must really cement our friendship by presenting it to me—will you?"

He had succeeded in capturing it, and was studying it laughingly, while Delphine wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, dear!"

"Splendid!" he cried again. "It ought to be called 'Randulf Danesdale

and Eyeglass.' And how very much wiser the dogs look than their master. Oh this is a malicious sketch, Miss Conisbrough! But, malicious or not, I shall annex it, and you must not grudge it me."

"If you are not offended—" began Delphine confusedly.

"I offended?" Rhoda was rummaging among a pile of drawings with her back to them. Mr. Danesdale accompanied his exclamation with a long look of reproach, and surely of 'something else. Delphine pushed her golden hair back from her forehead, and stammered out:

"Then pray keep it, but don't show it to any one!"

"Keep it, but keep it dark," you mean. You shall be obeyed. At least no one shall know who did it. That shall be a delightful secret which I shall keep for myself alone."

Here Delphine, perhaps fearful of further revelations, advanced and, depriving Rhoda of the portfolio, said she hoped she might be mistress in her own den, and she would decide herself which drawings were fit to show to Mr. Danesdale. Then she took them into her own possession and doled them out with what both the spectators declared to be a very niggard hand.

Randulf, apart from his admiration of the Miss Conisbroughs, really cared for art, and knew something about pictures. He gave his best attention to the drawings which were now shown to him, and the more he studied them the more convinced he became that this was a real talent, which ought not to be left uncultivated, and which if carefully attended to, would certainly produce something worthy. She showed him chiefly landscapes, and each and all had in it a spirit, an originality, and a wild grace peculiar to the vicinity, as well as to the artist. There were sketches of Shenamere from all points of view, at all hours and at all seasons; by bright sunlight, under storm-clouds, by sentimental moonlight. There was a bold drawing of Addleborough admirable as a composition. The coloring was crude and often incorrect, but displayed evident power and capacity for fine ultimate development. Now and then came some little touch, some delicate sugges-

tion, some bit of keen, appreciative observation, which again and again called forth his admiration. Some of the smaller bits were, as Rhoda had said, sentimental—full of a delicate, subtle poetry impossible to define. These were chiefly autumn pictures—a lonely dank pool, in a circle of fading foliage; a view of his own father's home seen on a gusty September afternoon struck him much. He gradually became graver and quieter, as he looked at the pictures. At last, after contemplating for some time a larger and ambitious attempt, in oils—a view of the splendid rolling hills, the town of Middleham, and a portion of the glorious plain of York, and in the foreground the windings of the sweet river Yore, as seen from the hill called the 'Shawl' at Leyburn—he laid it down and said earnestly, all his drawl and all his half-jesting manner clean gone:

"Miss Conisbrough, you must not take my judgment as infallible, of course, but I have seen a good deal of this kind of thing, and have lived a good deal among artists, and it is my firm conviction that you have at any rate a very great talent—I should say genius. I think these first sketches, the animals, you know, are admirable, but I like the landscapes even better. I am sure that with study under a good master you might rise to eminence as a landscape-painter; for one sees in every stroke that you love the things you paint—love nature."

"I do!" said Delphine, stirred from her reserve and shyness. "I love every tree in this old dale; I love every stick and stone in it, I think; and I love the hills and the trees as if they were living things, and my friends. Oh, Mr. Danesdale, I am so glad you have not laughed at them! I should never have had courage, you know, to show them to you. But it would have been misery to have them laughed at, however bad they had been. They have made me so happy—and sometimes so miserable. I could not tell you all they have been to me."

"I can believe that," said Randolph, looking with the clear, grave glance of friendship from one face to the other of the two girls, who were hanging on his words with eager intentness—for Rhoda, he saw, identified herself with these

efforts of Delphine, and with the sorrow and the joy they had caused her, as intensely as if her own hand had made every stroke on the canvases. "But you must learn; you must study and work systematically, so as to cultivate your strong points and strengthen your weak ones."

The light faded from Delphine's eyes. Her lips quivered.

"It is impossible," said she quietly. "When one has no money one must learn to do without these things."

"But that will never do. It must be compassed somehow," he said, again taking up the view of Danesdale Castle, with the cloudy sky, which had so pleased him. "Let me—"

"Oh, *here* you are! I have been searching for you all over the house," exclaimed a voice—the voice of Judith—breaking in upon their eager absorption in their subject. She looked in upon them, and beheld the group: Delphine sitting on the floor, holding up a huge battered-looking portfolio, from which she had been taking her drawings; Rhoda standing behind her, alternately looking into the portfolio and listening earnestly to Randolph's words; the latter, seated on one of the rickety chairs before alluded to, and holding in his hand the view of Danesdale Castle.

"I could not imagine where you were," continued Judith, a look of gravity, and even of care and anxiety on her face.

"Well, come in and speak to us, unless you think we are very bad," retorted Rhoda. "Come and join the dance, so to speak. We are looking over Delphine's drawings, and Mr. Danesdale says they are very good."

"Of course they are," said Judith, coming in with still the same subdued expression. "I am quite well, I thank you" (to Randolph, who had risen and greeted her); "I hope you, too, are well. But, my dear children, you must come downstairs at once."

"To see mother?" said Rhoda. "Oh, I'll go; and I'll entertain her till you are ready to come down. Stay where you are. Del has not shown Mr. Danesdale all."

"To see mother—yes," said Judith, striving to speak cheerfully. Delphine

saw that the cheerfulness was forced, and became all attention at once.

"Of course you must come down and see mother at once," proceeded Judith. "But you have to see Mr. Aglionby too. He asked mother to present him to you, and she consented, so he has come with us. Therefore don't delay; let us get it over. And I am sure Mr. Danesdale will excuse—"

"Mr. Danesdale understands perfectly, and will carry himself off at once," said Randolph, smiling good-naturedly.

"Wants to be introduced to us!" repeated Rhoda wonderingly. "Of all the odd parts of this very odd affair, *that* to my mind is the oddest. Why should he want to be introduced to us? What can he possibly want with our acquaintance?"

"Oh, don't be silly!" said Judith a little impatiently.

"But I am very cross. I wanted Mr. Danesdale to see Delphine's 'morbid views.' She has some lovely morbid views, you know. Delphine, just find that one of a girl drowned in a pond, and three hares sitting looking at her."

"I shall hope to see that another time," observed Randolph; "it sounds delightfully morbid."

Delphine had begun to put her pictures away, and her face had not yet lost the grieved expression it had taken when she had said she could not afford to have any lessons. Rhoda, mumbling rebelliously, had gone out of the room, and Judith had followed her, advising or rebuking in a lower tone. Thus Randolph and Delphine were left alone, with her portfolio between them, he still holding the drawing of the Castle. Delphine stretched out her hand for it.

"Don't think me too rapacious," said he, looking at her, "but—give me this one!"

"Why?"

"Because I want it for a purpose, and it would be a great favor. At least I should look upon it as such."

"Should you? Pray, is that any reason why I should accord it to you?"

"Make it a reason," said he persuasively. "I should prize it—you don't know how much."

"As I say," said Delphine, still re-

belligiously, "that constitutes no reason for my giving it to you."

"If I take it—"

"That would be stealing the goods and chattels of one who is already very poor," said Delphine half-gayly, half-sadly.

"And who is so noble in her poverty that she makes it noble too," he suddenly and fervently said, looking at her with all his heart in his eyes.

She shook her head, unable to speak, but at last said hesitatingly:

"I do not know whether I ought—whether it is quite—quite—"

"In other words, you rather mistrust me," said he gently. "I beg you will not do so. I want to help you, if you will not disdain my help. Since you will have the bald truth, and the reason why I want your sketches, I have two reasons. The first is, that I should prize them exceedingly for their own sakes and for that of the giver—next, if you would trust me and my discretion, I will engage that they should bring you profit."

"Do you mean," said Delphine, with a quick glance at him, and a flushing face, "that I could earn some money, and—and—help them?"

"That is what I mean."

"You mean," she persisted rather proudly, "that to oblige you, some friend would buy them, and—"

"Good heavens! do you know me no better than to suppose that I would sell what you had given me! What a cruel thing to say!"

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured hastily, and overcome with confusion, "but—but—I do not see how—"

"You can paint others as good as these," he said, unable to resist smiling at her simplicity. "When these have been seen and admired—"

"But you must not tell who did them—oh, you must not do that."

"Again I implore you to trust my discretion and my honor."

"I feel afraid—I daresay it is very silly," she said.

"It is very natural, but it is needless," he answered, thinking at the same time that it was very sweet, very bewitching, and that he was supremely fortunate to be the confidant of this secret.

"And you would not be ashamed—you do not think that a woman—a lady—is any the worse if she has to work hard?" she began tremulously.

"All honest work is good; and when it is undertaken from certain motives, it is more than good, it is sacred. Yours would be sacred. And besides," he added, in a lower, deeper tone, "nothing that your hands touched could be anything but beautiful, and pure, and worthy of honor."

Her face was downcast; her eyes filled with a rush of tears; her fingers fluttered nervously about the petals of the flower that was stuck in her belt. She was unused to praise of this kind, utterly a stranger to compliments of any kind, from men; overwhelmed with the discovery that some one had found something in her to admire, to reverence.

"When you are a well-known artist," he added, in a rather lighter tone, "with more commissions, and more money and fame than you know what to do with, do not quite forget me."

"If ever—if ever I do anything—as you seem to think I may—it will all be owing to you."

This assurance, with the wavering look, the hesitating voice with which it was made, was unutterably sweet to Randulf.

"Then I may keep the sketch?" he said.

"Yes, please," said Delphine.

He rolled them both up, and they went downstairs to the hall, where they found the two other girls waiting for them.

Randulf made his adieux, saying he hoped he might call again, and ask how Mrs. Conisbrough was. Then he went away, and Judith led the way into the parlor.

* * * * *

Aglionby, left alone with Mrs. Conisbrough, while Judith went to call her sisters, sat in the recess of the window which looked into the street, and waited for what appeared to him a very long time, until at last he heard steps coming downstairs and voices in the hall. He had a quick and sensitive ear, and besides that, Randulf's tones with their southern accent, and their indolent drawl, were sufficiently remarkable in that land of rough burr and Yorkshire

broadness. So then, argued Bernard within himself, this young fellow was admitted as an intimate guest into the house which he was not allowed to enter, despite his cousinship, despite his earnest pleadings, despite his almost passionate desire to do what was right and just toward these his kinswomen. He had told Judith that he would comply with her behest. He was going to keep at the distance she required him to maintain, after this one interview, that is. But he felt that the price he paid was a hard and a long one. His joy in his inheritance was robbed of all its brightness. He sat and waited, while Mrs. Conisbrough leaned back and fanned herself, and observed:

"Why, that is Randulf Danesdale's voice. He is always here. Where can they have been?"

Mrs. Conisbrough, as may already have been made apparent, was not a wise woman, nor a circumspect one. Perhaps she wished to show Aglionby that they had people of position among their friends. Perhaps she wished to flourish the fact before him, that Sir Gabriel Danesdale's only son and heir was a great ally of her daughters. Be that as it may, her words had the effect of putting Bernard into a state of almost feverish vexation and mortification. It did appear most hard, most galling, and most inexplicable that against his name alone, of all others, *tabu* should be writ so large. He saw Randulf go down the steps, with a smile on his handsome face, and a little white roll in his hand, and saw him take his way up the market-place, toward the inn where he had left his horse, and then, the door of the parlor was opened, and his "cousins" came in.

There were greetings and introductions. He found two lovely girls, either of them more actually beautiful than her who was his oldest acquaintance. Beside their pronounced and almost startling beauty, her grave and pensive dignity and statuesque handsomeness looked cold, no doubt, but he had seen the fiery heart that burnt beneath that outward calm. He was much enchanted with the beauty of these two younger girls; he understood the charm of Delphine's shadowy, sylph-like loveliness; of Rhoda's upright figure, hand-

some features, and dauntless gray eyes. He talked to them. They kept strictly to commonplaces; no dangerous topics were even mentioned. Aglionby, when they were all seated, and talking thus smoothly and conventionally, still felt in every fibre the potent spell exercised over his spirit by *one* present. Judith sat almost silent, and he did not speak to her—for some reason he felt unable to do so.

All the time he was talking to the others, he felt intensely conscious that soon he must leave the house—for ever, ran the fiat—and in it he must leave behind him—what? Without his knowing it, the obscurity which prevented his answering that question, even to himself, was that viewless but real fact—Miss Vane.

By and by, he rose; for to stay would have been needless and, indeed, intrusive under the circumstances. He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, expressing his hope that she would soon be, as he bluntly put it, “all right again.” He might not say, like Randolph Danesdale, that he would call again in a few days, and inquire after her. Then with each of the girls, a handshake—with Judith last. When it came to that point, and her fingers were within his hand, it was as if a spell were lifted, and the touch thrilled him through, from head to foot, through brain and heart and soul, and every inch of flesh! electrically, potently, and as it never had done—as no touch ever had done before. He looked at her; whether his look compelled an answering one from her—whether she would have looked in any case, who shall say? Only, she did look, and then Bernard knew, despite her composed countenance, and steady

hand and eye—he knew that it was not he only who was thrilled.

“Good afternoon, Miss Conisbrough,” and “Good-afternoon, Mr. Aglionby,” sounded delightfully original, and pregnant with meaning. Not another word was uttered by either. He dropped her hand, and turned away, and could have laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

“I’ll open the door for you, Mr. Aglionby,” came Rhoda’s ringing voice; and, defying ceremony, she skipped before him into the hall.

“We’ve only one retainer,” she pursued, “and she is generally doing those things which she ought not to be doing, when she is wanted. Is that Bluebell you have in the brougham? Yes! Hey, old girl! Bluebell, Bluebell!”

She patted the mare’s neck, who tossed her head, and in her own way laughed with joy at the greeting. With a decidedly friendly nod to Aglionby, she ran into the house again, and the carriage drove away.

“Well!” cried Miss Rhoda, rushing into the parlor, panting. Judith was not there. Doubtless she had gone to prepare that cup of tea for which Mrs. Conisbrough pined.

“Well?” retorted Delphine.

“I like him,” chanted Rhoda, whirling round the room. “He’s grave and dark, and fearfully majestic, like a Spaniard, but he smiles like an Englishman, and looks at you like a person with a clear conscience. That’s a good combination, I say; but, all the same, I wish Uncle Aglionby had not been so fascinated with him as to leave him *all* his money.”

To which aspiration no one made any reply.—*Temple Bar.*



A SIBERIAN EXILE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FASHIONS in literature are frequently as ephemeral and capricious as are fashions in dress or manners, and authors and books that are the rage and admiration of one generation are sometimes the ridicule, or, at least, the mere amusement of another. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first years of the present, there was no

more popular dramatist in Germany, nor perhaps in Europe, than Augustus von Kotzebue; his works were translated into nearly every European language, and were everywhere successful. In England *Misanthropy and Repentance*, produced at Drury Lane in 1798, under the title of *The Stranger*, furnished John Kemble with one of his finest imperson-

ations ; and Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and their successors, as Mrs. Haller, have drawn as many tears from sensitive eyes as ever did their performance of Juliet or Belvidera. The Stranger was a favorite part with all tragedians, both in town and country, until within very recent years, and Mr. Irving threatened us with a revival last season. *The Spaniards in Peru* (Pizarro), translated by Sheridan, and stuffed with patriotic speeches that applied to the events and sentiments of the day, crammed Drury Lane to the ceiling for many a night.

Scarcely less successful were two adaptations of *The Natural Son*, one by Cumberland, and a second by Mrs. Inchbald, which she entitled *Lovers' Vows*. If Kotzebue's plays did not create the sentimental school of drama in England, their influence permeated our stage during quite half a century. The old stock characters, that were so well known to the play-goer of thirty or forty years ago—the virtuous peasant, whose house and scanty purse were always open to the poor and unfortunate, and who spouted interminable speeches upon the duties of man, and the beauties of charity ; the betrayed village beauty, and the repentant Magdalen ; the broken-hearted father, pious, though strongly given to cursing ; the dreadfully good hero and heroine ; the villainous steward ; the comic, blundering servant, are all children of this school—the inspiration of which was drawn from *Werther* and *Julie* ; but Kotzebue and his imitators could grasp only the form and the faults of the originals, the soul and the beauty wholly eluded them. These imitations were successful, however, because they intoned with the spirit of an age that preached and moralized with a relish of a Joseph Surface, that was given to lip morality, of which each man expended so much upon his neighbors that he had none left for his own use. Alas ! for the durability of such popularity, that which once drew tears and evoked shouts of applause burlesque has found to be excellent food for laughter, and our wonder is how such vapid, sickly sentimentalism could have ever been seriously received. As an author, Kotzebue has long ceased to excite any interest ; but in his autobiography he has given us a picture of Siberian and Russian life

eighty years ago, which is peculiarly interesting just now, if it be only from a comparative point of view, when the great Northern Power is exciting so much attention.

Kotzebue's account of himself, from which the materials of this article are principally drawn, is chiefly characterized by a trivial egotism, which considers the most unimportant acts of his life, and the most commonplace details of his domesticity, to be subjects of universal curiosity. The reader, however, will doubtless be satisfied with a very brief résumé of his doings between his birth and his exile. To begin then : he was born at Weimar of a good family, that could affix *von* to their name, in the year 1761. He tells us that he was a very precocious child ; that at six years old he wrote verses, and a comedy that filled a whole octavo page ; and that on his seventh birthday he addressed a passionate love letter to a lady, who afterward became his aunt, reproaching her for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew. Solomon's advice touching the rod was evidently neglected by the friends of this young gentleman. It was the advent of a company of strolling players at Weimar, which, he tells us, irrevocably decided his future destiny as a dramatic writer. After his first visit to the theatre, he returns home, "stunned with delight," and he adds, "I would have asked no greater blessing of fate than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance." Henceforth the drama and the stage occupy all his thoughts : he starts private theatricals among his schoolfellows, and writes dramas, one of which the great Goethe, who is a visitor at the paternal house, is so condescending as to read.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he had published a number of poems and tales, and written several tragedies and comedies. About 1781 he obtained the post of secretary to the celebrated Russian general, Baron Bawr, and removed to St. Petersburg, where soon afterward he became director of the German Theatre, and where he very nearly got into difficulties with the Government on account of writing a piece, entitled *Demetrius, the Czar of Moscow*, founded on a well-known historical fact. A decree of Peter the Great having declared

Demetrius to be an impostor, it was little less than treason to style him Czar, even in a drama, and before its performance could be permitted our author was compelled to sign a solemn declaration that his private and personal belief was thoroughly in accordance with imperial ideas upon the subject. Upon the death of Baron Bawr, in 1783, Catherine appointed him titular councillor to the Tribunal of Appeal at Revel. His official duties did not interrupt his literary pursuits, and it was during the next few years that his most celebrated plays were produced. Better would it have been had he restricted his pen entirely to the drama; but in 1790 envy and jealousy ran away with it, and he wrote a most virulent attack upon the leading literary men of Germany. About the same time the state of his health compelled him to ask leave of absence from Russia. He returned to his native city, but Goethe and all men of letters, resenting his scurrilous pamphlet, turned their backs upon him, and this contemptuous treatment, together with the death of his wife, soon drove him from Weimar to Paris. To his Parisian experiences, during a time when the Revolution was just simmering to boiling-point, he devotes a whole book of his autobiography, which I shall pass over, as it does not come within the scope of the present article. At the end of his year's leave he returned to Russia, and in the enjoyment of the Empress's favor seems to have led a very uneventful life, until that sovereign's death in 1796. Soon after the accession of Paul he was suspected to be the author of a pamphlet which reflected upon the government of that capricious despot. Guilty or innocent, he knew full well the consequences that would follow such a suspicion, and fled the country.

Three years afterward, in the year 1800, believing the affair to be forgotten, he applied for leave to return to Russia, in order to visit the estates he owned in that country. A passport was immediately forwarded to him, and in company with his wife, a Russian lady—for he had married again—and their children, he started upon his journey. But no sooner had he crossed the Prussian frontier than he was arrested, his papers seized, and he and his family sent

under escort toward Mittau. At Mittau, the governor advised him to leave his wife, proceed on to St. Petersburg, and solicit an interview with the Emperor. Yet, although he was urged to take a much larger supply of linen than was necessary for the journey, even to provide himself with a bed and to change all his money into Russian notes, no suspicion as to his true destination dawned upon him. The principal persons of his escort were an official with the unpronounceable name of Schtschkatichin, and a courier called Alexander Schulkins; his sketches of these two personages give a curious picture of the Russian official of the time. The first he describes as a man of forty, swarthy almost to blackness, with the face of a satyr, so ignorant that he was unacquainted with the causes of the commonest phenomena of Nature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Voltaire, had never reached his ears, but so devout in outward observances that he never espied a church in the distance, ate or drank, heard thunder, or performed the most ordinary act without taking off his hat and repeatedly crossing himself. In his habits and manners he outraged every decency of civilized life, drank out of a bottle in preference to a glass, and never used a pocket-handkerchief. The courier was a brute, but of the good kind. His great delight was eating and drinking, and he ate and drank everything that came in his way. When he took soup he threw back his head and, thrusting the spoon as far into his mouth as possible, literally poured the liquid down his throat; he swallowed his meat without masticating it, and with the same canine propensity would seize and gnaw the bones left upon the plates after meals; he could despatch the largest glass of brandy at a single draught—and any number of them—without showing signs of intoxication.

Upon arriving at Riga Kotzebue was at length informed that his true destination was not St. Petersburg, but Tobolsk. Driven to desperation by the thought of Siberia he made an attempt to escape, but was speedily recaptured. The kindness and hospitality of the peasantry were the only alleviations to the terrible journey that now commenced in earnest. The slightest act or word of

kindness, the most valueless present, would at once win them over, but while his conductors extorted from them all available food and mulcted their prisoner heavily for payment, they gave their entertainers only curses in return. 'Upon the road he encountered other unfortunates bound for the same destination, and in worse plight even than himself. One was an old man who had been a lieutenant-colonel ; dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, his captors had not even permitted him to dress, and he was now, loaded with irons, a bed-gown and night-cap his only articles of clothing, being drawn along in a wretched conveyance. A quarrel with the governor of Rāzan was the sole cause of his exile. Then there were companies of robbers chained in couples, among which were several women, marching on foot to the mines. These were escorted by parties of armed peasants, who were relieved from village to village. Some of them had forked pieces of wood fastened about their necks, the handles of which hung over their breasts and fell down to their knees. In these handles were two holes, through which their hands were thrust. His first experiences of the dreaded Siberia, however, were agreeable surprises. For days, before crossing the border, he had been travelling through gloomy forests of pine, but now he came upon woods of birch, intermixed with highly cultivated fields, and opulent Russian or Tartar villages, in which the countenances of the peasants were so cheerful and contented that he could not realize that he was in the dreaded country. The windows of the inns were glazed with a kind of transparent pebble, the tables covered with tapestry, images were placed in every corner, and every peasant's house was rich in such domestic utensils as glasses, cups and saucers, etc. On holidays they passed happy groups of youths and girls disporting themselves upon the village green, the latter dressed in white and red or blue ; in fine, he describes the frontier parts of Siberia as contrasting most favorably with European Russia.

On the 10th of May he arrived at Tobolsk and was very kindly received by the governor ; but here more ill news awaited him : Tobolsk was not to be his final destination. He was granted per-

mission, however, to remain there for a while until his strength was a little recruited after his long journey. Lodgings commonly occupied by people of distinction who were exiled to Siberia were pointed out to him by the police. They consisted of two rooms, which, as the owner was compelled to let them free of charge, were not remarkable for comfort. The windows were broken, and underneath them was a stagnant pond ; the walls were naked, or hung with ragged tapestry ; and worse than all, the place swarmed with insects. By a little show of civility to his host he obtained two stools and a table, then he bought a mattress in the town, after which he had to consider himself housed and furnished. His arrival made some sensation among this remote community, as several of his plays had been translated into the Russian language, and when he went to the shops the tradesmen offered in whispers to forward any letter that he might commit to their charge. In the evenings he was permitted to walk about the city, which he describes as large, with broad straight streets, paved with timber, houses chiefly of wood, and a great square which was crowded by people of all nations. There was a theatre, of which the company was entirely composed of exiles, and in which he witnessed several of his own plays. He describes the heat as being most oppressive during the day, and the gnats as insupportable during the night. There were five or six hurricanes regularly in every twenty-four hours, which proceeded from every point of the compass, accompanied by tremendous showers of rain, which, however, scarcely cooled the air. Fruit, he tells us, is almost unknown in the country. The governor's garden, the finest in the province, contained little more than a few gooseberry bushes, cabbages, black alder, birch, and Siberian pear-trees ; but on the boards which inclosed it were *painted representations of fruit trees*. Buckwheat, which reproduces itself without any kind of culture, was in abundance. The peasants never thought of moving or making any use of their manure, which accumulated in such gigantic heaps that at times they pulled down their houses and rebuilt them upon another spot, as the less laborious removal

of the two. The cold in winter was as intense as the heat in summer, being frequently forty degrees below zero. Vast expanses of water environed the city, and beyond these stretched immense forests that the foot of man had never trodden, to the shores of the Frozen Sea.

He tells us that the exiles were divided into four classes. The first was composed of malefactors convicted of peculiarly atrocious crimes, whose sentences were confirmed by the senate. These had their nostrils slit and were condemned to work in the mines of Nertschink, where their sufferings were said to be worse than death. The second class was made up of a less guilty order of criminals; these were enrolled among the peasantry or bondmen, their names were changed to those of the people among whom they were settled, and they were employed to cultivate the soil. Like the preceding class, their nostrils were slit, but they were permitted to earn a little by their labors, and thus, by industry, were enabled to alleviate their condition. Those of the third class were simply condemned to banishment, without the addition of any infamous punishment. If they were noble they did not lose their rank; they were permitted to receive their usual incomes, or if they had none, the Crown furnished them with twenty or thirty coopeks a day. The fourth division, in which Kotzebue himself was included, contained all who were exiled without legal process, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign; these could send letters to the Emperor or their friends—after they had been perused by the governor. Sometimes, however, they were confined in fortresses and kept in chains.*

* A curious contrast to these experiences of eighty years ago has been recently afforded in some letters of a correspondent to the *Times* in which the present condition of Siberia and its exiles is very minutely described. In these we hear nothing of such barbarous atrocities as nose-slitting, or even of the knout, which he tells us has long since been abolished, although the latter is very effectively represented by the troichatka, or plait, a whip ending in three lashes. This, however, is used only upon the worst class of malefactors after repeated offences, and, according to his statement, only in three places, and it must, consequently, be unknown to the majority of exiles. The painful scenes upon the road, referred to by Kotzebue, are no longer to be wit-

Kürgan, situated some four hundred and fifty versts from Tobolsk, was fixed upon as his final resting place. Upon arriving there, he was conducted to a low-built house, where he nearly broke his head in going in at the door; the rooms were mere holes, in which a man could scarcely stand upright; the walls were naked, the window was patched with paper, and a table and two wooden stools were the only furniture. He afterward searched throughout the town for better accommodation, but found most of the lodgings to be even worse than his own. Here his name again stood him in good stead, and on the morning after his arrival he was visited by most of the principal inhabitants, every one of whom brought him something to eat and drink, until he was at a loss for room to store his presents in. At length however, and at an extravagant rent, he succeeded in procuring a better abode. The cheapness of provisions made some amends for these high-priced lodgings—a loaf of six pounds' weight could be purchased for four French sous, a fowl for a sou and a half, while hares could be had for nothing, as the Russians never ate them. His day was chiefly occupied in reading, studying the Russian language, writing the story of his life, and in shooting. There was plenty of excellent sport to be had, and he says that he had never in his life seen in Europe so many rooks in one flight as he saw wild fowl of a hundred different sorts in droves in this country. Some were very small; some had round, others flat beaks; some long and others short ones. There were short legs, long legs; gray, brown, black and yellow beaks. Woodcocks were equally nume-

nessed. The prisoners are now all gathered in a central prison in Moscow, whence they are despatched in droves of about seven hundred by rail to Nijni-Novgorod, where they are consigned to a large barge and tugged by steamer to Perm. Thence trains convey them to Ekaterinburg, from which place carriages take them on to Tiumen. They are then distributed to their various destinations, some of which are reached by water, while others have to perform the journey on foot. The four classes are now reduced to two; in the first are contained those who lose all their rights, these wear the convict's dress, and have their heads half shaved. Those of the second class are only partially deprived of their rights, do not always undergo imprisonment, and in any case

rous and various ; there were also pigeons and blackbirds in such numbers that when they alighted on a tuft of trees they would entirely cover it. Toward the end of autumn the game multiplied prodigiously. Wherever he walked there were the most beautiful flowers, whole tracts of land were covered with sweet-scented herbs, particularly southernwood ; multitudes of horses and horned cattle grazed at will, and the weather, although a day seldom passed without a storm, was remarkably agreeable.

An invitation from the Assessor to be present at the festival of his patron saint, which in Russia is a more important celebration than even a birthday, and at which all the principal people of the place were to be present, afforded him a curious picture of Kùrgan manners. As he enters the house he is stunned by the noise of five men, who are called singers. "These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room.

only for a period, at the expiration of which they become colonists and live the same as the inhabitants. This writers' description of the prisons is quite at variance with our preconceived notions of Siberia. According to his account they differ very little from those of western Europe ; the prisoners are employed in various industries, and when their allotted tasks are fulfilled may earn money for themselves ; the treadmill is unknown. Nor is the punishment even of those condemned to the mines exceptionally heavy ; it is only for a short season these can be worked, as the ground is frozen hard during the long winter ; when at work the miners' food is liberal in allowance, and their period of labor is from eight to twelve hours.

Again, it is somewhat surprising to be told that the great mass of the exiles are mere ordinary criminals, and that only about five per cent belong to the middle or upper classes. But it is not necessary to be a criminal to be sent to Siberia. If a man be idle or drunken, if he do not pay his taxes, or will not support his wife and children, his commune meets in parish parliament, votes him a nuisance, and adjudges that he be sent at the common expense to Siberia, not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist. Indeed, one of the objects of Russia in sending such numbers of prisoners to Siberia, is to develop the resources of that part of the empire, of which the great need is population. The average number of prisoners sent thither yearly is from seventeen to twenty thousand. The writer remarks, "Popular rumor asserted that there were hundreds if not thousands of Nihilists waiting last

This was the salutation given to every guest on entering. An immense table groaned beneath the weight of twenty dishes, principally preparations of fish ; but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company." The master of the house carries a huge bottle of brandy in his hand, from which he is eager to serve his guests, who continually drink to his health. Every moment our exile expects that the company will sit down to table, but by and by all take up their hats and walk away. He asks a friend if the entertainment is over. The answer is, "Oh no, they are gone home to take their naps, they will be here again at five o'clock." He goes with the rest, and returning at the appointed hour, finds the more substantial food removed, and in its place the table is covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and Chinese sweetmeats. The mistress of the house, a pretty young woman, now makes her appearance with the wives and daughters of the guests, all attired in old-fashioned dresses, and tea, and French bran-

spring (1879) in Russia to be sent to Siberia. I can only say that we were in a position very likely to have seen or heard of them, but that we met exceedingly few. Now and then we found political prisoners in the separate cells of the various prisons by ones and twos. At Kara, I believe, there were only thirteen Russian political prisoners, and twenty-eight Poles, and my interpreter, when returning from Strenlinska along the whole Siberian route, on which such prisoners would naturally travel, met only three convoys. In the first there was one man only, in the next seven, and in the third twenty-one. So that I have come to the conclusion that the number of such prisoners is very much less than is commonly supposed." A Pole, with whom the writer conversed, told him that though condemned to the mines, he worked in them or not pretty much as he pleased ; another confessed that although under the same sentence, he never worked in them at all, but was put to lighter labor. Another remarked that he would sooner remain where he was than return to Russia. "It is a well-known fact that when the present Emperor offered liberty to certain Poles whom his father had banished, some of them chose to remain as they were." Several of the richest men in Irkutsk are exiles, and the average peasant exile is better off there than in Russia.

In gratitude for the exceptional privileges granted him during his investigations of the prisons, the writer may have touched his descriptions with a little *couleur de rose* ; but even allowing for that, they give a very novel idea of that terrible country of which the supposed horrors have passed into a proverb.

dy, and punch are handed round. Then card-tables are set, and all play cards as long as the brandy will allow them to distinguish the suits. At supper-time all retire, and the entertainment is over.

This is one of the last of his Siberian experiences, for immediately afterward comes the joyful news that the Emperor, to whom he has written stating his case several months back, has ordered him to be conveyed to St. Petersburg. The day he leaves the town—the 7th of July—is the occasion of a solemn festival. The image of the saint of a neighboring village is brought into Kŭrgan, and the image of the saint of the town is taken to meet it; the two images exchange polite salutations, and are then borne together to the temple of the town saint, prayers are recited, and hymns sung, and after this friendly visit the rustic saint is taken home again.

At St. Petersburg he was reunited to his wife. His design had been to return to Germany, but he was advised not to make the request. The Czar, as a compensation probably for his brief exile, bestowed upon him an estate in Livonia, and restored him to his appointment as manager of the German Theatre, with a salary of 1200 roubles. He now discovered that, although the strictest examination of his papers could not substantiate any charge against him, it was not to his innocence he owed his sudden recall from exile, but to an accident that well illustrates the caprices of despotism. Some years previously he had written a little piece entitled *The Emperor's Head Coachman*, which was founded upon an anecdote he had once heard of some generous action performed by the Emperor Paul. This piece was translated into Russian, and in spite of the advice given him by friends, the translator magnanimously persisted in retaining Kotzebue's name, as the original author, upon the title-page. The manuscript was forwarded to the Czar, who, delighted with the flattering picture of himself that it contained, presented the translator with a handsome ring, declared that he had done Kotzebue wrong, and despatched a courier at once to Siberia to bring him to St. Petersburg.

But this sudden access of favor was far from assuring our hero of its continuance. Much against his will he was

appointed to the censorship of plays. A more hazardous post it was impossible to occupy, since there was as much danger at times in striking out a passage that might seem to apply to the Czar, and thereby acknowledging its applicability, as there was in passing it, as he might have inquired, "Do you suppose I do these things? if not, why do you consider them offensive?" The instances of prohibited passages and expressions given by our author are exceedingly amusing, as well as highly significant of the jealous tyranny of the Emperor. The word "republic" was not permitted to be spoken, nor was Antony in the author's play of *Octavia*, allowed to say, "Die, like a Roman, free!" In another play the term *Emperor* of Japan had to be altered to *master*. It was not permissible to say that caviare came from Russia, or that Russia was a distant country. A councillor was not permitted to call himself "a good patriot," because he refused to marry a foreigner; nor was it allowable to call a valet an insolent fellow; a princess was not permitted to have a grayhound; a councillor to tickle a dog behind the ears; or pages to muffle up a councillor. The expression "woe to my native country," was struck out, because an ukase had forbidden the Russians to have a native country. A character was not allowed to come from Paris, and all mention of France was forbidden.

So the unfortunate censor lived in a state of constant terror, and never went to bed at night without the gloomiest apprehensions for the morrow, although he never neglected the most trivial precautions to secure his safety. He was most scrupulous, even, regarding the color and cut of his clothes, for even in those things offence might be given; he was obliged to pay court to women of doubtful reputation who had the royal ear. On the representation of every new piece, he trembled lest the police, ever on the watch, should discover some hidden offence in it; if his wife went out to take an airing, he was fearful lest she should not alight from her carriage quickly enough on meeting the Emperor, and be dragged to the common prison as had happened then lately to the wife of an innkeeper for such an omission. He dared not utter his thoughts to a friend

for fear of being overheard or betrayed ; he could not divert his mind by reading, as every book was prohibited ; nor could he commit his thoughts to writing, as the police might enter his rooms at any moment and seize his papers. When he walked out it was always bare-headed, for no man was allowed to be in the vicinity of the palace, whatever the weather might be, with covered head ; and he was constantly reminded of what might at any moment be his fate, by meeting some unhappy wretch on his way to prison or to the knout. And he calls upon the whole city of St. Petersburg to witness whether this picture of the condition of the Russian capital at this period is too highly colored.

One day he was informed by the Count de Pahlen that the Emperor intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their Ministers, and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the Czar, and presently Kotzebue was summoned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the Emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and therefore you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished, therefore I have imposed a chastisement upon myself. I wish"—showing him a paper—"that this should be inserted in the *Hamburg Gazette*, and in other public prints." He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph : "We hear from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia, finding the Powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat ; bringing with them, as seconds and squires, their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thutgut, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by generals Count de Pahlen and Kutusoff. We know not if this report is to be believed ; the thing, however, does not ap-

pear to be destitute of foundation, as it bears the impress of what he has often been taxed with." This paper was written in French, and it was Kotzebue's task to translate it into German. And both the challenge and the comment were actually published.

In the spring of 1801 Kotzebue was relieved from his apprehensions, and Russia from one of the most capricious as well as terrible tyrannies that ever afflicted a nation, by the death of Paul and the accession of his son Alexander, who at once proceeded to repeal the more objectionable enactments of his predecessor. But our author had had enough of St. Petersburg, and he petitioned to be dismissed from the management of the theatre and to be allowed to return to Germany. But the restless vanity of the man could not long content itself in any place, and after wandering about Italy and France for several years, and publishing various books, descriptive of his travels, we again find him in the service of the Russian Czar, who in 1813 appointed him *conseil-général* at Königsberg. After a while he resigned this post, and made his reappearance at Weimar, ostensibly as a private man of letters. Having been received as such, and having made good his social position, he suddenly declared himself to be the accredited Russian diplomatic agent at the little court ; in other words he was a Russian spy who received 15,000 roubles a year for transmitting extracts from the newspapers and other publications, and reporting to the Emperor, who was desirous of influencing the affairs of Germany, every fact that was inimical or friendly to this purpose. His next move was to establish a journal in which he opposed all progress, and the liberty of the press. A paper intended only for the eye of the Emperor Alexander, in which Kotzebue described one of his opponents in journalism as "the most detestable instrument of hell," at length, in 1818, revealed the full treachery of this literary hireling, and raised a cry of indignation against him throughout Germany. The exposure compelled him to quit Weimar. He next took up his abode at Mannheim, where he resumed his perfidious work ; and, at a time when all Germany was yet ringing with the echoes of the

French Revolution, proclaimed himself the enemy of liberty, and the friend of despotism. This alone would have been sufficient to have brought down upon him the indignation of the enthusiasts; but when to this was added the knowledge that he was the mouthpiece of a foreign despot, who was desirous of establishing an authority over the country, indignation rose to ungovernable hatred. He had made himself particularly conspicuous in applauding the dismissal of twelve hundred students from Göttingen, on account of a brawl between them and the citizens, and a morbid young student, named Charles Louis Sand, took upon himself to avenge, à la Charlotte Corday, the cause of liberty and the Fatherland.

On the 9th of March, 1819, he left Jena on foot for Mannheim, and arrived there on the 23d. Dressed in old German costume, and assuming the name of Henricks, he presented himself at Kotzebue's house, on the pretence that he had brought letters from Weimar. After two ineffectual attempts, he at length gained admission, and was shown into a private room; scarcely had the victim crossed the threshold when Sand plunged a long poniard into his breast, and when he had fallen, to make his work sure, inflicted three more wounds upon the body. The noise of the scuffle speedily brought servants and family to

the tragic scene, and the assassin was found, dagger in hand, quietly contemplating the dying man. Yet no one attempted to arrest him, and he descended the staircase and presented himself before the throng of people, whom the cries of "Murder!" had already gathered about the spot, and still flourishing the poniard in one hand, and a written paper in the other, exclaimed, "I am the murderer, and it is thus all traitors should die." Then he fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands raised them to heaven exclaiming, "I thank Thee, O God, for having permitted me successfully to fulfil this act of justice." Upon the paper were inscribed the words, "Deathblow for Augustus von Kotzebue in the name of Virtue."

No sooner had he spoken the last words than, tearing open his waistcoat, he repeatedly plunged the weapon into his own bosom, and fell to the ground. He was now, in a swooning condition, conveyed to prison, but as soon as he recovered he tore off his bandages and made the most desperate efforts to put an end to his life. At the trial his handsome person and his calm exaltation excited the utmost sympathy, and he went to the scaffold devoutly believing that he had performed an act of noble self-devotion, and far more pitied by the populace than was his miserable victim.—*Temple Bar.*



FROM THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURE ROOMS: BONAPARTE.*

BY PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY.

IN commencing the last of these lectures on Bonaparte I naturally look back, survey what I have done, and compare it with what at the outset I hoped and intended to do. You will remember that I began by recognizing the impossibility of treating so large and full a career with any completeness, and by inquiring how it might most conveniently be divided. I determined first to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all those military details which belong less to the historian than to the profes-

sional specialist; next I pointed out that the career falls naturally into two parts which are widely different and easily separable from each other. The line of demarcation I drew at the establishment of the Hereditary Empire in 1804. On one side of this line, I remarked, you have Bonaparte, on the other side Napoleon. The two names may be taken to represent two distinct historical developments. To study Bonaparte is in the main to study a problem of internal French history. It is to inquire how the Monarchy, which fell so disastrously in 1792, burying for a time the greatness of the Bourbon name, was revived by a

* The last of a long course of lectures, printed here as containing a condensed statement of results.

young military adventurer from Corsica; and how this restored monarchy gave domestic tranquillity and, at first, a strong sense of happiness, to the French people, and at the same time European ascendancy to the French State. On the other hand, to study Napoleon is to study not French but European history; it is to inquire how the balance of power was overturned, how the federal system of Europe crumbled as the throne of the Bourbons had done before, how a universal Monarchy was set up, and then how it fell again by a sudden reaction. Availing myself of this distinction, I proposed to investigate the first problem only; I dismissed Napoleon altogether, and fixed my attention on Bonaparte.

And now I find without much surprise that this problem taken alone is too much for me. I have given you not so much a history as the introduction to a history. I break off on this side even of the Revolution of Brumaire. As to the Consulate, with its peculiar institutions, its rich legislation, and its rapid development into the empire, I can scarcely claim even to have introduced you to it. I say I am not surprised at this, and I shall be well content if the sixteen lectures I have delivered have thrown real light upon the large outlines of the subject, and have in any way explained a phenomenon so vast, and in the ordinary accounts so utterly romantic and inconceivable, as the Napoleonic monarchy. For everything here has to be done almost from the beginning. In other departments the lecturer follows in the track of countless investigators who have raised and discussed already the principal questions, who have collected and arranged all the useful information. It is quite otherwise in these periods of recent history, where investigation, properly speaking, has scarcely begun its work. I can refer you to very few satisfactory text-books. Histories no doubt there are, full and voluminous enough, but they are not histories in the scientific sense of the word. Some are only grandiose romances. Others are thoroughly respectable and valuable in their kind, but were never intended for students; so that even where they are accurate, even where they are not corrupted by prejudice, or

carelessness, or study of effect, they throw little light upon the problems which the student finds most important. In such circumstances it is really a considerable task to sweep away the purely popular, romantic, and fantastic views of the subject which prevail, and to bring out clearly the exact questions which need to be investigated; as indeed it is true generally of scientific investigation that the negative work of destroying false views, and then the preparatory work of laying down the lines of a sound method are almost more important than the positive work of investigation itself.

The great problem I have raised and examined has been the connection of Bonaparte's power with the Revolution. Let me try, in quitting the subject, to sum up the conclusions to which we have been led. The first is this, that Bonaparte does not, properly speaking, come out of the Revolution, but out of the European war. What is the popular theory? In few words it is this, that a revolutionary period is often terminated by a military dictatorship, as is shown by the examples of Cæsar, Cromwell, and the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century; that the cause of this is to be sought in the craving for rest, and the general lassitude and disappointment which follow a vain struggle for liberty; and that Bonaparte's rise to power is simply an example of the working of this historic law. Now to begin with, I should state the historic law itself somewhat differently. It is rather this, that when from any cause the government of a state is suddenly overthrown, the greatest organized power which is left in the country is tempted to take its place. Such for instance was the municipality of Paris when the French Monarchy fell on the 10th of August. Accordingly the Municipality of Paris seized the control of affairs by a violent *coup d'état*. But as a general rule the greatest organized power which is at hand when a government falls, is the army. It is therefore natural that as a general rule a revolution should be followed by a usurpation of the army. And this might no doubt have happened in France as early as 1792. Instead of the ascendancy of the Jacobins there might have been a tyranny of Dumouriez, but

for the accident that the French army at that moment was undergoing a transformation.

But there is also another possibility. A military dictatorship, or the form of government called Imperialism, may be brought into existence by quite another cause, namely, by any circumstance which may give an abnormal importance in the State to the army. It is from this cause, for instance, that the Monarchy in Prussia has been so military as to be practically an Imperialism. This also is the true explanation of the rise of Imperialism in ancient Rome. Not the mere lassitude of parties at Rome, but the necessity of a centralized military power to hold together the vast Empire of Rome which military force had created—this was the real ground of the power of the Cæsars. Now in explaining the rise of Bonaparte, I think that too much is made of the cause formerly mentioned, and infinitely too little of this. It is no doubt true that the lassitude of the French mind in 1799 was great, and that the people felt a sensible relief in committing their affairs to the strong hand of Bonaparte; but I do not think that this lassitude was more than a very secondary cause of his rise to power. It is true also that in 1799 the government of the Directory had sunk into such contempt that it might be regarded as at an end, so that it was open to an organized power like the army to take its place by a sudden *coup d'état*. But this cause too is as nothing, and might almost be left out of the account, compared with another, which in the popular theory is wholly overlooked and neglected.

I trace the rise of Bonaparte's Imperialism to the *levée en masse*, and to the enormous importance which was given to the army and to military affairs generally by a war of far greater magnitude than France had ever been engaged in before. No doubt there were many secondary causes, but the point on which I insist is that they were entirely secondary, and that this cause alone is primary. You will not find by studying the Revolution itself any sufficient explanation of Bonaparte's power. Bonaparte did not rise directly out of the Revolution, but out of the war. Indirectly, as the Revolution caused the war

it may be said to have caused the rise of Bonaparte, but a war of the same magnitude, if there had been no revolution, would have caused a similar growth of Imperialism. If under the Old Régime France had had to put into the field fourteen armies and to maintain this military effort for several years, the old monarchy itself would have been transformed into an Imperialism. That Imperialism appeared now in such a naked undisguised form was the necessary effect of this unprecedented war occurring at the moment when France was without an established government. The circumstances of the Revolution itself, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, the establishment of the Directory, all these things made little difference. Bonaparte's empire was the result of two large, simple causes—the existence of a mighty war, and at the same time the absence of an established government.

As the war alone created the power, so it alone determined its character. Bonaparte was driven by his position into a series of wars, because nothing but war could justify his authority. His rule was based on a condition of public danger, and he was obliged, unless he would abdicate, to provide a condition of danger for the country. Why he was so successful in his wars, and made conquests unprecedented in modern history, is a question which I have not had occasion to discuss thoroughly. But I remarked that Imperialism in its first fresh youth is almost necessarily successful in war, for Imperialism is neither more nor less than the form a state assumes when it postpones every other object to military efficiency.

The second great fact about Bonaparte's connection with the Revolution is that he overthrew Jacobinism. From this fact, too, it may be perceived that he was the child, not of the Parisian Revolution, but of the *levée en masse*. Bonaparte cancelled Jacobinism; he destroyed its influence and persecuted it with unscrupulous violence. He placed himself at the head of the reaction against it. He restored with no little success the dominion of the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas. But it is of the utmost importance to define how

far this reaction extended. It was not properly a reaction from Liberalism, but only from Jacobinism. It was not a reaction from the French Revolution of 1789, but from the Parisian Revolution of 1792. For there were two Revolutions, widely different from each other; and, to my mind, he who does not understand this, will never understand anything in the modern history of France. The struggle in modern France is not between the spirit of the Old Régime and that of the Revolution; this is wholly erroneous. It is a struggle between the principles of 1789 and those of 1792, in other words, between the principles of European Liberalism, and a fatal political heresy. The Monarchy of the Bourbons was itself Liberal for the most part throughout the reign of Louis XVI.; it was Liberal again in the Constitution of 1791; Liberal under the Charter of Louis XVIII. Since its second fall in 1830 the principles of 1789 have been represented in various ways by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and the present Republic. There have been two great aberrations toward the heresy of 1792—namely, in 1848, and in the Parisian insurrection of 1871; and in 1830 an apprehension of the revival of those ideas drove the Government of Charles X. into measures which looked like a revival of the Old Régime.

The struggle then throughout has been to keep to the lines of 1789, and not to be led again into the abyss of 1792. All serious governments alike, that of Bonaparte, that of the Restoration, that of Louis Philippe, that of Louis Napoleon and the present opportunist Republic, have adhered to the principles of 1789—the Old Régime has been utterly dead, and even Charles X. did not seriously dream of reviving it—and the only difference among them has lain in the mode of their resistance to the ideas of 1792. How to guard against the revival of those insane chimeras, against a new outbreak of that fanaticism in which phrases half philosophical half poetical intoxicate undisciplined minds and excite to madness the nervous excitable vanity of the city of Paris, this has been the one question; 1792 has been the one enemy. The Restoration and Louis Philippe tried to

carry on Parliamentary Government in the face of this danger—but in vain; 1792 revived in 1848. The two Napoleons tried another method, a Liberal Absolutism, in which the principles of 1789 were placed under the guardianship of a dictator, and the method was successful at home, but in foreign affairs it was found to lead to such ambitious aggressiveness that in both cases it brought on the invasion and conquest of France.

When, therefore, I say that Bonaparte put himself at the head of the reaction and revived the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas, I do not mean that he exploded the ideas of 1789, but those of 1792. Belonging to the France of the *levée en masse*, which had appeared to be Jacobinical only because the invasion had driven it into the arms of the Jacobins, he quietly put aside the whole system of false and confused thinking which had reigned since 1792, and which he called ideology. He went back to the system which had preceded it, and this was the system of 1789. It stood on a wholly different footing from Jacobinism, because it really was the political creed of almost the whole nation. It was what I may call Eighteenth-Century Liberalism. And in the first part of his reign, in the Consulate and even later, Bonaparte did stand out before Europe as the great representative of Liberal principles, and none the less so because he had abjured and was persecuting Jacobinism. "But what?" you will say, "how could Bonaparte represent Liberalism, when he had himself put aside all parliamentary institutions; when his own Senate and Corps Législatif were, in the first place, not representative at all; and in the second place were in every possible way baffled and insulted by him?" The answer is that Liberalism, as it was conceived in Europe in the eighteenth century, had very little to do with liberty, and that the leading representatives of it were generally absolute sovereigns. The great founders of Liberalism in Europe were such men as Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, Charles III. of Spain, or ministers of absolute sovereigns, such as Turgot and Necker. It was in this succession that Bonaparte had his place, and from many utterances of his

I gather that he regarded himself as the direct successor in Europe of Frederick the Great. Most of these sovereigns had not only been absolute, but had been active enemies of government by Assembly. Their Liberalism had consisted in their jealousy of the church, their earnest desire for improvement, and a kind of rationalism or plain good sense in promoting it. In their measures they are particularly arbitrary; and if Bonaparte made the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, we may say of the Emperor Joseph, the great representative of Liberalism, that his administration was one long *coup d'état*. If Bonaparte's reign seems in one point of view like a revival of the Old Régime, it is the Old Régime in its last phase, when it was penetrated with the ideas which were to be formulated in 1789, and when Turgot and Necker were its ministers. If Bonaparte ruled practically without Assemblies, we are to remember that in 1789 itself, when the States-General were summoned, there is no reason to think it was intended to create a standing Parliament, and Mirabeau held that they ought to be dismissed immediately after having voted the abolition of the exemptions of the *noblesse* and clergy.

Such then are my conclusions about Bonaparte's relation to the French Revolution. But Bonaparte belongs to Europe as well as France, and in Europe he represents a new principle, that of conquest. I have considered him in this light also, and have pointed out that here too large causes had been working to prepare the way for him. In the system of Europe in fact, there had been a revolution not less than in the internal government of France. The great event of this European Revolution had been the Partition of Poland. This was a proclamation of international lawlessness, of the end of the old federal system of Europe, and of the commencement of a sort of scramble for territory among the great states. And it ought particularly to be remarked that the leaders in this international Revolution were precisely the great Liberal sovereigns of the age, Frederick, Catharine, and Joseph. So long as sovereigns of tolerably equal power arranged such appropriations among themselves it might be done without causing a general

confusion; but the moment some one power greatly outstripped all others in military strength the policy of the Partition of Poland would turn into a universal conquest. Now this immense superiority was given to France by her *levée en masse*. When she placed a new Frederick at her head it was only natural that she should take the lead in a more general application of the principle of the Partition of Poland, and none the less because she became at the same time the representative of Liberalism in Europe. By the Treaty of Campo Formio, France, under the leadership of Bonaparte, inaugurated the policy of universal partition and spoliation of the small states of Europe, which in a short time led to the Napoleonic Empire.

So far Bonaparte has been to us simply a name for the Government of France, such as the almost irresistible pressure of circumstances caused it to be. Given the changes of 1789 and the fall of the Monarchy in 1792, given at the same time the European war, an all-powerful military Government could not but arise in France, could not but adopt a warlike policy, and in the then condition of international morality, and considering the aggressive traditions of the French, would probably, whether it were directed by Bonaparte, Moreau, or Massena, embark in a career of conquest. But I have also made some inquiry in these lectures into the personal character of Bonaparte. In doing so, I have been forced to raise the general question, at once so interesting and so bewildering to the historical student, of the personal influence of great men.

My desire is to see this question, like other historical questions, treated inductively and without ungrounded assumptions. Great men have been so long a favorite *declamatio* that we can scarcely treat them coolly, or avoid being misled by one or other of the exaggerated notions and bombastic conceits that have been put in currency about them. For a long time it was a commonplace to describe such persons as Bonaparte as a sort of madmen, who amused themselves with devastating the earth purely for their own selfish gratification. The word was—

"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

But in this generation the very opposite view has had more acceptance; heroes have been made into objects of worship, a fact of which you have been reminded since I began these lectures by the departure from among us of the celebrated founder of the *cultus*. Half a century has passed since Mr. Carlyle issued his first eloquent protests against what he called the mean materialist view that great men are mere charlatans, deceivers or impostors who have hoodwinked mankind. According to him the fact is quite otherwise; they are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser; and it is only by such guidance that man's life is made enduring; and almost all virtue consists in the loyal fidelity of each man to the hero who is his sovereign by a divine election. Certainly this was a much more generous, more ennobling creed than the other, and I think it is also, in general, a truer one. If I criticize it, I do so only because fifty years have now passed over it, and it seems to me that the study of history has entered upon a new stage. In those days history was regarded much in the same way as poetry; it was a liberal pursuit in which men found wholesome food for the imagination and the sympathies. Mr. Carlyle gave good counsel when he said that we should bring to it an earnest and reverent rather than a cynical spirit. But history is now a department of serious scientific investigation. We study history now in the hope of giving new precision, definiteness, and solidity to the principles of political science. We endeavor therefore to approach it in the proper scientific temper, and this is not quite the same, though it is by no means altogether different, from the temper recommended by Mr. Carlyle. It is a temper disposed to shrink from every kind of foregone conclusion, a temper of pure impartiality and candor. Such a temper will be just as little satisfied with Mr. Carlyle's theory of great men as with the old theory; it will refrain from committing itself to any *à priori* theory on the subject. It will study history, not in order to prove that great men are this or that they are that, but in order to find out what they are. Starting from the simple fact that occa-

sionally individual men who may at first sight appear not very greatly to surpass their fellows, acquire an unbounded influence over them, so that whole nations seem to lose themselves and be swallowed up in their sovereign personality, we do not dream that we can discover by some intuition how this happens, we do not imagine that it is noble to take for granted that it happens in a certain way, or base and cynical to regard it as happening in another way. We simply want to know how it does happen, and for this purpose we examine history in a spirit of pure, unprejudiced curiosity.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes, as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realize the never-realized return of Arthur from fairy-land; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family thirty years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favorite, Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular, and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men was called upon to write. Occasionally indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among his divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing less, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in ex-

press words, that the old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it *is* true.

In these lectures I have tried, by investigating the facts themselves, to discover the secret of Bonaparte's immense influence. I began with no preconception, with not the smallest desire to prove or disprove either that he was a hero or a charlatan, and quite prepared to believe that he might be neither the one nor the other, and that his success might be due to causes not personal at all. I was also quite prepared, if necessary, to leave the question unsolved, confessing, if I found it so, that the evidence was insufficient to support a solid conclusion. For here is another wide difference between our present view of history and that taken by the last generation. They, as they valued history for the emotions it excited, estimated an historian by the grandeur and gorgeousness of the pictures he drew. It was thus that he was supposed to prove his genius. His function was supposed to be identical with that of the dramatist or novelist; he was supposed to animate the dry bones of historical documents by the same imaginative knowledge of human nature by which a Shakespeare creates his characters. But the modern investigator, if he uses such a gift at all, is most anxiously careful not to mix up divinations or flashes of intuition with clear deductions from solid evidence. He thinks it a kind of fraud to announce what he fancies *may* have happened, without the fullest warning, for what *did* happen; he even distrusts whatever presents itself as poetical or picturesque, and is content to acknowledge, if it must be so—and often it must be so—that only a vague, confused, blurred and imperfect representation of the occurrence or the person can now be given.

In this spirit, then, I have cautiously examined the character of Bonaparte as it developed itself in his earlier years. If I have not found the Carlylean theory of heroes applicable in this instance, I am far from concluding that it is never applicable. That theory would lead us to assume that Bonaparte had deeper and more intense convictions than the other men of his time, and that because,

while others wanted clearness of insight or firmness of will, he alone saw what France and the world needed, and had strength and courage to apply the true remedy, therefore all mankind gladly rallied round him, cheerfully and loyally obeyed him as being the stronger, wiser, and, in the true sense of the word, better man. Now it may be true that other great men have risen so; I lay down no general theory of great men; but Bonaparte did not rise in this way.

In the first place I have pointed out that of the vast fabric of his greatness more than half was not built by him at all, but for him. He entered into a house which he found ready made. He neither created the imperial system in France, nor did he inaugurate the ascendancy of France in Europe. Both grew up naturally out of large causes from the time of the *levée en masse*; both were considerably developed under the direction of Carnot; at the time of Bonaparte's brilliant appearance in Italy the general course of development for France was already determined. She was on her way to a period of military government and of military policy likely to lead to great conquests. If Bonaparte had not appeared, to take the lead in this movement and give his name to the period, some other military man would have accomplished a work which in its large outlines would have been the same. It is a mistake therefore to regard him as a great creative mind. The system which bears his name was not created by him but forced upon him, for all the large outlines of the Napoleonic system can be clearly traced under the Directory, and at a time when his influence was only just beginning to be felt.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatanry. In fact he floated to supreme power upon a tide of Imperialism which he did not create, and which must, sooner or later, have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of Imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, appar-

ently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame again when it was on the point of being extinguished. But, this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still;" his wisdom lay in doing nothing, in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large. Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Massena might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast Imperial power extending from France far into Germany and Italy; but assuredly they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history. What then were the purely personal qualities which he displayed?

In the first place he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort and in no way limited by his own specialty. This, conjoined with a real and by no means vulgar passion for fame, a passion which stood to him in the place of all virtue and all morality, gave to his reign one truly splendid side. It made him the great founder of the modern institutions of France. Not merely the Code, but a number of great institutions, almost indeed the whole organization of modern France, administration, university, concordat, bank, judicial and military systems are due to him. He saved France from the ruin with which she was threatened by Jacobinism, which in the four years of its definitive establishment (1795-1799) proved utterly unable to replace the institutions it had so recklessly destroyed. Jacobinism could only destroy; the queller of Jacobinism, the absolute sovereign, the reactionist, Bonaparte, successfully rebuilt the French State.

The simple explanation of this is that his Government was a real Government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not, therefore, help undertaking, and—as it *was* a real Government, and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing, an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to

the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Paoli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea that the work of legislation requires a divine sanction, Bonaparte's revival of the mediæval Empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

But this unexpected largeness of Bonaparte's mind, which caused him to fill so amply, and more than fill, the Imperial place which he had not really created, had beside this good effect a terribly bad one. A Moreau or Bernadotte in that position must have been the strongest sovereign in Europe, and something of a conqueror, nor could he well have avoided perpetual wars. But Bonaparte had added to the more ordinary qualities of a great general a comprehensive strategical talent and war-statesmanship, which till then had seldom been seen in great generals. He seems to have learnt the secret from Carnot, and from watching with intense eagerness the course of the first campaigns of the revolutionary war. Possessing this talent, when he found himself at the head of the mighty military state which had sprung out of the *levée en masse*, he not only appeared, as he could not but do, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, but he actually overthrew the European system and founded something like an empire on the ruins of it. Hence the terrible and disastrous Napoleonic period, with all its unprecedented bloodshed and ruin, which, however, I, concerned with Bonaparte and not with Napoleon, have only exhibited in the background.

Still, however, we are far from penetrating to the personality of Bonaparte. What we have hitherto found would incline us to reject both those theories of great men alike, and to say—"Great men are neither demigods nor yet charlatans. They do not act but are acted on; they are hurried forward by vast forces of which they can but slightly modify the direction." What glimpses we did get of Bonaparte's real mind were derived less from his deeds than from those plans of his which failed.

We examined first and rejected those views of him which represent him as gradually spoiled or corrupted in the course of his career either by success or by disappointment. There are two such views. The one regards him as a fiery Corsican patriot of the type of Sampiero, revenging himself upon France and Europe for the loss of his country; the other treats him as a republican hero and invincible soldier of liberty who yielded after a time to ambition and wandered from the right course. These two views agree in regarding him as a man of intense passions, what may be called a primitive man.

I have given reasons for treating this appearance of primitive heroism in Bonaparte as a theatrical pose, deliberately assumed by him in order to gratify the rage for primitive nature which Rousseau had introduced, and which was at its acme under the Directory. Behind the mask I have found a remarkable absence of passions except an almost maniacal passion for advancement and fame. The character indeed is not Corsican so much as Oriental. He is not vindictive as a Corsican should be; he is not patriotic, but deserts his country most unnecessarily; he seems to care for no opinion, though he adopts with studied artificial vehemence every fashionable opinion in turn. His early plans, which can be pretty plainly discerned from the commencement of his Italian campaigns, are precisely similar to those afterward formed by the Emperor Napoleon. From the beginning they are plans of lawless conquest on the model of the Partition of Poland, plans in which the revolutionary doctrine is used with peculiar skill as an instrument of attack and conquest. His immorality and cynicism are more apparent even on the surface of his deeds in his earlier than in his later years, while there are appearances of a vast plot contrived by him against the Directory,* which might fairly be called the unapproachable masterpiece of human wickedness. But what throws the clearest light upon his character is that darling plan of his, the failure of which

he never ceased to regret, the Eastern Expedition. What he did in Europe tells us little of his character, compared to what he dreamt of doing in Asia. He had never meant to be Cæsar or Charlemagne; these were but parts to which he sullenly resigned himself. He had meant to be Alexander the Great, only on a much larger scale. His real career is but a shabby adaptation of the materials he had collected in vain for his darling Asiatic romance. It was something, perhaps, to restore the Pope and the French Church, to negotiate the Concordat and re-enact the crowning of Charles, but it was little compared to what he had imagined. He had imagined a grand religious and political revolution, beginning in the East and extending westward, some fusion apparently of Rousseau's Deism with the Allah-ism of Mohammed, a religious revolution extending over the whole East and then combined in some way with the Revolution of France, when the great Prophet-King should return to the West by way of Constantinople.

But what does this romance tell us of the character of him who conceived it? And how does this character square with those *à priori* theories of what great men should be?

I must say, it squares rather remarkably with the old theory which Mr. Carlyle drove out of fashion. Here is really a great deceiver, a man who revels in the thought of governing mankind through their credulity; who, brought up in Europe, has, as it were, rediscovered for himself the art of the great prophet conquerors of Asia—it is curious that among the literary pieces left by Bonaparte is a version of the famous story of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"—only in those prophet-conquerors there was probably always some grain of conviction or self-deception, and in Bonaparte there is nothing of the kind.

But might he not be partly a charlatan and yet partly a hero? A hero in a certain sense certainly Bonaparte was, that is a prodigy of will, activity, and force. But was he in any degree a hero in Mr. Carlyle's sense? Mr. Carlyle is a moralist and seems almost unable to conceive an able man entirely without morality. According to him the very

* See Arthur Böhmling's "Napoleon Bonaparte," vol. ii.

crimes of a great man are at bottom virtuous acts, for they are inspired by a moral instinct taking as it were a strange original form. But I fancy human nature is wider than this theory. Wickedness, I fear, is not always weakness. There really is a human type, in which vast intelligence is found dissociated from virtue. Nay, what is stranger still, this kind of hero, whose very existence seems to Mr. Carlyle inconceivable, may exert an irresistible attraction upon his fellow-men, may be served with passionate loyalty, and may arouse in others noble sentiments of which he is incapable himself. In the career of Bonaparte, in his ideal schemes, and in the idolatry which has been paid to him, we seem to get a glimpse of this type of man. To do good was not his object.

And here I am compelled to leave the subject. That I have treated it so very imperfectly does not cause me much regret, because I never expected to do otherwise. I shall consider myself to have succeeded in some degree if I have conveyed to any of you a clear notion of the way in which I think great historical phenomena should be treated, that is by shaking off the trammels of

narrative, proposing definite problems and considering them deliberately; I shall have succeeded still better if I have shown you how the historian should regard himself as a man of science, not a man of literature; how he must have not only a rigid method in research but a precise political philosophy with principles fixed and terms defined much more carefully than historians have generally thought necessary; but I shall only have succeeded altogether to my wish if I have also impressed upon some of you the immense importance of these great topics of recent history, the urgent necessity, if we would handle properly the political problems of our own time, of raising the study of recent history out of the unaccountable neglect in which it lies, and if I have raised in the minds of those of you who are conscious of any vocation to research and discovery the question whether this task, the task, that is, of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics, so that for the future all history shall end in politics and all politics shall begin in history, be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

DWELT a certain poor man in his day,
Near at hand to Hilda's holy house,
Learning's lighthouse, blessed beacon, built
High o'er sea and river, on the head,
Streaneshalch in Anglo-Saxon speech,
Whitby, after, by the Norsemen named.
Cædmon was he call'd; he came and went,
Doing humble duties for the monks,
Helping with the horses at behest;
Modest, meek, unmemorable man,
Moving slowly into middle age,
Toiling on—twelve hundred years ago.

Still and silent, Cædmon sometimes sat
With the serfs at lower end of hall;
There he marvell'd much to hear the monks
Singing sweetly hymns unto their harp,
Handing it from each to each in turn,
Till his heart-strings trembled. Other while,
When the serfs were merry with themselves,
Sung their folk-songs upon festal nights,

Handing round the harp to each in turn,
 Cædmon, though he loved not lighter songs,
 Long'd to sing—but he could never sing.

Sad and silent would he creep away,
 Wander forth alone, he wist not why,
 Watch the sky and water, stars or clouds
 Climbing from the sea; and in his soul
 Shadows mounted up and mystic lights,
 Echoes vague and vast return'd the voice
 Of the rushing river, roaring waves,
 Twilight's windy whisper from the fells,
 Howl of brindled wolf, and cry of bird;
 Every sight and sound of solitude
 Ever mingling in a master thought,
 Glorious, terrible, of the Mighty One
 Who made all things. As the Book declared
"In the beginning He made Heaven and Earth."

Thus lived Cædmon, quiet year by year;
 Listen'd, learn'd a little, as he could;
 Worked, and mused, and prayed, and held his peace.

Toward the end of harvest time, the hinds
 Held a feast, and sung their festal songs,
 Handing round the harp from each to each.
 But before it came where Cædmon sat,
 Sadly, silently, he stole away,
 Wander'd to the stable-yard and wept,
 Weeping laid him low among the straw,
 Fell asleep at last. And in his sleep
 Came a Stranger, calling him by name:
"Cædmon, sing to me!" *"I cannot sing."*
"Wherefore—wo is me!—I left the house."
"Sing, I bid thee!" *"What then shall I sing?"*
"Sing the Making of the World." Whereon
 Cædmon sung: and when he woke from sleep
 Still the verses stay'd with him, and more
 Sprang like fountain-water from a rock
 Fed from never-failing secret springs.

Praising Heaven most high, but nothing proud,
 Cædmon sought the Steward and told his tale,
 Who to Holy Hilda led him in,
 Pious Princess Hilda, pure of heart,
 Ruling Mother, royal Edwin's niece.
 Cædmon at her bidding boldly sang
 Of the Making of the World, in words
 Wondrous; whereupon they wotted well
 'Twas an Angel taught him, and his gift
 Came direct from God: and glad were they.

Thenceforth Holy Hilda greeted him
 Brother of the brotherhood. He grew
 Famedest monk of all the monastery;
 Singing many high and holy songs
 Folk were fain to hear, and loved him for:
 Till his death day came, that comes to all.

Cædmon bode that evening in his bed,
 He at peace with men and men with him ;
 Wrapt in comfort of the Eucharist ;
 Weak and silent. " Soon our Brethren sing
 Evensong ? " he whisper'd. " Brother, yea."
 " Let us wait for that," he said ; and soon
 Sweetly sounded up the solemn chant.
 Cædmon smiled and listen'd ; when it lull'd,
 Sidelong turn'd to sleep his old white head,
 Shut his eyes, and gave his soul to God,
 Maker of the World.

Twelve hundred years
 Since are past and gone, nor he forgot,
 Earliest Poet of the English Race.
 Rude and simple were his days and thoughts.
 Wisely speaketh no man, howso learn'd,
 Of the making of this wondrous World,
 Save a Poet, with a reverent soul.

Macmillan's Magazine.

NOTE.—This alliterative metre is not at all an imitation, but in some degree a reminiscence of the old English poetry.

ON THE BUYING OF BOOKS.

BY A BOOKWORM.

THE lover of books may be distinguished by one trick he has which betrayeth him. If he is in a strange house he makes straight for the shelves ; before anything else he hastens to take stock of the library ; blue china cannot turn him aside, nor pictures detain him. There are other peculiarities by which he may be known. If he passes a bookseller's shop he may not choose but stop ; if it is a second-hand shop, which is at all times more interesting than a shop of new books, his feet without any volition on his part and of their own accord draw him within it. However poor he is, his shelves grow continually larger and groan more deeply with new additions. However large his own library may be, every other man's library is an object of curiosity to him for the strange and unknown wonders it may possess.

I, who write this paper, am one of these lovers of books. I love them beyond all other earthly things. I love them because they are books, good and bad alike. To me they are as living things, and possess a soul. It gives me a glow of pleasure, even after many years of experience, to buy a new book.

To carry it home, cut the leaves, turn over the pages and look in it here and there is joy enough to last the whole evening. At such a time one does not curiously criticise the contents ; one enjoys the fresh aroma of new print—I believe it is caused by the use of " turps ; " one is grateful to the author and the publisher ; there is a charm about the binding ; the very type has a beauty of its own. In the morning when the daily paper comes I pass over the foolish politics, the speeches, the enthusiasm of the idiotic multitude who expects any good thing, any improvement for themselves, from the " Mouthy One," the " Bletherer," the " Snarler," or the " Bawler," the " Brawler," the " Down-crier," the " Common Liar," or the " Promiscuous Promiser"—I believe politicians may nearly all be divided into these classes—and I turn straight to the advertisements of new books and the reviews. As for the former, they are copious enough to inflame the least ardent imagination ; and as for the latter, they are meagre enough to infuriate the most patient of publishers. Every wretched little farce stolen from the French and put upon the boards is counted worthy of serious dis-

cussion in a half-column all to itself, even when the House is quarrelling the whole night long ; yet, for books, we must fain put up with "Current Literature" ladled out as if it was so much padding, put in when there was nothing of real interest or importance. Why cannot one paper at least have the courage to say, "Messieurs les Abonnes, we have too long neglected the interests of literature ; henceforth there shall be for every day in the year a whole column specially devoted to the publishers ; and the contents of that column shall be provided for you by just, honest, and God-fearing men, if any such yet remain." Would it pay that paper to do this great and beneficent thing for literature ? I venture to think it would. People would begin to look for it day after day ; curiosity would be awakened ; the literary taste of the public would be cultivated. As for myself, I should certainly take that paper, and so would all those who are like minded with me. But as no daily paper exists which cares for literature, my favorite reading is the *Athenæum*, and next to that, I prefer the latter half of the *Saturday*. For good instructive reading give me, in addition to these comparatively incomplete organs, one of which admits science, and the other politics, the *Publishers' Circular*.

My wanderings among other people's libraries have led me to make a few discoveries which may or may not be original. Thus, I have laid down the general maxim that, as is the average man, so is the average library. I look not, therefore, for aught beyond the commonplace. Bookshelves are made to match their owner ; the books upon them are a counterpart of the man who possesses them. Thus a beautiful harmony reigns in this as well as in other departments of nature. I am tempted to believe that after learning the profession of a man, studying his face, dress, and bearing, and hearing him talk for a single quarter of an hour, I should be able to tell, within a dozen books or so, all that he has ever bought. The converse of this proposition is certainly true, namely, that a very short examination of a library is sufficient to enable one to describe the owner in general and unmistakable terms. For the fact is, although it hu-

miliates one to state it baldly and openly, and though it makes one tremble at thinking of the monotony of human nature and the dreadful sameness of men's minds, there are to be found among the "better sort"—a phrase I love because it beautifully connects virtue with wealth—but two or three classes or descriptions of library.

Every one, for instance, knows the great, solid mahogany bookcase—perhaps two or three such cases—filled from top to bottom with inherited books which once belonged to a scholar of the family long deceased. Among these are old college prizes bound in Russia, stamped with college arms. There are editions of the classics ; there are the "standard" works of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Alison, Paley, Young, Hervey (his "Meditations"), Johnson, and perhaps those sound and judicious divines, Andrews, Hooker, Bull, and Jeremy Taylor. All those books of the original collection which were not handsomely bound have long since been sent away and sold at a shilling the volume, sorted out. Those with leather backs were retained to stand in rows, and act as furniture ; they are but the dry bones, the skeleton of the old library ; for they were formerly the books of reference, the necessities of the life and the daily work of the defunct scholar, who lived in his library. But the soul of his collection is gone ; the duodecimoes which he read in daily, the tattered old volumes which helped his research and stimulated his thought, the actual food of his brain—these have vanished ; what is left is a mere shell. This is the Furniture Library. None of these books are ever taken down ; none are opened or read ; the library is like a marble statue which lacks the breath of life, or a sealed fountain whose waters are drunk by neither man nor beast.

A pretty allegory might be made showing how a certain Pygmalion collected together a divine library, so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it and gazed upon it was straightway smitten with a passion which made his heart to beat and his cheeks to glow ; and how presently the library became alive to him, a beneficent being, full of love and tender thought, as good as she was beautiful, a friend

who never failed him ; and how they were united in holy wedlock and lived together, and never tired of each other until he died, when the life went also out of the library, his wife, and she fell all to separate pieces, every piece a precious seedling of future life should it be planted in the right place. Is there not here the material for an allegory ? A library, you will perceive, is essentially feminine ; it is receptive ; it is responsive ; it is productive. You may lavish upon it—say, upon her—as much love as you have in your nature, and she will reward you with fair offspring, sweet and tender babes—ideas, thoughts, memories, and hopes. Who would not love the mother of such children ? Who would not be their father ?

The Furniture library never gets a new book added to it at all. But even this poor dead and dispirited thing is better than the Flimsy Library, common among persons who have had no scholar in their family, or else no family among their scholars. The volumes of the Flimsy Library consist almost wholly of the books collected during youthful and prænuptial days. They are beautifully bound in crimson cloth and gold, with a leaning toward too much ornament. They are the books which used to be presented to young ladies—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, according to the age of the house. The titles vary, but the taste remains much the same ; they are books on the domestic affections, the immortal works of Mesdames Ellis, Hemans, Sigourney, Sewell, and Yonge ; Keble in many bindings ; the “ Gentle Life ;” Longfellow, Scott, Tupper, Wordsworth, and so forth. Perhaps there is a row of the “ Waverley Novels,” and there are one or two “ Handbooks.” The Flimsy Library can go no farther.

A third class of library, and a very common one, may be called the Railway Library. It consists of two-shilling novels—nothing else—and each one represents a railway journey. They stand in rows with their paper bindings in red, black, and yellow ; they are treasured by their owners as if they were Elzevirs at the least ; there may be also among them, perhaps, a Bret Harte or a Mark Twain—humorists who have caught the popular taste. Burnand, Lowell, Le-

land, Gilbert, who somehow seem to have missed the uncritical ear, will not generally be seen on the shelves of the Railway Library. These three classes of library represent the broad divisions. There are, however, others—subdivisions—which should not be forgotten.

Thus, there is the Fashionable Library, in which every volume marks a passing phase of literary fashion, in *genre*, printing, or binding, from the Minerva school down to a Ballade or a Villanelle ; there is the Casual Library, in which the books seem to have been bought by the yard just to fill up the shelves ; the Technical Library, in which the seeker after literature finds the Dead Sea apples of scientific and professional works—fancy Charles Lamb shut up for an afternoon with a mathematical library ! the Goody-Goody Library, where the works are certainly intended to disgust the young with virtue and religion ; the Milk-and-Water Library, most of the books in which are at least thirty years of age, and were written by ladies who wore a velvet band about their brows, were great on morals, and knew how to value their Christian privileges ; the Baby Library, consisting of new books quite recently written and illustrated by wicked people with the object of making sweet little children self-conscious, morbid, and conceited ; the Theological Library, devoted entirely to controversial works now happily forgotten ; the Fast Library, in which the works of “ Ouida ” are found complete, and a great many French novels in yellow present the appearance of having been welcomed more affectionately than tenderly ; and, finally, the Good Library, in which one may sit among the best, the wisest, the most delightful, the wittiest, the tenderest men who have lived and written for our solace and instruction—happy heaven be their lot ! And oh, dear me ! how rare it is to find such a library !

The most remarkable feature of all these collections, except the last, is that you never find among them any new books at all except a few two-shilling novels. Yet, if you talk with the people who own them, you find that, thanks to a circulating library, they have some kind of acquaintance, greater or less, with current literature. They are not

without interest in new books and living writers. Such a book as Carlyle's "Reminiscences" stirs their curiosity; they like to know a man of literary distinction, they have some rudiments of literary culture—they do read books. For a truly remarkable thing has happened in this country, where more books are written, more published, and more read than in any other two countries put together: a large section of reading people *have left off buying books*; they do not think of buying them; they have lost the habit of buying them; it does not occur to them that they may be considered as things which may be bought. Everything else in the world that is delightful and precious and ardently to be desired, they know can only be had for money. Of such things they will, and do, buy as much as they can afford. But they do not desire to possess books, or to buy them. They read them and toss them away.

If we think of it, this is a very strange result of a love of reading. Those for whom books are written do not buy them. Were there not a very large number of people who read and ask for new books, and therefore make Smith and Mudie take a great many copies, the trades of author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and binder would quickly fall into contempt by reason of poverty. Rags, you see, cannot long continue respectable. One would like to know, if the libraries could be induced to publish statistics, how many subscribers they have upon their books out of all our thirty millions. That question may be taken to mean, how many of our population habitually read books? Next to this, one would like to know what books are in most demand; but it is an inquiry which for the sake of certain reputations must be conducted with some delicacy. Further, one would like to ask what, if any, novels of the last season are asked for? whether there is any demand for modern poets and, if so, for whom; and at what social level people cease to belong to a library?—where, in fact, Mr. Mudie draws his line. Costers, for instance, certainly do not read new books; do fruiterers, bakers, butchers? Do the ordinary tradesmen? Where, in fact, begins that immense mass of people who never read books at all, have no

bookshelves, and reverence none of the great names of poets and authors?

It is really an APPALLING thing to think of the people who have no books. Can we picture to ourselves a home without these gentle friends? Can we imagine a life dead to all the gracious influences of sweet thoughts sweetly spoken, of tender suggestions tenderly whispered, of holy dreams, glowing play of fancy, unexpected reminding of subtle analogies and unsuspected harmonies, and those swift thoughts which pierce the heart like an arrow and fill us with a new sense of what we are and what we may be? Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes where these influences never reach, where the whole of the world is hard, cruel fact, unredeemed by hope or illusion, with the beauty of the world shut out and the grace of life destroyed. It is only by books that most men and women can lift themselves above the sordidness of life. No books! Yet for the greater part of humanity that is the common lot. We may, in fact, divide our fellow-creatures into two branches—those who read books and those who do not. Digger Indians, Somaulis, Veddahs, Andaman Islanders, Lancashire wife-kickers, Irish landlord shooters, belong to those who do not. How few alas be those who do!

I lately saw in some paper, and was not surprised to see it, that the result of a complete Board-school course is generally that the boys and girls who have been triumphantly examined in special subjects for the sake of the grant go away without the least desire ever to read anything else for the rest of their lives. This seems a disappointing outcome of any system of education. With infinite pains and at great expense we put into a boy's hand the key to all the knowledge whereunto man hath attained, to all the knowledge whereunto he may hereafter attain, and to most of the delight of life—and he does not care to exercise that power! Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the system. In every school, one knows there is the boy who loves reading and the boy who does not. He is found as a matter of course in the Board school as much as at Rugby. And many most respectable men, it must be confessed, have got on

in the world without any love for books, with no desire at all for knowledge, and with absolutely no feeling for the beauty and force of language. One such I knew in days bygone, an excellent person who had read but one book in all his life; it was Macaulay's "Essays." Nor did he ever desire to read another book; that was enough for him. On a certain evening I persuaded him to come with me to a theatre for the first time in his life. He sat out the performance with great politeness and patience; it did not touch him in the least, though the piece was very funny and very well acted. When we came away he said to me, "Yes; it was a pleasing exhibition, but I would rather have spent my evening over Macaulay's 'Essays.'" Another man I once knew who made one book last through a considerable part of his life, but this was perhaps mere pretence, with craft and subtlety. Thus, for many years, if he was asked for an opinion, he invariably replied, "I have not yet had time to investigate the question. I am at present engaged upon Humboldt's 'Cosmos.'" The taste for reading, in fact, is born with one. We may even conceive of a man born with that taste, yet never taught to read. He would grow up melancholy, moody, ever conscious that something was absent which would have made an incomplete life harmonious and delightful. Fancy the prehistoric man born with such a taste, uncomfortable because something, he knew not what, was wanting; restless, dissatisfied, yearning after some unknown delight, sorrowful yet unable to explain his sorrow; taking no solid pleasure like his fellows in sucking his marrowbones, crouching among the bones in the innermost recesses of the cave, regardless of his kitchen midden. Happy, indeed, for that small section of previously unsatisfied mankind when someone, after intolerable searchings of spirit, and with infinite travail, produced the first rude semblance of hieroglyph, Phœnician, Cuneiform, or Hittite. As for the rest of mankind, they might have gone on to this day, as indeed they practically do, without an alphabet, and would never have missed it. So that, after all, we need not feel too much indignation over the failure of the School Board.

A stranger thing, however, is, not that some men do not care about reading, but that those who do, those who read much, who read daily, as the principal part of the day's relaxation, have left off desiring to buy books!

Can it be that even bookish boys are no longer taught to value books? That seems impossible, to begin with. A bookish boy is at first a curious and inquiring boy, who, at every step of his progress, imbibes unconsciously the love of books. He first wants to know; he reads everything that tells him anything about the world and the nations of the world; the story of the stars and the wonders of the earth; the history of mankind and the growth of arts. As he reads he begins to understand the beauty of arrangement, and so, little by little, there grows up within him a new sense, namely, the sense of form, the fine feeling for a phrase, the music of words put together by the hand of a master. When once a man has understood so much, he is separated from his fellows as much as if hands had been laid upon him, as in a sense they have been. Language has become to him what it can never be to them—a wondrous organ upon which divine melodies may be played; perhaps he is content to listen; perhaps he may, with trembling fingers, assay to touch the charmed instrument. I cannot think that such a boy would ever cease to love books.

It is the development of this other sense, the sense of style, which causes this love. It is its absence which makes people indifferent to the books themselves as well as to what they read. How can people be expected to buy that which they cannot appreciate? How many are there among educated people who are capable of appreciation?

For instance, millions of people read, quite complacently, works whose literary merits are so small that they are intolerable to any who have the least sense of style. Yet this defect does not affect their popularity. Some men write with the end of a broomstick, some with a gold pen, some with an etcher's needle. The broomstick man is, perhaps, the most popular. Then people read books just as they look at a picture, or go to the play, "for the story." That is all they care about. The story read, they

dismiss it from their thoughts. There was once a French dramatist, Alexander Hardy by name, who understood this so well that when he constructed a new play he contented himself with devising story, situation, and tableaux, leaving his actors to supply the words. Who cared about the words? Of course the heroine screamed, and the villain swore, and the funny man dropped the plates—all in the right place. What more did the people want? And what more, in deed, do they want now?

Overmuch reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp; he tastes; he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine-glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is like unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot. Fancy a city dinner at which pea-soup, tripe and onions, fried fish, roast pork and stuffing, raw onions, and such viands were served up side by side with the most delicate preparations, the sole *à la maître d'hôtel*, the *côtelette*, the *ris de veau*, the *mayonnaise*; where thick sugared stout was handed round with Johannisberg, Château Yquem, and Piper *très sec*; fancy the guests indiscriminately taking one after the other without discernment, enjoying one quite as much as the other, with a leaning in the direction of roast pork and stout—that, if you please, is a fair example of the intellectual meals taken continually by the all-devouring reader. He reads everything; he reads whatever is set before him; he reads without consideration; he reads without criticism; all styles are alike to him; he is never greatly delighted, and seldom offended.

Another, and perhaps a more powerful cause why books are not valued as possessions is, without doubt, the great facility with which they may be borrowed. This brings upon them the kind of contempt which always attaches to a thing which is cheap. Such a thing, to begin with, must be bad; who can expect good wine, good cigars, good gloves, at a low price? What sort of books, one feels, are those which can be shovelled into the circulating libraries as fast as they are asked for? The ease with which a thirsty reader is supplied

destroys the value of a book. Young people, especially, no longer feel the old sweet delight of buying a book and possessing it. Therefore, the preciousness of books is going out. I believe they will before long substitute for prize books, prize bats, prize footballs, prize rifles. Yet, asks Ruskin, "is not a book of mine worth at least a physician's fee?"

We do not sufficiently realize what is meant by this cheapness of literature. It means that the most delightful amusement, the chief recreation of the civilized world—the pursuit which raises the mind above the sordid conditions of life, gives ideas, unfolds possibilities, inspires noble thoughts, or presents pleasing images—is a thing which may be procured in sufficient quantity for a whole household for three, four, or five guineas a year—judiciously managed, and by arrangement with other families, for three guineas a year. Compare this with other amusements. One evening at the Lyceum with the girls costs as much; a dinner at the club to one or two friends costs as much; sittings at church cost very little more. Three guineas will take one man to the seaside from Saturday to Monday; it will buy just one dozen of champagne; it will pay the butcher's bill for a fortnight; it will pay for one new coat or one new dress. From whatever point of view one looks at three guineas it is a trifling and evanescent sum—it is gone as soon as looked at; it is quickly eaten up, and the memory of the banquet almost as quickly departs with it; it is a day's pleasure, an evening's amusement; yet, administered in the way of a subscription, it represents nothing less than the recreation of a whole family for a twelvemonth. What an investment!

What an investment, indeed! It causes books to rain upon the house like the manna of the desert; so that—alas!—it seems to the younger members as if they came spontaneously, and it prevents boys of the bookish kind from looking upon individual books with that passionate love which comes partly from the delight of reading and partly from the difficulties of acquisition. Who has not read with admiration and joy, how the lover of books has hovered day after day over a stall where lay a treasure

which he cannot buy until he has denied himself a few more dinners? Who has not sympathized with him when he marches home in triumph, bearing the book with him; though he is fain to tighten his waistband for hunger? All that is over, because any book may be had by any boy for the asking.

To sum up. Let us try at least to be just, if not generous. Few among us can buy all the books which we like to read, but let us recognize literature as so great an essential, such an absolute necessary for our comfort and happiness, that since it *must* be had it ought to be paid for, just as much as protection from rogues, as much as dress and food. Then come the questions—how much should we pay for it? and how. As for the latter, it is easy to answer: we *must buy the books which please us most*. As for the former, if the principle be conceded that it is the plain and clear duty of every one to buy such books as he can afford out of those which have given him

pleasure, then the proportion to his expenditure must be settled by himself. But let us be practical; let us make a suggestion; let us estimate literature as a rateable thing. For my own part, I should be disposed to measure the amount by rental, which seems to rule everything. A lover of books would spontaneously tax himself a good fifteen shillings in the pound. The general reader will perhaps be startled at first at being called upon for five shillings. Yet I would not let him off for one farthing less. Five shillings in the pound is the lowest rate that can be levied for literature. In better times, when the public taste is cultivated, when a good book will not only be read but bought, when a good writer will be as greatly rewarded as a successful barrister, a physician of repute, or a bishop, the rate will of course be higher. But for the moment I think that authors will be satisfied with a simple five shillings.—*Temple Bar.*



A PEEP AT FRENCH SCHOOLS.

JOHN BULL is ceasing to be a good hater. The very Russians are no longer an abomination to him; and, in spite of Tunis, the very hero of Trafalgar could hardly persuade him to regard the French as "dangerous and even devilish individuals." Curiosity has conquered prejudice.

But, though it is now fashionable for us to gather honey from foreign weeds, the judgments we pass on the sweet spoil seem seldom to rise above a patriotic half-truth: "Our own institutions are the best for us; those of the French are 'good enough for them,'" the conclusive proof being that the first produce Englishmen and the second Frenchmen.

Read "schools" for "institutions," and no impartial jury could give us a verdict. Our own test fails us, for our schools do not always produce "Englishmen" in the best sense of the word. *Ubi qui post vota perierunt?* How many have been retarded by their school training, and how many have only made progress in spite of it? A nation like ours that has no national system of secondary schools to stand between its

board schools and its universities is making the best blessings of civilization a matter of privilege. The word "national" does not apply either to Eton School or to Oxford University, in the same sense in which it applies to the Board and Church Schools of our primary system of education. Philanthropists may induce all School Boards to copy London, and found scholarships to carry the best boys from the lower schools to the secondary. But these are a favored few; and the middle-class schools into which they are drafted are good or bad, according to the luck of the locality. For the masses, there is practically an infinite distance to divide an Oxford College, or even a "public school," with its multitudinous fees and strait exclusiveness, from a city board school, with its nominal charges and indiscriminate admission of all comers. The Scotch College, which is too often a public school and a university in one unhappy combination, is by no means at an infinite distance from the Scotch peasant. It is still sufficiently democratic to be national, and simply needs

to be "differentiated" in order to serve its purpose properly in the educational system. But in England, if we put ourselves in the position of a peasant's son leaving school and aspiring to higher things, we must feel that there are few facilities for him. His guidance ends in the board school; and, if he stands and sees and looks for the old paths to guide him farther, he finds their traces so indistinct that he can hardly guess whither they ever tended—was it to South Kensington or only to Dotheboys' Hall?

There is no such doubt about the public schools of the minority. They have strongly-marked features, unmistakably English, which give a sharp point to the contrast with their nearest French counterpart. The contrast applies to letter as well as to spirit. Dry-as-dust might discern the different genius of the French and English nations by their different ways of marking their school time. The Eton or Harrow boy goes as "the bell invites" him; the pupils of *Lycée* St. Louis or Charlemagne obey the tuck of drum. If this does not mean a different genius, it means at least a different history. The English public school rings the ecclesiastical bell in unconscious gratitude to its pious founders and benefactors, who were nothing if not churchmen. The French *lycée* is the handiwork of a soldier, and fitly beats the martial drum. There is much crystallized history in the *lycée*. Napoleon's drum is by no means the only contribution which the past has made to the present in the making of it. The Revolution, the First Empire, and the irrepressible Jesuits have all left their mark here. It was Bonaparte who turned the Catholic colleges into "lyceums" in 1804, and plaited them into the network of his "University of France," in 1808. That grandiose body, which for half a century "monopolized education, in the same sense as the law courts monopolize justice, and the army monopolizes public force," was certainly of Napoleon's creating: but the general plan of his educational institutions had little originality in it. He paid a tacit compliment to the Jesuits by modelling his new *lycées* on their colleges, which had survived not only the exodus of their founders in 1764, but the Great Revolution of a generation

later, and were little the worse for wear in the interval.

But besides the impress of priests and emperors, the *lycée* shows the footprints of democracy. By a kind of political irony, conservatism has guarded the results of that Revolution which seemed to destroy all conservatism. The very Bourbons learned to preserve the substance of its changes, and forgot to restore the old landlords and the old privileges. If we wish, however, to see the influence of the Revolution on society, as well as on politics, we find it nowhere more conspicuous than at school. If an English public school is very apt to become a junior Conservative club, an average *lycée* will have the opposite tendency. Of course we do not need to go to France to find schoolboys who scoff at titles. The new-comer at Eton who boasted of his birth was rewarded with "one kick for your father the marquis, and another for your uncle the duke." French equality could not go further. But there is more in a French *lycée* than a disregard of titles, which seldom after all outlives school-life, either in England or elsewhere. There is a disregard of fortune. The instinctive English disrespect for a man who is as poor as a church-mouse is not entirely absent at English schools. The same boy who kicked the aristocratic new-comer would probably prefer his society to that of a plebeian new-comer out at elbows, even if he were the son of a Faraday or a Coleridge. It is indeed too probable that the threadbare person would be spared humiliation by being denied admission. But let a stranger visit a large Parisian school like *Lycée Fontanes* or *Charlemagne*, when the afternoon drum has released the boys and they are crowding to the entrance; he cannot shut his eyes to the fusion of ranks there. The most casual glance shows him the rich and the poor meeting together; and the masters will tell him there is a fusion of sects as well as of fortunes. There is perhaps only one single case in which a man's religion is known by his face; and the English spectator would soon pick out the boys of this recognisable "persuasion." But in addition he would find Protestant, Catholic, and nondescript, arm-in-arm. *Charlemagne* and *Fontanes* happen to be the only two

day-schools among the *lycées* of Paris ; they have no full boarders. Pupils come to them from families in the neighborhood, and from the boarding-houses, clerical or otherwise, which send their boys during the day for secular teaching, and withdraw them at night, to provide for their other wants. The *lycée* of the commoner type is itself a boarding-house ; and the religious needs of the boys are supplied by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chaplains (*aumôniers catholiques, ministres protestants et israélites*), who come for the purpose at stated hours. But, so long at least as they are in the class-room, the scholars are not reminded of their religious differences. They learn no lesson of religious animosity at school, however quickly they pick it up out of doors. The Catholics are the large majority ; but the toleration is said to be nearly perfect. The Revolution seems in this case to have made a very near approach in practice to that religious equality which it has always taught in theory. It is the greater pity that when the boys become men they unlearn this school lesson. It ought to be added that the occasional complaints made about the intolerance of teachers apply chiefly to the primary teachers in the country districts, where the temptations to abuse authority are stronger than in a Parisian *lycée*, the teachers being inferior men, and not equally under the eye of public opinion. After every excuse is made, it will still be very singular, and not altogether satisfactory, if equality, the prime gain of 1789, should be more honored in the *lycées* of Napoleon than in Guizot's grammar schools.

Look again at the boys before they have left school. How much can physiognomy and "ocular inspection" tell us of their character? Not a great deal ; perhaps nothing more than the commonplace, "Boys will be boys." But it is refreshing to verify that ancient maxim in a country where all the boys are doomed to be soldiers, and where we might therefore expect them to pass all their school days subject to bondage, from fear of the drill sergeant. On the contrary, their games are hearty without being Spartan ; and neither schoolmaster nor drill sergeant may test their endurance by the lash. The Revolution

venerates the human person even in the "untamed animalism" of the boy, and strictly forbids birching. Reward and not punishment is the inducement to learn. Philosophers have long debated which is the stronger motive, the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. The English as a general rule adopt the first alternative, the French the second. "Courage," said the firemen to their dying comrade, pulled too late from the ruins of the *Magasin du Printemps*, "you will be decorated," where the English consolation would have been, "You will escape dishonor." In the case of schoolboys in particular, we have good means of comparing French rewards with English punishments. There are several able teachers in Paris and all over France, who have had experience of both systems ; and they declare for the French. They profess to find the French boy more willing to work, more attentive in the class-room and more subject to discipline. There is certainly no lack of keenness in competition. Boy competes with boy in the same class, and the picked pupils of one *lycée* compete with the picked pupils of another. *Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam Præmia si tollas?* Cambridge itself does not apply this motto more confidently to education ; and the doubtfully good result of ardent rivalry is said to go along with the undoubtedly good one of perfect discipline. We must accept the statement on faith ; and our faith is apt to become scepticism when we look at the matter critically. We are puzzled, for example, by the unwillingness of the authorities of a school to admit strangers into the class-rooms during lesson. Every stranger who asks for this privilege in Paris must wonder at the difficulties put in his way, even when he is fortified with the all-important "*autorisation*" from the Rector of the Academy or the Prefect of the Seine. If he is so persevering as to gain his point, he may after all see no reason for the reluctance. But let him press the teachers to explain it, and they will in most cases confess that it was a question of discipline. If they can barely control the boys when they are alone with them, how can they do it when a stranger's presence lays the last straw? Fortunately the classes are never dis-

turbed through any childish "taking of places" by physical locomotion; the superintendent of a *lycée* is not likely to allow a stranger to visit any class that is not under the tight control of its teacher; and in Paris we may expect to find the best of teachers, and therefore the best of discipline.

Paris no doubt is not France; but in everything except morals it has probably the best of everything French. In schools as in dainties it has the first choice. Public opinion means something more powerful in Paris than it does in the provinces; it is more critical of public servants; and the eye of watchful boards and councils can scrutinize them with greater ease. It is the centre of the system of rewards as well as of all other machinery. To be called to London may not always be the highest possible promotion to the English teacher; but to be called to Paris is certainly so to the Frenchman. The Professor in a Parisian *lycée* has probably served many years in a provincial *lycée*, say at Lyons, Orleans, or Boulogne. He has the stamp of government upon him. He has suffered many things of many examiners. If he is teacher of Latin and Greek it is probable that he became Bachelor of Letters when he was sixteen, this degree forming not the end but the beginning of a French University course, and perhaps most nearly corresponding to the matriculation of London University. Then he probably heard lectures for a year; and proceeded to pass the more difficult examination for the "licentiate-ship" in his special subject, thereby becoming qualified to serve his apprenticeship as a teacher. After three years of this apprenticeship he surmounted one more examination, the greatest trial of all, and became "Associate in Letters." All his examinations were thorough, so far as they went; and they would undoubtedly have kept him out had he been an incapable man, which is perhaps all the good that any examination can ever do. The last of his trials differed from the first chiefly in being far more minute and special; and it tried his nerves as well as his brains more severely than the rest. One part of it consisted in teaching an imaginary class, in presence of his examiners. It

was, moreover, a competitive examination; and our professor was perhaps one out of half-a-dozen "selected candidates," sifted out of a score or more. But this trial past, he had no more to fear. Once Associate, he was assured of an appointment "for life or for fault." He had gained the title and standing of a professor in a government secondary school. The authoress of "Villette" has accustomed us to the wide continental use of the word "professor." Indeed, the schoolmasters who bear this name are the stuff out of which the university professors are made; and there are many of them, in Paris, and out of it, whose lectures to their school pupils would do no discredit to any university. An Englishman wonders that so able and well-informed a body of men make so little of the *nexus* of cash payment, and are content with mere schoolmaster's work. But the position of a "professor" is independent. He has nothing to do with the boys after leaving the *lycée*, unless in the way of correcting their exercises. The internal arrangements of the boarding house are managed by the warden, proctor, and bursar, if one may so translate *proviseur*, *censeur* and *économé*. The professor needs care for none of these things. As soon as the drum beats, at close of the afternoon, he goes on his way home, light of heart. The ushers (*répétiteurs*) will make the boys prepare their lessons for his class that evening; but he himself, if his pile of exercises be not too high, may be at his ease. He may follow the devices and desires of his own heart, whether they lead him to write a learned book, in order to get a professor's chair of another kind in a university faculty, or whether they lead him to eke out his salary by private lessons, and count the days till his sixtieth birthday, when the drum will dismiss him for the last time, and his salary will become a pension.

It may seem a paradox to add that not only French teachers, but most Frenchmen everywhere are content with "that position in life in which Providence has placed them;" but it is a truth. The same feeling that makes Frenchmen so reluctant to emigrate makes them willing to acquiesce in the inevitable, as the Turks in Kismet, murmuring their Job-

like, "*Que voulez-vous ?*" "It can't be helped!" There is ambition everywhere; but the friction of competition seems to be less cruel than in England. There is a struggling crowd; but there is less damage to the sides and toes. When men have a good post, they are proud of it, and do not grumble that it is not better.

This feeling is not a mere listless conservatism. It may even tell in favor of reform. M. Paul Bert, the Forster of French education, was recently asked how he explained the apparent acquiescence of his Catholic countrymen in his sweeping educational reforms, involving, as they did, the establishment of at least two startling novelties, compulsory education and secular education. He replied: "They are accepting compulsory education because they are beginning to understand the blessings of education; and they are allowing us to take the schools out of the hands of the clergy, because they are indifferent on that subject. Fortunately for us, the majority of the people are rather hypocrites than fanatics." But he added (what is more to the present point) that the average Frenchman has such a habitual respect for law that he will quietly submit to a measure when it is an Act, even if he had disagreed with it when it was a bill. Englishmen are wont to thank heaven that they are not as other men are, who pay no respect to the law of the land; but, if M. Bert's analysis of this feeling is right, it is not wholly a feeling to thank heaven for. In his own Catholic countrymen he thinks it means partly a dread of *gendarmérie*, partly a genuine reverence; and the genuine reverence means that deep regard for authority which has been dyed into the people by centuries of church training. It is possible that our own first lessons in discipline came in the same way, through the church. But at least we can understand that our neighbors, from having been longer under the Roman school-mistress, have more perfectly entered into the spirit of her lessons. The same explanation, on principles of "heredity," may account for the superior tractableness of French schoolboys. The notorious helplessness of French masters in an English schoolroom is not paralleled by any corresponding weak-

ness of English masters in France, if reports are true.

There is abundant proof, however, that the French respect for law is due to a strength and not to a weakness in the national character, namely, to the national talent for organization. It is possible for a man to be singularly skilful in making rules, and reducing all his work to system and method, while at the same time he has ideas too great for execution, and is led from time to time to break the network of his system, in a vain attempt to force these ideas into it. In the same way it is possible for a nation, that possesses great powers of organization, to fall from time to time into political confusion by attempting too much at once. If the French lack anything, it is not at least the readiness to provide machinery, or the will to give it trial; and it is on these points that we may learn from them. Their system of public instruction, with its ramifications of primary, secondary, and superior, represented by parish school, *lycée*, and university faculties, is a tolerably complete machine, needing it may be, improvement, but not reconstruction. Educational reformers in France—men like Bert, Gréard, Bréal—may be said to have only one end in view; and, that is to make education more democratic. The "open career" must cease to be a figure; the *βίος τέλειος* must be possible to every man. But, to secure this end, they say that three changes must be made in the French system. Primary education must be made compulsory, and therefore free and secular; secondary must be so connected with primary and superior that the poor man's son may be able to rise from the first to the third with the least possible difficulty; and in the third place the old narrow conservatism in regard to the subjects taught in the higher schools must be relaxed.

How is the son of a working man or of a farm laborer to reach the highest heights of learning? This question will inevitably meet us in England as soon as we have put our school boards in order and have time to look beyond the barest necessities of intellectual life. We know that in England it is hard for the laborer's son, handicapped by poverty, to scrape together enough Latin

and Greek to win a scholarship at an English college; and the public schools are too dear for him. How do matters stand on the other side of the Channel? M. Paul Bert is fond of telling how, in a country walk, he picked up a peasant lad by the wayside, found out his talents, and made him use them in gaining a bursary, by means of which he is now studying in a provincial *lycée*, on his way to the university. On the whole, sheer merit counts for more in France than in England. But even in France the three systems of primary, secondary, and superior are not sufficiently connected, otherwise the intervention of such a special providence as M. Bert would not have been needed to convey ploughboys to the university. The three systems have by no means been steps of one ladder. By an English standard the fees in a *lycée* are not high; even in Paris they are, for boarding and tuition, only about £4 per pupil a month for the lowest, and £5 for the highest classes; and the fees are frequently remitted in the case of the poorer pupils. Still it is confessedly a rare thing for the very poor to rise from parish school to *lycée*. The very programme of the *lycée* was formerly arranged on the assumption that such a thing could not happen. The *lycée* is not merely a secondary school. It is meant to give a boy all the education he needs from the time he leaves home to the time he goes to the university, the army, or the "school of arts." The paternal French government prescribes the work to be done in the eight or nine classes of a *lycée*, as our own lays down the code for the board school. The classes of a *lycée* are divided into three groups, the elementary division, the division of grammar, and the superior division. In the classes of the first group (IX., VIII., VII.) a boy will learn the three R.s and something more. He will study his own language, and receive his first introductions to history and geography. In the division of grammar (classes VI., V., IV.) he will learn Latin, Greek, with English or German, while he continues to study the three R.s and his own language. It is a virtue of all French schools that they train the scholar well in French. At the end of "grammar" a boy may, if he likes,

pass an examination and receive a certificate in grammar, qualifying him, *e.g.* to begin his studies for some of the inferior medical appointments. But, if he thinks of the university, he goes on to the superior group of school classes (III., II., and I.), where he gains a minuter knowledge of ancient and modern languages, history, and geography, and adds a little philosophy. If he is not to be a man of law or of letters, he may substitute scientific studies for some of the advanced literary subjects of the programme; and the *lycée* is often connected with a "preparatory school" which gives a training for special professions.

This is the case, for example, with the Parisian *Lycée St. Louis*, from which most of the above features have been taken. But in truth a French *lycée*, whether it be in Paris, Lyons, or Boulogne, in Doubs, La Vendée, or Algeria, is essentially the same institution, working after the same plan, and obeying the same rules. There is no "bazaar" of secondary schools in democratic France, as in aristocratic England; there is a single type. To understand how these schools are related to the "Faculties" of the university, we have only to think of the relation between the university and the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. Suppose the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to be elementary as well as secondary in their instruction; suppose boys to enter them at ten or eleven, and leave at eighteen or nineteen; suppose the discipline of school instead of the liberty of college-life; and lastly suppose the colleges to be scattered up and down the country and even over the colonies, instead of being congregated in one town; that would be a near approach to the system of secondary education in France. The "Faculties" of the university, the several professors of law, language, philosophy, and science, throughout the country are the common Board of Examiners, who examine the pupils of the *lycées* for their Bachelor's, Licentiate's, Associate's, or Doctor's degree. The expression "University of France," has, it is true, a wide sense; it means rather an Education Department, the Department of Secondary Education, than a learned body; and, as such, it includes the *lycées* as well as

the institutions which we in this country would call universities. But, as there are *lycées* all over France, so there are "Faculties" of the university, groups of university professors, in all the chief towns. Their lectures are free as air; they are open to all, without distinction of age, sex, rank, fortune, or qualification. Luckily or unluckily, they have seldom any near bearing on a student's work for his degree, and he is under no necessity to attend them. It would be interesting to know what proportion of *bond-fide* students fill the lecture-room of Mr. Caro, M. Rénan, or M. Beaulieu. But it is well that those whose education has been neglected in early life should have so pleasant an opportunity of remedying the neglect in their riper years. Knowledge cannot be made too cheap.

Let us, however, go down the ladder again, in order to see whether the poor man's son can ever make his way up to a university degree. The present authorities are removing one or two obstacles in his way. For the future, if he does not draw the marshal's baton out of his knapsack, it is to be his own fault. Till very recently it was not possible for a boy to resume his studies, on entering the *lycée*, at the exact point where he had stopped them on leaving his own parish school. He learned no Latin at the parish school; and if he came to the *lycée* and wished to begin Latin from the beginning, he must be put back to the eighth class, which in all other subjects would be too elementary for him. The remedy has been found in the deferring of Latin till the fifth class of the *lycée*; and steps are being taken to develop the system of bursaries and scholarships, so that poor boys may have abundant facilities for passing from Board School to High School. Perhaps our English remedy would have been not to defer Latin in the *lycée*, but to introduce it in the elementary school. But the French draw a hard and fast line between primary and secondary education. No subject is taught in the primary schools that is not deemed absolutely necessary for all citizens; and all the subjects that are to be studied by a boy at school are introduced to him in his very first year. Reading, writing, arithmetic, French grammar, French history,

and general geography, these six studies make up the entire literary programme. The child receives in his first year a sketch which he fills up in detail during the later years. The difference between the first and the third year is simply between an elementary and a complete way of treating the same subject. These main outlines are the code for all primary schools. Nothing is fixed and rigid, however, except the main outlines. The primary system of education in France is on the whole a system of local self-government. Within the bounds of the general programme, each department may fix the books and subjects for its own schools in its own way. There is an *Organisation Pédagogique des Écoles Publiques du Département de la Seine*, and similar local codes for the other eighty-six departments of France. Our neighbors are at present in somewhat the same critical position in which we found ourselves in 1870, when Mr. Forster's Act was passed. They are adopting great changes in popular education, and they are fully alive to the difficulties of the question. Some of our English solutions they reject very emphatically. M. Buisson, the writer of a small pamphlet, *L'Instruction Primaire en Angleterre*, which caused some stir last year in educational circles, condemns our system of "grants" or "payment by results," as "encouraging both among teachers and among parents a mercenary spirit, little adapted to raise the intellectual level of the English masses." The French way of rewarding a good teacher is to promote him from a provincial school to a Parisian, or to make him an inspector. A more important difference at the present crisis is in the treatment of religion in the school. Till now, the French schools, primary and secondary, have been far more demonstratively religious than our own. Thousands of their teachers have been clerical; and the crucifix and the virgin have been included, with tables, chairs, and clocks, as part of the ordinary furniture of a school. Only a few months ago M. Hérold, the Prefect of the Seine, gave general offence, and brought on Gambetta's Government a not undeserved censure from the Senate, by sweeping all these emblems out of the primary schools of Paris in a fool-

ish fit of iconoclasm. But, "if that in the green tree, what in the dry?" The present change in the law will go beyond M. Hérold; it will exclude even the English "time-table." The experiment of a purely secular education is about to be made by a nation, which, unhappily, shows no great desire for anything beyond it. However un-Roman our creed, we cannot regard it as clear gain to France to have dismissed from her schools the enthusiasm and energy of her countless clerical teachers of both sexes. Our best consolation is, perhaps, to look at the enthusiasm of the lay teachers in Paris and Lyons, who conduct the nightly classes of the Association Philotechnique, the Association Polytechnique, or the Union Française de la Jeunesse. These are voluntary associations of educated people, many of them wealthy and in office, who do not grudge to transform themselves into unpaid amateur teachers of adult ignoramus. They have brought knowledge within the reach of thousands who were never on speaking

terms with their school-master; and they are living proofs of the affinity between enlightenment and democracy. The societies themselves are the offspring of popular Revolutions. The political zeal of 1830, overflowing into an educational channel, produced the Association Polytechnique. The Philotechnique, which dates from 1848, and the Union Française, which dates from 1875, had a similar origin. It would be absurd to look on these simple societies as the salvation of France; but they are useful as pointing out where the hope may lie. They point to a store of humanitarian enthusiasm, which has survived the most extreme scepticism in theology, and preserved the essence of Christian charity. A nation whose "better classes" are of this mind has a heart as well as a head. Even if at present it seem to wish for no religion at all, it has the stuff out of which religion is made; and a time may come when it will be more guided by visions of goodness than by phantoms of glory. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

WHAT critics have said about authors, and what authors have said about critics, is a topic that might be treated of with more learning than Mr. Jennings has displayed in a little work on the "Curiosities of Criticism" (Chatto & Windus). He has written chiefly about modern and English critics. He has not gone back to the fine old quarrels in which Callimachus, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius were mixed up. At the Court of the Ptolemies, poets and their rivals behaved much as they did at the Court of Louis XIV. They made fun of each other's legs, and verses, and compared each other to the scavenger bird of Egypt. Envy was then believed by Callimachus, as by Balzac, and by authors at large, to be the motive power of criticism. The quarrel in Greece was so old as to have become proverbial, and when Plato quotes the lines about "poets hating poets, and potters potters," he was doubtless thinking of feuds between the poets who succeeded and were popular and the poets who failed and

said disagreeable things. The philosophers were no better. Several Platonic dialogues are really criticisms of the popular Sophists, by the Sophist whose unpopularity ultimately took the strong shape of a dose of hemlock. There are few better examples of the "candid friend" style of criticism than the passages in which Aristotle reviews the Platonic theory of ideas. Later criticism at Alexandria produced the exuberant spitefulness of Zoilus and the meddlesome activity of Zenodotus. Aristarchus became the patron of all sound criticism, and commentators preferred being wrong with him to being right with Aristophanes. French society, from the age of Boileau to that of Paul de St. Victor, would have provided Mr. Jennings with abundance of anecdotes. Molière and his critics alone would supply material for a very curious and amusing chapter; and the quarrels of classicists and romanticists, of Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, of the critics who write and run away, and of the critics who cross

swords, might have been made no less entertaining. The mere name of Pope suggests a whole literature, at which Mr. Jennings has glanced, of spiteful criticism. But he has preferred to deal, as a rule, with the feuds of our own century—with Keats and the *Quarterly*, Mr. Tennyson and the same censor, Mr. Gilbert and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In any active literary age it must needs be that offences come. In such ages criticism is a profession. Now all professions, from acting to medicine, have their jealousies; but it is not the business of other professions to be perpetually talking. This is the business of criticism, and so the troubled waters are constantly being stirred over again, and the mud is brought up to the top. Criticism is an art practised on the most sensitive of all human beings—poets, and men of letters. No other class is so ready or so able to cry out when it is hurt, and Mr. Jennings has made an amusing selection of the cries of injured vanity. Swift called "the true critic" "a dog at the feast." Ignorance, he said, is the father of criticism; noise, impudence, pedantry, ill-manners, are her offspring. Mr. Ruskin, that gentle critic who has scalped Guido, Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Mr. Whistler, is, in his milder moods, of the opinion that criticism is a piece of bad breeding. Goldsmith thought that "by one false pleasantry the future peace of a worthy man's life is disturbed." And this is the incessant charge against critics, that they poison the existence of authors, good and bad. The accusation seems to have very little sense in it. Authors are really engaged, voluntarily, in a kind of game. They throw down the challenge to the critic, they are miserable if he does not take it up, and they become half wild with rage if his verdict is not favorable. Experience, by this time, might teach even authors that critics have little power to make or mar.

Let a book be good or bad, if it has the element of popularity in it it will succeed, in spite of the righteous or unrighteous wrath of reviewers. And, if a book has not the salt of popularity in it, no amount of favorable or even of gushing notices will rescue it from neglect. Every great poet of the century—except, perhaps, Scott—was violently attacked in

his beginnings. It was partly pedantry, partly dulness, partly political spite, that caused the *Edinburgh Review* to speak of "Christabel" as "a miserable piece of coxcombry and shuffling;" while the thin and precious volume that contains "Kubla Khan" was "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty."

With one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn." This blatant nonsense no more harmed Coleridge than Jeffrey's "This will never do" harmed Wordsworth. Though the world is weary of the story of Keats and the *Quarterly*, we are obliged to agree with Mr. Jennings that the Reviewer did harm the poet. The publishers of "Hyperion" (Taylor & Hessey, 1820) say "the poem was intended to be of equal length with "Endymion," but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding," and thus a narrow and prejudiced criticism caused a heavy loss to literature. And yet even now a fair judge will admit that the *Quarterly* Reviewer did hit a number of terrible blots in "Endymion." It would have been a misfortune if Keats's first work had been eagerly applauded, and if all contemporary versifiers had followed the worst examples of his bad early manner. There was a good deal of truth in the remark, "he wanders from one subject to another, from the associations, not of ideas, but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn." Chapman had set the example of the same false method in his translation of the *Odyssey*.

But if Keats's energy was relaxed by the abuse of critics, we scarcely can remember another example in which malicious or just criticism stood in the way of a good book, or prevented a bad one from attracting its congenial audience. Of the latter process a rare example is Macaulay's crushing exposure of Robert Montgomery. Of the former we see a kind of trace when Shelley complains, after an assault by the *Quarterly*, "my

faculties are shaken to atoms and torpid; I can write nothing." The real mischief which even sound criticism does is to check spontaneity. A writer may be warned of a fault and may accept the warning, but his natural power is abated for the moment; he thinks of his paces, and, if we may say so, is thrown out of his stride. But this sort of effect soon passes away, and the results of criticism may, in the long run, prove salutary. That righteous judgment does not interfere with a bad book's vogue we see every day in the illustrious example of certain novelists. To take an example of the other sort, a powerful critic long ago informed the author of "A Daughter of Heth" that, whatever he might succeed in, one field was closed against him—the field of fiction." But this prophecy has been eminently unfulfilled. Again, it often happens that a new book, novel or poem, is very much to the taste of the critics. The press is unanimous in its praise. The author's heart rejoices; he looks forward to many editions, and thinks that even on the system of "half-profits" there must be money for him. But the public has not agreed with the reviewers, and the publishers' books show a sale of some fifty copies, and an alarming deficit. Authors should reflect on these verities, and so learn to bear criticism without screaming aloud or writhing in silent anguish. And yet, though no one knows better than the critic the truths which we have advanced, it is probable that critics, next to really great poets, themselves suffer most keenly from unfavorable reviews. These are the amiable inconsistencies of human nature.

The ingratitude of poets has often left us mourning. Mr. Tennyson has altered or suppressed almost all the passages in his volume of 1833 which the critics pointed out to his notice. The "wealthy miller's mealy face" is no longer affectionately compared to "the moon in an ivy-tod," whatever an "ivy-tod" may be. His chestnut buds are no longer "gummy." "Then leaped a trout" has taken the place of "a water-rat from off the bank." The famous passage about

One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat

Slowly,—and nothing more,

which provoked the flippant inquiry, "What more would she like?" has been modified. An ecstatic address to "Darling room, my heart's delight," is omitted altogether, and, in short, Mr. Tennyson has usually accepted the advice even of unfriendly critics. Yet he has never shown any fervent gratitude, and even wrote fifty years ago an angry little poem on "Fusty Christopher."

We, in our humble way, are suffering from a want of kindly recognition. Two years ago we reviewed Mr. John Payne's privately printed translation of Villon's poems. While we found much to admire, we had to say that the version of the famous "Ballad of Old Time Ladies" was perhaps the worst ballade ever written. We did not like the expression "the middle modern air" from which Thais is supposed to hide. It did not seem a natural expression in Villon's mouth. "*Heloisa the staid*" seemed not to be well fitted with an epithet. We disliked "the queen whose orders were" to the effect that Buridan should be drowned. And we complained that "But what has become of last year's snow?" was a poor rendering of *Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?* Mr. Payne has just republished his Villon, in a form suited to a "squeamish" modern taste, which dislikes the free filth of the Parisian burglar, when rendered, in cold blood, into English. The new volume deserves, and, we hope, will obtain, popularity. But while Mr. Payne has altered all but one of the peculiarities which offended us in his ballade, he does not seem the more grateful. He accuses us of probably being familiar with only one text of Villon (M. Lacroix's, 1877), and of not having taken the trouble to make ourselves "adequately acquainted with the subject under review." This unkindness is just what critics must expect. But still Mr. Payne has tried to act on our ignorant advice. For "Hides from the middle modern air" he now reads "cousins german in beauty rare," which is much more accurate. For "where is Heloisa the staid?" he writes, "where did the learned Heloisa vade?" Vade is a charming word, though Webster says "it is obsolete or not used." Mr. Payne might have written "wade" or "fade," but "vade" is certainly more old fashioned. As for

"the queen whose orders were," she has become "the queen who willed whilere." And, instead of making "where" rhyme to "were," "wear," "where" (repeated), Mr. Payne now calls our Lady, "virgin debonair." Thus criticism has

had some effect on him (which is in itself a curiosity), but has not begotten a spirit of friendly gratitude. The critic must be satisfied, then, with doing good, careless of its recognition.—*Saturday Review*.

HOW SOME AUTHORS WORK.

INTELLIGENT people are generally curious about authors and authorship. They long to know how certain ideas originated in the minds of the writers. Was such and such a book composed under the influence of sudden inspiration, or was it the slow product of laborious thought? Was it written off at once without stop or stay, or was it corrected and revised with years of anxious care? There are indeed few things more interesting, though few more difficult, than to trace the growth of a book from its first conception till it develops into full life and vigor. For the growth is different in different minds, and authors are peculiarly chary of lifting the veil, and letting outsiders penetrate behind the scenes.

It is only comparatively recently that we knew to a certainty how the idea of "Adam Bede" began to arise in George Eliot's mind. The usual report was that the Quakeress, Dinah Morris, was literally "copied" from Elizabeth Evans, George Eliot's aunt, who had been a female preacher at Wirksworth in Derbyshire. But from George Eliot's own account, given in her letter to Miss Sarah Hennell, we find what the facts of the case really were. She only saw her aunt for a short time. Elizabeth Evans was then a "tiny little woman about sixty, with bright, small, dark eyes, and hair that had been black, but was now gray;" of a totally different physical type from Dinah. For a fortnight, Elizabeth Evans left her home and visited her niece in Warwickshire. One sunny afternoon, she happened casually to mention that in her youth she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution. "This incident," adds George Eliot, "lay on my mind for years, as a dead germ apparently, till

time had made a *nidus* in which it could fructify. It then turned out to be the germ of 'Adam Bede.'" We may take this very remarkable account as a fresh proof of the adaptive faculty of genius. A slight newspaper paragraph; a passing word in ordinary conversation; a sentence in a book; a trifling anecdote, may suggest ideas which will eventually blossom out into volumes of intense interest. That germ is, however, the root of the matter; it is the mainspring on which the whole depends.

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, tells us that when he was a very young man, and had very little experience, he was reading on a coach-box an account of some gigantic trees. One of them was described as sound outside; but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. "If a boy should climb up, bird-nesting, into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first, and never be heard of again." "Then," he adds, "it struck me what an appropriate end it would be for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box, I had thought out 'Lost Sir Masingberd.' Such a process lasted for a shorter time with Mr. Payne than with the majority of novelists; with many, the little seed might have germinated for years before it brought forth fruit. Yet Mr. Payne is remarkable for the clearness and coherency of his plots; they always hang well together, and have a substantial backbone.

Other writers do not lay so great a stress on plots. Dickens's plots are rambling and discursive in the extreme. They resemble a high road that winds, now into a green lane, now up a steep hill, and now down to a broad valley, while we are quite unable to tell how we arrived there. His personages are his strong point; it was they who haunted his imagination day and night. He

wrote under strong pressure, and with an intense consciousness of the reality of his men and women. For the time being, he lost his own identity in that of the creations of his brain. The first ideas that came to him were at once eagerly seized and committed to paper, without any elaborate circumspection, though he was at infinite subsequent pains to revise and correct both ms. and proof. With regard to Kingsley, we learn from his "Life," that none of his prose fictions, except "Alton Locke," was ever copied, his usual habit being to dictate to his wife as he walked up and down his study. Hence, probably, the inequality of his writings. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, generally out in the open air, in his garden on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words. And these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered.

Charles Lever was one of those authors who hated the drudgery of copying and revising. He says himself: "I wrote as I felt, sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad, always carelessly, for, God help me, I can do no better. When I sat down to write 'O'Malley,' I was as I have ever been, very low with fortune; and the success of a new venture was pretty much as eventful to me as the turn of a right color at *rouge-et-noir*. At the same time, I had then an amount of spring in my temperament and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy." Lever had remarkably little of the professional author about him; and his biographer tells us that no panegyric about his last book would have given him as much satisfaction as an acknowledgment of his superiority at whist.

It constantly happens that authors themselves prefer those of their books which the public fail to appreciate. This was certainly the case with the late Lord Lytton. In one of his letters to Lady Blessington, he says: "I have always found one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I felt in the deepest despondency about 'Pompeii' and 'Eugene Aram,' and was certain, nay,

most presumptuous, about 'Devereux,' which is the least generally popular of my writings." In the same way George Eliot was far more anxious to be known as the author of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' than of "Adam Bede." It is quite natural that authors who make composition a study, should pride themselves on those books which have cost them most pains and trouble. But these books are not always their masterpieces. The comic actor who is full of the idea that his forte is tragedy, suddenly and unexpectedly finds himself hissed.

Hardly any form of composition seems as easy as a good comedy; yet those theatre-goers who smile at the sparkling dialogue of *The School for Scandal*, would hardly believe the amount of thought and labor it cost Sheridan. The characters were altered and recast again and again. Many of the speeches put into the mouths of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are so shifted and remodelled from what they were in the first rough draft, that hardly a word stands in the same order as it originally did.

Of all literary workers, Balzac was certainly the most extraordinary in his *modus operandi*. At first, he would write his novel in a few pages—hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few columns of print, pasted in the middle of half a dozen blank sheets in such a way that there was an immense margin left all round. On this margin, Balzac would begin to work, sketching the personages of the story, interpolating the dialogue, perhaps even completely altering the original design of the book. Horizontal, diagonal, and vertical lines would run everywhere; the paper would be scrawled over with asterisks, crosses, and every kind of mark. The dreams of the unlucky printers must surely have been haunted by those terrible sheets, besprinkled with all the signs of the zodiac, and interspersed with long feelers like the legs of spiders. To decipher such hieroglyphics must indeed have been no enviable task. Four or five times this process was repeated, until at last the few columns had swelled into a book; and the book, in its turn, never went through a fresh edition without being revised by its over-scrupulous crea-

tor, "who sacrificed a considerable portion of his profits by this eccentric plan of building up a book."

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing—submitting her rough sketch to her father, then copying and altering many times, till no one page of her "*Leonora*" stood at last as it did at first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought, and her haste to appear in print. She found that there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that even if she did alter, she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbott's maxim, "To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you."

We have a very different style and a different result in Charlotte Brontë's toil in authorship.* She was in the habit of writing her first drafts in a very small square book or folding of paper, from which she copied with extreme care. Samuel Rogers's advice was, "To write a very little and seldom—to put it by—and read it from time to time, and copy it pretty often, and show it to good

judges." Another contemporary author, Mary Russell Mitford, frankly confesses that she was always a most slow and laborious writer. "The Preface to the *Tragedies* was written three times over throughout, and many parts of it five or six. Almost every line of '*Atherton*' has been written three times over, and it is certainly the most cheerful and sunshiny story that was ever composed in such a state of helplessness and suffering."

Every author must choose the mode of composition which suits him or her best. With some, copying may be but a needless labor; but to beginners it is almost indispensable; and the work which is not subjected to such careful consideration and revision is not likely to serve more than a temporary purpose. From this may be excepted the work of daily journalists and others whose writings are demanded as fast as they can be penned; but on the part of those who would aspire to do work that seeks a permanent place in the world of literature, much care as well as never-ceasing diligence is required.—*Chambers's Journal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN, THROUGH UNKNOWN COUNTRIES. By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the Author's MSS. by Alfred Elwes. In two volumes. With maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

It is no fanciful paradox to say of Major Serpa Pinto that, with scarcely any of the qualities that are supposed to be indispensable to an explorer, he has achieved one of the most remarkable feats of exploration on record, and that with absolutely no literary skill he has produced one of the most readable books of African travel and adventure ever written. A Portuguese cavalry officer, without experience of the hardships that are necessarily encountered in the wilderness, feeble in health, ignorant of every non-European language, unacquainted to a great extent with the experience of previous explorers, impulsive in disposition and of a violent temper, meagrely equipped with supplies, and yet so dainty in his habits that his daily morning toilet, even when on the march, involved the use of an

india-rubber bath, fine linen towels, brushes, sponges, and the finest Godfroy soaps and perfumery, it would hardly have been supposed that he had within him the qualities requisite to a feat which places him in the same rank with Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley; yet in his case, as in so many others, a resolute will and an unconquerable persistency overcame all obstacles—the obstacles which arose from his own personal deficiencies, as well as those which nature and "niggers" (as he always calls them) placed in his path. Of his narrative, which he has constructed with little expenditure of effort from his note-books and diaries, the main element of interest is autobiographical. There is plenty of adventure in it, of stirring incidents, strange scenes, and vigorous description; but throughout the book the most interesting particulars are the piquant and often unconscious touches by which the author depicts himself. The very personification of frankness, the Major keeps back nothing. Whether he is elated or despondent, whether he is thinking of home or laboring day after day in the almost hopeless attempt to

secure carriers, whether he is throttling a scoundrel and threatening to plunge his knife into him for smuggling slaves into the camp or subsequently repenting of his violence, whether he is racked with fever and rheumatism or "boycotted" in the Baroze country, whether he is repelled by the brutal sensuality of the natives or his own austere resolutions are almost overcome by the seductive wiles of a young African princess, whether he is discouraged at the faithlessness of his followers or sunk in despondent reflections upon his own errors of temper and judgment—whatever, in fact, may be uppermost in his mind at the moment, down it goes in his note-book, and the publicity of print has not terrified him into omitting or even modifying it. There is probably no other book in existence by means of which one can get so close to the actual thoughts, feelings, and sensations—the subjective experiences, so to call them—of the African explorer.

The actual contribution made by Major Pinto to our knowledge of the geography of Africa may be summed up very briefly. Starting from Benguela, on the west coast, he followed the usual and well-known caravan route to Bihé (the principal mistake made by the author is in assigning so much space to this portion of his journey); thence he went eastward and south-eastward to the Zambesi River, which he struck almost in the centre of the continent, a little below S. lat. 15°; descended the Zambesi to the confluence of the Cuando or Linianti River; and then marched almost due south to the Transvaal and Natal. The great western affluents of the Zambesi are his principal geographical discovery; though the very careful observations which he took with exceptionally good instruments throughout his journey will aid materially in determining the configuration of the entire interior of the continent. To ethnology his contributions are highly interesting and suggestive, though somewhat lacking, perhaps, in scientific precision.

In one respect the Major was remarkably fortunate; he succeeded in preserving and bringing home with him every item of his records and observations of every kind. As a result of this his volumes are abundantly supplied with local and general maps, charts, itineraries, etc., and the illustrations are among the most copious and useful we have had.

FIRST AND SECOND GERMAN BOOKS. By James H. Worman, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages in the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

Professor Worman is one of the few teachers of the languages who has a method of his own, and who has fully demonstrated the practical success of his innovations before com-

mending them to the public and the general fraternity of teachers. The method, as set forth in the two little books which form the subject of this notice, is essentially that of Pestalozzi, so long successfully applied in the schools of Germany; but to the main features of the original method the author has added several new features which represent his own improvements. The fundamental purpose is to teach the pupil to speak German at the same time that he is learning to read it, and the memorizing of dry grammatical details is completely subordinated to this idea. The text-book is entirely in German, and the pupil is not allowed to use a word of English in the class-room. Constant use is made of pictorial illustrations, with which the text-books are copiously supplied; the picture of some familiar object being taken as the subject of an easy conversation, such as might naturally occur in every-day life. Thus by concrete illustration the accurate use of every new word is learned, while the acquirement of the vocabulary is greatly facilitated by the natural operation of the well-known psychological law of the association of ideas. The grammatical structure of the language, though subordinated from the outset, is by no means neglected, as in many so-called natural methods now in use, which result at best in merely a superficial knowledge. Rules are given only after numerous examples have led up to and explained their use, and explanations of new constructions are introduced in the text and foot-notes as the need arises; so that the essentials of grammar are fully and systematically presented in the first book, on the completion of which the pupil is prepared to cope with the more complicated principles of the language which are unfolded in the same easy and progressive manner in the second book.

One who has seen the working of this system of instruction as conducted by Professor Worman in his own class-room may well doubt whether another could ever accomplish anything like the same results, yet if the contents of these introductory books be thoroughly mastered by any competent teacher of modern languages it cannot fail to lead to a decided improvement over the ordinary methods. The simple fact that in the same space of time the pupil is taught both to speak and to read the language is a sufficient vindication of Professor Worman's method, this result being seldom achieved by the usual modes of instruction.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D.C.L. Translated by John Durand. Vol. II. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The great work on "The Origins of Contemporary France," which M. Taine began

with his volume on "The Ancient Régime," has already exceeded the limits which he first marked out for it. According to his programme the second part of the series, comprising the history of the French Revolution, was to consist of two volumes; but the two volumes have now appeared, and a third will be required to record in sufficient detail the history of the Revolutionary government.

The present volume is entitled "The Jacobin Conquest," and tells by what gradual and insidious steps the Jacobins, "born out of social decomposition like mushrooms out of compost," seized upon the government which had already been overthrown and disintegrated by the enactments of the Constituent Assembly. The period covered by it is but little more than two years, extending from about May, 1791, to June, 1793; but these years are among the most important in the history of France, as in them the Jacobins rose from a club of insignificant agitators to be the acknowledged masters of the nation. The process by which this stupendous result was achieved—the process by which a miserable minority of the French people succeeded in fastening its yoke upon a great majority in whose eyes they were odious—is what M. Taine has set himself to depict; and it must be acknowledged that the theme is one which furnishes ample opportunity for his marvellous powers of analysis and description. Few things that he has written can compare in intensity and vigor with his analysis of the formation and psychology of the Jacobin; and in none of the previous volumes of the series are his patient accumulation of facts and his graphic lucidity of style shown to better advantage. The defect of the book as a work of art is that it is too exacting in its demands upon the attention, and too sparing of comment, illustration, or description; but, as M. Taine says in his preface, his object is not to draw a moral or exemplify a principle, but simply to portray a period and a people.

SYNNÖVE SOLBAKKEN. By Bjornstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the initial volume of a series which is designed, we believe, to include translations of all the more important of Björnson's writings. To Americans Björnson has been known hitherto only as a novelist, but in his own country he has attained at least equal fame as a dramatist, poet, journalist, and lecturer. In an interesting biographical sketch prefixed to the present volume, a list is given of his various works in these several departments; and of the poems and dramas, at least, we may expect translations, as well as of the novels.

"Synnove Solbakken" is the author's earliest story, and though it exhibits some of the crudities of a first work, it possesses much of the idyllic and romantic charm of "Arne" and "The Fisher Maiden," and is quite evidently the product of the same genius. No novel, probably, was ever constructed out of simpler materials. There is scarcely any character-drawing, or incident, or narrative or action, and the social life depicted is almost Arcadian in its simplicity; yet we are interested by the story in a way that eludes definition, and the whole picture which it brings before the mind is bathed in an atmosphere of poetry and romance. Professor Anderson's translation is to be commended for its facility and ease, but Mr. Forestier's renderings of the occasional lyrics are far from happy.

AMENITIES OF HOME. No. V. of Appletons' Home Books. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Books of this kind, telling people how they ought to behave to one another, are usually insufferable for one of two reasons: either they offend the *amour propre* of the reader by the implication of ignorance or boorishness on his part which is involved in specific details and direct injunctions, or they soar off into those glittering generalities which furnish no help in the way of suggestion or stimulus, even when they avoid the facile glibness of platitude. To steer clear of both of these sources of danger implies a good deal of discretion and skill; and it is no slight tribute to the anonymous author of the "Amenities of Home," to say that in reading it one forgets even that such difficulties or dangers exist. It consists wholly of just such advice and suggestions as a kindly, cultured, and gracious mother might give to her sons and daughters—precise enough to touch the personal deficiency if it exist, yet so genial in tone, so persuasive in manner, and so replete with the *savoir faire* which comes from knowledge of the world, that the most sensitive or conscience-stricken could find no legitimate cause of offence. The worst surface fault of the American people—the neglect of those little amenities which lubricate the wheels of society and lessen the friction of domestic life—is pointed out and exemplified in a manner to compel attention; yet the book is wholly free from either satire or denunciation, and is quite charming to read.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Institut de France has awarded the Prix Volney (for comparative grammar) to M. James Darmesteter, for his historical grammar of the Persian language.

PROF. HELMHOLTZ has collected his scattered scientific memoirs, which will be published in the autumn. Prof. Kirchhoff also intends to publish a volume of his scientific memoirs.

A FOUR-VOLUME edition of Rousseau's *Confessions*, preceded by an essay from the pen of Prof. Marc-Monnier, and illustrated by etchings by Hédouin, has been published by the Librairie des Bibliophiles.

IT is stated that the memoirs of Barras, which were the property of the late M. Hortensius de Saint-Albin, and which passed from his hands into the possession of his sister, Mme. Jubinal, will shortly be published in eight volumes. They may be expected to throw considerable light on the history of the Terror and the Directory.

THE Marquis of Tseng has lately thrown out a hint to his diplomatic colleagues which, if acted upon, will add a new feature to despatch-writing. In reply to the Imperial misssive ordering him to proceed to St. Petersburg in connection with the Kuldja affair, he telegraphed to Peking his acknowledgment in a couplet which, being translated, ran thus :

"My knowledge is scant, and my powers are frail.
At the voice of the thunder I tremble and quail."

DURING the last three months, three members of the Académie Française have died—MM. Duvergier de Hauranne, Littré, and Dufaure. The duty of receiving the successors of all these three would regularly fall upon M. Renan, who has filled the post of *directeur* during the past quarter. But it is said that, while he expressly reserves to himself the duty of welcoming the successor of Littré, in at least one of the other cases M. Maxime Ducamp will take his place.

"VISITORS FROM THE OTHER WORLD" is the title of a new work which Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who has done much to expose the chicaneries of spiritualism, has in the press. The book is intended to give a practical explanation of the means employed by the best-known mediums in producing those manifestations called spiritual, which have deluded many intelligent minds. On the other hand, a spiritualist is going to bring out a book called "The Occult World," based on his experiences in the East.

A RECENT number of the *Archiv für Post und Telegraphie* contained some interesting information concerning the circulation of newspapers and periodicals in Germany. The total number of papers to be obtained through the Post Office (the regular mode of distribution in Germany) is 7596, in thirty-one different languages. Of these, 5047 are German, 568

French, 469 English, 209 Austrian, and 128 American. Of the German papers, again, 388 are printed at Berlin, 230 at Leipzig, 76 at Munich, 75 at Dresden, and 70 at Stuttgart. The oldest paper in Germany is the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which dates from 1615; the *Leipziger Zeitung* first appeared in 1660.

THE *Bookseller* gives an extract from a pamphlet published in 1774 which offers some particulars as to the rate at which books were then bought by the British public. From this it appears that an edition of Addison, in four volumes, took thirty-three years to sell; and Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" were in print for thirty years. It is gratifying to find that Bentley's wrong-headed edition of Milton remained on hand for forty-three years. Pope's edition of Shakespeare was not exhausted in less than forty-eight years. Even the popular novel of the then popular novelist, the "Sir Charles Grandison" of Richardson, took twenty years to sell. It would, of course, be more instructive in reading such a list if it were stated of what these editions numerically consisted.

THE month of December has been fixed for the sale of the celebrated Sunderland Library, which consists of the collection formed by Charles third Earl of Sunderland, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The total number of volumes is about 30,000, most of them being in fine old morocco bindings, and many printed on vellum. Among the chief rarities are first and early editions of the Greek and Latin classics and of the great Italian and French authors; a superb collection of early printed Bibles in various languages, including a copy on vellum of the first Latin Bible with a date; many extremely scarce works relating to America; a series of Spanish and Portuguese chronicles; a series of English and French works relating to the political and religious events of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; etc., etc.

A SOCIETY has recently been formed at Rangoon, by a number of wealthy and influential natives, which has for its principal objects the establishment of a large library and the printing of the whole of the literature of Burma. For this purpose a capital of 600,000 rupees is to be raised in 100,000 shares. The greater number of these have already been subscribed. A committee is to decide on the choice of the books to be issued, and to superintend the editing and printing of them. The "Pitakattaya" will, as a matter of course, take the lead. This religious and literary movement is not confined to Lower Burma, and, calculated as it is to create and spread an interest in the literature of the country, will

not fail, if properly carried out, to enlist the sympathies, and possibly call forth the support and co-operation of Pali and Burmese scholars in Europe.

M. PROCHASKA, of Vienna, is publishing a series of ethnographical and culture-historical sketches of the populations of Austria-Hungary. The work is to be completed in twelve volumes. The first four will treat of the Germans—(1) in the Austrian arch-duchies of Salzburg and Inner Austria; (2) in the lands of the Bohemian Crown; (3) in Hungary and Transylvania; (4) in the Tyrol. Vol. 5 will deal with the Hungarians; 6, the Roumans; 7, the "Semites"; and 12, the Gypsies. The remaining four volumes are assigned to the different Slavonic nationalities in the monarchy. Vol. 5, from the pen of the well-known Hungarian philologist, M. Paul Hunfalvy, is before us; and vol. 6 is to appear at once. The other volumes are to be published as each is finished, without regard to the order in which they appear in the above list. Each volume is an independent work, and each author is responsible for his own volume. The Gypsies are the only nationality that do not furnish a description by one of themselves. Vol. 12 as well as vol. 3, is intrusted to Dr. Schwicker, favorably known for his historical works on South Hungary.

SCIENCE AND ART.

FLEUSS' DIVING SYSTEM. — Mr. Fleuss, whose diving system has already been fully explained in these columns, has recently had the opportunity of demonstrating before the Admiralty authorities at Portsmouth the advantages of his invention both for submarine work, and for use in exploring places full of smoke or noxious gases. For half an hour, Mr. Fleuss remained in a chamber specially charged with the densest and most suffocating smoke it was possible to produce. At the end of that time, he was requested to come out, for it was considered that the test had been sufficient for all practical purposes. The experiment has, of course, special bearing upon the extinction of hidden fires on shipboard; and it is probable that its success may lead to the adoption of the Fleuss apparatus as part of the equipment of every vessel in commission. The same inventor is projecting the construction of a submarine boat, which will afford no mark for the fire of an enemy, and which will be able to carry on subaqueous torpedo warfare of a most terrible description. Mr. Fleuss, by his diving apparatus and his smoke-breathing contrivance, has done what he can to save men's lives. He now proposes with his submarine boat to destroy them wholesale.

It is difficult to say that we wish such an awful weapon success; but we may express a hope that, in the future, the general acceptance of the principles of arbitration, necessitated by such an invention, will prove it in reality a boon to mankind.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A SIMPLE SELENIUM CELL FOR THE PHOTOPHONE.—Mr. Andrew Jamieson, Principal of the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, who has been experimenting with selenium in relation to its connection with the photophone, has recently brought a paper embodying his observations before the society which he represents. The form of selenium cell adopted by Professor Bell is of rather a complex nature, and certainly difficult for any one but a philosophical instrument-maker to construct. Mr. Jamieson points out how a most effective cell can be made by simple means; and the following is his manner of going to work. A glass plate or tube one and a half inches wide, and four inches long, is tightly wound at its centre part with two separate silk or cotton covered wires. The outer envelope of these wires is afterward removed by the application of a red-hot iron, so as to expose the metal. There is thus left a series of bare copper filaments, insulated from one another by the double thickness of cotton or silk still remaining between them. The cell so formed is now heated, and a selenium bar applied, which soon melts over the metallic surface. Mr. Jamieson has conferred a boon upon experimenters by showing them a very simple way of constructing a novel instrument.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE GABOON.—Hugo von Koppenfels describes in a letter to Mr. H. Ward the result of his very recent explorations in the Gaboon. On the Eliva Comi (an inland lake) he had met with the gorilla and shot a fine male specimen. He declares he has fully satisfied himself of the existence of hybrid forms between the male gorilla and female chimpanzee, and he would thus account for the many so-called species, many of which get local names from the natives. He found the Oschebas, visited by Du Chaillu, a harmless, though somewhat suspicious people. In the country about the Gaboon the mammalian fauna is poor; there are none of the large antelopes, giraffes, gnus, zebras, quaggas, rhinoceroses, gazelles, lions, etc., which abound in the interior, but the leopard is common, and the fine black variety, though rare, is now and then seen. Great wild hogs abound; otters and porcupines are common. Besides the man-like apes, the blue-faced mandril and the long-tailed dog-faced baboon are to be found. In the rivers and lakes there are hippopotami, which sometimes, but rarely, go down to the

ocean. The manatee, being much hunted for its delicious flesh by the natives, is continually decreasing in numbers, and will, in all probability, soon be quite extirpated. Of reptiles, there are two crocodiles, a leather-backed turtle, many serpents, among these the python, of which one was shot just 18 feet in length.

THE RAIN-TREE.—Some travellers in South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, were struck (says *Land and Water*) with a strange contrast. On one side there was a barren desert, on the other a rich and luxuriant vegetation. The French consul at Loreto, Mexico, says that this remarkable contrast is due to the presence of the *Tamai caspi*, or the rain-tree. This tree grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and possesses the power of strongly attracting, absorbing, and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere. Water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer especially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the rain-tree were utilized in the arid regions near the equator, the people there, living in misery on account of the unproductive soil, would derive great advantages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favored countries where the climate is dry and droughts frequent.

GROWTH AND WEIGHT OF CHILDREN.—Some interesting studies with reference to the health and growth of children have been made by Dr. Boulton, of the Samaritan Hospital, London; and, instead of taking the average of a large number of children measured once, he adopted the plan of measuring a number of children of normal growth, brought up under average circumstances, many times, thus ascertaining their rate of increase. By this means, the annual rate of growth was found to vary between two and three inches for each child per year. Dr. Boulton believes that when a child varies more than a quarter of an inch annually, or when his weight does not correspond with his weight within a margin of safety—put at seven pounds—then it is safe to conclude the child's diet is not good, or possibly some disease is lurking in his system. The curious fact appears that loss of weight always precedes the development of consumption.

STEEL ARMOR FOR SHIPS OF WAR.—Important progress has lately been made in the matter of armor for ships of war. The iron plates used for this purpose have hitherto been of such enormous thickness, in order to withstand the impact of shot of high velocity and immense weight, that ships had to be con-

structed of an unwieldy size, in order to bear the weight put upon them. Some experiments carried out with steel-faced armor-plates justify the hope that the old plating of iron will now become a thing of the past, and will be replaced by the newer and far tougher material. Hitherto, the armor has invariably cracked and split in all directions under the impact of the projectile, even if it succeeded in stopping its progress. The new plates not only shatter the projectile itself, but exhibit no wound beyond the dent caused by the collision. The steel-faced plates are made by a process not yet divulged, by Messrs. Cammell & Co. of Sheffield. The experiments on behalf of our own government have been followed by similar trials in France, with the result that the French ships of war now in process of completion will be protected by the new armor. The long-continued battle between big guns and armor-plates may therefore, for the present at any rate, be considered over, the victory being in favor of the latter.—*Chambers's Journal*.

INTERSTITIAL AIR IN PLASTIC SOLIDS.—It is known that gutta-percha in water of 60° to 70° C. becomes plastic; but, according to Professor Kick, of Prague, this soft gutta-percha is elastic to shocks, strokes of a hammer, or the like; while, under constant pressure, it will take the finest impression. This property, shared with other plastic masses, is due, he says, to *inclosed air*. Make two equally heavy balls of plastic gutta-percha, by simply working in the hand in water at 70°, and place one of them on pasteboard, under the receiver of an air-pump. While both balls, by reason of their weight, take a bun shape, that under the receiver swells up as the air is exhausted (sometimes to double the original volume), and gets wrinkled. If allowed to harden, then broken, the cross-section resembles bread in texture, while the fracture of the other piece presents only minute cavities. Very dense gutta-percha does not swell under the air-pump; but if brought into mineral oil and evacuated, it gives off air abundantly a long time, and after air is admitted into the receiver the gutta-percha will be found to have lost the property of hardening. A considerable development of air was also had from modelling clay, putty, and kneaded bread under oil in vacuum.

CAUSES OF SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.—From the inquiries conducted by Professor Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, for some sixteen years past, he ventures the assertion that shortsightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it and almost always is the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth. Myopia, as this ailment is called, is said to be of rare occurrence among pupils of rural or village schools, its frequency increasing in pro-

portion to the demand made upon the eye, as in higher schools and colleges. A better construction of school-desks, an improved typography of text-books, and a sufficient lighting of class-rooms are among the remedies proposed for abating this malady.

NEW PRODUCT OF THE GAS RETORT.—The ever-increasing importance of the by products of the gas retort—from ammonia to the beautiful aniline dyes—forms a remarkable instance of the value of applied chemistry. A new discovery in connection with these has recently been made by a Mr. Sanders of St. Petersburg. By a mixture of coal-tar, hemp-oil, linseed-oil, spermaceti, sulphur, and some other ingredients, he has been able to produce a material having all the properties of india-rubber without its disadvantages. It will bear extremes of heat and cold without injury, is very elastic and tenacious, and unaltered by long exposure to climatic influences. This last property would point to its application as an insulator for telegraphic purposes; and we shall doubtless soon hear of some trials of its capability for this work.

A GIGANTIC MAGNET.—An electro-magnet of enormous dimensions has lately been made by Herren von Feilitzsch and Holtz for the University of Greifswald. The case is formed of twenty-eight iron plates bent into horseshoe shape, and connected by iron rings so as to form a cylinder 195 mm. in diameter. The height is 125 cm.; the total weight 628 kilogr. The magnetizing helix consists of insulated copper plates and wires having a total weight of 275 kilogr. With fifty small Grove elements the magnet will fuse in two minutes 40 grammes of Wood's metal in the Foucault experiment. The plane of polarization is rotated in flint glass after a single passage, etc. The core of the largest magnet hitherto known, that of Plücker, weighed 84 kilogr. and the wire 35 kilogr.

A NOVEL TAPER.—M. Friedel has introduced a new liquid hydrocarbon, which, according to recent experiments, seems to be possessed of extraordinary qualities. It boils at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, gives a brilliant white light, unaccompanied by heat; and the slightest puff of wind will extinguish it in case of accidental ignition. The corner of a pocket-handkerchief, or even the finger, can be dipped into it, lighted, and used as a temporary torch without any injury to the novel wick. Owing to the cold produced by the rapid evaporation of the liquid, it would thus seem possible, by means of this new agent, to make one finger serve as a taper while stealing a letter with the others.

MISCELLANY.

HOW RUSSIA IS GOVERNED.—In directing the affairs of this vast Empire the Czar is assisted by our great councils, who superintend the various departments, but whose power emanates solely from the head of the State, and can be exercised solely through him. The Government of Poland is now merged in that of Russia, but Finland enjoys a separate and more liberal organization, under a Governor and a Senate partly nominated and partly elected by the people at large. Since the days of Nicholas, when everything in the shape of reform stagnated, the Empire has greatly advanced. Law-courts have been established in all parts of the Empire, and if the officials are notoriously corrupt and lax, this is mainly owing to the people themselves being wanting in foresight, firmness, energy, or that appreciation of the gifts vouchsafed them, which would speedily force the inefficient officials into a better train of work. Altogether, European Russia is divided into sixty governments or vice-royalties, each of which is a kind of autonomy administered by an elaborate machinery of self-government, and enjoying, in the case of the nobles and the peasants, an amount of freedom and independence strangely in contrast with the autocratic system under which the Empire at large is ruled.—*Countries of the World.*

HOW WE POISON OURSELVES.—Bernard, the great French toxicologist, made a series of experiments to illustrate, or rather to demonstrate, what bad air will do for us and what we can do with it. His object was not to prove that bad air was poison, but that it was a poison which we are able to take to a great and deleterious extent by gradual and continued doses. He proved it thus: He introduced a sparrow into a glass globe, all the apertures of which were hermetically sealed. The sparrow seemed lively enough for an hour, but then evidently suffered from the ill effects of breathing air that had already passed through its lungs. When a second hour had elapsed Bernard introduced a second sparrow into the same globe. It seemed stunned, and in the lapse of a few minutes died. The original bird was left in for an hour longer, when it dropped and fell. It was taken out apparently dead, but under the influence of fresh air and sunshine recovered. M. Bernard, in the interests rather of science than of the sparrow, cruelly restored it to the globe, when almost instantly it tottered and died. The application of this to the human subject is obvious enough. We are, at most English meetings and places of amusement, in the position of that first sparrow. We start with a fair field, and no favor. The gas is only lit just before the public are admitted; in

the dining-room the windows have been open till the guests arrive. In both something like hermetical sealing takes place, and there is gradual asphyxiation. If it were sudden, people would die, as the second sparrow died ; but being gradual, they get indurated like the first sparrow. They pant and gasp, and say the heat is intolerable, but they are able to stand it. It is not till the next morning that the headache asserts itself.—*Fireside*.

OVERWORK AND NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—

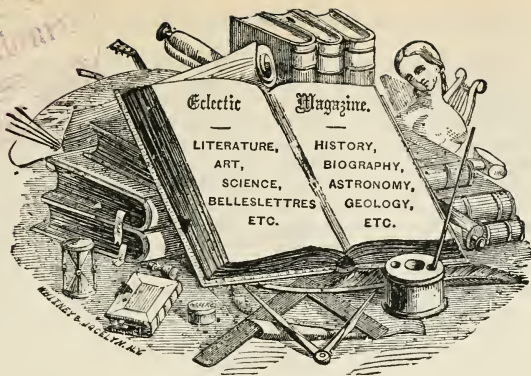
There is no disease so insidious, nor when fully developed so difficult to cure, as that species of nervous degeneration or exhaustion produced by nightwork or long hours. It is easy to understand how such a state of prostration may be induced. The brain and the nervous system have been very aptly compared to a galvanic battery in constant use to provide a supply of electric fluid for consumption within a given time. "As long," says a recent writer, "as supply and demand are fairly balanced, the functions which owe their regular and correct working to the fluid are carried on with precision ; but when, by fitful and excessive demands carried far beyond the means of supply, the balance is not only lost, but the machine itself is overstrained and injured—disorder at first and disease afterward are the result. This illustrates pretty clearly the condition of a well-balanced brain and nervous system, supplying without an effort all the nervous force required in the operations of the mind and body, so long as its work is in proportion to its powers, but if embarrassed by excessive demands feebly and fitfully endeavoring to carry on these mental and physical operations over which it formerly presided without an effort." The symptoms of nervous prostration are exceedingly painful ; we can afford to pity even the man of pleasure, who has by his own foolish conduct induced them, but much more so the brain-worker, who has been burning the midnight oil in the honest endeavor to support himself, and probably a wife and family, with respectability in life. He has made a mistake for which we can readily forgive him. In the pleasurable excitement of honest toil he has forgotten that the supply of work cannot be regulated by the demand or need for it, but by the power to produce it. He has been living on his capital as well as the interest thereof, and when he finds the former failing—when he finds he has no longer the strength to work as he used to do, and starvation itself probably staring him in the face if he ceases to toil, why the very thought of coming collapse tends only to hasten the catastrophe, and reason itself may totter and fall before the continued mental strain.

Probably the first sign of failing nervous energy is given by some of the large organs of the body ; it may be functional derangement of the heart, with fluttering or palpitation, or intermittent pulse, and shortness of breath in ascending stairs or walking quickly. The stomach may give timely warning, and a distaste for food, or loss of appetite, with acidity, flatulence, and irregularity of the bowels, may point to loss of vitality from waste unrepaid. Or brain symptoms may point out to the patient that things are going wrong. He may not find himself able to work with his usual life and activity ; he may have fits of drowsiness, or transient attacks of giddiness, or pain, or heaviness, or loss of sleep itself. This latter would be a very serious symptom indeed, for in sleep not only are the muscular and nervous tissues restored and strengthened, but there is for the time being a cessation of waste itself ; and if sleep be essential to the ordinary healthy man, it is much more so to him whose mental faculties have been overtasked. Long hours and night-work lead to loss of sleep, and loss of sleep may lead to insanity and death. Loss of memory, whether transient or general, is a sure sign that the brain has lost its power of healthy action, and needs rest and nutrition to restore it. Irritability of temper, and fits of melancholy, both point in the same direction, to an exhausted nervous system. Now I may safely say that there are very many thousands of brain-workers in these islands who are suffering, sadly and it may be silently suffering, from the effects of excessive toil and over mental strain. To warn such that they are positively shortening their lives, and that they cannot have even the faintest hopes of reaching anything like an old age, is only to perform part of my duty as medical adviser. I should try to point out some remedy for the evil. To bid them cease to work would, in a great many cases, be equivalent to telling them to cease to live. They must work, or they cannot eat. Well, but there is one thing that all can do, they can review, remodel, and regulate their mode and system of living.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

DESOLATION.

In fiercest heat of Indian June, I rode
Across an arid waste of burning sand,
At mid-day ; all around the lonely land
Seemed desert, and in shrunken channel flowed
The river ; overhead, a sky that glowed,
Not deeply blue, but wan with lurid glare.
The tyrant Sun, with fixed, unwinking stare,
Veiled by no cloudlet, in mid-heaven abode,
And crushed all Nature with his blinding ray ;
No living thing was to be seen, but one
Huge alligator ; on a sandbank prone
The loathly saurian, basking and serene,
Grim master of that grim, unlovely scene,
Fit type of utter desolation, lay.

H. C. I.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIV., No. 4. }

OCTOBER, 1881.

{ Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

THE FIELDS OF CONFLICT BETWEEN FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

I. SCIENTIFIC. 2. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL. 3. ETHICAL.*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR PLUMPTRE. *

It lies in the nature of the case, that a subject so comprehensive as that which I have undertaken to bring before you, can only be dealt with, in the limits to which I must confine myself, somewhat superficially. My aim is not so much to discuss anything fully myself, as to suggest points which may be profitably discussed by you. I content myself this evening with the humble but useful functions of that stone which "*excors ipsa secandi*" may yet serve to give a keener edge to the polished weapons of other intellects. If I were to hazard a more ambitious comparison, I would venture to compare my task to that of Bacon, when, in his "Advancement of Learning," he surveys in each

region of knowledge what had been already achieved with greater or less success, and what was noted by him as still defective. The conflict of which I have to speak is no new one. It has been carried on in our own country under various forms and in various phases from the days of Hume and Gibbon, Butler and Paley, perhaps even, going back for another century, from those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury on the one side, and Grotius on the other. It may not be without profit to inquire what have been the results of the long campaign; what outposts have been lost or won; how far we may yet go round the walls of that Zion which we hold to be the city of God, and count its towers and bulwarks, with the feeling that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, that its defenders have been both wise

* A paper read at a Conference of the Christian Evidence Society at Sion College, June 16th, 1881.

and brave, and that its sentinels have not been sleeping at their posts.

The character of the warfare has, indeed, in some respects, altered. It has become on both sides more civilized and more courteous. The combatants do not enter battle as in the war-paint and with the war-cries of barbaric tribes, but for the most part in the temper of those ancient knights who before and after they fought with lance or sword exchanged their salutations of mutual kindness and respect.* We seldom now speak of those who are unable to accept the faith of Christendom as an Infidel party. We use the term Theist rather than Deist, because the latter carries with it an offensive connotation from which the former is free. Though many men of science hold premises which logically lead to Atheism, no one, I suppose, except the junior member for Northampton, is called "an Atheist." We do not assume that all unbelief must spring from immorality of life, or look on doubters or assailants as consciously enemies of truth and goodness. We do not back up our arguments with anathemas. There has been, I need scarcely add, a corresponding change on the other side also. The religion of Christ is no longer treated, as in the coarser unbelief of Voltaire and Paine, as the work of priestcraft, and its preachers as impostors. For the most part, though there are some exceptions, we find the character of Christ regarded with reverential admiration, and the Christian Church treated as an important factor in the history of European culture. Renan ("Vie de Jesus," c. xxvii.) speaks of the former as "the noblest personality that has appeared in the history of the world—Çakya Mouni, perhaps, excepted." "Before such a demi-god as this we, in our feebleness, may well fall down and worship."

* Since I wrote the above I have seen reason to modify this opinion. What I have said is true of the leaders of the army, but the Secularist papers which are circulated largely among our working classes, show that the rank and file contains at least many who are so savage and brutal in their utterances that they represent what may be best described as "Condorcet filtered through the dregs of Paine." There are Girondists of unbelief; there are also Jacobins. Hebert and Marat follow still in the wake of Bailly and Lafayette.

"Whatever may be the unlooked-for phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed." John Stuart Mill ("Essays on Religion," pp. 253-4) is impressed with that character as "something unique in the history of the world, beyond the power of any such writers as the Evangelists to have imagined for themselves." The earnest author of the "Enigmas of Life," (Greg, "Enigmas," p. 202) admires Him as "the best and noblest of all the sons of men whom God has raised up with special gifts and for a special work." Even Strauss ("Leben Jesu," ed. 1864, p. 625), in the midst of his sweeping attacks on the credibility of the Gospel history, speaks of the Jesus of whom they tell as the man "in whom the deeper consciousness of humanity, the Divine Wisdom, first developed itself, as a power determining his whole life and being." Matthew Arnold has made the phrases which speak of the "sweet reasonableness" of the Christ, of the "secret" of His power to bless, as household words among us, and looks on the Bible as the most "precious of all books, the noblest of all literature." Tyndall ("Belfast Address," p. 7) records his belief that "it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that the doctrine of Material Atheism commends itself to his mind, that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell."

It is, I think, a question worth discussing, whether the change of tone which I have noted, works for good or evil on the interests of Truth. Are the attacks more dangerous because they are more insidious? Are these fair words like the lip-homage of him who betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss? Are we tempted to a temper of indifference to the inheritance, the *depositum*, of Truth, of which we are the witnesses and the trustees. Shall we say

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,"

or welcome those who thus speak as so far "not against us" and therefore "on our side." I will not shrink from declaring my own conviction that the change is one which we ought to rejoice in and give thanks for. The new tone—for new in great part it is—of Chris-

tian Apologists seems to me more after the mind of Christ, more in the spirit of that Love which thinketh no evil and hopeth all things. We may rightly cling to the great law as to the attainment of Truth, that "whosoever *willeth to do* the will of God shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," and that if any man so willing be for a time "otherwise minded," God will in His own time, in this life or after it, "reveal even this unto him." We may rightly check the tendency to condemn those who have not attained to that knowledge, as we listen to the warning, "Judge nothing before the time." Only when men's sins are as those that "go before to judgment," when the Apostles of unbelief are also the unshrinking advocates of lust, or speak in the language of the scoffers to whom nothing is sacred, because nothing is serious, may we pass from the language of courtesy and respect to that of the burning indignation in which at least one half of the army of our opponents will make common cause with us. It is, I am persuaded, no small gain that the defenders of Christianity should exhibit more fully than they have done in the past, the direct influence of the teaching and the character of Christ, that its assailants should, consciously or unconsciously, attest their indirect influence as leading to earnestness of purpose, nobleness of aim, and purity of life.

I pass from these prefatory thoughts to the three fields of inquiry on which I invite you to enter.

I. (1.) There is that on which we find ourselves face to face with the teachers of science, who see in its conclusions that which seems to them at variance with the belief of Christians in a supernatural Revelation attested by miracles, in the never-failing Providence that orders all things both in Heaven and Earth, and therefore in the efficacy of prayer as an element of spiritual life—who cannot reconcile the lessons they have learnt, as to the frame-work of the Universe, its *genesis* of growth and evolution, with the act of Creation which is postulated in the first article of the faith of Christians, or with the record of that *genesis* in the first chapters of the Bible. Each of these points calls for a few words of comment.

(2.) It has come, I believe, to be almost, or altogether, a work of supererogation to maintain, as against scientific thinkers, the possibility of a miracle. That possibility is not denied by any reasoner who has a claim to be listened to. Men have learnt to acknowledge—even apart from the assumption of a Creative Will—that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy; that they have not so measured and weighed the forces of the Universe as to affirm that there may not be laws as yet unknown bringing about unforeseen phenomena. What they do assert is in the tone of the scepticism of Hume, that it is more probable that men should deceive themselves, or have been deceived by others, in their report of the suspension of a law, than that the law should actually have been suspended; that theistic conceptions of the method of the Divine work tend, the more we study that work, to the recognition of the supremacy of law; that it is, as Goethe said, a blasphemy against the Majesty of the Most High, to think of Him after anthropomorphic fashion, as acting capriciously by fits and starts, and not by a law which is as unchangeable as His own perfections. Against this probability apologists have rightly set another which seems to them to balance it, and to leave the field open for weighing the evidence on behalf of any given miracle or series of miracles on its own merits. Is it more likely, they ask, also from the standpoint of theistic conceptions of the character of God, that He should leave His creatures uncared for and unguided, or that He should, in "sundry times and divers manners," reveal Himself to them? And if of those divers manners the witness borne by Nature, by Reason, and by Conscience, proved to be insufficient, if they were, at the best, but as *παίδεγγοι* leading to a higher Teacher than themselves, was there not an antecedent likelihood that He should reveal Himself in other ways, suspending here and there the laws which He had Himself ordained, or modifying their action by a will acting under higher laws, so as to arrest men's attention and authenticate the teaching, as of the prophets, by whom "He spake in times past to the

fathers ;" so also of the Eternal Son, by whom " He has in these last days spoken unto us ?" That line of thought seems to me a truer and more effective one, than to follow the reasoning which is the keynote of Dr. Mozley's " Bampton Lectures on Miracles," and to maintain that the uniformity of sequence of natural phenomena up to the present point of our experience affords little or no presumption of the extension of that uniformity beyond it ; or that the ordinary course of Nature is itself so full of the Supernatural, of unexpected and yet ever-recurring variations, that the miracles of Christ become but little more than a more advanced term in a continuous series of phenomena.

Applying ourselves, then, to the consideration of the miracles which are related in the record of what we hold to be a continuous revelation, there comes the question how far we ought to deal with them as standing all alike on the same footing. We cannot conceal from ourselves that there has been of late what we may call a tendency to minimize the supernatural even on the part of professed Apologists. The plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the sun and moon standing still at the command of Joshua, the miracles of Elijah and Elisha, some even of our Lord's works of healing, have been brought down to the level of unusual operations of natural law, or legendary exaggerations of usual operations. Men have dealt with each of these as though it stood isolated and apart from others, and weighed the evidence on which it stood accordingly. It is, I think, worth considering how far that method is legitimate or wise. Each man ought, of course, to have the courage of his convictions, and if he is inwardly persuaded that an apparent miracle was not miraculous, to say so regardless of results. But it is open to discussion, I conceive, whether it is not a truer and more rational method to lay our chief stress on the actual evidence, external and internal, which attests the crowning miracle of the Resurrection ; and if that is held to be capable of proof, to infer from it the reality of the supernatural power of Him who thus died and rose again, and from that the truth of the Gospel records as a whole, and from that again the ve-

racity of the Old Testament records, also as a whole, as postulated and guaranteed by the teaching of the New. I do not say that there are no cases in which we may legitimately admit an imaginative coloring, or the hyperboles of poetized history ; but what I have suggested seems to me, on the whole, the legitimate method at once of inquiry and of defence.

(3.) On another phase of the difficulties which present themselves on the side of science, I need not, I think, dwell at any length. We have, most of us, learnt by the teaching of experience, not to oppose our interpretations of the language of Scripture, nor even that language itself, as to the structure and the *genesis* of the material universe, as a final bar to the conclusions which science, as it advances in calm and ordered progress, has drawn from the phenomena of that universe. We remember how the discovery of the Antipodes, or the theories of Galileo and Kepler, or those of geologists as to the duration of the earth through long æons of pre-historic and pre-human time, were each in its turn received with panic and indignation, condemned as heretical and fantastic, at once pooh-poohed and anathematized ; and how, after a brief period of trouble and dismay, truth prevailed over fear, and men recognized in what they had at first rejected new disclosures of the secret wisdom of the Eternal. And we are not likely, it may be hoped, to be as those who pass through that experience, " learning nothing and forgetting nothing," and to repeat the unwisdom of our fathers. Most of us, I presume, are ready to deal with theories of the antiquity of man, or of his *genesis* out of lower forms of life, or of the orderly evolution which has transformed a chaos into a *cosmos*, on their own merits, to be judged, each according to its evidence, without weighting the scales of judgment by assuming that in this region of thought, as well as in that of man's spiritual being, the language of Scripture, or our interpretation of that language, is clothed with an infallible authority.

(4.) What has been known among us as the argument from prophecy comes under one aspect, within the range of the scientific argument against the mir-

aculous in general. Men have postulated the impossibility of prediction, have pronounced every prophecy which seems to foretell a distinct event to be a prophecy after the event, have made that a test of the date of whole books or sections of books. No scientific thinker, I presume, would postulate that impossibility now. As in the case of miracles in general, the objectors are sceptical rather than dogmatic in their denial. They dwell on the improbability of prediction, on the far greater likelihood that men should poetically represent a great event as having been foreseen by a divinely appointed teacher, than that there should have been that actual foresight. The question so viewed, belongs, therefore, to the second, not the first, of the subjects which I have noted for inquiry; and we have to ask, when a prediction is brought before us as having found a fulfilment, what evidence there is that it was written before and not after the event; how far it was within the range of natural human forecast, or represented the glowing dreams of a poet looking with rapt eyes into the mists and shadows of the future, or an actual apocalypse, the drawing aside the veil from that future, as seen in the eternal Now of the Divine intelligence, which, according to its wisdom, revealed the secret to His servants the prophets. We have learnt indeed, and wisely learnt, to take a wider view of the office of a prophet than that which satisfied our fathers. We see in them patriots, statesmen, poets, the utterers of eternal truths, the witnesses of a Divine order working through the seeming disorders of the world's history—men whose characters, hopes, aspirations, feelings of exultation or disappointment showed themselves as clearly in their writings as the varying emotions of St. Paul showed themselves in his Epistles. We come to interpret their words from a standpoint far other than that of those whose chief or only thought was that they foretold "the sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow." In many ways we are gainers by that wider survey. We gain more sympathy with the prophets and their work, a truer estimate of their relations to their own times. But it may be questioned whether here also there has not been a

minimizing drift of thought tending to deprive prophecy of the worth which apostles and prophets themselves ascribed to it. Are we prepared to surrender the whole cycle of Messianic prophecy as bearing no real testimony to the Messiah of whom it seems to tell? or to limit the prophet's range of vision to the horizon of his own times? or to see in that which goes beyond them only the vivid picture of a dreamland, of a golden age never to be fulfilled at all? I do not say, any more than I did before in speaking of the miraculous, that we may not rightfully see in much of the language of the prophets—as, *e.g.*, in the later chapters of Ezekiel, and in the Apocalypse, ideal representations which never have had, and, in the nature of things, never can have, a historical fulfilment; but are we to apply that solvent till all predictive power has been melted into nothing? If we shrink from that conclusion, how shall we reconcile the primary and the secondary meanings of a prophet's words, their historical with their spiritual and ultimate fulfilment? Is it enough, pregnant as the words are, to accept Bacon's axiom that all prophecy "hath springing and germinant accomplishments?"

II. (1.) I pass to the difficulties which present themselves in the region of critical and historical inquiry. Those difficulties have, I need scarcely say, assumed an almost new and immensely expanded character, even within our own memory. Sacred books have been examined with a microscopic minuteness. The external evidence has been weighed and declared wanting. Internal evidence has been thought to point to very different conclusions as to date and authorship from those which have been commonly accepted. "The Pentateuch," we are told, "was not written by Moses, but is a composite work, in which are embedded the fragments of many ages, from the traditions of the patriarchs to the Book of the Law, which was not found, but written, in the reign of Josiah. The historical books are in like manner anonymous compilations from many volumes of annals and genealogies. Ecclesiastes was written under the Persian or Alexandrian monarchy, and many of the Psalms belong to the age of the Maccabees. The later chapters of Isaiah were

the work of a 'great unknown' in the time of Cyrus, and the earlier contain numerous interpolations of the same date. Other prophets have been edited after the same fashion. The first three Gospels have no title to the names they bear, and are not contemporary records. The fourth is the work of a pseudo-Joannes in the second century. The Pastoral Epistles as a group, and the Second Epistle of St. Peter, are manifestly spurious. It may be questioned whether the same may not be said of the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians." It is obviously outside the scope of my purpose, within the limits of this paper, to deal with these questions in detail. My own conviction is that in Bishop Lightfoot's Articles in this Review, in answer to the author of "Supernatural Religion," in the works of Canon Westcott, Archdeacon Watkins, and Canon Sanday on the Gospel of St. John, not to mention those of other apologetic writers, there is a sufficient proof that in accepting the Gospels as authentic records, we are not following "cunningly devised fables;" that the Pastoral Epistles have in them unmistakable notes of Pauline authorship; that even the Second Epistle of St. Peter has, to say the least, a balance of evidence in its favor; that, at least, the greater part of the Pentateuch gives indications of an earlier period than that of the Monarchy or of Samuel; that the second part of Isaiah bears as distinct traces of coming from the author of the first as "Paradise Regained" does of coming from the writer of "Paradise Lost." One point is, I think, clear in dealing with these objections as a class, whether they concern the Old Testament or the New, and that is, that each must be examined on its own merits, and a true verdict given according to the evidence. We cannot meet the objectors with a *petitio principii* postulating the Divine inspiration and authority of the literature, or the library, which we know as the Bible, as a whole, and adding to that postulate the *à priori* assumption that every volume in that literature must necessarily have been written by the author whose name it bears. If it should be proved that Deuteronomy was not written by Moses, nor Ecclesiastes by Solomon, all that would follow from the

proof would be that personated authorship, apart from the *animus decipiendi* and for the sake of dramatic vividness, may be as legitimate a form of authorship within the circle of inspired literature as it unquestionably is outside that circle; that the purpose of the writers was to say to the men of their own generation, in a form they would understand, "So would Moses, so would Solomon, have spoken."

(2.) Apart from the question of authorship and of the truth of the records of events supernatural in their character, it is, I suppose, acknowledged on all hands that the history both of the Old and New Testament stands now on a firmer footing than it did a century ago. Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian inscriptions have been made to tell a tale before untold, and the result has been that the life of the Pharaohs, and Sargon, and Salmaneser, and Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar, has been brought into daylight clearness, confirming and throwing light upon the Hebrew annals; that classical inscriptions, and those of Jewish and Christian cemeteries at Rome, have thrown a like light upon the *origines* of the Christian Church. The Chaldean history of Genesis, the occurrence of the names of Omri, Ahab, Jehu, Menahem, Pekah, Azariah, Ahaz, Hezekiah, in the Assyrian records, the arch at Thessalonica, the stones of Cyprus, the *Columbarium* of Livia, may be taken as representative instances of the evidence of which I speak.

(3.) I cast a passing glance at two supposed causes of scepticism on which we have learnt to look as the vanished bugbears of the past. No one now dreams of suggesting, as was suggested against the labors of Jerome and Tynedale, the Revisers of 1611, and, I may add, those of the workers who have just brought their noble task to its worthy and honored close, that a new translation must, *ipso facto*, even if a better one, multiply doubts, and throw men into a temper of uncertainty. No one now imagines, as men did when Mill announced his 40,000 variations in the text of the New Testament, that the discovery was one which ought to be whispered in secret to the initiated, lest the faith of men in the teaching of that

Book should be undermined and shattered. Bentley's *Phileleutherus*, though it may be little read, still echoes in our unconscious ears. We have learnt from Bacon not to think that God can, be served or pleased "with the unclean sacrifice of a lie."

III. (1) In regard to the third class of difficulties—those raised on ethical grounds to the teaching of Scripture—the Apologist may, I think, rejoice that he no longer enters on his task heavily weighted as of old. The thoughts that widen with the years, the "survival of the fittest" in the history of dogma, the true development of Christian theology, have removed some of the dark imaginations which once clouded men's vision and views of the Truth of which they undertook to be the defenders. The dark shadow of Augustine and of Calvin no longer rests on our conceptions of the Fatherhood of God. The name of Athanasius is no longer identified with the Damnatory Clauses. The dogma that all unbaptized children are excluded from the eternal hope, which made Augustine known as the "*durus pater infantum*," and which our own Prayer Book but narrowly escaped,* has been banished to the limbo of extinct beliefs. We no longer think of the millions who have never known the name of Christ as sentenced to everlasting condemnation. Not to enter on vexed questions, there is a manifest drift of thought, including Dr. Pusey as well as Dr. Farrar, toward the belief that the mercy of God may work in ways we know not, after death as before it, illumining what is dark, purifying what is base, turning imperfect faith and knowledge into perfect, saving all who have not extinguished within themselves the capacity of salvation, that the gates of the Father's House are wide open day and night, and that in that House

there are "many mansions," homes for the greatest and the least of all in whom there is the "promise and the potency" of the eternal life.

(2.) And we have learnt also to take a truer view of the progressive character of the methods by which Truth has been revealed to men. We no longer consider ourselves bound to hold a brief, defending the character of lawgiver, patriarch, king, or prophet, as free from infirmities or sins. We recognize that the law of Moses was not a perfect code of ethics, or polity, or worship, that it contained much that was afterward to appear as the "weak and beggarly elements," in which the child was to be trained, but which the man was to outgrow, much that necessarily fell short of a perfect ethical idea, the choice of the lesser evil—as in the cases of polygamy, divorce, and slavery, and the treatment of aliens and foreigners, of blasphemers and idolators, of offences against person or property—"because of the hardness of men's hearts."

(3.) And with this recognition, or, if you will, concession, on our side, there is an ever-increasing *consensus*, "even our enemies themselves being judges," as to the loftiness of Christian ethics, and its purifying effect, in proportion as men have striven to live after the mind of Christ, on the social life of men—as to the work of the Christian Church, in spite of many disorders and deflections, as an element in the history of civilization—as to the unapproachable ideal presented by the life of Christ Himself. Doubtless we still have to face the inquiry, "If Christendom profess to rest upon that life, why is it yet so far removed from the greatness of that Divine original?" Doubtless the despairing question, "What is truth?" still rises from the lips of men as they note the disputes and heresies and sects, the persecution of the sword and of the tongue, of which Church History is full; the many "unhappy divisions" which still make the hope of a re-united Christendom as a far-off dream. We prove the authority of the Bible, and they ask, What then? What does the Bible teach? Something has, indeed, been gained when we are able to say to the questioners, "Search and seek"—examine the Bible for yourselves, exercise your "ver-

* The *Institution of a Christian Man*, one of the documents of the English Church in the early stages of the Reformation (A.D. 1537), speaking of Baptism, says that "infants and children, dying in their infancy, shall undoubtedly be saved thereby, and *else not*." The omission of the last three words in the Note attached to the Baptismal Service by the Revisers of A.D. 1661, is a striking instance of the development of which I speak, working even under what might have seemed the least favorable conditions.

ifying faculty" as you compare it with the Church's creeds, with local formularies of faith, with the witness of Reason and of Conscience—and, if you seek rightly, you will not fail to find enough to guide your life, even if you have to renounce the hope of solving all the problems of life and of the universe. The despair is minimized, is changed indeed to hope, when instead of anathematizing those who differ from us, as outside the limits of the Father's love, and offering our own theories as a complete presentment of Divine truth, we are content to confess that "now we know in part and prophesy in part," and to wait, with patient hope and large-hearted charity, till "we shall know even

as also we are known." But it remains true that though we own our shortcomings in these matters, we are wanting in the power which would be active and powerful for good, if we were, more than we are, as lights shining in the world, winning men as they were won of old, not by skill of speech, but by the beauty of a life; if to the force of individual example, we could add that of example corporate and combined, as seen in an united Church, a re-united Christendom. The true difficulties of faith, the most formidable weapons in the artillery of unbelief, are found in the unreality of our lives, the bitterness and triviality of our controversies. —*Contemporary Review*.

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES BY IVAN TOURGENIEFF.

In the beginning of the present year a new daily paper, *Poriadok* (Order), was founded at St. Petersburg, and in the *feuilletons* of the first and fourth numbers appeared two short sketches by M. Tourgenieff, entitled "Sketches from my Note-book; Reminiscences, Personal and Other." They are now for the first time translated from the original Russian. In a few prefatory lines the author warns his readers against identifying the narrator too closely with the actual writer. As will be seen, the sketches are complete in themselves; but there is reason to suppose that from time to time other tales referring to the same olden times will be published. Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which the portraits of Alexis and his wife are filled up, or the fidelity with which the language and style of the period have been preserved; and every effort has been made to give the English translation, as far as possible, the naturalness and simplicity of the original.

PORTRAIT SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

I.

ALEXIS SERGEIVITCH.—Many years ago there lived on his estate of Bleak Valley, about forty miles from our village, a cousin of my mother's, Alexis Sergeivitch Teleguin, a retired sergeant

of the Guards, and well-to-do landed proprietor. He constantly resided on his property, and therefore never visited us; but twice every year I was sent to pay my respects to him, at first with my tutor and then alone. Alexis Sergeivitch was always pleased to see me, and I generally stayed at his house three or four days. I saw him for the first time as a boy of twelve, and he was then already above seventy. He was born under the Empress Elizabeth, in the last year of her reign. He lived quite alone with his wife, Malania Pavlovna, who was some ten years younger. Their two daughters had long been married, but seldom came to Bleak Valley in consequence of a family quarrel, and Alexis Sergeivitch rarely, if ever, mentioned their names.

I fancy I see before me now the old house, the very type of a country gentleman's mansion in the steppes. Though only one-storied, it was spacious and commodious, having been built in the beginning of the present century of marvellously thick pine beams—such are nowhere to be seen in our degenerate days, but were then brought from the forests lying beyond Fiesdrienski—and contained a number of rooms, which, however, it must be confessed were rather low, and dark, because, in order to keep them as warm as possible, the windows were of the smallest dimen-

sions. As is always the case—or, to speak more correctly, as was formerly the fashion—the domestic offices and lodgings surrounded the house on all sides, and were separated from it only by a garden, small, but rich in fruit trees, and especially in transparent apples and pipless pears, while for ten miles round stretched the level steppe, with its fat black soil. There was nothing to vary the dull monotony of the scene, neither tree nor church-tower; only here and there a creaking windmill with its torn and broken sails. In truth it was well named Bleak Valley. Indoors, the rooms were filled with plain, substantial furniture; but one could not but be struck with a kind of sign-post placed near the window of the *salon*, and covered with inscriptions like the following: "If you walk round this *salon* sixty-eight times you will have done a mile;" or, "if you go eighty-seven times from the extreme end of the drawing-room to the right-hand corner of the billiard-room, you will have done a mile," etc. But what after all most struck a visitor who had never been in the house before, was the quantity of pictures, with which the walls were literally covered. For the most part they were copies of the so-called Italian masters, consisting of landscapes, and mythological or religious paintings. But as all these pictures had long ago become faded and warped, they presented, in place of figures draped in flowing robes, a mere series of flesh-colored blotches, or a roof-arch literally hanging in the air, or a straggling tree with a patch of blue foliage, or a huge apostolic leg of a dirty red hue, in close juxtaposition with a pair of sinewy thighs and fingers, off which the skin had long since peeled. In the drawing-room was hung, in the place of honor, a full-length portrait of the Empress Elizabeth, a copy of Lampi's famous picture, the object of especial reverence, I might almost say idolatry, on the part of the master of the house. From the ceiling were suspended some bronze chandeliers with glass lustres, very diminutive in size, and covered with a thick layer of dust.

Alexis Sergeivitch himself was stout and short of stature, with a puffy, colorless, but at the same time pleasing face, thin lips, and eyes that shone out bright-

ly from under his high arched brows. His thin hair was carefully combed back, and it was only since the year 1812 that he had left off powdering it. His usual dress was made up of a gray riding-coat, with a three-caped collar falling over the shoulders, a striped waistcoat, wide trousers of chamois skin, and high boots of dark red morocco leather with tassels in front, and covered with traced patterns in the shape of a heart. He always wore a muslin white tie, a frilled shirt, and cuffs with two gold English link-studs. In his right hand he generally held an enamelled snuff-box containing the finest Spanish snuff, and with the left leaned on a thin walking-stick, whose silver handle was considerably worn from constant usage. Alexis Sergeivitch had a nasal squeaky voice, and there was a friendliness in his perpetual smile, even if it did wear a somewhat supercilious and self-contented expression. In the same way his laugh was genial and soft-toned, with a low sound like that of jingling glass beads. He was punctiliously polite and ceremonious, after the way of the nobility in the days of Catherine; and when he spoke waved his hand slowly with a circular movement, also in the old-fashioned manner. In consequence of a weakness in the knees he was unable to walk, but hopped with a quick skip from one chair to another, in which he would suddenly sit down, or rather fall back softly like a cushion.

As I have already said, Alexis Sergeivitch went nowhere, and interested himself very little in the affairs of his neighbors, though he liked to have his house filled with company, for he was a great talker. The number of persons living with him was perpetually on the increase, and a host of poor boys in well-worn cossack tunics and clothes for the most part given them by the master of the house, were lodged beneath his roof; not to speak of a still larger number of poor girls in cotton dresses and with black kerchiefs thrown over their heads, who found refuge in a wing of the house especially set apart for them. Never less than fifteen persons sat down to table, so hospitable was he by nature. Of all these pensioners the most noteworthy were a dwarf, nicknamed Janus, or Double-faced, a Dane by birth, though

some declared him to be of Jewish origin ; and Prince L., who was not in his right mind. Contrary to the custom of those days, the dwarf did not act as jester, or in any way serve to amuse his master, but was remarkably silent, and of a gloomy, morose temperament, and if a question was put to him, would only knit his brows and grind his teeth. Alexis Sergeivitch liked to call him "the philosopher," and had a real respect for him ; at table he was always served immediately after the guests and host and hostess. "God," he would often say, "has seen fit to deny him His favor, and for that reason it does not become me to offend him further." "But in what is he a philosopher?" I once asked. Janus, I may remark, showed an invincible dislike to me, and if I only approached him would snarl out in an angry hoarse voice : "Don't let any intruders come near me." "God bless me !—how not a philosopher?" was the host's answer ; "only think, my dear sir, how well he has learned to keep silence!" "But how do you explain his double-facedness?" "Easily enough, my good sir ; he has one face for the world, and superficial observers like yourself judge him by that ; but his other real face he keeps hidden from men, and that face I alone know, and love him for it. You are satisfied with a hasty glance, and see nothing in his face, but I have no need that he should speak in order to understand him. I appreciate his very silence, when he condemns any little failing on my part, for he is the strictest of moralists. All this you probably will not understand ; but, believe me, I am an old man of the world, and I am right."

The past history of Double-faced Janus, hence he came, or how he first took up his abode with Alexis Sergeivitch, was a complete mystery ; but the story of Prince L., on the contrary, was well known. Of a wealthy and influential family he went up to Petersburg in his twentieth year, and entered a regiment in the guards. At the first *levée* he attended he attracted Catherine's marked attention, and stopping a minute before him she pointed him out with her fan to one of her suite, and said, in a loud whisper : "Only look, Adam Vassielievitch, what a beautiful youth—a perfect doll!"

The blood rushed to his head, he hurried home, ordered the horses to be put to, threw over his shoulder the ribbon of the order of St. Anne, and drove through the city with the air of a man on whom fortune has just showered an unexpected and miraculous favor. "Trample them down," he shrieked out to the coachman, "if they don't choose to make way!" The Empress was informed of what had happened, and an imperial order was issued declaring him to be mad, and giving him over to the charge of his two brothers, who immediately had him transported into the country and placed in the strictest confinement. They were only too glad to get his share of the family property, and took good care to keep him shut up so long that at last he really became mad. But they were not permitted to reap the wages of their knavery ; the prince outlived them, and after numerous delays and disappointments was released and given into the care of Alexis Sergeivitch, to whom he was distantly related. During his long confinement he had lost the faculty of speech, and only from time to time muttered a few unintelligible words ; but he sang old Russian songs to perfection, having preserved to the last the silvery freshness of his voice, and then each word was pronounced clearly and distinctly. At times passionate fits of something like madness would come over him, and it was awful to watch him, standing in a corner of the room, his face to the wall, and every vein in his bald head filled with blood ; he would break at intervals into shrieks of cruel laughter, stamp with his foot, and order "the malefactors"—meaning probably his brothers—to be punished. "Beat them well," he yelled hoarsely, as he choked and laughed ; "beat them well ; no mercy, but beat ; beat the misbegotten brutes ; my wrongdoers ! That's the way, that's the way !" On the day before his death he surprised and frightened poor Alexis Sergeivitch. He came into his study, deadly pale and unnaturally quiet, and then, making a profound bow, thanked him for all the kindnesses he had shown him, and begged him to send for the priest, since Death had come to him—he had seen Death with his own eyes—and the time had come when he must do ease to his

soul, and pardon all who had done him wrong. "But how can you have seen Death?" mumbled the terrified Alexis, as he observed that for the first time the Prince was speaking coherently. "What was she like? Had she a scythe?" "No," answered L.; "an old woman, simply dressed in a short jacket, with only one eye, and that eye without any lid." And the next day he died, after he had received the last sacraments and taken a kindly and gentle farewell of all around him. "I shall die like that," said Alexis Sergeivitch more than once. And in truth something of the kind proved to be his fate too; but of this I shall have to speak later on.

We must now return to the subject of our sketch. Alexis Sergeivitch, as I have before mentioned, associated but little with any of his neighbors; and they had no love for him, but called him strange, stuck-up, a scoffer, and a revolutionary martinet; indeed, the last of these epithets they were particularly fond of applying to him, though without the slightest idea what it meant. And to some extent, perhaps, they were right. Alexis Sergeivitch had confined himself to his estate for nearly seventy years, and during all that time avoided every kind of communication with government authorities, military officials, or magistrates. "The magistrate has to do with thieves, and the officer with soldiers," he said; "and thank God, I am neither thief nor soldier." He was certainly an original.

I never succeeded in really discovering what were his political opinions, if such a modern expression may be applied to him; but he liked to describe himself as an aristocrat, and was far more of an aristocrat than a country gentleman. He often regretted that God had not given him a son and heir "for the honor of the race and to hand down his name." In his study there hung on the wall, in a gilt frame, a genealogical tree of the Teleguins, with innumerable branches, and circles in the shape of apples. "We Teleguins," he said, "are of a pure old race; we never haunted anterooms, bent our backbones double, climbed palace staircases, received state wages, toadied for a good place at Moscow, or sneaked into a ministry at Petersburg; but remained

quietly each in his own home, each his own master, each on his own land—in our nests, sir, managing our own affairs. And if I did once serve in the Guards, I am glad to say it was not for long." Alexis Sergeivitch worshipped the old times. "I tell you, men lived then comfortably and respectably; but ever since the year 1800"—he never explained why he picked out that particular year—"the military *régime* has come into fashion. Our military gentlemen don some kind of plume with flowing cock's feathers, and are themselves forthwith transformed into cocks, with their tightly-throttled necks and eyes starting out, as they puff along half-strangled. Not long ago a police corporal came to see me on business. 'I am come to inform your honor—'. I suppose he thought to surprise me by calling me 'your honor,' as if I did not know we were of honorable origin. But I interrupted him. 'Respected sir, I advise you, before you proceed further, to loosen at least one button of your coat collar; suppose only you wanted to sneeze, what would be the consequence? I ask you, what would be the consequence? Why, you would split, and go off in powder like a puff-ball!' And then to see these military dandies drink! I generally give them *vodka*, for it is the same to them whether it is common *vodka* or Pontac; it all goes down smoothly and quickly; far too quickly for them to know what they are drinking. And to crown all, they have taken to suck tobacco-pap, and be always smoking. Your military fledgling sucks his cigar between his lips under his thick moustaches, and pours whole clouds of smoke out of his nostrils, his mouth, and even his ears, thinking all the while, What a hero I am! There are my two sons-in-law; one of them is a senator, and the other a curator or something; they now are always sucking their pap, and imagine themselves mighty clever for doing it!"

Alexis Sergeivitch could not bear tobacco smoke; and another of his particular aversions was dogs, especially little dogs. "Of course, if you are a Frenchman, you must keep a spaniel; you will then run and jump first to the right and then to the left, and it will run and jump after you, wagging its

tail ; but what pleasure can a Russian find in that ?" He was extremely punctilious and ceremonious. Of the Empress Catherine he always spoke in terms of gushing eloquence, and in the book-language of a court historian. "She was a demi-god ; no mere mortal ! Look, sir, only for one moment at that gracious smile," he would add, reverently pointing to Lampi's portrait, "and you will agree with me. Once in my life I was so happy as to be the recipient of that smile, and never can it be effaced from my heart." And he loved to tell stories of the great Catherine—stories which I had never read or heard before. One of them I will transcribe. Alexis Sergeivitch never allowed the slightest allusion to be made to her feminine weaknesses. "As if after all," he would say, "we can judge her like an ordinary mortal !" One day she was sitting before her toilet-table and the *Kammerfrau* began to dress her hair, when suddenly electric sparks were seen to fly out at the touch of the comb. The Empress immediately sent for her private physician, M. Rogerson, who happened to be in the palace, and turning to him said, "I know people condemn me harshly for certain weaknesses, but you see these electric sparks ? You, as a physician, must know that with such a nature and such a temperament, it is unjust to condemn me, I ought rather to be excused." The following event was one of Alexis Sergeivitch's favorite reminiscences. In his sixteenth year he was one day on duty at the palace, when the Empress happened to pass, and he immediately presented arms ; "but she," continued Alexis Sergeivitch, in a voice trembling with emotion, "smiling at my youth and zeal, was graciously pleased to give me her hand, which I reverently saluted, and patting me on the cheek asked what was my name and where I came from, and then"—at this point in the story the old man always broke down for a minute or so—"and then she ordered me to thank my mother in her name for having brought up her children so well. I could not have told any one whether I was standing on my head or my heels, nor have I to the present moment any idea how or whither she

disappeared ; but never shall I forget that proud minute."

I frequently questioned Alexis Sergeivitch about those old days, and the celebrities by whom the Empress was surrounded, but he generally avoided giving any definite answer. "What pleasure can there be in talking of the old times ? Then we were young and lusty, and now the last tooth has fallen out of our mouths. And yet they were glorious, those old days ; but they are gone, and peace be with them ! As to the men of that time, you wish me to speak of those rare spirits ? Well, you have often watched a bubble in the water ? While it is whole and unbroken, what glorious colors play on it—red, yellow, blue ; in a word, a rainbow of hues ; but, alas ! it quickly bursts and not a trace of it remains behind. And such were the men of Catherine's age."

Alexis Sergeivitch was a very religious man, and notwithstanding his failing strength, went regularly to church. But he was neither fanatical nor superstitious, and laughed at signs, evil eyes, and such uncanny phenomena ; though it is true that he did not like a hare to cross his path, and would make a long round to avoid meeting a priest.* At the same time he was very respectful in his bearing toward the clergy ; after service always went up to receive the blessing, and reverently kissed the priest's hand ; but he did not care to have any unofficial communication with them. "They carry about with them such an unpleasantly strong smell," he said, by way of apology ; "and though I, poor sinner, am by no means exceptionally particular, still their long hair is so long, and so terribly oiled ; and then, they always remind you of the hour of death, and I wish to think that I have many years to live. But, dear sir, I pray you, never repeat what I have just said. Honor the priesthood—it is only fools who do not reverence the clergy—and I am much to blame for talking such nonsense at my time of life."

Like other men of his rank in those

* To the present day it is considered very unlucky to meet a priest, and if obliged to pass one a Russian peasant will turn aside and quietly spit.

days, Alexis Sergeivitch had received no very brilliant education, but he did his best by private reading to repair its more glaring deficiencies. He only read Russian books, and of them nothing that had appeared later than the year 1800. All modern works he declared to be tame and poor in style. While reading, he always had near him, on a one-legged round table, a silver jug with a kind of sparkling minted *kvass*, the pleasant odor of which filled the whole room. Formerly he never sat down to read without first putting low down on the end of his nose a pair of large spectacles; but in later years he did not so much read as gaze thoughtfully over the rims of his glasses, and from time to time would raise his brows, press his lips together, and sigh. Once, to my considerable astonishment, I found him weeping, with a book on his knee. The old man had been touched to tears by the remembrance of the following lines:

"O miserable race of men!
Rest is to thee unknown!
Only canst thou find rest
When thou hast swallowed the dust of the
grave.
Bitter, bitter, shall be thy rest!
Sleep, oh dead! Weep oh living!"

These were the composition of a certain Gormietski, a vagrant poet, whom Alexis had taken under his protection, and regarded as "a delicate and even subtle thinker." Gormietski wore rosettes in his shoes, pronounced his o's broad, and was always raising his eyes to heaven, and sighing sentimentally. Nor were these his only qualifications; he had been brought up in a Jesuit College, and spoke French passably well, whereas Alexis Sergeivitch only "understood" it. But one day, this same subtle thinker got dead drunk in a public-house, and on returning home, proved himself to be a wild quarreller. He severely punished, or rather smashed, one of the lackeys, the cook, two laundresses who ran to help, and a poor carpenter who happened to be at work in the house, besides breaking several panes of glass, all the time shrieking out like a madman, "I'll teach these Russian rogues, idlers, thieves!" It took no less than eight servants to master him. Alexis Sergeivitch ordered him to be dragged out of the house, placed up to

his neck in the snow—it was in the winter—and left there till he should get a little sobered.

"Yes," Alexis Sergeivitch often exclaimed; "my time has passed, and I am like a worn-out horse. I too once wrote verses on my own account, bought books and pictures of the Jews, and modelled pigeons and geese, as well as any one. I had a passion for everything of that kind. True, I never took to dogs, and, as for drinking; well—only boors drink. But I was always fastidious in my tastes, and whatever the Teguins had must be of the best. And my stables were famous for miles round; the horses came—from where do you think, sir? From the celebrated stable of the Tsar Ivan Alexeivitch, brother of Peter the Great—my word of honor! Stallions, pure bays, with long flowing manes, and tails down to the hoof! But all that is past and is no more. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! And yet, why complain? To every man there is a limit fixed. Higher than the heaven thou shalt not fly, in the water thou canst not live, and on the earth thou must make thy home. After all we still live, somehow." And the old man smiled, and took a good pinch of his fine Spanish snuff.

He was idolized by his peasants; "master" as they called him, was good, generous and open-hearted. But they too would often speak of him as a worn-out horse. Formerly Alexis Sergeivitch saw after all himself, was constantly in the fields, in the mill, in the dairies, or the cottages. Every day he was to be seen in his light *droschki*, lined with raspberry colored plush, and drawn by his favorite horse, *Lantern*, with the mark of a thoroughbred between its eyes—originally from the Tsar's own stables—Alexis Sergeivitch himself driving, a rein tightly wound round each hand. But on reaching his seventieth year the old man abandoned active life, and handed over the management of his estate to Antip, the village bailiff, of whom he was secretly afraid, and whom he called Micromégas—a reminiscence of the days when he read Voltaire—or still oftener "robber." "Now, robber, how are things going on; got all the hay stacked?" "All, your worship." "Worship or no worship," the old man

would answer as he looked the "robber" straight in the face, "you understand, the peasants are my subjects entrusted to your care, and you are not to touch them. Let them but complain, and you know my stick is not far off." "The taste of your stick, father Alexis Sergeivitch, I am never likely to forget," answers Antip Micromégas, as he smooths down his beard with his hand. "That is right; only do not forget." And both master and bailiff smile grimly at the reference to the stick. In general, with his dependants and serfs, or subjects as he liked to call them, he was kind and gentle. It is not necessary to add that in those days the emancipation question had not even begun to be debated, and accordingly Alexis Sergeivitch, with a quiet conscience, ruled over his subjects; but none the less severely blamed those of his neighbor proprietors who were cruel to their serfs, and denounced them as a disgrace to their class. He divided proprietors in general into three groups: the clever, "of whom there are very few;" the stupid, "of whom there are more than enough;" and the dissolute brutes, "of whom there are sufficient to pave the streets with." Any one who acts unjustly or harshly to his subjects is a sinner in the eyes of God, and culpable before his fellow-men. Without doubt his servants and dependants lived happily, far more happily than his subjects who were under the care of Antip, notwithstanding the stick with which he threatened his viceroy. And how the house swarmed with pensioners of every kind! For the most part, they were old and sinewy, with bushy hair, querulous voices, and bent shoulders, and were dressed in long loose-hanging *caftans*. In the wing of the house devoted to the women, the noise of shuffling shoes and trailing dresses was to be heard all day long. The chief lackey was Irinarch, and Alexis Sergeivitch, when he called him, always drawled out each syllable—"I-ri-na-arch!" If he wanted any of the others, he simply cried, "Eh, younker!" and the one who happened to be nearest would answer. He never allowed a bell in the house. "Thank you very much," he would say; "but please do not turn the place into a public hotel." I never understood how

Irinarch managed it, but no matter at what moment Alexis Sergeivitch might call him, he appeared instantly, as if he had risen up out of the ground, and putting his feet close together, and his hands behind his back, stood before his master, with a morose and even sullen expression, but the perfect type of a zealous servitor.

Alexis Sergeivitch was charitable beyond his means, but did not like to be overthanked for his charity. "In what, pray, am I your benefactor, sir? It is not to you, but to myself, I am doing good." When angry or pleased he always said *you* and never *thou*. "If a beggar ask for alms," he used to say, "give to him once, twice, three times. But if he comes a fourth time, you must still give, only do not forget to say: I advise you, brother, to choose some means of livelihood, instead of always keeping your mouth open to be fed." "But tell me, suppose that even after that advice he comes a fifth time?" "Well, what then? Of course, give him something the fifth time too." All the sick who came to him for help were attended to at his cost, though he himself had no faith in doctors and would never allow one to come near him. "My departed mother," he explained, "cured all illnesses with a little olive oil and salt, which she applied internally or externally, as the case required, and it is wonderful how well it answered. And you know who my mother was? Think only; she was born in the reign of Peter the Great!"

In everything Alexis Sergeivitch was a thorough Russian. He liked Russian cookery; he liked the Russian songs, and heartily hated the concertina—"a manufactured toy;" he liked to watch the village girls in their choral dances and to see the village women dance. It is said that when young he himself was no mean singer and dancer. But most of all, he liked to steam himself in the bath, to such an extent that Irinarch, who attended him when bathing, having beaten him well with beech branches soaked in beer, rubbed him down with bast-wisps and linen towels, and washed him well with soap—this same faithful Irinarch, each time that he came out of the bath "as red as a new bronze statue," would cross himself and ex-

claim, "God be praised that I, His slave, am still alive; but who will save me the next time?" Alexis Sergeivitch spoke pure Russian, somewhat old-fashioned in style, but elegant and correct, and was fond of introducing into his speech certain favorite words, such as, God bless me, As a man of honor, My good sir; and the like.

But before I tell you more of Alexis Sergeivitch, let me say something of his wife, Malania Pavlovna.

II.

MALANIA PAVLOVNA was born at Moscow, and in her younger days was acknowledged to be the reigning beauty of the capital, *la Vénus de Moscou*. When first I knew her she was an old gaunt woman, with delicate, inexpressive features, a small mouth, protruding irregular teeth, a number of little curls falling over her forehead, and well-traced eyebrows. She always wore a high cap of pyramidal shape, with rose-colored ribbons, a stiff collar round her neck, a short white dress, and prunella shoes with red heels; and over the dress a blue satin jacket, with a loose sleeve hanging from the right shoulder. This costume was of exactly the same fashion as that which she had worn on St. Peter's day, in the year 1789. On that memorable day, then a young girl, she had gone with her parents to the Chodienki Plain to see the great boxing match, given under the immediate patronage of the famous Orloff. "And Count Alexis Grigorovitch," how many times have I heard the old lady tell the story! "directly he saw me came up, and, taking off his hat with both hands, made the lowest of bows, and said, 'My fair beauty, why is that pretty loose sleeve hanging from your shoulder? Can it be that you mean to enter the lists with me? So be it; but I warn you beforehand, you have already conquered, and I yield myself your prisoner.' And all round regarded me with envy and surprise." From that day she always wore the same kind of dress. "Only, I did not wear a high cap, but a cap à la bergère de Trianon; and though of course my hair was powdered, it shone like gold—oh, how it shone!" She was what may be called sublimely

stupid, and would chatter in the most ineane manner, perfectly unconscious that she was talking nonsense. This was especially the case whenever she spoke of Orloff. Indeed, Orloff may be said to have formed the crowning subject of interest in her life. She generally entered, or rather swam into a room, placidly wagging her head like a pea-hen, marched up to the centre, and then, pushing out one foot from under her dress, and daintily holding the end of the hanging sleeve with the tips of two fingers—no doubt a pose that had in former days enchanted Orloff—threw a proud indifferent glance all round, as became an acknowledged beauty, gave a little pettish snort, murmured, "Well, really!" as if some saucy cavalier had been making her an over-bold compliment, and passed on with a stamp of the foot and a light shrug of the shoulder. She had a tiny snuff-box, from which she supplied herself by means of a little gold spoon; and from time to time, especially when talking with some new acquaintance who pleased her, would raise—not to her eyes, but to her nose, for she saw perfectly well—a double eyeglass in the shape of a horse-shoe, which she whirled round and round her forefinger, and thus showed her white hand. Malania Pavlovna has described to me a thousand times her wedding in the Church of the Ascension—"such a beautiful church!"—and how all Moscow was there—"such a crowd! perfectly awful!" "And the archbishop himself married us, and preached such a lovely sermon that everybody wept; look where I would, nothing but tears; and the governor general came in a *troika* of magnificent bay-colored horses. And how many flowers and bouquets! a perfect shower of them!" Nor did she forget to tell me how a certain rich foreigner, rich beyond words, shot himself for love! Orloff of course was there. He came up to Alexis Sergeivitch to congratulate him, and said "he was a lucky fellow." And, in answer to these gracious words, Alexis Sergeivitch made a most charming bow, lightly waving his hat from left to right close to the ground. "I hope your Excellency will not forget that there is now a line between you and my wife which you must never try to overstep." And Orloff at once un-

derstood the hint, and was pleased with Alexis for giving it." "Yes, that was indeed a man, a wonderful man. And then, another time, long after my marriage, we were invited by him to a ball, and he wore the most beautiful diamond buttons. I could not help remarking and admiring them. And what do you think? He took a knife from off the table, and cutting off one of the buttons, presented it to me with these words: "You, *goloubouschka*—my little dove—have eyes that outshine a hundred diamonds; look for a moment in that glass, and you will see how dull my diamonds are in comparison." I felt obliged to look in the mirror, and all the while he stood close by my side. "Well, am I not right?" he asked, and fixed his eyes on me with such a glance. Poor Alexis Sergeivitch was at first confused, but I said to him, "Alexis, if you please, do not be foolish; you ought to know me better than that." "You may be quite at your ease, Malania," he replied. And those same diamonds I still wear around a miniature of Alexis Grigorovitch; you, of course, have seen it, my dear; I always wear it on holidays, sewn on to the ribbon of St. George; for he was a brave soldier and a valiant hero, a knight of the Order of St. George—why, he once burned a Turk alive!"

With all this Malania Pavlovna was a very good woman, and easily satisfied. "She never worries or annoys you," her maid-servant often told me. She was passionately fond of sweet things, and there was an old woman whose especial charge it was to see that there was a constant supply of preserves, for which reason she was always called "Sweet-meat;" and never less than ten times a day this woman would serve up on a china plate sugared bonbons wrapped in rose leaves, barberries mixed with honey, or sweet cakes dissolved in pine sherbet. Malania Pavlovna hated solitude, and was terribly nervous when alone; and she therefore always tried to be surrounded by a number of her pensioners, whom she would pray and coax to tell her something, and to sit down, "if only to keep the chairs warm;" and then they began chattering and chirping like a brood of canaries. Like Alexis Sergeivitch she was religious, and was very fond of reading

the prayers from the service book; but as she confessed that she had never been properly taught to read them, a poor priest's widow was kept in the house, who "read with such taste, and could go on for a century without once yawning!" And in truth, the widow possessed the rare faculty of reading any number of prayers without the slightest hesitation, or ever seeming to want to take breath, while good Malania Pavlovna listened with a pious expression that showed how deeply she was touched. There was another widow in her service, whose duty it was to relate *shazkie* (popular tales) to her of a night; "only old ones. I pray you," begged Malania Pavlovna, "for those I know; as to the modern ones, they are made up, and are mere inventions." Malania Pavlovna was extremely frivolous, and like most empty-headed persons was also very suspicious, and from time to time became possessed with the most extravagant fancies. For example, she never had made any open complaint against the dwarf, but was at one time haunted with fear lest in an unexpected moment he should seize her and cry out: "Do you know who I am, and that I am a prince by birth?" after which, she felt sure, he would burn the house down. She was, like her husband, very generous, by nature, but never helped her dependants or the poor with money—"she did not wish to dirty her hands"—but gave them handkerchiefs, earrings, dresses, or ribbons; or sent them a piece of pie or roast meat from the table, and sometimes a glass of wine. On holidays she liked to give a treat to the village women, after having made them dance before the house, while she beat time with her foot, and put herself into a series of the most bewitching attitudes.

Alexis Sergeivitch knew very well that his wife was stupid, but from the very first year of his marriage, had taught himself to behave toward her as if she were the wittiest of women, and as though he feared her sharp tongue. Whenever she began to tattle too much, he would hold up his little finger in a threatening manner, and say: "What a tongue! what a tongue! you will suffer for it in the next world! they will pierce it through and through with a red-hot needle!" And Malania Pavlovna was

not offended by these words, on the contrary she was flattered by them, and would shake her head in a deprecating way, as much as to say, "After all, it is not my fault that I was born a wit."

Malania Pavlovna worshipped her husband, and all her life proved herself to be an exemplary faithful wife. But in her earlier days she had "a tender attachment" for a young nephew, a hussar, whom she always declared to have been killed in a duel, of which she was the innocent cause; though according to a more trustworthy account, he got his death in a rather disgraceful tavern quarrel with one of his fellow-officers. To the last she kept in a secret drawer a water-color portrait of this interesting object. And whenever the name of Kapietonousk was mentioned, she took care to blush deeply; and then Alexis Sergeivitch, holding up his finger by way of warning, would deliver himself of the wise maxim, "Never trust your horse loose in the field, or your wife in the house. Don't talk to me of Kapietonousk, he was a regular Cupid." Then Malania Pavlovna would put on an agitated air, and exclaim: "Really, Alexis, are you not ashamed of yourself? Just because when you were young you yourself were a regular Don Juan, you imagine—" "Well, enough, enough," interrupted Alexis with a smile; "white is your dress, but still whiter is your soul!" "That indeed you may say with truth; whiter, far whiter." "Heavens, what a tongue! word of honor, what a tongue!"—and Alexis would end by softly stroking his wife's hand.

To attribute "opinions" to Malania Pavlovna would if possible be still more ill-placed than to employ such a term in connection with Alexis Sergeivitch; but I once happened to witness a strange revelation of hidden feeling in my aunt. I had accidentally mentioned in the course of conversation the name of the celebrated Scheschkovski, when she immediately became deadly pale, with an agitation which not all her paint and powder could conceal, and in an accent of real, unassumed horror, the more remarkable because she generally spoke in an affected, half-simpering, half-lisping tone—exclaimed: "How dare you speak of him, and in the night too? I

pray you, never, never mention his name." I have often wondered what meaning the name of Scheschkovski could have for so harmless and inoffensive a creature, who, I suppose, had never been guilty in thought or deed of anything that could compromise her. These signs of fear, inspired by the sudden recollection of occurrences of some fifty years before, not unnaturally suggested suspicions of a somewhat unpleasant character.

The events of 1848 would seem to have exercised a fatal influence on Alexis Sergeivitch, and it was in that year that the good old man, then eighty-eight, died. There was something strange in the manner of his death. He appeared to be in his usual health, though his age had for some time kept him prisoner to his easy-chair, when one morning he suddenly called his wife. "Malania, come here!" "What is it, Alexis?" "Nothing, except that my time has come, and I am dying." "God forbid, Alexis; whatever makes you think so?" "I know that it must be so. First of all, each of us should know what is expected of him; and then I happened just now to look down at my legs, and they are no longer mine; at my hands, and they too are another's. My whole body is no more the same, and I feel that I am putting on a new shape. So make haste and send for the priest; but first get me to our little bed, from which I shall never rise again." Malania Pavlovna, scarcely knowing what she did, conducted the old man to his bed, sent for the priest, and sat down by his side. Alexis Sergeivitch made his last confession, took the Sacrament, called in his poor friends and dependants to take farewell of them, and then seemed to fall asleep. Suddenly the wife started up and cried out: "Alexis, don't frighten me! Don't shut your eyes! Are you in pain?" The old man quietly looked up. "No, I am in no pain, but let me breathe; I can't breathe." And for a few minutes all was still. "Malania," he at length murmured, "life is over; but do you remember our wedding-day, and what a handsome pair we were?" "Alexis, my beauty, food of my eyes!" cried the poor wife. And again the old man was silent. "Malania, shall we

meet once more in the world to come?" "I will pray to God that we may meet again." And the old woman burst into tears. "No, no, do not weep, you little silly; God will give us back our youth, and once again we shall be the pair we were in days gone by." "We will, Alexis—we will!" "With God all is possible," whispered Alexis Sergeivitch. "He is all-powerful. Why, he created you, the wisest of women! There, there—I was only joking; give me your hand." And the wife and husband each fondly kissed the clasped hands. After that, Alexis Sergeivitch grew quieter, and then began to wander. Malania Pavlovna sat watching him, one hand still clasped in his, while with the other she from time to time silently wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. Two hours passed. "Has he fallen asleep?" whispered the old woman who read the prayers so wonderfully well, as she came from behind Irinarch, who was standing near the door motionless as a post, watching his dying master. "He is asleep," answered Malania Pavlovna also in a whisper. But suddenly Alexis Sergeivitch opened his eyes. "Malania, my faithful friend," he muttered, in a broken voice; "my own true wife, God's blessing be with thee for all thy true love. I would—but I cannot raise myself—lift me up a little—that I may sign thee with the cross." Malania leaned over him; but the raised hand fell back idly on the quilt, and in a few moments Alexis Sergeivitch had ceased to breathe.

His daughters came with their husbands to the funeral; neither the one nor the other had any children. Though he did not once mention their names on his deathbed, they were not forgotten in his will. "My heart has grown cold toward them," he once said to me. Knowing, as I did, how kind and gentle he was by nature, I was surprised to hear him speak thus of his own daughters. But no one has a right to make himself judge between a father and his children. "A little chink in the ground may in the course of time become a huge ravine." Alexis Sergeivitch said to me on another occasion; "a wound a yard long may heal, but cut out only a fingernail, and it will never grow again." I have been told that the daughters were

ashamed of their old-fashioned parents.

A month had not passed when Malania Pavlovna also died. From the day of her husband's death she took to her bed, was scarcely ever to be seen, and no longer cared how she was dressed. But she was buried in the blue satin jacket, and with Orloff's miniature—only without the diamonds. These her daughters carried off under the pretext that such diamonds were only fit to ornament the picture of their saint; but, in reality, to employ them for the adornment of their own persons.

In such a lively manner do the figures of my dear old friends rise up before me, and my recollections of them are as fresh as if they had died but yesterday. Nevertheless, during the last visit I ever paid them—I was then a student—an incident occurred which somewhat disturbed the impression I had hitherto formed of the patriarchal life led by the Teleguins.

Among the out-door servants was a certain Ivan, the coachman, or coach-boy, as he was called, in consequence of his little stature, which was out of all proportion with his years. He was the veriest mite of a man, extremely nimble in his movements, with a pug nose, curly hair, a face perpetually on the grin, and eyes like a mouse. He was a rare buffoon, and lover of practical jokes; and his tricks and drolleries were infinite. He understood how to let off fireworks, could fly kites, and was a good hand at any game; could ride standing at full gallop, could leap higher than any one else at "giant's stride," and was quite a master at making the queerest of shadows on the wall. No one could amuse children better than he, and Ivan was perfectly happy if he was only allowed to spend an entire day playing with them. When he laughed, the whole house shook, and he was always ready with a joke and an answer. There was no being angry with him, and you were obliged to laugh even while scolding him. It was a treat to see Ivan dance—particularly the "fish dance." The music would strike up, and then the fellow darted out into the middle of the group and began turning, twisting, leaping, stamping with his feet, crawling on the floor, and going through all

the antics of a fish that had been caught and thrown on the dry ground, and performed such contortions, claspings his neck with his heels, jumping here, springing there, that the very ground seemed to tremble under him. Many a time Alexis Sergeivitch, though, as I have already said, very fond of the choral dances, has interrupted the dancers, and cried out: "Come here, Ivan, my little coach-boy; give us the fish-dance, and look sharp!" And then a minute later you heard him exclaiming: "Ah, that's it; well done, well done!"

It was, then, during my last visit that this same Ivan came one morning into my room, and without saying a word fell down on his knees before me. "Ivan! what's the matter?" "Save me, sir!" "How? What has happened?" And thereupon Ivan related to me all his troubles.

About twenty years before he had been exchanged from the service of a certain Suchinski on to the estate of the Teleguins; but simply exchanged, without going through any legal formality or being supplied with the necessary papers. The man in whose place he had been taken died, and his old masters had quite forgotten Ivan, so that he remained with Alexis Sergeivitch, as if he had been born a serf in the family. In the course of time his former masters died also, and the estate passed into fresh hands and the new proprietor, who was generally reported to be cruel and brutal, informed the authorities that one of his serfs had been taken into the service of Alexis Sergeivitch without any legal sanction, demanded his immediate surrender, and in case of refusal threatened his detainer with a heavy fine and punishment. Nor was the threat by any means an idle one, since Suchinski was a very high-placed official, a privy counsellor by rank, with great influence throughout the district. Ivan in his fright appealed to Alexis Sergeivitch. The old man took pity on his favorite dancer, and made an offer to the privy counsellor to buy Ivan of him for a good round sum, but the proposal was contemptuously rejected; and what made matters worse, he was a Little Russian—as pig-headed, as the very devil. There was nothing to be done but to give up the poor serf. "I have

lived here, made my home here, served here, eaten my daily bread here, and it is here I wish to die," Ivan cried to me; "am I a dog, to be dragged by a chain from one kennel to another. Save me, I implore you; entreat your uncle never to give me up; do not forget how often I have amused you. And if I do go, the worse for us all; it can only end in crime!" "In crime! what do you mean, Ivan?" "Why, I shall kill him. I will go, and the first day I will say to him, let me return to my old master, sir; do not refuse me, or if you do, take care; I will murder you."

If a chaffinch or a goldfinch had suddenly spoken, and threatened to swallow a large bird, I should not have been more astonished than I was to hear Ivan speak thus. Ivan, the dancer, buffoon, and jester, the beloved of children, himself a child, this good-souled creature, to become a murderer! The idea was too ridiculous. Not for a moment did I believe him; but what I could not understand was that he should even talk of such a thing. I had, however, a long conversation with Alexis Sergeivitch, and employed every form of entreaty that he would somehow or other arrange the affair. "My dear sir," the old man replied, "I should indeed be glad to do so, but it is impossible. I have already offered the pig-headed fellow a good price, three hundred roubles, on my word of honor, and he will not hear of it; so, what can I do? Of course it is illegal, and the exchange was made in the old-fashioned way, as between men of honor, and now it promises to end badly. You will see, the man will take Ivan from me by force—he is very powerful, the Governor-General often dines at his house—and he will send soldiers to arrest him. And I have a mortal fear of soldiers! The time was, I would never have given up Ivan, let him storm as loudly as he chose; but now, only look at me, what a poor cripple I am. How can I fight against a man like that?" And in truth, Alexis Sergeivitch had of late aged greatly: his eyes now wore a childish expression, and in place of the intelligent smile that once lit up his features, there played round his lips that mild unconscious simper which I have remarked that very old people will preserve even in their sleep.

I communicated the result of our interview to Ivan, who heard me in silence with his head bent. "Well," he at last exclaimed, "it is given to no one to escape his fate. But I shall keep my word; there is only one thing to do; and I will give him a surprise. If you don't mind, sir, give me a little money to buy some *vodka*." I gave him some, and that day Ivan drank heavily; but in the evening he favored us with the "fish-dance," and danced so that the girls and women were in ecstasies. Never before had I seen him in such force.

The next day I returned home, and three months later, when I was in St. Petersburg, I learned that Ivan had kept his vow. He was sent off to his new master, who at once called him into his study and informed him that he was to act as coachman, that three of his bay horses would be given into his charge, and that it would be the worse for him if he did not look well after them, or in any way neglected his duties. "I am not a man to be joked with," added he. Ivan listened to all his master had to say, and then throwing himself at his feet declared that, whatever his honor might wish, he never could be his serf. "Let me go back, I beseech your honor; or if you like, send me to be a soldier; or before long evil will come upon you!"

His master flew into a furious passion. "Oh, you are one of that sort, are you? How dare you talk to me in that way? First, please to know that I am not your honor, but your excellency; and next, do not forget that you are long past the age for a soldier, even if they would take such a dwarf; and lastly, pray, what is it you threaten me with? Do you mean to burn my house down?" "No, your excellency, I shall never set fire to your house." "What then, are you going to murder me?" Ivan made no reply. "I will never be your serf," he muttered at last. "I will just show you, whether you are my serf or not," roared his master. And Ivan was severely punished; but for all that, the three bay horses were put under his care, and he received the place of coachman.

Ivan appeared to submit to his fate, and as he soon proved that he understood his business, he quickly won the favor of his master, the more so because in general he was quiet and civil in his behavior, while the horses intrusted to him were so well cared for that everybody declared it was a treat to look at them. His master evidently preferred driving out with Ivan to going with any of the other coachmen. Sometimes he would laugh, and say: "Well, Ivan, do you recollect how badly we got on at our first meeting? but I fancy we have driven out the devil after all." To these words Ivan never made any answer. But one day, just about Epiphany time, his master drove to town with Ivan as coachman, the bells jingling merrily from the necks of the three bay horses. They were just beginning to mount a rather steep hill at foot-pace, when Ivan slid off the box and went behind the sledge, as if to pick up something he had let fall. It was a sharp frost, and his master sat huddled up in a thick fur, with a warm cap drawn close over his ears. Then Ivan took from under his long coat a hatchet which he carried in his belt, came close up behind his master, knocked off his cap, and with the words, "I warned you once, Peter Petrovitch, so you have only yourself to thank," at one blow cut his head open. He then stopped the horses, replaced the cap carefully on the head of the dead man, and taking his place again on the box drove into town straight up to the police station.

"I have brought you General Suchinsky's dead body, it is I myself who killed him. I told him I would, and I have done it. So take me."

He was arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to the knout, and then sent for life to the mines in Siberia. And thus Ivan, the gay, light-hearted dancer, disappeared for ever from the world of life.

Yes, involuntarily, but in a different sense, we exclaim with Alexis Sergeievitch: "The old times were good, but they are gone—and peace be with them!"
—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. GIBBON'S LOVE-PASSAGE.

To the large class called general readers the most entertaining part of biography is that which relates to affairs of the heart. One need not go deep into human nature to seek the causes of this predilection, and if one should do so it would be only to repeat truisms and paraphrase proverbs. Indeed, the books devoted to the love-stories of celebrated people would form a curious and not a small collection. It is said that in Germany there are continual publications relating to Goethe's youthful fancy for Frederica Brion, which have come to be called "*Die Frederike-Literatur*;" and in France it seems that the last word has not yet been said about George Sand and Alfred de Musset, notwithstanding several volumes on the subject which came out twenty years ago. There is a branch of literature devoted to people who have been famous for their love-affairs only, of which the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse and of Mlle. Aïssé are specimens, and which increases yearly. There is no apology or explanation necessary, therefore, for offering an account of the single love-affair of one of the greatest English authors, especially as the object of his affection was a woman who has many titles to lasting remembrance herself. In all notices of Gibbon hitherto this passage has been treated as an incident rather than an episode. In the most recent work on him (by Mr. James Cotter Morison in the "*English Men of Letters*") less than half a dozen pages are given to the subject—two to the affair itself, and four to exonerating Gibbon from the accusation of coldness and inconstancy. Perhaps with the data which Mr. Morison had at command when he wrote, he was impartial in acquitting Gibbon from these charges; but even if the latter was excusable for not marrying against his father's will, as without it he could not marry comfortably, there is no excuse offered for his wooing and addressing a young lady without the certainty of his father's consent under those circumstances. Since the appearance of Mr. Morison's notice all the particulars of the story have been made public for the first time. It has an interest

which could not have been guessed from the scanty accounts previously given; the persons connected with it are famous in their own right, and the newly-revealed qualities of the heroine give it a place in sentimental literature which Gibbon's poor figure as a lover could never have commanded. It is impossible to associate romance with the countenance which prompted Porson's scurrile jest, and poor, blind, old Mme. du Deffand's angry suspicion when she tried to find its outlines. Yet in the owner's early days it had attractions for an enthusiastic girl, whose beauty, intelligence, and goodness marked her for the heroine of a love-story. She became, moreover, the friend of the most distinguished men and women of her time, the wife of a chief actor in the stormy prologue to the terrible drama of the Terror, and the mother of Mme. de Staël. The first love of such a woman would be worth knowing, even if the object had been an obscure country pastor or lawyer of her native valleys; and as it was evidently the groundwork of Mme. de Staël's novel of "*Corinne*," it is curious to compare the fiction with the reality.

In the chateau of Coppet, on the lake of Geneva, famous as the home of M. and Mme. Necker and their daughter Mme. de Staël, there is an old tower which has served the family for generations as a muniment-room. In it are stored journals, memoranda, documents of every sort, and a collection of letters, amounting to twenty-seven volumes, addressed to M. and Mme. Necker, and signed by almost every famous contemporary name in France, and by many of other nations, with copies of important letters written in reply. For some unexplained reason, possibly the prolonged life of Mme. de Staël's daughter-in-law, the late owner of Coppet and its archives, who died but three years ago, this treasure of memoir and biography has remained untouched until the past twelvemonth. The mine has been opened at last by M. Othenin d'Haussonville, who has published what he terms a series of studies on the Salon de Mme. Necker, his great-great-grandmother. The first

chapter contains a very interesting and touching account of the girlhood of this lady, from which, and the testimony of a few other witnesses, the love-passage of Mr. Gibbon can be truly set forth.

Suzanne Churchod was born in July 1737 in the manse of the little Swiss village of Crassy or Crassier, too insignificant to be even named in Murray's guide-book. Her father, Louis Antoine Churchod, was minister of the Protestant church which stood opposite his unpretending abode, a white-walled, green-shuttered, small, square building, with a strip of garden and small fruit-trees dividing it from the road, like scores which everybody has seen who has been in Switzerland. Her mother's family name was Albert de Nasse; she belonged to the petty nobility of Dauphiny, whence she had fled with her father from the religious persecutions under Louis XV. Suzanne took rather too much pride in her drop of good blood, and at one time in her girlish career she signed herself "Churchod de Nasse," and had her letters addressed to "Mlle. Albert de Nasse." She was an only child and an idol; her good parents spared no pains in teaching and training her; but it is evident that they also spoiled her, and gave her a consequence in her own eyes which they themselves never assumed. Besides her aristocratic pretensions, she inherited from her mother force of character and personal beauty. The latter is so uncommon in Switzerland that Mlle. Churchod's must have been the more striking, and her reputation for personal loveliness was widespread. She has left a portrait of herself at sixteen, according to the custom of the day, which is by no means so complimentary as descriptions given of her by other people. "A face which betrays youth and gayety; fair hair, and complexion lighted up by soft laughing, blue eyes; a well-shaped little nose, a mouth which curves upward, and a smile which answers to the eyes; a tall, well-proportioned figure, which lacks the advantage of elegance; a rustic deportment, and a certain abruptness of movement which contrasts strongly with a sweet voice and modest expression. Such is the sketch of a portrait which you may think flattered." That it was not flattered any one may see by the en-

graving from a later picture of her in the first volume of Dr. Stevens' "Life and Times of Mme. de Staël;" the nose is aquiline but delicate, and the brows are finely arched in a beautiful, expansive forehead; the expression of the face is of mingled sprightliness and sentiment. The painter has bestowed a grace and ease which the original never possessed, but all contemporary accounts of her speak of her beauty in stronger terms than her own, and the Parisians were dazzled by her brilliant fairness and freshness. She had need to be very handsome, or her erudition would have frightened off her admirers. Her father devoted himself to her instruction, and gave her what was considered a solid education, which included some knowledge of the classics, mathematics, and physical science. She amused herself by writing in Latin to a friend of her father's, who replied in the same language, complimenting her on her Ciceronian style—"et tantam eruditionem in tam molli planta." To these severe acquirements she added the feminine accomplishments of French, music, painting, and embroidery.

At an age when girls are usually in the school-room Suzanne took an active part in the hospitalities of her father's house, and was surrounded by admirers. The first of these were young ministers from Geneva and Lausanne. A favorite stratagem of the clerical adorers was to relieve M. Churchod of his Sabbath services, which necessitated their spending the day and night at Crassy. On Monday morning the volunteer substitute jogged away on the pastor's old gray nag Grison; Grison had to be sent back with a note of thanks which often required a response, and the correspondence devolved upon Suzanne. Among the records of this period is a written promise signed by two young divines, who pledge themselves "to the very charming young lady Mademoiselle Suzanne Churchod, to preach at Crassier as often as she shall exact, without being begged, entreated, pressed, or con-jured, because it was the sweetest of all pleasures to oblige her on every occasion."

Gossips were not wanting at Crassy, Geneva, and Lausanne; the assiduity of the young preachers was commented

upon, and Suzanne was censured for encouraging it. One friend (not in holy orders, it may be supposed) took it upon himself to write her a remonstrance, telling her that when church was over she should "drive them out with a broom, or keep out of the way herself." Interference with a girl who was living at home with her father and mother savors strongly of provincialism and Presbyterianism, but it must be confessed that M. and Mme. Churchod did not take the best care of their daughter. Some of her secular admirers sent her verses which might have scandalized a Paris fine lady. This country parson's daughter at sixteen received very well turned madrigals, which alternately praised her charms and deplored her rigor. It is unlikely that she showed her parents these effusions, although she made no secret of her correspondence or about any of her proceedings. However rigorous, Suzanne in her teens was no prude, probably because of her very innocence. Many years later, Mme. Necker, the paragon of married women and mothers, whose primness was a source of both amusement and annoyance to her visitors, alluded to those delightful days with some shame at her girl's freedom and flightiness; she confessed that she had had no notion of propriety—"my simplicity prevented my understanding it, and my head was turned by flattery."

The young men only did their share in spoiling Suzanne. Before she was fairly grown up she was reported a sort of local prodigy, and set up like a little goddess in the centre of the horizon beyond which her imagination did not reach. Suzanne Churchod's first appearance in Lausanne caused a sensation which the inhabitants and strangers living there at the time well remembered many long years afterward. Lausanne for a hundred and fifty years at least has made its boast of a learned and literary society which can hold its own against that of any city in Europe. Its claims have been recognized, in so far that it has been for a century and a half the chosen resort of distinguished men of various nations. It is enough to mention Voltaire, who there appeared in his own tragedies before an audience whom he pronounced to be "as good judges as

there were in Europe;" Gibbon, who, after paying it several long visits, settled there to finish his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, who at one time had a chair in the Academy; Sainte-Beuve, who there delivered the course of lectures on Port Royal which constitute six volumes of his published works. Notwithstanding all this literature they keep a little behind the times. M. d'Haussonville says wittily that in 1757 they had lost the hour of day, and the town-clock still marked the time of the Hotel Rambouillet. Even during Sainte-Beuve's sojourn there (1837-8) there was a lingering taste for literary travesties and nicknames; the young people carried on their flirtations and love-affairs under cover of his lectures, and the damsels gave their swains the names of defunct young Jansenists of the seventeenth century.

In Suzanne Churchod's heyday free-thinking was coming into fashion throughout the polite world. Religion was an active force among the worthy Swiss. Their morals were pure, their manners were simple, their pleasures were innocent, their tastes were rather pedantic. The Academy, or as we should say College or University, of Lausanne, gave an intellectual bias to the whole society, in which, notwithstanding the preponderance of grave and learned professors and divinity students, young people enjoyed an importance and independence unknown elsewhere. On summer evenings the citizens had the friendly habit of resorting to the open square near the castle, and the fine old Gothic cathedral in the heart of the academic quarter of the town, where the sons and daughters of the old feudal families (in spite of aristocratic distinctions kept up to this hour in that ancient republic) mingled with those of the middle class to talk and dance and sing under the chestnut-trees. There were dancing assemblies, picnics, and clubs or societies on the model of the Italian literary associations. Suzanne Churchod was brought by her parents into this privileged circle, where she was said to excel all the young girls in beauty and all the young men in knowledge. Here the black-coated ranks of her clerical admirers were bro-

ken by the students of the Academy, and beaux of the gay set, and she was acknowledged at once as queen of their balls. A society was founded in her honor, called the Academy of the Springs, from a spring in a neighboring valley where the members often held their sessions; it was organized on the basis of the courts of love of the days of chivalry, but the members took their names from Mlle. Scudéry's romances of "Clélie" and "Le grand Cyrus." Suzanne was made president (we may be sure she was not called chair-woman) under the name of Thémire. Every young man, or knight of the Academy of the Springs, as he was termed, was required to wear the colors of the young lady who pleased him best, the lady to reciprocate the compliment—that is, if she reciprocated the preference we may hope. When a member wished to change his or her colors, the reasons had to be assigned in full session, and the Academy decided upon their validity. Every candidate was required to give a truthful portrait of him or herself, person, mind, and character, and to contribute in turn an original production, either in prose or verse, the reading and discussion whereof was the chief business of the meeting. There were also regular debates on stated topics—as, for instance, Does mystery in itself enhance the pleasure of love, and can friendship of the same sort exist between a man and a woman as between two men and two women?" Arcadian days, which dwelt long in the memory of those who had any part in them! Far into this century the spot was still shown in the little valley near the spring where the youthful academicians gathered in fine weather, and the throne of turf from which their lovely president ruled the proceedings.

Suzanne's triumphs, like those of other conquerors, would have been incomplete without the warning voice which bade her remember that she was but human. An older friend, again of the other sex, undertook the part of monitor, and informed her that she showed her desire to please men too plainly, and even although they all believe that to be woman's chief concern, they do not like it to be made too evident; warning her that she would repel instead of captivating them by her manner, etc., etc. Any

attractive young lady can finish the sermon from memory. Suzanne honestly admitted that she liked the praise of men better than any other sort, and in spite of her unblushing conduct the offended sex did not cease to shower upon her French and Latin verses, declarations of love, and offers of marriage. Although the young coquette confesses that her head was turned by adulation, her heart was apparently untouched until she was nearly twenty. About the time that she was proclaimed queen of wit and beauty, there arrived at Lausanne a young Englishman, who attracted more attention than was generally bestowed upon strangers of his age. After giving promise of achievement by his precocious though desultory taste for letters, he had been dismissed from Oxford for joining the Roman Catholic Church. His father, a Tory M.P., in easy circumstances, sent him to be cured of his errors under the care of a Swiss Protestant minister, M. Pavillard—a change in his mode of life which came very hard at first. This was Edward Gibbon, not yet the fat-faced personage who confronts the title-page of the "Decline and Fall," but a slim, studious youth, who appeared in the estimable society of Lausanne with the twofold distinction of his errors and his reform. He was gradually admitted to their select diversions, and soon made fast friends among them. His foreign birth, his natural place in a wider sphere, his intense application to learning after a brief outburst of dissipation in company with some idle young fellows of his own nation, his speedy reconversion under the influence of his wise and venerable tutor and the Protestant atmosphere of the town, combined to make him a little lion in the intelligent circle to which he was introduced. He heard on all sides of the charms and talents of Mlle. Churchod, and had a great curiosity to see her before they met. When the fated day came he wrote in his diary: "I have seen Mlle. Churchod—*Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori.*"

This was in June, 1757, when they were both twenty; he was her senior only by a few months. Suzanne has left a picture of him as he first appeared to her blue eyes, which is engaging enough: "He has handsome hair, a pretty hand,

and the bearing of a person of condition. His face is so singular, so full of cleverness, that I know none which resembles it. He has so much expression that one constantly finds something new in it. His gestures are so appropriate that they add much to his words. In short, he has one of those extraordinary physiognomies which one never tires of studying, depicting, and following." Gibbon in his memoirs gives a still more flattering description of the young girl. His account of the events which ensued is brief and dry, but he implies that at first, although his suit was not discouraged, he was much the more enamored of the two. The affectation of seeming worse than one is had not come into vogue. Gibbon had to the full the decent desire of putting his best foot forward which belonged to his respectable class and times. He took no pride in making himself out a Lovelace to this village beauty, but left it to be inferred that he, and not she, was the honorable victim of the affair. But there are many ways in which a man may ruin a young girl, and that Gibbon did not destroy Suzanne Churchod's happiness for life is due to the vigor of her intellect and character. After making her acquaintance he improved his opportunities to the utmost, obtained permission to visit her at her home, which he did several times during the course of that summer and autumn, once staying as long as a week. An interchange of letters soon began. His at first betrayed more vanity and wish to dazzle his fair correspondent than sentiment. Like other lovers, real and feigned, he counts the sand since the glass was turned on his banishment, and tells her that it is "a hundred and twenty-one hours eighteen minutes and thirty-three seconds since Crassy disappeared in the clouds." In the next, it is a week since he has seen her, "and to say that it seems like a century would be true but hackneyed." He professes himself unwilling to use the language of ordinary lovers, and thus to forfeit the epithets of "original and unique" which she has bestowed upon him; yet how shall he convey a notion of the tedium of existence since they parted? He then relates how he once passed three weeks in a stupid country-house with a cross old crone who

talked to him about Gog and Magog, Antichrist, and her private interpretation of the Apocalypse, with no books and no neighbors, except an old invalid who described all his ailments, and two country gentlemen who had ruined themselves by lawsuits, and believed that their only hope for better days lay in the division of Germany; but one being a Prussian and the other an Austrian, they could not agree about the conditions. Well!" he cries, "those three weeks did not seem half so long as the time I have been absent from you." After all, this is not an excess of ardor. He pays her elaborate compliments at the expense of every other woman in the world, and tells her of a picture he has seen in a studio and taken for a portrait of her, but the painter assured him that it was a fancy piece, his ideal of female loveliness, which he had sought for in vain all over the world; Gibbon relates this adventure only to exalt the graces of Mlle. Churchod's mind and character above those of her person. This artificial and labored tone continues throughout the correspondence on his side; it was the tone of the time, but neither in love-letters nor in the ludicrous poetry which he addresses to her in defiance of the rules of French syntax and prosody, is there one touch of true tenderness or a single spark of real passion. Gibbon's French verses are curiosities of literature, as he wrote French prose with remarkable correctness and fluency. At length he began to write as an accepted suitor, yet he did not depart from the conventional form in which he professed himself to be "with the utmost esteem and affection, her very humble servant."

There are no letters of Suzanne's belonging to the early stages of the correspondence. Gibbon's rejoinders prove that she usually wrote in a bantering strain. From the beginning of her engagement she kept copies of her letters—a strange precaution; but although she had perfect confidence in his attachment, misgivings as to the result of the connection beset her from the first. The warmth and depth of her feelings pervade her letters to him, yet she wrote with a dignity and self-restraint which showed how fast she matured under the influence of love. But already the fear of objections on his father's part, and

her determination not to resist them, were openly expressed. Clouds soon arose from this source. Suzanne made it a condition of her acceptance that her lover must make his home in Switzerland as long as her parents should live. To this Gibbon at first joyfully subscribed, but before long he began to complain of it. On a little journey to Fribourg he wrote her a letter in which he was ungenerous and uncandid enough to hint that, as she saw so many obstacles on both sides, perhaps an avowal of indifference from him would be a welcome release to her. With many reproaches for this supposed coldness and protestations of his own devotion, he admits his fears that the condition she has affixed to their marriage cannot fail to wound his father both in his parental affection and in his ambition; still he, Edward, does not despair of reconciling him to it; he goes on to retail with insufferable egotism and cumbrous complication of suppositions, the arguments with which he will soften his father's resistance, his own absence of ambition, indifference to worldly honors, philosophical superiority to wealth; he will remind his father that knowledge has been his only passion until love awoke in his heart. It was a letter to dispel a girl's illusions. Suzanne replied with much controlled emotion; she reiterated that she could not allow her lover to disobey or even to distress his father—the love she bears her own parents is her measure for what he owes to his; but she will not justify herself against his insinuation of her wishing for an avowal of indifference on his part. "I never supposed for a moment you could imagine such a thing; it was too far from my heart to enter my thoughts."

Her forebodings were verified. Gibbon's stay at Lausanne was drawing to a close when they first met, and in the spring of 1758, about six months after their engagement, he went home to England. He wrote twice to her on the journey, letters which seem to have gone astray; then followed a languishing correspondence, a present of his first work, "*Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*," which was written in French; finally a letter announcing his father's relentless opposition to their marriage, and his own mournful acquiescence in it. From

Gibbon's account in his memoirs one is led to suppose that the rupture of his engagement took place shortly after his return to England, and ended all communication between himself and Mlle. Churchod: "I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided in friendship and esteem." The deliberate misrepresentation of the course of events is proved by the date of the aforesaid letter, August 1762, when they had been affianced for nearly five years. In it he repeats the final conversation between himself and his father, which the older man closed by saying: "Marry your foreigner—you are independent. But remember that you are a son and a citizen." Whereupon his son retired to his chamber, and remained there two hours. "I will not endeavor to describe my condition to you. I came forth to tell my father that I would sacrifice the happiness of my life to him." The epistle concludes with the obligatory protestations of his own misery, and prayers for the lady's happiness, and an entreaty that she will not altogether forget him.

In the meantime other griefs were gathering about Suzanne's joyous existence, and gradually shutting out its brightness altogether. Early in the year 1760 she lost her too fond and indulgent father; Crassy passed into the care of a new pastor; the widow and orphan of M. Churchod were left almost in penury. It was then that the strength and worth of Suzanne's character first asserted themselves. She turned her talents and education to account by teaching. There is a tradition in the Pays de Vaud of the beautiful Mlle. Churchod jogging about on a little donkey to the houses of pupils who lived out of town. For upward of three years she followed the hard calling of a daily governess bravely, still rejecting offers of marriage, still clinging to the belief in a conditional engagement to Gibbon—a cruel situation,

a sickening change. The young woman's courage did not forsake her, but the serene and even temper for which she had been praised, and for which she was remarked in after times, gave way under the trials and suspense of her lot. Her intercourse with her mother became troubled; who knows with what complaints and regrets for better days the poor woman, whose life had been full of reverses, may have irritated and embittered her daughter's laborious and anxious existence?—with what taunts for her fidelity to a faithless lover when there were eager suitors who would restore them to comfort and consideration? That painful phase is known only by the daughter's bitter self-reproaches after she lost her mother, and even into middle age. It is likely that Suzanne exaggerated her shortcomings as she exaggerated everything, for all the letters of condolence which she received on Madame Churchod's death, early in the year 1763, laid stress on the consolation which the sense of her duteousness and devotion must afford her.

And now the poor girl was alone in the world—father, mother, home, and lover gone—earning her bitter bread by uncongenial drudgery; an object of charity where she had been a goodess; still admired and courted, yet with nothing before her except the dismal perspective of the life of a daily governess, or a marriage without love. Sentimental and romantic, with feelings which had been roused by a real passion, any alternative seemed better to her than the last. Gibbon's letter of August 1762 would doubtless, with the aid of time, have ended the struggle, but for his unexpected return to Switzerland about six months afterward, soon after Madame Churchod's death. So strange a step under the circumstances, coupled with the expressions of attachment and unhappiness with which he concluded his farewell, naturally rekindled Suzanne's hopes. She was at Geneva when he reached Lausanne, but there is no mention of their meeting either in the records of Coppet or in his account of this visit in his memoirs, although he descants on the welcome and pleasures he found at his old abode. There is no reason to think that he wrote to her or sought her out, but his return gave force to his pe-

tition for remembrance; and Suzanne, with the faith of a love which had strengthened while he was forgetting, ascribed it to fidelity. Unable to endure her agitation and uncertainty, she wrote to him in the following passionate and pathetic terms: "Sir, I blush for the step I am about to take. I would fain hide it from you; I would hide it from myself. Great God! can an innocent heart abase itself to such depths? What humiliation! I have had more terrible sorrows, but none which I have felt so poignantly. But I owe the effort to my peace of mind; if I lose this opportunity, there is no more peace for me. . . . For five years I have sacrificed everything to a chimera; but at last, romantic though I am, I begin to perceive my mistake. I beg you on my knees to undeceive my infatuated heart; sign an avowal of your complete indifference to me, and my soul will accept its destiny—certainly will bring the calm which I crave." She adjured him to answer her sincerely, and not to trifle with her repose, as she had too long persuaded herself that what were perhaps symptoms of coolness on his part were proofs of delicacy and disinterestedness. She implored him with a sort of frenzy never to betray the appeal even to her most intimate friend. "My horror of such a punishment is the gauge of my fault, and, as it is, I feel that I am committing an outrage on my modesty, my past conduct, and my present feelings." These are the accents of Corinne and Delphine.

Gibbon was gentleman enough to return the letter; it remains among the archives of Coppet, with its address, its black seal, the token of her recent loss and loneliness, and her own superscription, in English: "A thinking soul is punishment enough, and every thought draws blood." His reply must have wounded her love and pride too cruelly; it was not kept. Even at this day, when the tears have been so long dried, the pulses so long stilled, when, as Sainte-Beuve says in another case, it cannot matter much whether her love was crossed or successful, one is forced to regret that Mlle. Churchod should have made any rejoinder. She wrote again the same week, goaded by two emotions, which breathe through every sentence—

outraged pride and the impossibility of breaking off with him at once and forever. The proceeding was not dignified, but the tone of the letter is strictly so. "Sir, five years' absence was insufficient to effect the change which I have just undergone. It is to be regretted for my sake that you should not have written in this way sooner, that your previous letter was not in a different strain. The expression of suffering and sorrow, elevated and enhanced by the semblance of virtue, is calculated to excite another person to great follies, and you ought to have spared me five or six irreparable ones which have decided my fate in this life." She thanks him for having opened her eyes and revived her self-esteem, enough, at least, for her to be conscious of its smart. "It was not to you that I sacrificed it, but to an imaginary being, who could exist only in a romantic crack-brain like mine. From the moment your letter undeceived me you re-entered the ranks of ordinary men, and from being the only one I could ever love, you have become the last whom I should fancy, because you are most unlike my sentimental (*céladonique*) ideal." But she did not stop there; she proposes that they shall bury the past together, offers him her friendship, proposes to give him a letter of introduction to Rousseau, and asks his advice about an occupation. She had been thinking of taking a position as lady's companion, and was hesitating between England and a German court; she begged for the benefit of his counsel and experience in the choice. Gibbon allowed this letter to lie unanswered for three weeks, which adds a stamp of brutality to his conduct. His reply was formal and cautious; he thanked Mlle. Churchod for the offer of her friendship, but said that a renewal of their intercourse and correspondence would be too dangerous for himself—and possibly for her; on all necessary occasions she should find him a friend on whom she could rely; the position of companion in England, as elsewhere, was uncertain, depending on the character of those with whom one lived. "But you, Mademoiselle, have everything to hope from it. It would be impossible for any one to deny you their respect, and difficult not to award you their friendship."

This stilted and cold-blooded composition is signed "De Guibon," as if to emphasize its unguineness.

Here decidedly Mlle. Churchod should have stopped. That she did not do so is the sole excuse for Gibbon's hardness and frigidity. But she actually permitted her friends, the Pastor Moulton and Jean Jacques Rousseau—an odd coalition—to devise a little project for winning back her recreant lover by singing her praises to him, and repeating the admiration and attentions of which she was the object. This was too like pursuit, and foreshadows the terror with which her famous daughter inspired some of the men whom she honored with her friendship. It is needless to say that the little conspiracy did not succeed; Rousseau declined to carry out his part in it, and wrote M. Moulton: "M. Gibbon's cooling off toward Mlle. Churchod makes me think ill of him."

Any man who does not feel her value is unworthy of her, but one who, having known and felt it, could forswear her, is a man to despise." M. Moulton himself wrote: "Dear friend, I conjure you not to torture yourself; you rend my heart. If this man is worthy of you, he will return to you; if he is a wretch, let him go; he does not deserve a single regret." This was soon proved, but it required a sharper wrench yet to uproot the attachment which had fastened round the very corner-stone of her woman's nature. She fancied, poor girl, that it was on his imaginary perfections she had built her trust; it had long rested on the bare strength of her own affection. Toward the end of the same summer (1764) Mlle. Churchod and Gibbon met at Ferney, where Voltaire had collected the cream of the Vaudois society, which was so much to his taste. On this occasion, when Suzanne was making a brave effort to seem in good spirits and wear her willow gayly, Gibbon treated her with an insulting rudeness which left her no choice but a breach. She wrote him one long last letter, the outpouring of wounded vanity and pride—an endeavor at least to reinstate herself in the respect which she had apparently forfeited by her constancy. She recalled all the circumstances of their acquaintance—of his courtship, of their engagement, his oft-repeated assertion that he

would not give her up for his father's dissent, and her own reiterated determination not to go counter to it ; the advantageous offers which she had refused in his absence, and which she valued only as proofs of her disinterestedness ; it was to his knowledge of two of them, from men of good standing and fortune, that she had ascribed his renunciation of her when their union seemed indefinitely postponed. As she heard that he was not seeking any other woman in marriage, what wonder that she had set down his conduct to delicacy and unselfishness, and preference of what he deemed her good to his own happiness ? Strong in this belief, when her father died she had valiantly rejected the home and ease and assured future which were laid at her feet, and adopted a mode of life which she detested, to support her mother and herself. She could not resist the temptation of alluding to the conquests which still marked her path ; but it was with a burst of bitterness that she recalls how, in the hour of her bereavement, when rejected lovers, mere acquaintances, even strangers, had hastened to offer her comfort, the only one who had given no sign of sympathy was he to whom her heart belonged. Yet she thanks Heaven for having saved her from a marriage which would have resulted in mutual misery : " Hard heart, which I once thought so tender ! What did I ask of you ? What did I want ? Your father was still alive, and my resolve was unshaken ; I asked for the only sentiment which remained to us.

. . . I consider you a man of honor incapable of breaking a promise, seducing, or betraying ; but capable of tearing a heart to shreds for your amusement by the most ingenious tortures. I no longer invoke the wrath of Heaven upon you, as I did in my first anger ; but I need be no prophet to assure you that the day will come when you will regret the irreparable loss which you incurred when you estranged for ever the too frank and tender heart of S. C."

So ends the chapter of Suzanne Churchod's romance. With her wounds cauterized, but still burning, it now only remained for her to decide upon her future. Many homes were open to her upon her own terms. She was living temporarily with the excellent Pastor

Moulto, a former lover, who had become a faithful and devoted friend. Disappointed of his early love, he had married her friend, Mlle. Cayla. Suzanne, in order not to be a burden to these kind hosts, filled the post of governess to their children while going on with her other lessons. How irksome, how intolerable, these duties, associations, and scenes had become to her one may well guess. She longed to escape ; the only alternative was a marriage of reason or braving the unknown trials of a lady's companion. In her dread of the latter, she lent an ear to the proposals of a lawyer from Yverdon, who had been sighing about her for some time, but she would not commit herself finally without further respite.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century it was the fashion in France for fine ladies in delicate health to go to Geneva and consult Dr. Tronchin. There was a floating society among the lacustrine villas, drawn together by the strange medley of tastes and ideas which rose to the surface in the ferment preceding the Revolution. People resorted to the shores of Lake Lemman—some for Dr. Tronchin, or for change of climate ; some for the scenery, for Voltaire, for Rousseau ; some because they were sentimental, and cultivated sensibility ; some because they were strong-minded, and practised inoculation ; most of them for the reason which takes idle folks anywhere—because they found it amusing. The head of this society was the Duchesse d'Anville, a Rochefoucauld both by birth and marriage, who prided herself on her literary tastes and liberal ideas. She had made Madame Churchod's acquaintance about the time of her father's death, and had interested herself in various ways in the young lady's behalf. There was another fair patient of Dr. Tronchin's, a young widow from Paris, Madame de Vermenoux, rich, intelligent, attractive, and fond of amusement. She liked clever men and had them about her ; she also liked clever women, and falling in love with Suzanne, proposed to take her back to Paris as her companion. Suzanne was between twenty-six and seven, the same age as Madame de Vermenoux, and her pride and love of independence had in-

creased with poverty ; she hesitated when it came to the point of even temporarily surrendering her liberty. The influence of her friend M. Moulton, steadied her wavering inclination ; she accepted the proposal, and set out in this humble position to find a cure for her grief in new scenes, while Gibbon's steps were drawing toward Rome, and that memorable hour of meditation in the ruins of the Capitol which gave the world his immortal work.

The eighteenth century was at its apogee in France when Mlle. Churchod first went to that country. The great lights of the age were still shining, if some were on the wane ; there was an extraordinary concourse of men and women of genius, talent, and learning in Paris. Suzanne's natural taste for literature and the intercourse of clever, cultivated people had been sharpened by her acquaintance with Rousseau, Voltaire, and the people of note whom she met at Ferney. She entered upon her new life with eager expectations, too high-pitched to be satisfied ; she had probably indulged in visions of the Encyclopædists sitting in a circle, each talking like a book, and imagined Parisian society as only a larger and more brilliant debating club than her little Academy of the Springs. Her first letters to Switzerland express disappointment and betray provincial prejudices, although she met Marmontel, Bonstetten, and other celebrated men at Madame de Vermenoux's. Of the last-named Suzanne has nothing to say but praise for her kindness, consideration, generosity, and sympathy. The only drawback to her position as companion, besides a melancholy which she could not always hide, was the difficulty of dressing properly on an income of about sixteen pounds a year. She received no salary ; Madame de Vermenoux loaded her with presents, and would have supplied all her wants if Mlle. Churchod's pride had permitted them to be suspected. The charm began to work, and the enjoyment and excitement of the new life to be felt, and to promote her moral cure, which was rapid in proportion to the anguish of her undeception and disillusion. She began to live again. At the same time she felt that she was merely passing through those new scenes ; that the sit-

uation was becoming daily more untenable from her want of means ; that the way before her was narrowing to the issue of a return to her pupils or the marriage of reason at Yverdon.

The *deus ex machina* who descended to deliver her from this hard alternative was her countryman James Necker, of the Swiss banking-house of Necker & Thélusson, which had lately been established in Paris. He had been captivated by Madame de Vermenoux's airy graces before she went to Geneva ; she had been unable either to take him or let him go, and on her return to Paris he was still a suitor on probation. It was in this light that Mlle. Churchod first made his acquaintance in July, 1764. She liked him, and seconded his suit with her friend. Madame de Vermenoux's first experience of matrimony had been unfortunate ; she was rich enough to care little for M. Necker's fortune, nor did she wish to lose her aristocratic position by a plebeian marriage ; yet Necker was not a man to discard unadvisedly. In short, she shilly-shallied, and while she did so the wind veered to another quarter. M. Moulton's suspicions pointed in the right direction first ; early in October Mlle. Churchod was forced to admit that he was right ; she wrote to him that M. Necker preferred her, but that probably nothing would come of it, as he had started on a journey to Switzerland without offering himself. She confessed that she was far from indifferent to the result ; and in a later letter she declared that if this brilliant castle in the air should dissolve, she would accept the lawyer of Yverdon, on condition of his allowing her to spend two months every year with her friends. But the crisis was at hand. On M. Necker's return from Geneva, he lost no time in addressing Mlle. Churchod, who replied by a little note, "written," says her descendant, "in a trembling hand : 'If your happiness, sir, depends upon my feelings for you, I fear that you were happy before you desired it.'"

It was true. Suzanne loved again, and with the whole force of her nature ; this time it was no longer a girl's ardent fancy for a youth who appeared to her as a lover on their first meeting, and whom she endowed with all the attrib-

utes which a pure and highly-wrought imagination could supply ; she had studied Necker with a keen, impartial scrutiny, but when she gave him her heart it was his to the day of her death, and she loved him with a tender and passionate admiration such as seldom endures the friction of domestic life in any relation. It is impossible not to think that she over-rated him, but he was one of those unusual men whose qualities maintain their ascendancy over the persons with whom they are in the closest and most constant intercourse. On the eve of their marriage Suzanne wrote her future husband a letter in which she told him all her love for him ; she wished that he should know once for all the intensity and extent of her affection, and with noble candor she confessed it all, and the boundless happiness with which it filled her soul. Many women might say as much, at such a moment, but there was not a day in her married life when she would not have signed it, and the last expression of her affection, written as she felt her end draw near, is in the same deep and fervent strain.

The news of Mlle. Churchod's good fortune soon reached Switzerland and caused a general jubilation in the Pays de Vaud. Congratulations rained upon her, upon M. Necker, upon the Moultois. Even the poor lawyer of Yverdon, writhing under the blight of hopes which had been kept alive for several years, and the smart of knowing that he had been tolerated only as Jack-at-a-pinch, heartily joined his good wishes and prayers for her welfare to the chorus of happier voices, and absolved her "*mademoiselle et ma plus chère amie*," for the pain she had inflicted. What Mme. de Verme-noux had to say we are not told. It is significant that the pair were married rather on the sly, and that Suzanne informed her benefactress of the event afterward, with many excuses and explanations. However, if there were any displeasure or vexation, they were soon dispelled ; Mme. de Verme-noux was the godmother of their first and only child, and their fast friend to the end of her short life.

The marriage took place toward the close of the year 1764. M. and Mme. Necker established themselves in a vast old-fashioned house in the interesting

quarter of Paris called the Marais, even then no longer fashionable, but highly respectable, where the firm of Necker & Thélusson had its banking-house. She entered at once upon a large and luxurious style of living, the scale of which she found somewhat bewildering and oppressive until her energy and system gave her the control of its details. It was here that Gibbon found her on his return from Italy, a few months after her marriage. All readers of his memoirs will remember the letter, with its undertone of pique and fatuity, in which he relates his first visit to her ; he asks comically if anything could be more mortifying than Necker's going off to bed and leaving him alone with his former flame, but he did not feel to the full the almost contemptuous security of the proceeding. It did not strike him that Mme. Necker might be taking a gentle revenge for his declining her friendship on the plea of its dangers for her as well as himself.

When the little chagrins and embarrassments attendant on the renewal of their intimacy wore off, Gibbon found a great and lasting resource in the friendship of the magnanimous woman whose love he had slighted, and of her husband. His name occurs, and his letters appear throughout the record of Mme. Necker's life ; and when she and her family were forced to seek refuge at Coppet from the fury of popular fickleness, which pursued Necker alternately with huzzas and hooting until it drove him from France, they found Gibbon at Lausanne writing his "*Decline and Fall*." No guest was more frequent or welcome at Coppet than he. M. Morison alludes to Mme Necker's letters to Gibbon at this period as testifying "a warmth of sentiment on her part which, coming from a lady of less spotless propriety, would almost imply a revival of early affection for an early lover." M. Morison was not aware of the tendency to exaggeration which was a life-long characteristic of Mme. Necker's, contrasting singularly with her rigid circumspection of conduct ; she was fully conscious of the defect herself, and tried to correct it in her daughter. One need only compare with these letters her expressions in writing to her husband to get the measure of her feeling for the

two men. One need but compare the appearance and attitude of the two, and turn from little Gibbon, round and replete, dining with Lord Sheffield and other patrons, to Necker's imposing figure, even after he had grown unwieldy with corpulence, his fine dark head and face lighted by its penetrating smile, and the magnificent eyes which his daughter inherited from him—a sort of hero in overthrow.

Gibbon was probably conscious of his unfitness for romantic situations. His brief love for Suzanne is the single sen-

timental episode of which there is any trace in his life, except the absurd and apocryphal story of his getting on his knees to Mme. — and having to be helped up from them. The nobility of Mme. Necker's character invests the affection she cherished for Gibbon with a dignity and interest which is reflected upon him. The imagination dwells with pleasure on their return to the scenes of their early love, reunited by a worthy friendship which ended only with death. —*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

X.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE. (*Concluded*.)

IN the beginning of this chapter I have observed how little we think of the assumptions which are involved in putting such questions as that respecting the origin of religion. And here we have come to a point in our investigations at which it is very needful to remember again what some of these assumptions are. In order to do so let us look back for a moment and see where we stand.

We have found the clearest evidence that there is a special tendency in religious conceptions to run into developments of corruption and decay. We have seen the best reason to believe that the religion of savages, like their other peculiarities, is the result of this kind of evolution. We have found in the most ancient records of the Aryan language proof that the indications of religious thought are higher, simpler, and purer as we go back in time, until at last, in the very oldest compositions of human speech which have come down to us, we find the Divine Being spoken of in the sublime language which forms the opening of the Lord's Prayer. The date in absolute chronology of the oldest Vedic literature does not seem to be known. Professor Max Müller, however, considers that it may possibly take us back

5000 years.* This is probably an extreme estimate, and Professor Monier Williams seems to refer the most ancient Vedic hymns to a period not much more remote than 1500 B.C.† But whatever that date may be, or the corresponding date of any other very ancient literature, such as the Chinese, or that of the oldest Egyptian papyri, when we go beyond these dates we enter upon a period when we are absolutely without any historical evidence whatever, not only as to the history of religion, but as to the history and condition of mankind. •We do not know even approximately the time during which he has existed. We do not know the place or the surroundings of his birth. We do not know the steps by which his knowledge "grew from more to more." All we can see with certainty is that the earliest inventions of mankind are the most wonderful that the race has ever made. The first beginnings of human speech must have had their origin in powers of the highest order. The first use of fire and the discovery of the methods by which it can be kindled; the domestication of wild animals; and above all the processes by which the various cereals were first developed out of some wild grasses—these are all discoveries with which in ingenuity and in importance no subsequent discoveries may compare. They are all

* Hibbert Lectures, p. 216.

† "Hinduism," p. 19.

unknown to history—all lost in the light of an effulgent dawn. In speculating, therefore, on the origin of these things, we must make one or other of two assumptions—either that man always had the same mental faculties and the same fundamental intellectual constitution that he has now, or that there was a time when these faculties had not yet risen to the level of humanity, and when his mental constitution was essentially inferior.

On the first of these assumptions we proceed on the safe ground of inquiry from the known to the unknown. We handle a familiar thing; we dissect a known structure; we think of a known agency. We speculate only on the matter of its first behavior. Even in this process we must take a good deal for granted—we must imagine a good deal that is not easily conceivable. If we try to present to our own minds any distinct image of the first man, whether we suppose him to have been specially created or gradually developed, we shall soon find that we are talking about a being and about a condition of things of which science tells us nothing, and of which the imagination even cannot form any definite conception. The temptation to thing of that being as a mere savage is very great, and this theory underlies nine-tenths of all speculations on the subject. But, to say the very least, this may not be true, and valid reasons have been adduced to show that it is in the highest degree improbable. That the first man should have been born with all the developments of savagery, is as impossible as that he should have been born with all the developments of civilization. The next most natural resource we have is to think of the first man as something like a child. But no man has ever seen a child which never had a parent, or some one to represent a parent. We can form no picture in our mind's eye of the mental condition of the first man, if we suppose him to have had no communication with, and no instruction from, some intelligence other than his own. A child that has never known anything, and has never seen example, is a creature of which we have no knowledge, and of which therefore we can form no definite conception. Our power of conceiving things is, of course, no measure of their

possibility. But it may be well to observe where the impossibilities of conception are, or may be, of our own making. It is at least possible that the first man may not have been born or created in the condition which we find to be so inconceivable. He may have been a child, but having, what all other children have, some intimations of authority and some acquaintance with its source. At all events, let it be clearly seen that the denial of this possibility is an assumption; and an assumption too which establishes an absolute and radical distinction between childhood as we know it, and the inconceivable conditions of a childhood which was either without parents, or with parents who were comparatively beasts. Professor Max Müller has fancied our earliest forefathers as creatures who at first had to be "roused and awakened from mere staring and stolid wonderment," by certain objects "which set them for the first time musing, pondering, and thinking on the visions floating before their eyes." This is a picture evidently framed on the assumption of a fatherless childhood—of a being born into the world with all the innate powers of man, but absolutely deprived of all direct communication with any mind or will analogous to his own. No such assumption is admissible as representing any reasonable probability. But at least such imaginings as these about our first parents have reference to their external conditions only and do not raise the additional difficulties involved in the supposition that the first man was half a beast.

Very different is the case upon the other of the two assumptions which have been indicated above. On the assumption that there was a time when man was different in his own proper nature from that nature as we know it now—when he was merely an animal not yet developed into a man—on this assumption another element of the unknown is introduced, which is an element of absolute confusion. It is impossible to found any reasoning upon data which are not only unknown, but are in themselves unintelligible and inconceivable. Now it seems as if many of those who speculate on the origin of religion have not clearly made up their minds whether they are proceeding on the first of these assump-

tions or on the second ; that is to say, on the assumption that man has always been, in respect to faculty, what he now is, or on the assumption that he was once a beast. Perhaps, indeed, it would be strictly true to say that many of those who speculate on the origin of religion proceed upon the last of these assumptions without avowing it, or even without distinctly recognizing it themselves. It may be well, therefore, to point out here that on this assumption the question cannot be discussed at all. We must begin with man as man, when his development or his creation had made him what he is ; not indeed as regards the acquisitions of experience or the treasures of knowledge, but what he is in faculty and in power, in the structure and habit of his mind, in the instincts of his intellectual and moral nature.

But, as we have also seen at the beginning of this chapter, there are two other assumptions between which we must choose. Besides assuming something as to the condition and the powers of the first man, we must also make one or other of two assumptions as to the existence or non-existence of a being to whom his mind stands in close relation. One is the assumption that there is no God ; and then the problem is, how man came to invent one. The other is that there is a God ; and then the question is, whether He first formed, and how long He left, His creature without any intuition or revelation of Himself ?

It is really curious to observe in many speculations on the origin of religion how unconscious the writers are that they are making any assumption at all on this subject. And yet in many cases the assumption distinctly is that, as an objective reality, God does not exist, and that the conception of such a being is built up gradually out of wonderings and guessings about "the Infinite" and "the Invisible."

On this assumption I confess that it does not appear to me to be possible to give any satisfactory explanation of the origin of religion. As a matter of fact, we see that the tendency to believe in divine or superhuman beings is a universal tendency in the human mind. As a matter of fact, also, we see that the conceptions which gather round this belief—the ideas which grow up and are

developed from one consequence to another respecting the character of these superhuman personalities and the relations to mankind—are beyond all comparison the most powerful agencies in molding human nature for evil or for good. There is no question whatever about the fact that the most terrible and destructive customs of barbarian and of savage life are customs more or less directly connected with the growth of religious superstitions. It was the perception of this fact which inspired the intense hatred of Religion, as it was known to him, which breathes in the memorable poem of Lucretius. In all literature there is no single line more true than the famous line—"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum." Nor is it less certain, on the other hand, that the highest type of human virtue is that which has been exhibited in some of those whose whole inspiration and rule of life has been founded on religious faith. Religious conceptions have been historically the centre of all authority, and have given their strength to all ideas of moral obligation. Accordingly, we see that the same hatred which inspired Lucretius against religion because of its power for evil, now inspires other men against it because of its power for good. Those who wish to sever all the bonds which bind human society together, the State, the Church, the family, and whose spirits are in fierce rebellion against all law, human or divine, are and must be bitter enemies of religion. The idea must be unendurable to them of a Ruler who cannot be defied, of a throne which cannot be overturned, of a kingdom which endureth throughout all generations. The belief in any Divine Personality as the source of the inexorable laws of nature is a belief which enforces, as nothing else can enforce, the idea of obligation and the duty of obedience.

It is not possible, in the light of the unity of nature, to reconcile this close and obvious relation between religious conceptions and the highest conditions of human life with the supposition that these conceptions are nothing but a dream. The power exercised over the mind and conduct of mankind, by the belief in some divine personality with whom they have to do, is a power of

having all the marks that indicate an integral part of the system under which we live. But if we are to assume that this belief does not represent a fact, and that its origin is any other than a simple and natural perception of that fact, then this negation must be the groundwork of all our speculations on the subject, and must be involved, more or less directly, in every argument we use. But even on this assumption it is not a reasonable explanation of the fundamental postulates of all religion—namely, the existence of superhuman beings—to suppose that the idea of personality has been evolved out of that which is impersonal; the idea of will out of that which has no intelligence; the idea of life out of that which does not contain it.

On the other hand, if we make the only alternative assumption—namely, that there is a God, that is to say, a Supreme Being, who is the author of creation—then the origin of man's perception of this fact ceases to have any mystery other than that which attaches to the origin of every one of the elementary perceptions of his mind and spirit. Not a few of these perceptions tell him of realities which are as invisible as the Godhead. Of his own passions his perception is immediate—of his own love, of his own anger, of his own possession of just authority. The sense of owing obedience may well be as immediate as the sense of a right to claim it. Moreover, seeing the transcendent power of this perception upon his conduct, and, through his conduct, upon his fate, it becomes antecedently probable, in accordance with the analogies of nature and of all other created beings, that from the very first, and as part of the outfit of his nature, some knowledge was imparted to him of the existence of his Creator, and of the duty which he owed to Him.

Of the methods by which this knowledge was imparted to him, we are as ignorant as of the methods by which other innate perceptions were implanted in him. But no special difficulty is involved in the origin of a perception which stands in such close relation to the unity of nature. It has been demanded, indeed, as a postulate in this discussion, that we should discard all notions of antecedent probability—that we should

take nothing for granted, except that man started on his course furnished with what are called his senses, and with nothing more. And this demand may be acceded to, provided it be well understood what our senses are. If by this word we are to understand nothing more than the gates and avenues of approach through which we derive an impression of external objects—our sight, and touch, and smell, and taste, and hearing—then, indeed, it is the most violent of all assumptions that they are the only faculties by which knowledge is acquired. There is no need to put any disparagement on these senses, or to undervalue the work they do. Quite the contrary. It has been shown in a former chapter how securely we may rest on the wonder and on the truthfulness of these faculties as a pledge and guarantee of the truthfulness of other faculties which are conversant with higher things. When we think of the mechanism of the eye, and of the inconceivable minuteness of the ethereal movements which that organ enables us to separate and to discriminate at a glance, we get hold of an idea having an intense interest and a supreme importance. If adjustments so fine and so true as these have been elaborated out of the unities of nature, whether suddenly by what we imagine as Creation, or slowly by what we call development, then may we have the firmest confidence that the same law of natural adjustment has prevailed in all the other faculties of the perceiving and conceiving mind. The whole structure of that mind is, as it were, revealed to be a structure which is in the nature of a growth—a structure whose very property and function it is to take in and assimilate the truths of nature—and that in an ascending order, according to the rank of those truths in the system and constitution of the universe. In this connection of thought too great stress cannot be laid on the wonderful language of the senses. In the light of it the whole mind and spirit of man becomes one great mysterious retina for reflecting the images of eternal truth. Our moral and intellectual perceptions of things which in their very nature are invisible, come home to us as invested with a new authority. It is the authority of an adjusted structure—of a men-

tal organization which has been molded by what we call natural causes—these being the causes on which the unity of the world depends.

And when we come to consider how this molding, and the molding of the human body, deviates from that of the lower animals, we discover in the nature of this deviation a law which cannot be mistaken. That law points to the higher power and to the higher value in his economy of faculties which lie behind the senses. The human frame diverges from the frame of the brutes, so far as the mere bodily senses are concerned, in the direction of greater helplessness and weakness. Man's sight is less piercing than the eagle's. His hearing is less acute than the owl's or the bat's. His sense of smell may be said hardly to exist at all when it is compared with the exquisite susceptibilities of the deer, of the weasel, or of the fox. The whole principle and plan of structure in the beasts which are supposed to be nearest to him in form, is a principle and a plan which is almost the converse of that on which his structure has been organized. The so-called man-like apes are highly specialized; man on the contrary is as highly generalized. They are framed to live almost entirely on trees, and to be dependent on arboreal products, which only a very limited area in the globe can supply. Man is framed to be independent of all local conditions, except indeed those extreme conditions which are incompatible with the maintenance of organic life in any form. If it be true, therefore, that he is descended from some "arboreal animal with pointed ears," he has been modified during the steps of that descent on the principle of depending less on senses such as the lower animals possess, and more and more on what may be called the senses of his mind. The unclothed and unprotected condition of the human body, the total absence of any organic weapon of defence, the want of teeth adapted even for prehension, and the same want of power for similar purposes in the hands and fingers—these are all changes and departures from the mere animal type which stand in obvious relation to the mental powers of man. Apart from these, they are changes which would have placed the new creature at a hope-

less disadvantage in the struggle for existence. It is not easy to imagine—indeed, we may safely say that it is impossible to conceive—the condition of things during any intermediate steps in such a process. It seems as if there could be no safety until it had been completed—until the enfeebled physical organization had been supported and reinforced by the new capacities for knowledge and design. This, however, is not the point on which we are dwelling now. We are not now speculating on the origin of man. We are considering him only as he is, and as he must have been since he was man at all. And in that structure, as it is, we see that the bodily senses have a smaller relative importance than in the beasts. To the beasts these senses tell them all they know. To us they speak but little compared with all that our spirit of interpretation gathers from them. But that spirit of interpretation is in the nature of a sense. In the lower animals every external stimulus moves to some appropriate action. In man it moves to some appropriate thought. This is an enormous difference; but the principle is the same. We can see that, so far as the mechanism is visible, the plan or the principle of that mechanism is alike. The more clearly we understand that this organic mechanism has been a growth and a development, the more certain we may be that in its structure it is self-adapted, and that in its working it is true. And the same principle applies to those other faculties of our mental constitution which have no outward organ to indicate the machinery through which their operations are conducted. In them the spirit of interpretation is in communication with the realities which lie behind phenomena—with energies which are kindred with its own. And so we come to understand that the processes of development or of creation, whatever they may have been, which culminated in the production of a being such as man, are processes wholly governed and directed by a law of adjustment between the higher truths which it concerns him most to know, and the evolution of faculties by which alone he could be enabled to apprehend them. There is no difficulty in conceiving these processes carried to the most perfect consummation, as we do see

them actually carried to very high degrees of excellence in the case of a few men of extraordinary genius, or of extraordinary virtue. In science the most profound conclusions have been sometimes reached without any process of conscious reasoning. It is clearly the law of our nature, however, that the triumphs of intellect are to be gained only by laborious thought, and by the gains of one generation being made the starting-point for the acquisition of the next. This is the general law. But it is a law which itself assumes certain primary intuitions of the mind as the starting-point of all. If these were wrong, nothing could be right. The whole processes of reasoning would be vitiated from the first. The first man must have had these as perfectly as we now have them, else the earliest steps of reason could never have been taken, the earliest rewards of discovery could never have been secured. But there is this great difference between the moral and the intellectual nature of man, that whereas in the work of reasoning the perceptions which are primary and intuitive require to be worked out and elaborately applied, in morals the perceptions which are primary are all in all. It is true that here also the applications may be infinite, and the doctrines of utility have their legitimate application in enforcing, by the sense of obligation, whatever course of conduct reason may determine to be the most fitting and the best. The sense of obligation in itself is, like the sense of logical sequence, elementary, and, like it, is part and parcel of our mental constitution. But unlike the mere sense of logical sequence, the sense of moral obligation has one necessary and primary application which from the earliest moment of man's existence may well have been all-sufficient. Obedience to the will of legitimate authority is, as we have seen in a former chapter, the first duty and the first idea of duty in the mind of every child. If ever there was a man who had no earthly father, or if ever there was a man whose father was, as compared with himself, a beast, it would seem a natural and almost a necessary supposition that, along with his own new and wonderful power of self-consciousness, there should have been associated a consciousness also

of the presence and the power of that creative energy to which his own development was due. It is not possible for us to conceive what form the consciousness would take. "No man has seen God at any time." This absolute declaration of one of the apostles of the Christian Church proves that they accepted, as metaphorical, the literal terms in which the first communications between man and his Creator are narrated in the Jewish Scriptures. It is not necessary to suppose that the Almighty was seen by His first human creature walking in bodily form in a garden "in the cool of the day." The strong impressions of a spiritual presence and of spiritual communications which have been the turning-point in the lives of men living in the bustle of a busy and corrupted world, may well have been even more vivid and more immediate when the first "Being worthy to be called a man" stood in this world alone. The light which shone on Paul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus may have been such a light as shone on the father of our race. Or the communion may have been what metaphysicians call purely subjective, such as in all ages of the world do sometimes "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." But none the less may they have been direct and overpowering. The earliest and simplest conception of the Divine nature might well also be the best. And although we are forbidden to suppose the embodiment and visibility of the Godhead, we are not driven to the alternative of concluding that there never could have been anything which is to us unusual in the intimations of His presence. Yet this is another of the unobserved assumptions which are perpetually made—the assumption of an uniformity in nature which does not exist. That "all things have continued as they are since the beginning" is conceivable. But that all things should have continued as they were since before the beginning is a contradiction in terms. In primeval times many things had then just been done of which we have no knowledge now. When the form of man had been fashioned, and completed for the first time, like and yet unlike to the bodies of the beasts; when all their organs had been lifted to a higher significance in his;

when his hands had been liberated from walking and from climbing, and had been elaborated into an instrument of the most subtle and various use; when his feet had been adapted for holding him in the erect position; when his breathing apparatus had been set to musical chords of widest compass and the most exquisite tones; when all his senses had become ministers to a mind endowed with wonder and with reverence, and with reason and with love—then a work had been accomplished such as the world had not known before, and such as has never been repeated since. All the conditions under which that work was carried forward must have been happy conditions—conditions, that is to say, in perfect harmony with its progress and its end. They must have been favorable, first to the production and then to the use of those higher faculties which separated the new creature from the beasts. They must have been in a corresponding degree adverse to and incompatible with the prevalence of conditions tending to reversion or to degradation in any form. That long and gradual ascent, if we assume it to have been so—or, as it may have been, that sudden transfiguration—must have taken place in a congenial air and amid surroundings which lent themselves to so great a change. On every conceivable theory, therefore, of the origin of man, all this seems a necessity of thought. But perhaps it seems on the theory of development even more a necessity than on any other. It is of the essence of that theory that all things should have worked together for the good of the being that was to be. On the lowest interpretation, this “toil co-operant to an end” is always the necessary result of forces ever weaving and ever interwoven. On the higher interpretation it is the same. Only, some worker is ever behind the work. But under either interpretation the conclusion is the same. That the first man should have been a savage, with instincts and dispositions perverted as they are never perverted among the beasts, is a supposition impossible and inconceivable. Like every other creature, he must have been in harmony with his origin and his end—with the path which had led him to where he stood, with the work which

made him what he was. It may well have been part of that work—nay, it seems almost a necessary part of it—to give to this new and wonderful being some knowledge of his whence and whither—some open vision, some sense and faculty divine.

With arguments so deeply founded on the analogies of nature in favor of the conclusion that the first man, though a child in acquired knowledge, must from the first have had instincts and intuitions in harmony with his origin and with his destiny, we must demand the clearest proof from those who assume that he could have had no conception of a Divine being, and that this was an idea which could only be acquired in time from staring at things too big for him to measure, and from wondering at things too distant for him to reach. Not even his powers could extract from such things that which they do not contain. But in his own personality, fresh from the hand of nature—in his own spirit just issuing from the fountains of its birth—in his own will, willing according to the law of its creation—in his own desire of knowledge—in his own sense of obligation—in his own wonder and reverence and awe—he had all the elements to enable him at once to apprehend, though not to comprehend, the Infinite Being who was the author of his own.

It is, then, with that intense interest which must ever belong to new evidence in support of fundamental truths that we find these conclusions, founded as they are on the analogies of nature, confirmed and not disparaged by such facts as can be gathered from other sources of information. Scholars who have begun their search into the origin of religion in the full acceptance of what may be called the savage theory of the origin of man—who, captivated by a plausible generalization, had taken it for granted that the farther we go back in time the more certainly do we find all religion assuming one or other of the gross and idolatrous forms which have been indiscriminately grouped under the designation of Fetishism—have been driven from this belief by discovering to their surprise that facts do not support the theory. They have found, on the contrary, that up to the farthest limits which are reached by

records which are properly historical, and far beyond those limits to the remotest distance which is attained by evidence founded on the analysis of human speech, the religious conceptions of men are seen as we go back in time to have been not coarser and coarser, but simpler, purer, higher—so that the very oldest conceptions of the Divine Being of which we have any certain evidence are the simplest and the best of all.

In particular, and as a fact of typical significance, we find very clear indications that everywhere idolatry and fetishism appear to have been corruptions, while the higher and more spiritual conceptions of religion which lie behind do generally even now survive among idolatrous tribes as vague surmises or as matters of speculative belief. Nowhere even now, it is confessed, is mere fetishism the whole of the religion of any people. Everywhere, in so far as the history of it is known, it has been the work of evolution, the development of tendencies which are deviations from older paths. And not less significant is the fact that everywhere in the imagination and traditions of mankind there is preserved the memory and the belief in a past better than the present. "It is a constant saying," we are told, "among African tribes that formerly heaven was nearer to man than it is now; that the highest God, the Creator Himself, gave formerly lessons of wisdom to human beings; but that afterward He withdrew from them, and dwells now far from them in heaven." All the Indian races have the same tradition; and it is not easy to conceive how a belief so universal could have arisen unless as a survival. It has all the marks of being a memory and not an imagination. It would reconcile the origin of man with that law which has been elsewhere universal in creation—the law under which every creature has been produced not only with appropriate powers, but with appropriate instincts and intuitive perceptions for the guidance of these powers in their exercise and use. Many will remember the splendid lines in which Dante has defined this law, and has declared the impossibility of man having been exempt therefrom:

Nell' ordine ch'io dico sono accline
Tutte nature per diverse sorti
Più al principio loro, e men vicine;

Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' essere; e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato che la porti.

* * * * *
Nè pur le creature, che son fuore
D'intelligenza, quest'arco saetta,
Ma quelle c'hanno intelletto ed amore.*

The only mystery which would remain is the mystery which arises out of the fact that somehow those instincts have in man not only been liable to fail, but that they seem to have acquired apparently an ineradicable tendency to become perverted. But this is a lesser mystery than the mystery which would attach to the original birth or creation of any creature in the condition of a human savage. It is a lesser mystery because it is of the essence of a being whose will is comparatively free that he should be able to deviate from his appointed path. The origin of evil may appear to us to be a great mystery. But this at least may be said in mitigation of the difficulty, that without the possibility of evil there could be no possibility of any virtue. Among the lower animals obedience has always been a necessity. In man it was raised to the dignity of a duty. It is in this great change that we can see and understand how it is that the very elevation of his nature is inseparable from the possibility of a fall. The mystery, then, which attaches to his condition now is shifted from his endowments and his gifts to the use he made of them. The question of the origin of religion is merged and lost in the question of the origin of man. And that other question, how his religion came to be corrupted, becomes intelligible on the supposition of wilful disobedience with all its consequences having become "inherited and organized in the race." This is the formula of expression which has been invented or accepted by those who do not believe in original instincts or intuitions, even when these are in harmony with the order and with the reasonableness of nature. It may well therefore be accepted in a case where we have to account for tendencies and propensities which have no such character—which are exceptions to the unity of nature, and at variance with all that is intelligible in its order, or reasonable in its law.

If all explanation essentially consists

* "Paradiso," canto i 110-120.

in the reduction of phenomena into the terms of human thought and into the analogies of human experience, this is the explanation which can alone reconcile the unquestionable corruption of human character with the analogies of creation.

For the present I must bring these papers to a close. If the conclusions to which they point are true, then we have in them some foundation-stones strong enough to bear the weight of an immense, and, indeed, of an immeasurable superstructure. If the unity of nature is not a unity which consists in mere sameness of material, or in mere identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but a unity which the mind recognizes as the result of operations similar to its own; if man, not in his body only, but in the highest as well as in the lowest attributes of his spirit, is inside this unity and part of it; if all his powers are, like the instincts of the beasts, founded on a perfect harmony between his faculties and the realities of creation; if the limits of his knowledge do not affect its certainty; if its accepted truthfulness in the lower fields of thought arises out of correspondences and adjustments which are applicable to all the operations of his intellect, and all the energies of his spirit; if the moral character of man, as it exists now, is the one great anomaly in nature—the one great exception to its order and to the perfect harmony of its laws; if the

corruption of this moral character stands in immediate and necessary connection with rebellion against the authority on which that order rests; if all ignorance and error and misconception respecting the nature of that authority and of its commands has been and must be the cause of increasing deviation, disturbance, and perversion—then, indeed, we have a view of things which is full of light. Dark as the difficulties which remain may be, they are not of a kind to undermine all certitude, to discomfit all conviction, and to dissolve all hope. On the contrary, some of these difficulties are seen to be purely artificial and imaginary, while many others are exposed to the suspicion of belonging to the same class and category. In some cases our misgivings are shown to be unreasonable, while in many other cases, to say the least, doubt is thrown on doubt. Let destructive criticism do its work. But let that work be itself subjected to the same rigid analysis which it professes to employ. Under the analysis, unless I am much mistaken, the destroyer will be destroyed. That which pretends to be the universal solvent of all knowledge and of all belief, will be found to be destitute of any power to convict of falsehood the universal instinct of man, that by a careful and conscientious use of the appropriate means he can, and does, attain to a substantial knowledge of the truth.—*Contemporary Review*.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

LADY! in this night of June,
 Fair like thee and holy,
 Art thou gazing at the moon
 That is rising slowly?
 I am gazing on her now:
 Something tells me, so art thou.

II.

Night hath been when thou and I
 Side by side were sitting,
 Watching o'er the moonlit sky
 Fleecy cloudlets flitting.
 Close our hands were link'd then;
 When will they be link'd again?

III.

What to me the starlight still,
Or the moonbeam's splendor,
If I do not feel the thrill
Of thy fingers slender?
Summer nights in vain are clear,
If thy footstep be not near.

IV.

Roses slumbering in their sheaths
O'er my threshold clamber,
And the honeysuckle wreathes
Its translucent amber
Round the gables of my home :
How is it thou dost not come ?

V.

If thou camest, rose on rose
From its sleep would waken ;
From each flower and leaf that blows
Spices would be shaken ;
Floating down from star and tree,
Dreamy perfumes welcome thee.

VI.

I would lead thee where the leaves
In the moon-rays glisten ;
And, where shadows fall in sheaves,
We would lean and listen
For the song of that sweet bird
That in April nights is heard.

VII.

And when weary lids would close,
And thy head was drooping,
Then, like dew that steeps the rose,
O'er thy languor stooping,
I would, till I woke a sigh,
Kiss thy sweet lips silently.

VIII.

I would give thee all I own,
All thou hast would borrow ;
I from thee would keep alone
Fear and doubt and sorrow.
All of tender that is mine,
Should most tenderly be thine.

IX.

Moonlight ! into other skies,
I beseech thee wander.
Cruel, thus to mock mine eyes,
Idle, thus to squander
Love's own light on this dark spot ;—
For my lady cometh not !

A NEW LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THREE years ago, on the occasion of the Voltaire and Rousseau centenary, I had the honor of writing something about it in these pages. Shortly after the appearance of the article I met a young lady—an old pupil of mine—who saluted me with the reproachful greeting: “I see you have been praising that wretch Voltaire. How could you do it?” Although I was fully aware that considerable numbers of presumably sane human beings still thought and spoke of Voltaire as a wretch, I confess I was a little startled to find that among them were persons of intelligence and cultivation, as this lady certainly was. The astonishment was perhaps unphilosophical, for prejudice in general and ignorance in particular will account for most things. But the general prejudice against Voltaire has certainly not died out, and it may be doubted whether knowledge as to what he actually said, wrote, and thought is as yet very widely spread in England. It is certainly not necessary to say to readers of the *Fortnightly Review* that we have in English admirable works of the biographical essay kind on Voltaire of much more recent date than Mr. Carlyle’s famous and still indispensable study; but no work of the compass of those alluded to can possibly do more than summarize the events and comment on the productions of a life so long and so busy as Voltaire’s. The sort of book that is now wanted is a book that shall contain in full measure and orderly arrangement the *pièces*—the supporting documents and facts of Mr. Carlyle’s and our editor’s conclusions, and of such conclusions as may be formed by a reader who likes to create for himself, and who yet does not care to work through the hundred volumes supplemented by all the biographies from Duvernet to Desnoiresterres, and all the criticisms from Foulard to Martin. This is what Mr. Parton has attempted to supply. I do not purpose in this place to examine very

minutely into the manner in which he has performed his task; though I must say briefly that it is not well performed. The author, I believe, is an American journalist of some position, and a recent article of his on American politics has excited a good deal of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. He writes fairly well, and seems to have taken a great deal of trouble with his work; but he does not appear to possess anything like the width of literary culture which is the necessary equipment of any one who writes on Voltaire. He makes a good many grotesque blunders, and his critical powers seem to me altogether defective. But he has got together a very great deal of information about his hero from a very large number of different sources, and his book, with the exception of the eight volumes of Desnoiresterres, gives probably the most extensive and the fullest store of information on the subject to be found between the covers of any single work. I shall, therefore, in this article busy myself very little with Mr. Parton, and almost entirely with the portrait of Voltaire’s life and works which Mr. Parton has got together.

The knowledge of the general English public as to Voltaire may be said to begin with his second Bastille experience, his exile to England, and the “Henriade.” Before that time his Jesuit education, the Ninon legacy, and perhaps the love affair in Holland, almost sum up the list of events in his life which have held their ground with most of us. Mr. Parton has filled up this somewhat scanty outline with plenty of interesting detail. His indications of the society and atmosphere in which the future patriarch acquired or developed the peculiarities which afterward distinguished him are sufficiently full. The home with the solid and business-like father, the Jansenist elder brother, the mother of whom so little is known, but whose attraction for the men of letters and wits of the period had so much to do with her son’s future career, can be sufficiently realized from his pages. An exposition of the profound ethnicism which resulted

* “Life of Voltaire.” By James Parton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

by way of development almost equally from the Cartesian philosophy and the Gassendian, by way of reaction from the iron formality on religious matters of the court of Louis XIV., in its later days, requires indeed a greater knowledge of French seventeenth century literature to explain it than Mr. Parton seems to possess. But if he does not know much of St. Evremond and the early *philosophes*, he knows something of the Abbé de Chateaufort and the Abbé de Chaulieu, of Dangeau and St. Simon, and duly sets it before his readers. To the company of abbés and fine gentlemen to whom a "Moisade" was the greatest of delights, if only because it was a forbidden luxury, something at least of the attitude of Voltaire toward matters religious may fairly be traced. His apparently contradictory attitude in politics may, with equal fairness, be assigned in part—all such assignments are delusive if they pretend to explain the whole—to the company of his childhood at the Collège Louis le Grand, where the sons of the greatest men of the kingdom underwent the equal justice of Jesuit corporal punishment in common with Voltaire and other *cuisines*, as the elegant phrase of the day would have put it. Voltaire himself was never exactly a parasite, but, like a man of greater if less varied genius—Swift—he very early mastered the truth that an ingenious mixture of flattery and independence was more efficient for the purpose of making his way than flattery pure and simple, and that independence pure and simple was certain to bar the way to success of any kind. The anecdotes of his youth, it is well known, are for the most part derived from his own authority, an authority, which, as to plain matters of fact, is deservedly regarded with a certain suspicion even by very well-affectioned critics. From these anecdotes, however, and from the ascertained facts which accompany them, a very fair picture can be made out of the boy who in this case was unquestionably father to the man. His liking for good society and the liking of good society for him, his fertility of composition and conversation, his generally amiable character, joined as it was to a faculty of playing monkey tricks, which recalls Pope much more than Swift, already appear. In

these early days he was somewhat extravagant; indeed it would not be correct to say that he was ever parsimonious. But he had, like Scott, and presumably like Shakespeare, a deep conviction that independence in matters of money was indispensable to independence in matter of speech and writing, and he had inherited from his father a business capacity of a very remarkable kind. In later days speculation was to Voltaire what sport pure and simple is to some people, and art pure and simple to others—an employment which had an irresistible attraction from the mere fact of his own proficiency in the game. At this time, however, he was unsophisticated, and capable enough of extravagance of the most whimsical kind. Nothing more whimsical, perhaps, is recorded of him than the following anecdote:

"There is an anecdote, also, of a great lady giving him a hundred louis for correcting her verses, and of the use he made of the money which may have some basis of truth. Going along the street, overjoyed to find himself the possessor of so large a sum, he came to where an auctioneer was selling a carriage, a pair of horses, and the liveries of a coachman and footman. He bid a hundred louis for the lot, and it was knocked down to him. All day he drove about Paris, giving his friends rides, supped gayly in the city, and continued to ride till late in the evening, when, not knowing what else to do with them, he crowded the horses into his father's stable, already full. The thundering noise of this operation woke the old man, who, on learning its cause, turned young scapegrace out of doors, and, the next day, had the carriage and horses sold for half price."

These and other freaks may very well have determined his father as a kind of compromise between his own desire that Voltaire should settle down to a recognized profession and the young man's craving for literature, to send him into Holland as *attaché* to the Marquis de Chateaufort. But if Voltaire had previously shown himself young in matter of money—it appears that he considerably "dipped" the Ninon legacy, and continued to regard that windfall as more convenient for the floating of bills than for the purchasing of books—he now showed that he was a very natural and unprecocious person in another way. The affair with Olympe Dunoyer would be a pathetic but commonplace piece of calf-love if it were not for the extraor-

dinary fertility of brain which the young man showed in fighting against the obstacles which were thrown in the path of true affection. Mr. Parton has not shown, and, indeed, no biographer has shown, how it was that an adventuress, as Pimpette's mother undoubtedly was if Pimpette was not, could for a moment have supposed him to be an eligible match, considering his insignificant rank, his want not merely of money but of any great prospect of money, and his extreme youth. That he was sincerely and honestly in love with the young lady—it is needless to say that she was two or three years his senior—there can be no doubt. Here is a letter and an incident of the courtship :

" 'Send me three letters,' he wrote, 'one for your father, one for your uncle, and one for your sister ; that is absolutely necessary ; but I shall only deliver them when circumstances favor, especially the one for your sister. Let the shoemaker be the bearer of those letters ; promise him a reward ; and let him come with a last in his hand, as if to mend my shoes. Add to those letters a note for me ; let me have that comfort on setting out ; and, above all, in the name of the love I bear you, my dear, send me your portrait ; use all your efforts to get it from your mother ; it had better be in my hands than in hers, for it is already in my heart. The servant I send you is wholly devoted to me, and if you wish to pass him off to your mother as a snuff-box maker, he is a Norman and will play the part well I shall do all that is possible to see you to-morrow before leaving Holland ; but, as I cannot assure you of it, I bid you good-by, my dear heart, for the last time, and I do it swearing to you all the tender love which you merit. Yes, my dear Pimpette, I shall love you always. Lovers the least faithful say the same ; but their love is not founded, as mine is, upon perfect esteem. I love your goodness as much as I love your person, and I only ask of Heaven the privilege of imbibing from you the noble sentiments you possess. . . . Adieu once more, my dear mistress ; think a little of your unhappy lover, but not so as to dash your spirits. Keep your health if you wish to preserve mine. Above all, have a great deal of discretion ; bury my letter and all that you get from me ; it were better to be less generous to me and take better care of yourself. Let us take comfort from the hope of seeing one another very soon, and let us love one another as long as we live. Perhaps I shall even come back here in quest of you, and, if so, I shall be the happiest of men. But, after all, provided you get to Paris I shall be only too well satisfied ; for, wishing only your welfare, I would willingly secure it at the expense of my own, and should feel myself richly recompensed in cherishing the sweet assurance that I had contributed to restore you to happiness.'

" So far, so well. This was the letter of an honest lover, and the scheme seemed feasible. But when he summoned Lefèvre to convey the epistle to the young lady, the valet told him he had received orders to deliver to the ambassador any letters his master might charge him with. Away with prudence ! He *would* see his mistress, despite the vigilance of his chief, one of the most experienced diplomatists in Europe. Favored by an unavoidable delay in setting out, he engaged in a series of manoeuvres precisely such as we laugh at at the theatre, when an imaginary Figaro exerts his talents to help or baffle a fictitious count. He wrote a letter to Pimpette, which he meant the marquis to read, and told his valet to deliver it to him, as ordered. He corresponded with her continually, and had several interviews with her. One night, at the rising of the moon, he left the embassy in disguise, placed a carriage near the adored one's abode, made the usual comedy signal under her window, received her to his arms, and away they rode, five miles into the country to the seaside village of Scheveningen ; and there, with the ink and paper which he had provided, she wrote the three letters that he desired for use in Paris. This certainly was the entertainment to which he invited her, and which appears to have been carried out."

Mr. Parton's "appears" seems to me a rather risky expression, but the plan is romantic enough and characteristic enough of the young man's state of mind, even if it was never carried out.

How the cruel father interfered, how Pimpette rapidly consoled herself, and how banishment from Paris awaited Voltaire on his return to France, follows but too certainly. The interval between his return and the production of "*Cédipe*" is not so well known generally, and the recently published "*Sottisier de Voltaire*" has, as Mr. Parton says, thrown a good deal of light on it. As soon as he was pardoned, was restored to Paris, and had brought forth nominal fruits of repentance by entering a lawyer's office (where he giggled and made giggle no less than other persons of similar temperament in similar circumstances), he returned also to his favorite pastime of frequenting and occasionally lampooning the great. The following sonnet, which Mr. Parton quotes from the "*Sottisier*," is certainly not unworthy of him in style :

"Que l'Eternel est grand ! Que sa bonté
puissante
A comblé mes désirs, a payé mes travaux ;
Je naquis demoiselle et je devins servante :
Je lavai la vaisselle et frottai les bureaux.

" J'eus bientôt des amants : je ne fus point ingrante ;
De Villarceaux longtemps j'amusai les transports ;
Il me fit épouser ce fameux cul-de jatte
Qui vivait de ses vers, comme moi de mon corps.

" Il mourut. Je fus pauvre, et vieille devenue
Mes amants, dégoûtés, me laissaient toute nue,
Lorsqu'un tyran me crut propre encore au plaisir.

" Je lui plus, il m'aima : je fis la Madeleine,
Par des refus adroits j'irritai ses desirs ;
Je lui parlai du diable, il eut peur. . . .
Je suis reine." *

Like most literary men in France at all times, Voltaire was inclined to be a *Frondeur*, and his particular patrons happened to be *Frondeurs* also. In the Temple, under the patronage of Vendôme—Mr. Parton gives a fair sketch of this curious Epicurean colony, though he has not made the most of his opportunities—at Sceaux, under the patronage of the Duchess du Maine, he was not indeed exactly an enemy of the Regent's, but at any rate an associate of the Regent's unfriends. He might have written sonnets against Madame de Maintenon to his heart's content had he not been suspected of more dangerous matter. That Mr. Parton is right in exonerating him from the "Puerio Regnante" and the "J'ai Vu"—partisan and rather platitudinous libels on the Regent and the government—there cannot be much doubt. It is certain, however, that he was at this time grossly imprudent, that almost at all times he gave his tongue the rein with some indiscretion, and that he fell into the toils of a government spy, who either maliciously reported things that were not meant seriously or invented things that were never said. This was the cause of Voltaire's first acquaintance with the Bastille. Despite the better knowledge of French affairs which is now at the disposal of Englishmen, the name of the Bastille still exercises such a power of erroneous impression that it may be worth while to quote a passage from Mr. Parton which is perfectly justified by history. He himself, by subsequently comparing Voltaire's lot with Diderot's, seems not quite to realize the

facts of the case. The Bastille was very different from Vincennes, just as Vincennes itself was very different from Mont St. Michel :

" The king gave his guests an excellent table ; nay, a luxurious one. Marmontel's treatment, so amusingly described in his Memoirs, was that of many prisoners during the last century of the Bastille's reign. It was cold when Marmontel entered : the valets of the château made him a blazing fire and brought him plenty of wood. He objected to the mattresses ; they were changed. A very good Friday dinner was served, with a bottle of tolerable wine, and, after he had eaten it, he was informed that it was meant for his servant. His own dinner followed. 'Pyramids of new dishes, fine linen, beautiful porcelain, silver spoon and fork, an excellent soup, a slice of juicy beef, the leg of a broiled capon swimming in its gravy, a little dish of fried artichokes, one of spinach, a very fine pear, some grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and some of the best Mocha coffee.' His servant, on seeing this banquet, said, Monsieur, as you have just eaten my dinner, allow me in turn to eat yours.' 'It is but just,' replied his master, and the valet entered upon the work.

" We may conclude, therefore, that Arouet did not have to wait long for his breakfast on the morning of his arrest, and that he had on that day, and every day, whatever was requisite for his bodily comfort. Indeed, we know that he dined sometimes with the governor. Almost every literary man of note who lived in the reign of Louis XV. was at least once a prisoner in the Bastille, and they agree in describing it as the least painful of prisons. There were but forty-two rooms in the structure, and many of them were usually vacant. There was much familiar intercourse between the prisoners and the officers of the château, and most of the prisoners, as it seems, received visitors in their rooms, and were allowed to keep a private store of wine and dainties for the entertainment of guests. They could send out for books published with permission. There was a billiard-room, a bowling-alley, and a large courtyard for exercise and conversation, to all of which most of the prisoners had some daily access. Persons accused of serious crime, or who had given offence to a favorite or a mistress, were treated with more severity ; were compelled to take their exercise alone, under the eye of a sentinel ; were confined to their rooms, and could not receive visitors. For contumacious or disorderly inmates there were dungeons, damp and dark, at the bottom of each of the eight towers ; but these were seldom used, and never except for short periods."

His release from this easy captivity was followed by a positive piece of good fortune—the representation and success of "Œdipe." The curious want of critical discernment which characterizes his present biographer

* Le Sottisier de Voltaire, Paris, 1880.

could hardly be better illustrated than by the fact, that after expiating on the boy's early initiation and interest in the Racine-Corneille controversy, Mr. Parton quotes, without comment or indication of their insincerity, the words in which Voltaire tries to persuade the Duchess du Maine that he knew nothing about French plays, had never thought that love affairs could be mixed up with them, and had been determined to the writing of "*Œdipe*" solely by hearing the French translation of the "*Iphigenia*," which her favorite, Malézieu, had executed at her command. Mr. Parton seems never to have heard of the Stone of Blarney, a historical monument which it was quite superfluous for Voltaire to visit or venerate. There is, however, a full and interesting account of "*Œdipe*" and of its representation; when the play, in almost exactly the same way as its earlier contemporary "*Cato*," united, partly by good luck and partly owing to the adroitness of the poet, the suffrages of the most opposite parties in the state and in literature.

The history of Voltaire after "*Œdipe*" becomes better known, though certainly not less interesting. Presuming on his success, he wrote "*Artemire*" (Queen to Cassander, a king of the time of Alexander the Great, as Mr. Parton puts it, with the oddity which characterizes most of his allusions to classical matters), and "*Artemire*" was not a success. But socially his good fortune continued for the most part. He successfully rebutted the imputation of Lagrange-Chancel's "*Philippiques*" to him. He did not very clean work for Dubois. He was, alas! bastinadoed by the spy who had been the immediate cause of his imprisonment. But he made a kind of triumphant progress to Brussels, where his memorable quarrel with J. B. Rousseau took place; he laid the foundation of his fortune and got the "*Henriade*" with some difficulty printed in its first form. Then came the Rohan business, the second imprisonment, and the forced flight to England. Mr. Parton's account of this English Hegira and its results is interesting enough, despite some blunders (one gross one, for instance, about Sarah of Marlborough, whom he takes to have been Congreve's

legatee), and despite a certain tendency to take Voltaire's lively dramatic accounts of what he might have seen in England for historic records of what he actually did see. I do not think the lines to Laura Harley, which if they were his unaided work, show a very remarkable power of adaptation to the current fashions of verse in a foreign language, are even yet as well known as they should be:

TO LAURA HARLEY.

"Laura, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed.

"In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own."

The exile came to an end, however. It had provided Voltaire with a good sum of money (Mr. Parton gives no good reason for thinking that the usual estimate of this sum is exaggerated); it had thoroughly confirmed him in the political and religious ideas, or rather in the ideas as to Church and State, which were to last him through life; and it had supplied him with the materials of those English Letters, which, though they brought him a good deal of trouble, are among the most striking and were among the most influential of his earlier works. It seems, however, that his exile had taught him caution, and he was more than ever intent upon making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness:

"After a short period, then, of apprehension and of wandering from one obscure lodging to another, we find him settled, restored to his rights and to his friends, hard at work upon his book, and sharing in the social life of Paris. He soon set Thieriot at work getting his pensions restored, and his arrears paid up; in which they succeeded, minus the deductions imposed on all pensioners by a cardinal avaricious for his king. Nor did he delay to put to good use those two or three thousand solid guineas that he brought from England. Accident helped him to a capital speculation. Supping one evening this spring with a lady of his circle, the conversation turned upon a lottery recently announced by the controller-general, Desforts, for liquidating certain onerous city annuities. La Condamine, the mathematician, who was one of the guests, remarked that any one who should buy all the tickets of this lottery would gain a round million. Voltaire silently reflected upon this statement. At the

close of the feast he hurried away to moneyed friends, doubtless to the brothers Paris, now restored to their career in Paris, who were closely allied to the richest banker of the day, Samuel Bernard. A company was formed; the tickets were all bought, and the prizes demanded. The controller-general, overwhelmed with confusion at this exposure of his blunder, refused to pay. The company appealed to the council, who decided in their favor. Voltaire gained a large sum by this happy stroke, exaggerated by one chronicler to half a million francs. He made, it is true, an enemy of the minister, who was *dévo*t; and he deemed it best to disappear from Paris, and spend some weeks with the Duke of Richelieu at the waters of Plombières; as lucky men with us go from Wall Street to Saratoga. But Desforts was soon after displaced, and the poet could safely return. Paris-Duverney did not forget the favor done him on this occasion, and before many years had rolled away he was able to make a substantial return in kind.

"Voltaire never wanted money again, and never missed a good opportunity to increase his store. Later in the year 1729 we see him dropping work, starting in a poste-chaise at midnight for Nancy, a hundred and fifty miles distant, a ride of two nights and a day, for the purpose of buying shares in public funds of the Duke of Lorraine. Arriving, more dead than alive, he was informed that, by order of the duke, no shares were to be sold to strangers. But, as he related to President Hénault, 'after pressing solicitations, they let me subscribe to fifty shares (which were delivered to me eight days after), by reason of the happy resemblance of my name to that of one of his Royal Highness's gentlemen. I profited by the demand for this paper promptly enough. I have trebled my gold, and trust soon to enjoy my doubloons with people like you.' Ever after, as long as he lived, he was in the habit of performing feats of this kind; as attentive to business as though he had no literature; as devoted to literature as though he had no business. His life was to be henceforth, as it had been hitherto, a continuous warfare with powers that wielded the resources of a kingdom. He had need to provide himself with the sinews of war."

Moreover, from this time he adopted a most elaborate system of precaution, and (as Mr. Parton, partial biographer as he is, frankly admits) disowned every dangerous work of his own with what some people may call remarkable courage and others remarkable effrontery. It was not very long, too, after the return from England that Voltaire "ranged himself" as such ranging went then, and took to housekeeping with Madame du Châtelet. Of the famous Cirey sojourn and all its ups and downs, the magnificence of the poet's installation, his business relationships with the useful Abbé Moussinot, his ex-

periments with iron and the nature of fire, his entertaining of strangers, his perpetration of constant additional cantos of "Jeanne" and his subsequent terrors lest some one should get hold of them, his extraordinary wrath with Rousseau and Des Fontaines, his occasional escapes from the watchful jealousy of his Megæra (Mr. Parton calls it Megara, an imputation on the unlucky wife of Hercules for which I know no warrant of scripture, and which I am much tempted to take in connection with a statement of his that a double false quantity of the most atrocious kind was "in the ancient Republic of Letters a capital offence)"—of all these things full information will be found in these volumes. Madame de Grafigny of course is the chief authority, and two extracts may be given from her to show the calms and storms of Cirey:

"Between half-past ten and half-past one, they summon every one to coffee, which is taken in Voltaire's hall. The meal usually lasts an hour, more or less. Precisely at noon, the people who are called here the coachmen go to dinner. These coachmen are *the lord of the castle, the fat lady, and her son*; the latter never appearing except when there is something to be copied. After coffee, we—that is to say, Voltaire, madame, and myself—remain half an hour. Then he makes us a low bow, and tells us to go away; upon which we return to our rooms. Toward four o'clock, sometimes, we take a slight repast. At nine we sup and remain together till midnight. *Dieu!* what suppers! They are always the suppers of Damocles. All the pleasures are in attendance; but, alas, how short is the time! Oh, *mon Dieu!* Nothing is wanting to them, not even the Damocles sword, which is represented by the swift flight of time. The lord of the castle takes his place at the table, does not eat, falls asleep, consequently says not a word, and goes out with the tray. . . . Yesterday after supper, there was a charming scene. Voltaire had the pouts on account of a glass of Rhine wine which madame prevented his drinking; he would not read *Jeanne* as he promised, being in an extremely bad humor. The brother and myself, by force of pleasantries, succeeded at last in restoring him. The lady, who was also pouting, was unable to keep it up. All this made a scene of delicious jests, which lasted a long time, finishing with a canto of *Jeanne*, which was no better than that scene."

" . . . The more I talked, the less I convinced him. I was silent. This frightful scene lasted at least an hour; but it was nothing to what was coming; it was reserved for the lady to put the climax to it. She came into my room like a fury, screaming with passion and repeating almost the same things,

while I still kept silence. Then she drew a letter from her pocket, and, almost thrusting it into my face, cried out, 'See, see the proof of your infamy! You are the most unworthy of creatures! You are a monster whom I took into my house, not from friendship, for I had none for you, but because you knew not where else to go; and you have had the infamy to betray me, to assassinate me, to steal from my desk a work for the purpose of copying it.'

"Ah, my poor friend, where were you? The thunder-bolt which falls at the feet of the solitary traveller overwhelms him less than these words overwhelmed me. This is all I can recollect of the torrent of insults which she uttered; for I was so distracted that I soon ceased to hear and understand her. But she said much more, and unless Voltaire had restrained her she would have boxed my ears. To all that she said I only replied, Oh, be silent, madame; I am too unhappy for you to treat me so unworthily!"

"At these words Voltaire seized her round the waist, and snatched her away from me; for she said all this right in my teeth, and with such violent gestures that at every moment I expected she would strike me. When she had been removed, she strode up and down the room uttering loud exclamations upon my infamy. Observe, all this was uttered in so loud a voice that Dubois [maid of Madame Grafigny] who was two rooms off, heard every word. For my part, I was long without the power to pronounce a syllable; I was neither dead nor alive."

This latter tempest in a teacup was only caused by one of Voltaire's periodical fits of hysteria about "Jeanne," his very amusing and very disreputable daughter.

How long this life lasted, and how tragically it ended most people are aware. Mr. Parton, except in the matter of physical charms, as to which, though the evidence is conflicting to a bewildering extent, I am inclined to think he is unjust to her, is better disposed toward the respectable Emily than some of her lover's biographers and critics. It is very probable that what with geometry and flirtation, irregularity at meals (though it may be doubted whether it is in the nature of woman to be regular in this respect), and still greater irregularity of temper, she led Voltaire a life. But on the whole he probably found his account in the questionable connection. How bitterly he regretted her may be judged, far better than from the constantly quoted and grotesque rebuke to the young gentleman whom an odd fate made rival to both the greatest men of letters of France, from a passage of Longchamp

which is not so frequently cited as it deserves to be, but which Mr. Parton duly gives:

"During the nights [says Longchamp] he would get up, all agitation, and, fancying he saw Madame du Châtelet, he would call to her and drag himself with difficulty from room to room, as if in search of her. It was the end of October, and the cold was already somewhat severe. In the middle of a certain night, when he could not sleep, he got up out of bed, and after groping a few steps about the room he felt so weak that he leaned against a table to keep from falling. He remained standing there a long time, shivering with cold, and yet reluctant to wake me. At length he forced himself to go into the next room, where almost all his books were heaped upon the floor. But he was far from remembering this, and his head always filled with the same object, he was endeavoring to traverse the room, when, running against a pile of folios, he stumbled and fell. Unable to rise, he called me several times; but so feeble was his voice that at first I did not hear him, although I slept near by. Waking, at last, I heard him groan and faintly repeat my name. I sprang up, and ran toward him. Having no light, and going very fast, my feet became entangled with his, and I fell upon him. Upon getting up, I found him speechless and almost frozen. I made haste to lift him to his bed, and, having struck a light and made a great fire, I endeavored to warm him by wrapping his body and limbs in very hot cloths. That produced a good effect. Gradually I saw him coming to himself; he opened his eyes, and, recognizing me, he said that he felt very tired and had need of rest. Having covered him well and closed his curtains, I remained in his room the rest of the night. He soon fell asleep, and did not wake until near eleven in the morning."

The circumstances of this pathetic experience were in themselves sufficiently pathetic. The quasi-widower had removed to a waste Paris house with all the household gods of Ferney, identified for years to him with Madame du Châtelet, piled in disorder and desolation about the rooms. By degrees he got his Parisian household into better condition. But Paris, as every biographer has remarked, was never a fortunate or congenial residence to him, and the famous invitation to Berlin, which had so remarkable a result, came in more ways than one at a lucky moment. Madame du Châtelet was dead, and he was too old, and probably in his queer fashion too faithful, to attempt another *ménage* of the same kind; while he was not quite old enough to play the patriarch afar off as he afterward did. He had tried court life at Paris with every ad-

vantage, and had found that it would not do. The immediate result of the emigration to fresh fields may have been questionably satisfactory, but there is no doubt that it acted as a tonic and fortifier in the long run.

From the moment when Voltaire set out for Berlin his life divides itself into three or four sharply separated acts, the scenes of which are tolerably familiar even to the most superficially instructed person. The sojourn in Prussia; the fluctuations in *partibus fidelium et infidelium* which followed; the residence at the Delices and at Ferney; the final and fatal pilgrimage to Paris, with the purpose not of worshipping but of being worshipped—are much more generally known than anything which precedes them. Mr. Parton has endeavored to tell their history with the same good-will which shows itself in the rest of his book. As before, all or nearly all the facts are there. Some hundred and fifty large and well-filled pages are devoted to the celebrated sojourn which demonstrated the disadvantages of having two kings in Brentford, when one has all the physical and the other most of the intellectual force at his disposal, and when there is no regular concordat between them. An extract from Mr. Parton may illustrate the sorrowful condition of the physically weaker in the days when flight had become necessary to him. It is a pleasing parallel to the plan of the elder Mr. Weller for rescuing Mr. Pickwick from the Philistines:

"I went sometimes to walk with him in a large garden belonging to the house. When he wanted to be alone, he would say to me, 'Now leave me to dream [*s'évasser*] a little.' That was his expression, and he would continue his walk. One evening, in this garden, after having talked together upon his situation, he asked me if I knew how to drive a wagon drawn by two horses. I reflected upon it a moment, and as I knew that his ideas must not be at once contradicted, I replied in the affirmative. 'Listen,' said he to me. 'I have thought of a way to get out of this country. You can buy two horses. It will not after that be difficult to purchase a wagon. When we have horses it will not appear strange to make a provision of hay.' 'Very well, sir,' said I; 'what shall we do with a wagon, horses, and hay?' 'Why, this: We will fill the wagon with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, upon the hay, and give myself out for a Protestant pastor who is going to see one of his married daughters in the neighboring

town. You will be my wagoner. We will follow the shortest roads to the frontiers of Saxony, where we will sell wagon, horses, and hay; after that we will take post for Leipsic.' He could not keep from laughing in communicating to me this project, and he accompanied his account with a thousand gay and curious reflections. I answered him that I would do what he wanted, and that I was disposed to give him all proofs of devotion that depended upon me; but that not knowing German, I should not be able to reply to the questions which would be asked me. Besides, not knowing very well how to drive, I could not answer for not upsetting my pastor in some ditch, which would grieve me much. We finished by laughing together over the scheme. He did not much count upon realizing it; but he loved to imagine means of leaving a country where he regarded himself as a prisoner. 'My friend,' said he to me, 'if permission to go does not come in a little while, I will know some way or other of leaving the island of Alcina.' Since they had burned his book, he feared more than ever princes and nobles, and vaunted unceasingly the pleasure of living free and far from them."

Mr. Parton's account of these amusing but deplorable incidents is full, accurate in the main, and a great deal less prejudiced on Voltaire's side than Mr. Carlyle's is on Frederick's, though it is impossible to acquit the biographer of taking too lenient a view both of the Hirsch matter, and of the Dr. Akakia business. The account of the sad Frankfort days is particularly minute; and for the special purposes which Mr. Parton's book is fitted to subserve, it is perhaps not much of a drawback that he seems a little insensible to the ludicrous side of the matter. But Voltaire, as all men know, survived with his own peculiar vitality this crisis, which like his bastinadoings, imprisonments, complaisances to L'Infâme in the matter of bowing in the house of Rimmon, and other incidents of his singular career, would have been fatal to a man of less genius. He hovered about the outskirts of France till it was obvious that Paris was impossible, and then established himself at Geneva. Perhaps there is on the whole no document which so thoroughly explains the circumstances and the men with which Voltaire had to battle as the Duke de la Vallière's letter of conciliation, which thus appears in Mr. Parton's version:

"I have received, my dear Voltaire, the *sermon* [poem on the Lisbon earthquake] which you sent me, and, despite the sound-philosophy

which reigns in it, it has inspired me with more respect for its author than for its moral. Another effect which it has had upon me is to determine me to ask of you the greatest mark of friendship which you could possibly give me. You are nearly sixty years of age ; I avow it. You have not the most robust health ; I believe it. But you have the most beautiful genius and the best-balanced head ; of that I am sure. And if you were to commence a new career under the guise of a young man of fifteen, though he should live longer than Fontanelle, you would furnish him with matter enough to render him the most illustrious man of his age. I do not fear, then, to ask you to send me some psalms embellished by your versification. You alone have been, and are, worthy to translate them. You will obliterate J. B. Rousseau ; you will inspire edification ; and you will put it in my power to give the greatest pleasure to madame. . . . It is no longer Mérope, nor Sully, nor Metastasio, that we want, but a little David. Imitate him ; enrich him. I shall admire your work, and shall not be jealous of it, provided it be reserved to me, poor sinner that I am, to surpass it with my ' Betzabée.' I shall be content ; and you will add to my satisfaction in granting me what I ask with the greatest importunity. Give me one hour a day ; show the psalms to no one ; and I will instantly have an edition of them published at the Louvre, which will yield as much honor to the author as pleasure to the public. I say to you again, I am sure she will be enchanted with it ; and I shall be enchanted also that through you I give her a pleasure so great. I have long relied upon your friendship, as you know ; and therefore I expect to receive immediately the first fruits of a certain success which I am preparing for you. But I do not for this release you from your promise to send me the royal ' Mérope' [Frederic's opera], and the defence of my dear friend, ' Jeanne' [La Pucelle]. Adieu, my dear Voltaire ; I expect news from you with the greatest impatience. You are sure of my sincere friendship ; you can rely not less upon my genuine gratitude."

After a few years the *Délices* were exchanged for Ferney, a residence which had several advantages. It was in France, though hardly of it, and Voltaire's patriotism, a very real quality, was gratified at the same time as his wish to be out of the immediate clutches of L'Infâme, while he could give himself more liberty than under the still austere rule of Geneva. It conferred on him privileges of which he made no bad use, though some of his seigniorial airs gave Fiéron an opportunity which he did not neglect. It enabled him, too, to play in a fairly business-like manner at Providence. His farm and his watchmaker colony pleased himself and did a good deal of good to other people. Here is his own description of

the former. It reminds one curiously of Bolingbroke's adoption at Dawley (which, by the way, is not in Shropshire, as Mr. Parton seems to think elsewhere) of the motto, *Satis beatus ruris honoribus* :

"A vast rustic house with wagons loaded with the spoils of the fields coming and going by four great gateways. The pillars of oak, which sustain the whole frame, are placed at equal distances upon pedestals of stone ; long stables are seen on the right and on the left. Fifty cows, properly fastened, occupy one side with their calves ; the horses and oxen are on the other side ; their fodder falls into their racks from immense mows above ; the floors where the grain is threshed are in the middle, and you know that all the animals lodged in their several places in this great edifice have a lively sense that the forage, the hay, the oats, which it contains, belong to them of right. To the south of these beautiful monuments of agriculture are the poultry-yards and sheep-folds ; to the north are the presses, store-rooms, fruit-houses ; to the east are the abodes of the manager and thirty servants ; toward the west extend large meadows, pastured and fertilized by all these animals, companions of the labor of man. The trees of the orchard, loaded with fruits, small and great, are still another source of wealth. Four or five hundred bee-hives are set up near a little stream which waters this orchard. The bees give to the possessor a considerable harvest of honey and wax, without his troubling himself with all the fables which are told of that industrious creature ; without endeavoring in vain to learn whether that nation lives under the rule of a pretended queen, who presents her subjects with sixty or eighty thousand children. There are some avenues of mulberry-trees as far as the eye can reach, the leaves of which nourish those precious worms which are not less useful than the bees. A part of this vast inclosure is formed by an impenetrable rampart of hawthorn, neatly clipped, which rejoices the sense of smell and sight."*

Here many years were passed, while Voltaire became a centre of pilgrimage to literary Europe, and his literary energy continued and almost increased. Mr. Parton, though perhaps he has hardly dwelt on this interesting period at a length quite proportionate to his account of some earlier periods of the patriarch's life, still deserves, especially in the famous matters of Calas, etc., the credit of fulness and accuracy. By degrees Voltaire began to feel the approaches of old age unmistakably ; and if Madame Denis did not do much to lighten his sufferings, there were others who were more thoughtful :

* Voltaire to Dupont. June, 1769.

"He went to bed about ten, and usually slept until five in the morning. Barbara, his housekeeper, whom he used to call *bonne-Baba*, would then come into his room, and bring in his breakfast, which was ordinarily coffee and cream. 'Another day, my *bonne-Baba*,' he would say, when she appeared. 'To-morrow, perhaps, you will be no longer troubled about me. When I shall be out yonder, asleep in my tomb, there will be no more bother of getting my breakfast, nor fear of being scolded.' One day, Duvernét adds, after she had brought him his coffee and gone out again, he took it into his head to perfume the coffee from a bottle of rose-water at his side. This mixture immediately produced nausea and palpitation. He rang violently, and *Baba*, terrified, ran to him as fast as she could. 'What is the matter, then, *monsieur*?' she cried, on entering. 'My good *Baba*,' said he, 'I am in the agonies of death. I put some rose water into my coffee, and it is killing me.' She replied, 'Oh, *monsieur*, with all your *esprit*, you are sillier than your own turkeys.' 'I know it well, good *Baba*,' he replied; 'but you, who are a woman of good sense, hinder me from dying!' He was speedily relieved, and the story remained one of the numerous jests of the *château*."

One of the pleasantest personages who move across the stage of Voltaire's life—perhaps the very pleasantest—is Reine Philiberte de Varicourt, otherwise Belle-et-Bonne. Most men probably, except a very unfortunate minority, have at some time or other their Belle-et-Bonne, some one who is connected with them neither by the commonplace ties of relationship nor by the frail and uncomfortable bonds of passion, but who either in person or as a possession of memory is their ideal of womanly affection, grace, and charm. Sometimes Belle-et-Bonne presents herself in early life, and only an accident prevents her becoming something else than a Belle-et-Bonne, something which in its turn not unfrequently becomes Laide-et-Méchante. Sometimes any such connection is prevented by prior ties on one side or on both, or by an acknowledgment on the part of the friends that the philosophy of Doralice is, after all, the wisest, and that "'tis better as it is. We have drawn off already as much of our love as would run clear, the rest is but jealousies and disquiets, and quarrelling and piecing." Sometimes, again, Belle-et-Bonne makes her appearance when the heyday in the blood is over, and is as a daughter, with the additional charm that her affection is not a matter of duty. This was Voltaire's case. He

saved Reine de Varicourt when she was eighteen from the living tomb of a convent, and with the full consent of Madame Denis adopted her and installed her at Ferney, where she was not merely daughter, but almoner, deputy-manager of the household, and general good angel.

"She made herself the solace and charm of his existence, enlivening every day, adorning every festival, greeting him with caresses in the morning, and giving brilliancy and gladness to the evening. At the *fête* of St. Francis, celebrated every year in Ferney, by the whole colony with great enthusiasm, she shone with engaging lustre, walking in the procession adorned with flowers, and carrying in her hand a basket containing her two pet doves with white wings and rosy beaks, smiling and blushing as she passed.

"She loved to wait upon him. He had contrived a hanging-desk over his bed, which he could lower or raise at pleasure, upon which were placed all the means of continuing his work at any hour day or night. It was her hand that put this apparatus in order at night, and arranged his bed as he liked to have it. She took charge of the minor needs and habits of the old man; while he, on his part, loved to give her lessons in dancing and to show her how the great ladies of the court paid their homage to the king and queen. On his table he always kept a box with money in it for the poor, and now this store was given in charge to Belle-et-Bonne. 'She is,' he would say, using a convent expression, 'my *sœur du pot*,' and she carried the purse of the poor *ex officio*. It was remarked by the household that, in her presence he was never in ill-humor, and that, in the midst of his demonstrative and harmless anger, if she appeared upon the scene, the tempest was instantly stilled. 'You put me on good terms with myself,' he would say to her. 'I cannot be angry before you.' When she entered in the morning, he would say sometimes, 'Good-morning, *belle nature*!' as he kissed her forehead. She, apt to catch the humor of the place, would reply, as she kissed his cheek, 'Good morning, *mon dieu tutélaire*!' He wondered how she could be willing to place her smooth young face against his death's head, and when she repeated the application he would say it was Life and Death embracing.* Not the least of her triumphs was that she could be all this to the uncle and retain the lively affection of the niece."

The last scene, like the sojourn at Berlin, is among the best known, but I do not know that in English it has been told before so fully. Mr. Parton is inclined to acquit Madame Denis, in part at least, of the abominable plot of which she is accused by Wagnière, the stratagem of inducing her uncle to remain at

* Duvernét, page 435. Paris, 1797.

Paris at the risk of his life by a false note of warning as to the hostile intentions of the court. The good lady was perfectly capable of anything that selfishness and ingratitude could suggest, but the powers of life were distinctly failing in Voltaire, and the question of the end was probably a question only of months, perhaps of days. He had lived a very different life from Fontenelle; and, with all deference to professional opinion, it may be doubted whether in any case he would have equalled the days of that easy-going personage. Perhaps Mr. Parton (carrying out a principle which he announces in his preface of passing over idle rumors instead of combating them) has been too little emphatic in his account of the quiet and composure which, according to the best authorities, distinguished Voltaire's end. There is every reason for believing that his death was distinguished by a placidity and dignity which had too often failed him in the more trying and sometimes even in the less trying circumstances of his life.

Of nearly all the events of this remarkable life Mr. Parton has given an account, sometimes faulty in form, but sufficient and complete in substance. His book, though it may give some new facts, will of course not materially alter the idea of Voltaire to those who have previously studied his life and his works; but to those who do not already possess much knowledge of him it furnishes a convenient means of informing themselves. A book of thirteen hundred pages, deformed by American misspelling of the English tongue, and by references to "inflationists" and such-like irrelevances, not to mention constant expressions of the author's sentiments, which are, to say the least, unimportant, may seem a formidable undertaking. But its copiousness of incident and anecdote and its abundant quotations lighten the task of reading very considerably. At the end of it he must be a somewhat thoughtless reader (if, indeed, any such be likely to reach the end) who does not endeavor to make up for himself, assisted by the critical comments of those of Mr. Parton's predecessors to who Pallas has been more kind, some notion of the singular personality here portrayed. Mr. Parton's own notion of that personality is decided enough. In

his own marvellous language he tells us that Voltaire's empty sepulchre "is vocal, it is resonant, it booms and thunders over the earth." The superstition-crusher pushes everything and everybody else aside in his estimate. I think, for my own part, that from such a standpoint it is as difficult to judge Voltaire rightly as from that of my friend who called him a wretch, from that of Johnson, or from that of George III.

The truth seems to be that Voltaire was an extremely complicated character; the wonderful diversity of his literary work only reflects this complexity in part, though the one no doubt is the reason of the other. As I can hardly think of any man who displayed so many different forms of the literary faculty, so I can hardly think of any man, whether of letters or of business, who united the capacity and in a way the actual performance of so many different parts. Of his varied ability in practical administrative business there is proof almost as ample as of his varied ability in literary work. If he failed anywhere in what he undertook it was in diplomacy, and it is fair to remember that he had an antagonist to contend with there by whom it was no shame to be beaten. He has not, like Wordsworth, left us explicit intimations that in his own opinion his mission was to be Prime Minister, or Archbishop of Canterbury, or Commander-in-Chief, or Lord Chancellor, or all of them together. But I have no doubt that if the opportunity of any or all of these posts had come in his way he would have accepted it cheerfully, and would have performed the duties on the whole very well. The complementary defect of the quality of Jack-of-all-trades is well known. Voltaire suffered from it less than most people, but he did suffer from it. In no literary style, except in that of satirical prose fiction, or allegory of the social kind, can he be said to have attained the highest mastery. In work requiring research of any kind he was rather rapid than thorough, and he carried to excess the national habit of hasty deduction from insufficiently investigated premises. His moral and intellectual character, with which we are here more specially concerned, shows inconsistencies and blemishes of all kinds. Let us try and sum up what the devil's advocates say

against him. He was an unscrupulous liar; he was extraordinarily vain; he was utterly destitute of reverence; he had an impure imagination which was not checked by the slightest sense of even external decency; he was given to filthy lucre; he was spiteful and revengeful in the extreme toward his personal enemies. This is an ugly catalogue, and it is unfortunately true that no single article in it can be struck out entirely by the most uncompromising defender who knows and respects the facts. Mitigating pleas are all that is possible. His lying, which is a very unpleasant feature to English examiners of his character, has to be taken in conjunction with the fact that it was, so to speak, official and professional lying for the most part. The absurd and iniquitous political and social system of the time and country necessitated and in a manner recognized it. It was little more than the conventional "not guilty," not so much as the equally conventional "not at home." The charge of vanity must be admitted *sans phrase*, but it is not a very damning one. The lack of reverence also is not contestable, though there are some circumstances on the other side, notably the mountain-top story, which I have not noticed in Mr. Parton, and his lifelong cult of the starry heavens. This was, however, a distinct and inevitable consequence of his peculiar faculty of ridicule, which must also excuse as far as it can (and that is not very far) the uncleanness of his writings. I shall frankly own that that uncleanness is to me the most unpleasant variety of the disease that I know, with the possible exception of Dryden's. His carrying out of the maxim *non olet* is another blot on his character. There is nothing inexcusable, though perhaps there is something rather undignified, in a poet's making money by stockbroking and money-changing; but the Hirsch matter, as to which something has been said already, cannot be defended, and the persistent way in which the author of "L'Homme aux Quarante Ecus" and a hundred other protests against financial mismanagement allowed himself to profit by contracts, loans, and so forth, where the profit was due to corrupt administration, is a still greater blot. With respect to Fréron, Desfontaines, et Cie.,

perhaps the worst thing that can be said about Voltaire is that in point of malignity there is sometimes nothing and generally very little to choose between himself and his adversaries.

And yet I have not the least intention of admitting that Voltaire was a wretch, or anything of the kind. All the worst of his faults were emphatically the faults of his time and his education. His merits, on the other hand, were personal and his own, a distinction which, however hackneyed it may be, is almost the only one available in this world of ours. These merits Mr. Parton's book ought to make clear to everybody who is not hopelessly prejudiced. One of the chief of them was an extraordinary kindness of heart and affection for his friends, relations, and, indeed, everybody with whom he was not brought into violent collision. Madame du Châtelet and Madame Denis, the feminine plagues of the greater part of his long life, certainly had nothing to complain of in him. Notwithstanding his occasional fits of ill-temper all his servants and dependents were fond of him, and even the passionate Collini did not find those fits intolerable. His friendship for Thieriot, a person of very doubtful merit, and not unfrequently, as in the Desfontaines affair, and in the matter of the employments which Voltaire sought to procure for him from Richelieu, a troublesome and even treacherous friend, was unwearying. No one, even of his enemies, fails to acknowledge his remarkable benevolence to oppressed or unfortunate persons of every degree of merit, from Calas and Lally to La Barre and Desfontaines. Something, perhaps must be allowed for his love of playing the grand seigneur in estimating his good deeds at Ferney; but even when that allowance is made a solid amount will remain to his credit. Unscrupulous as he was in some ways in the getting of money, he neither spent it unworthily nor hoarded it for the mere sake of hoarding; his object being, as has been said, the securing of independence, which in his time and country no man, who was neither a priest nor a noble, could hope for without a competent estate. These things are, of course, perfectly well known to students of French literature and French history; but the

general reader is less likely to be acquainted with them. Such a reader will find in Mr. Parton's book a good deal to amuse him, and a good deal to correct and heighten his idea of Voltaire as a man. It has been hinted that the merits of the book, as a literary commentary, are hardly equal to its merits

as a repository of fact. In the former respect, however, as has also been suggested, more than one *scriptor haud paulo melior quam ego aut*, Mr. Parton has supplied the deficiency in English by anticipation, and it is therefore superfluous to say any more on that score. —*Fortnightly Review*.

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FLORIO: A LITTLE TRAGEDY.

It is night in Venice. CLELIA is alone in her balcony. She sings in a low voice lazily:

Death with my heart in a thin cold hand,
O dear Death that art dear to me—
Love of my heart, the wide waste land,
O my lost love, holds nought but thee!
There is nought in the land, or sea, or
sky,
But thou, and the man that once was I.

A pretty farrago of love and death! Whether this youth be singing to death or to his lady-love; whether love be death, or death love; whether his lady be dead, or he be dead, or both; let my little Florio say, if he can, for he made the verses and the music. How these children lisp of love and death! One would think they cared not a jot which of the two came to kiss them. It is all a matter of the minor key. If a round-shot knocked the mandolin from young master poet's fingers, would he not crouch behind the chair with his milk-teeth chattering? I have not seen my little poet, my singer of love-lorn songs for days. He makes pretty verses, and not too powerful. They are not so weak either. Wonderful is the power of song. I have but to sing this rhyme of love and death a little louder, only a little louder; and at the signal, from the low black arch opposite creeps noiseless a gondola. So slight a thread may draw a strong man, one who dare sing of death and face him too. Three notes of this poor melody—of dear death, forsooth—would bring Duke Angelo from his great black palace. So one may lure spiders. But I will sing to myself only—softly—softly—

No perfume is left on the fair broad earth
But the scent of thy raiment passing
No gold of price, no— [sweet;
What man is that?

Florio (who has climbed unseen to her balcony). No man.

Clelia. A poet, then. Why have you come?

Fl. Why!

Cl. Because the night is fair, and craves for song? Have you some new numbers, little poet? This exquisite pale night is like a lady faint with passion, a dumb queen who longs to sing. Find her a voice, Florio. Sing for her and for me.

Fl. My song of death and love?

Cl. No. Any song but that. Not that—not yet. Where have you been these many idle days?

Fl. Away from you.

Cl. Where?

Fl. I know not. Only I know that I was not with you. I meant to see you no more.

Cl. 'Twere pity, Florio.

Fl. Only a few days have gone; only a few nights like this night, accursed, which burns me like a shirt of fire; and I am here again. Yesterday I was far from this place. I had left you. I thought that I was free. And now I am here—here with you. Venice breathes flame to-night; and you are Venice. How beautiful you are!

Cl. Yes, in the shadows; beautiful as this night. Yes, I am Venice. She is a queen in tarnished gold, is she not? Venice and I are growing old, and are most beautiful in the loving shadow of a night that half conceals. And this night is like fire to you? Boy, it is full of coolness and softness, bountiful, tender, sweet. I am young to-night. Sing to me.

Fl. I have forgotten how to sing since you taught me to love.

Cl. Song without love is a cup without wine. If you had ever loved, your heart would be full of melodies, as the night is full of stars.

Fl. Cut like a gallant's love into a myriad little fires.

Cl. Often so—not always. There are many stars, but only one moon.

Fl. I am full of one love, as this night is filled to overflowing by one moon.

Cl. You are too young to love.

Fl. Why am I here, then?

Cl. To be with me.

Fl. And is that not love?

Cl. Or habit. There are many kinds of love. Listen, Florio. There is the love of a child for sweetmeats. Is yours such a love? There is the love of a youth for himself—a vanity which needs feeding by girls' glances; and this the young do for the most part mistake for love. Then there is the love of a man, —but that is terrible.

Fl. Is there no love of women?

Cl. Women are loved. They like to be loved. They love love. Florio, on such a night as this, I feel that every girl in Venice dreams that she is loved. Breathless she awaits her lover. There is a sound of the guitar and mandolin; the whisper of a song; the soft lisp of the gondolier's oar, and the drip of silver drops from the blade that turns in the moonlight. Then in the black shadow a little window opens; there is a faint light in the room; half hidden behind the curtain she stands trembling; she wishes him away, and she wishes him anear; her lips speak without her will, and she hears his name in her ears, and her ears grow hot with shame. "Angelo," she whispers—"Angelo!"

Fl. Angelo!

Cl. Or Beppo or Pippo or Cecco: it matters not a jot who the man is, so he be man and lover. There is a girl. I have painted her, complete from head to heel—a girl of Venice.

Fl. The night is sultry. I am stifled.

Cl. Ah, little one, you cannot feel the passion of this night. You cannot be a woman, poet though you be.

Fl. Poet! I was a bird with one note. You tamed me to your hand; and I am dumb.

Cl. Then I shall whistle you away. What! keep a songless thrush! Pipe to me, pipe. Think of all the maidens dreaming around us, dreaming all of love; think of them; dream of them; sing for them. Sing to me.

Fl. I can think of no girl but one; and she dreams of no lover. Or if she dream of a lover, dreams of no man, but of some being pure as she and noble—such as men are not—or are not here in Venice.

Cl. And who is this girl? Some convent sparrow?

Fl. My little sister.

Cl. A tall girl, too, and a pretty. I have seen her. And she does not dream of a lover? Is there no brown boy, no—

Fl. No. I have told you. If she have dreamed of love, it is of some angel-lover, noble and pure—as she thought me. And I shall make her weep! A curse fell on me when I saw your face.

Cl. My Florio.

Fl. My love! (*He falls at her feet, and the hand which she yields him is wet with his tears.*)

Cl. And you tried to leave me? Ungrateful. You will not leave me. This hour is for us. Is not this hour beautiful? Beautiful for me and thee?

Fl. For me and thee.

Cl. Sing to me, my bird with the sweet voice—sing to me

Fl. I cannot sing. It is so good to be silent when I am near you.

Cl. Sing; and I will give you this rose from my breast. See! It is pale in the moonlight, but the scent is sweet. Sing to me, Florio; and as your song, like this queen rose, fills the night full with perfume; so like a rose my heart will open to love, as my arms open now. (*She stretches her arms to the dark palace opposite.*)

Fl. Drop your arms. They strangle me. They are great white snakes.

Cl. See how I obey you! Obey me. Sing to me—sing to me of love; but not of love and death—not yet.

Fl. (*sings.*)—

If face of mine this night
My lady dreaming see,
I pray that kind and bright
With gentle thoughts it be.

May no rude look of mine
Trouble my lady's breast;
But dreams of me incline
Her soul to sweeter rest.

(*As the last note of the music trembles to silence, she laughs.*)

Fl. Ah! why do you laugh? It is horrible.

Cl. It is the song of a young monk. A pretty pale face to look into a dreaming woman's dream, and make her sleep the sounder. This is a night too exquisite for sleep. It is a night of all the loves.

Fl. Of all the infamies! The hot air stifles me. It is full of the sighs of men, who lie deep in slime below these creeping waters. Every breath is heavy with awful memories; of secret judgment, and noiseless murder; foul love and quick revenge; blood of a thousand knives; fumes of a thousand cups, and in each cup poison; poison in the very flowers of God—in this rose poison!

(*He sets his foot upon the rose; she laughs again.*)

Cl. Do you think that I would kill you?

Fl. Have you not killed me? You have killed hope in me; you have killed my faith in woman. And here you stand close to me—your gown touches me—and smile, as if a smile could warm the dead to life. You cannot warm me to life. Will that crushed rose open its heart again, because you smile? I am dead in a dead world. The world was all so beautiful to me—a web of color, a fountain of sweet scent, its air all music. And then one day you smiled on me, as you are smiling now; and perfume, song, and color rushed together, and were one—were you; they found one exquisite form, and it was yours; and love found a language in your eyes.

You held my heart in your hand, and you have frozen it. And you have killed truth too. I can believe no more; and you have made me lie. When I am away from you, I comfort my soul with lies, and find torture. I prove to myself that you love me. I have a thousand unmistakable proofs. Oh, I can argue with a fine subtlety. I explain to myself your every word, your slightest look. I show myself why I may be sure that I am loved. These are all lies. I am never deceived. I know that you are cold to me, as the grave will be cold. I know that you would play with me, and crush me, as this rose under my heel, when you are weary of me. I know you. I have judged you.

Cl. And condemned? My Florio, look in my eyes, and tell me I am condemned. Look at me.

Fl. I will not. I know your power.

Cl. Why should I hurt you?

Fl. For knowledge. Mine is the loving heart, and yours the surgeon's knife. You are cold and curious.

Cl. Cold on this night! I think it is the beating of warm hearts that makes this pulse of the air. And what if it be true?—what if I cannot love?—should you not pity me? Pity me, my Florio.

Fl. You did not pity me.

Cl. I almost love you for your scorn of me.

Fl. Yes, you can *almost* love. I pity you.

Cl. I am tired of men's praises. Give me more blame— But no! Sing to me.

Fl. That you may laugh again.

Cl. There will be no laughter. Sing before you go—

Fl. I am to go, then?

Cl. All good things go. Sing me your song of Death and Love.

Fl. It was the first song I ever sang to you—that spring day on the island.

Cl. I remember. For my sake, Florio! Sing it to me now. (*He begins to murmur the song, but she stops him.*) Louder and clearer, Florio. Let the night hear it all.

Fl. (*sings*).—

Death with my heart in a thin cold hand,

O dear Death that art dear to me—

Love of my heart, the wide waste land,
O my lost love, holds nought but thee!

There is nought in the land, or sea, or sky,

But thou, and the man that once was I.

No perfume is left on the fair broad earth

But the scent of thy raiment passing sweet;

No gold of price, no fame of worth,

But only the place where we did meet:
O Death!—do I call on Death? Ah me!

I thought to call on Death, but I cry sweet love to thee.

Cl. Do you know why you sang that song?

Fl. To please you.

Cl. To please me ; yes.

Fl. What do you mean ?

Cl. It is my signal to Duke Angelo.

Fl. What if he find you dead ?

Cl. Put up your dagger. You dare not use it.

Fl. If I struck here, here in my heart, I should feel no more. You know me—you know I dare not strike. You have killed courage in me, as you killed faith, and hope, and love. There, take my dagger at your feet. God pardon you.

(He leaps from the balcony. She leans her bosom on the edge and looks into the water below.)

Cl. Will he drown ? No. There, he rises ; he swims. I knew it. They do but sing of death.

O Venice, mother of mine, what think you of the brood of men that crawl upon your waters ? Dukes and fishermen, blowers of glass or breathers of song, they are all men—and that's the pity. Florio has sung, and Angelo has heard his song. How sharply the black gondola severs itself from the darkness of the low archway ! So death might steal from the shadows. It seems as I had seen this thing long ages since in some dead world. More music ! *(From the canal rises the Duke's voice singing the song of Florio.)* Ah me, but I am tired of that song ! *(She tosses him the rose, which Florio's heel had crushed, and so begins to laugh again.)*—*Blackwood's Magazine.*



GOSSIP OF AN OLD BOOKWORM.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMS.

I AGREE with Charles Lamb : " Every-body should have a hobby," even though, like Lamb's friend John Tipp, that hobby should be only a fiddle. John Tipp of the Old South Sea House, as Elia tells us, " thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it. And John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours"—as it has done those of wiser and greater men than John Tipp. I could point at this moment to one of the most valuable and hard-worked of public servants who found in his hobby, a fiddle, " refreshment and almost rest" during the sixty years of his busy and most useful official life, and now, at upward of fourscore, finds in it a pleasant change from that " arrear of reading" which in his well-earned leisure he is trying to reduce.

More fortunate than John Tipp, I have had more than one hobby. How we get our hobbies is matter for curious speculation. Some, I suspect, are born with us, and we are indoctrinated with others from accidental circumstances, while my chief hobby was, I think, the result of that beautiful system of compensation on the part of Providence of which, as we pass through life, we see so many proofs.

I was always so extremely short-sighted that I was quite unfitted to take part in the majority of those athletic sports, such as cricket, in which boys delight. Indeed, there was only one branch of them in which I was at all an adept, and in these refined days I almost blush to refer to it ; I was said to handle the gloves very nicely.

The consequence of my infirmity was, that almost as soon as I ceased to be one of the " spelling" public I became one of the reading public ; and on our holidays at school, instead of investing my small weekly allowance at the " tuck shop," I used to borrow from the small circulating library in the neighborhood materials for an afternoon's reading. I suppose I began with the " Mysteries of Udolpho," the " Scottish Chiefs," etc. ; but before I left school in 1819 I had read and re-read all Scott's novels that had then appeared.

When I left school, and by the kindness of the late Lord Farnborough, received an appointment in the Civil Service, my wise and good father, disregarding Shakespeare's condemnation of " home-keeping youths," and believing that for a youth who was released from his office and official restraints at four o'clock, there was no place like home to keep him out of mischief, gave up to me

the small room in which his, if limited, still well-selected library of the best English writers was shelved, and made it mine, the room of which I was henceforth to be lord and master, with full liberty to invite to me there and at all times such friends as I pleased. I can never be too grateful for this thoughtful kindness. Perhaps my tendency to very varied if not omnivorous reading may be attributed to the fact that my father, who was a diligent reader of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, had a complete set of them; and these, with the *Literary Gazette*, which I began to take in on my own account, became great favorites with me.

My father was an inveterate walker, and yet so punctual a man of business that I do not believe during the many years he held his then office he was ever five minutes after ten, or ever missed his hour's walk before ten, or his hour's walk after four; and he strongly enjoined me to keep up my health by regular daily pedestrian exercise.

Hence my two hobbies, my love of books, my love of walking, made up my great hobby, which I venture to designate *bookstalling*, and to the pursuit of that hobby I owe not only much enjoyment, but in a great measure the rather curious collection of literary treasures which during fifty years of bookstalling I have gathered round me. I wonder how many hundred miles I walked during the fifty years from 1819 to 1869, during which I pursued, with greater or less activity, my gleanings from old bookstalls.

Fortunately for me catalogues are now showered upon us thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa; though I agree with a late dear friend of mine who was the exception to Chaucer's dictum that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, and was at once the greatest clerk and the wisest man I ever knew, and who, speaking to me once on the formation of a library, expressed his belief that the majority of his most valuable books had been picked by him from the shelves of the booksellers, and not ordered from their catalogues, since from a catalogue you only get the title of the book, often very imperfect and deceptive, while turning over the pages of the book itself for a few minutes shows its scope and object

sufficiently to enable you to decide how far it is worth your buying.

After all, a bookstall is only an open shop where you can, without troubling the owner, turn over such volumes as may strike your fancy; and with this additional advantage, that the books are not only generally priced, but the outdoor prices are, as a rule, considerably lower than those pencilled in mysterious symbols, known only to the bookseller, on the shelves of his shop. It is matter for curious speculation how many of the "*rarissimi*" in the famous Roxburghe Library, which sold in 1812 for upward of 22,000*l.*, and would in these days have produced three times that amount, had been picked up by the noble duke from the bookstalls which he delighted to visit. For he did visit them, and, with the view of himself bringing home any rarities he might pick up, he had the hind pockets of his overcoat made large enough to contain a small folio. This I state on the authority of one who knew him well, the late Francis Douce.

A great portion of the library of the Lord Macaulay had been collected by the same means. I remember meeting him many years since, very far east, and his then telling me that he had been looking over the bookstalls in the neighborhood of the City Road and Whitechapel.

I remember the great historian telling me the curious incident which put him in possession of some French *mémoires* of which he had long been endeavoring to secure a copy but without success. He was strolling down Holywell Street when he saw in a bookseller's window a volume of Muggletonian tracts. Having gone in, examined the volume, and agreed to buy it, he tendered a sovereign in payment. The bookseller had not change, but said, if he (Mr. Macaulay) would just keep an eye on the shop, he would step out and get it. I remember the shop well and the civil fellow who kept it. His name, I think, was Hearle, and he had some relatives of the same name who had shops in the same street. This shop was at the west end of the street and backed on to Wych Street; and at the back was a small recess, lighted by a few panes of glass generally somewhat obscured by the dust of ages. While Macaulay was looking round the shop a ray of sunshine fell through this

little window on four little duodecimo volumes bound in vellum. He pulled out one of them to see what the work was, and great was his surprise and delight at finding these four volumes were the very French *mémoires* of which he had been in search for many years.

Macaulay spared no pains, no personal exertion, to secure a book he wanted. I remember a bookseller who resided in Great Turnstile telling me, many years ago, that one morning, when he began to take down his shutters, he saw a stout-built gentleman stumping up and down with his umbrella, who, as soon as the shop was fairly opened, walked in and asked for a book which was in the catalogue which the bookseller had sent out the day before. He eventually found out that the purchaser was Mr. Macaulay, who had come all the way from Kensington, thus early, in order to secure the volume in question.

Let me go back for a moment to Holywell Street, and tell another story about Hearle's shop there, outside of which there was always a goodly array of books of all kinds. A dear and accomplished friend of mine, who took special interest in the political history of the closing half of the last century, had long been anxious to secure a copy of a certain collection of political tracts, published either by Almon or Debrett, the precise title of which I do not at this minute recollect. There was not a bookseller in the United Kingdom known to have a large stock who had not been applied to for a copy; and a literary friend of his who was travelling in the United States (to which so many books of this character are consigned), was commissioned to secure a copy at any price. But all was in vain. The anxious searcher after the book in question had given up all hopes of obtaining a copy when, strolling one afternoon through Holywell Street and casting his eyes on the volumes ranged outside Hearle's shop, he was startled and delighted to see the long-sought-for collection of tracts. I need scarcely add that he at once secured the precious volumes, and, although not provided with the capacious pockets of Roxburghe's Duke, carried them away with him in triumph.

It was perhaps two or three years after I was first attacked with bibliomania,

and, adopting to a certain extent Chaucer's opinion:

That out of olde bookes in good faith
Cometh all this new science that men lere—

had begun to turn my long walks to good account among the bookstalls, that I had the good fortune to meet Leigh Hunt several times at dinner at the house of a mutual friend. I shall never forget the delight with which I listened to his after-dinner talk, especially the first time I met him. Of course he monopolized the talk. On that occasion his discourse was nearly akin to Elia's quaint and charming essay "On Grace before Meat," and he discoursed on the propriety of "a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, and a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Faery Queen.'" But I remember I was somewhat startled by a hint as to "grace, not only before such super-sensual enjoyments as those which I have named, but before others of less intellectual character and more allied to what I heard Crabbe Robinson describe as "the animality of our nature." When I read lately what his and my old friend Cowden Clarke said of his conversational powers, I felt he had done Leigh Hunt no more than justice. "Melodious in tone, alluring in accent, eloquent in choice of words, Leigh Hunt's talk was as delicious to listen to as rarest music."

I remember on one of these memorable occasions being startled by what seemed to me "a parlous heresy" on the part of Leigh Hunt. The subject of his after-dinner oration on that occasion was books, and old books specially; and in the course of his varied criticisms and opinions he declared "no one had ever found anything worth having in the 'sixpenny box' at a book-stall."

When he had wound up, and there was a lull in the conversation which followed, I ventured to dissent from this dogma; and though I am bound, in justice to the eloquent poet, to say he did not snub the short-sighted nervous stripling who had ventured to differ from him, the objection urged against his heterodoxy only confirmed him in it. I was recently reminded of this incident by coming across one of the very books

which I had so picked up out of a "sixpenny box" and had quoted in support of my view—an early copy of Thomas Randolph's "Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher."

"Never find anything at a bookstall in the 'sixpenny box!'" A greater mistake was never made. Some years ago a very able critic was stopped in the preparation of an article on a very interesting historical question for want of a certain pamphlet on the subject which, when published some twenty or thirty years before, had excited great attention. All the booksellers had been canvassed without success. At last he advertised for it, naming, as the price he was willing to give, about as many shillings as it was worth pence. He had a copy within eight and forty hours, with a large "6d." pencilled on the title-page, showing that it had been picked out of one of these despised receptacles for curiosities of literature.

Not find anything worth having in the "sixpenny box" at a bookstall! Psha! When the collected edition of Defoe's works was published some thirty years ago, it was determined that the various pieces inserted in it should be reprinted from the editions of them superintended by Defoe himself. There was one tract which the editor had failed to find at the British Museum or any other public library, and which he had sought for in vain in "the Row" or any bookseller's within the reach of ordinary West-end mortals. Somebody suggested that he should make a pilgrimage to Old Street, St. Luke's, and perhaps Brown might have a copy. Old Brown, as he was familiarly called, had great knowledge of books and book rarities, although perhaps he was more widely known for the extensive stock of manuscript sermons which he kept indexed according to texts, and which he was ready to lend or sell as his customers desired. I am afraid to say how many sermons on the text "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" he is reported to have sold on the death of the Duke of Wellington, and it is said he might have disposed of hundreds more if he had had them in stock. But to go back to my story. The editor inquired of Brown whether he had a copy of Defoe's tract.

"No," said Brown, "I have not, and I don't know where you are likely to find one. But if you do meet with one you will have to pay pretty handsomely for it." "I am prepared to pay a fair price for it," said the would-be customer, and left the shop. Now Old Brown had a "sixpenny box" outside the door, and he had such a keen eye to business, that I believe, if there was a box in London which would bear out Leigh Hunt's statement, it was that box in Old Street. But as the customer left the shop his eye fell on the box, turned over the rubbish in it, and at last selected a volume which he found there. "I'll pay you for this out of the box!" "Thank you, sir," said Brown, taking the proffered sixpence; "but, by the by, what is it?" "It is a tract by Defoe," was the answer, to old Brown's chagrin. For it was the very work of which the purchaser was in search. Who, after this, will back Leigh Hunt's unfounded dogma that you will never find anything worth having in a sixpenny box at a bookstall?

But there are other hiding-places than those of which I have just been speaking, where curious out-of-the-way books may be found. At small brokers' shops, one drawer of a chest is frequently left open to show that it contains books for sale. I have before me at this moment a curious little black-letter 16mo, containing early English translations of Erasmus, which a shilling rescued from such company as it was then in.

As the accounts of these curious English versions in Lowndes are very imperfect, I venture to give a short notice of them. They are four in number, the first and fourth being unfortunately imperfect.

No. 1 is the first part of the "Garden of Wisdom" selected by Richard Taverner. It wants the title and first four folios, and ends on verso of folio xlviii. with the words "Here endeth the fyrst booke" and "These bookes are to be sold at the west dore of Poules by Wyllyam Telotson."

No. 2 is "The Second Booke of the Garden of Wysedome, wherein are conteyned wytty, pleasaunt and nette sayenges of renowned personages, collected by Rycharde Tauerner. Anno MDXXXIX. Cum privilegio ad im-

primendum solum," and ends on the verso of folio 48 "Prynted at London by Richard Bankes. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."

No. 3 is "Flores aliquot Sententiarum ex variis collecti scriptoribus. The Flovvers of Sentces [*sic*] gathered out of sundry wryters by Erasmus in Latine and Englished by Richard Tauerner. Huic libello non male conveniunt Mimi illi Publiani nuper ab eodem Richardo uersi. Londini ex ædibus Richardi Tauerne, anno MDXL," and ends on verso of B. iii., "Printed in Flete strete very diligently under the correction of the selfe Richard Tauerner by Richard Bankes."

No. 4, the last, is "Proverbes and Adagies gathered out of the Chiliades of Erasmus by Richarde Tauerne. With newe additions as well of Latyn proverbes as of Englysshe. Edwardus Whytchurche excudebat anno MDXLV." This is unfortunately imperfect, wanting all after folio lxx.

A quaint writer is Master Richard Taverner, and his Erasmus tracts repay the attention of students of early English.

My next prize from a similar source was one of greater curiosity and value. As I was hurrying to my office one morning some forty years ago, I espied on the top of a chest of drawers outside a broker's shop, opposite the Royal Mews in Piccolo, a pile of books. I looked over them, but there was only one which interested me—a small thin folio, which on opening proved to be an early Latin manuscript. The worthy broker said it was "very old and very curious," and asked a larger sum for it than I was prepared to pay without a fuller examination than I had then time to give to it. So I left it, but was vexed with myself for the rest of the day that I had done so, fearing it might have been sold when I returned homeward in the afternoon. Fortunately it was still on the top of the drawers when I returned; and although I had until then never indulged in the luxury of buying manuscripts, the result of my further examination was to show me that the broker was right, and that the manuscript was curious as well as old, and I risked a sovereign, or a sovereign and a half, which was the price asked for it, and

secured it, as it contained a collection of Latin stories with moralizations; and I came to the conclusion that it was an early manuscript of the world-renowned "Gesta Romanorum." But my learned friend Mr. Thomas Wright, a great authority upon all such matters, who saw it soon after I had bought it, pronounced the manuscript to be of the thirteenth century, and confirmed my opinion as to the interest and value of it, for it was obviously an English collection, the scene of many of the tales being laid in this country. At his suggestion I transcribed a number of the tales and sent them to that interesting German antiquarian journal, edited by Moriz Haupt and Heinrich Hoffman, entitled "Altdeutsche Blätter (Leipzig, 1836-40), the precursor of Wright and Halliwell's curious collection, the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ." The tales so transcribed will be found at pp. 74-82 of the second volume. My impression is that when transferred to the British Museum, which it was at the earnest solicitation of Sir Frederic Madden, the manuscript was ascertained to be one of Odo de Cerington. But on this I cannot, after so many years, speak with certainty. But I must be pardoned if I make a short digression before I tell the story of my third prize from a broker's shop.

In the year 1846 I addressed a letter to the editor of a well-known periodical suggesting an article which I thought might be suitable to it, and in consequence of his invitation called upon him at his office to talk the matter over with him. That was a day "lapidi candidore notare." It was the first time I met one who became one of my most dear and most honored friends. How often had I regretted that I had not known him before. At that interview I was charmed and struck by his strong common sense and thorough right-mindedness; but it was only when it was my privilege to know him intimately that I became aware that, great as were the good qualities in him which I had at once recognized, they were but as straw in the balance as compared with his kindly and affectionate nature. Advisedly I do not mention his name, that I may not be suspected of self-glorification. Those who know me, and who knew the excellent man to whom I re-

fer, will easily recognize him, and will judge the emotion with which, after our friendship had extended oversome twenty years, I read these touching lines from his excellent son: "My dear father loved you too well for me to let you learn from the newspapers that he died this morning." Peace to his memory. It is very dear to me.

At this our first interview our business matter was soon settled, and after a long gossip on books and men I left the office quite delighted with the acquaintance which I had made.

My next interview with him was at a bookstall in the neighborhood of Drury Lane, which, after a long and pleasant chat, ended with his inviting me to call upon him and renew our gossip at home, an invitation as cordially accepted as it was heartily given. As I soon found my old friend, for he was nearly twenty years my senior, interested in many points of literary history on which I was curious and he learned, my visits became very frequent, and to me very instructive. Who was Junius? was one of these, and I shall not readily forget the pleasure with which he one day received a copy of an early Wheble edition of the letters, which he had long been looking for without success, and which I had a day or two before picked out of a "six-penny box."

A few weeks later it was my good luck to pick up a Junius tract which my old friend had not got, and which he was delighted to see; but before I left him he said to me, with that characteristic frankness which was one of his charms: "I can't tell you the pleasure you give me by thinking of me in this way, and how pleased I am to get these additions to my collection. But you can double my obligation to you." I stared, and he explained. It would be by letting him pay for whatever I did so pick up for him. I saw it was his wish, so consented at once upon condition that if I brought him any book which he already possessed he would at once tell me so, and I would keep that for my own collection. The treaty was at once concluded, and from that time I gave him the choice of every Junius book I got hold of.

No, not every one. My "vellum Junius," which came off a stall in Maid-

en Lane, and which Joseph Parkes persuaded himself was the veritable vellum copy bound for Junius, but which is more than doubtful. I must some day, but not now, tell the story of Lord Brougham showing that copy to the late Lord Lansdowne, and of the curious conversation that followed.

But to return to books and brokers. One summer's evening, strolling along the Blackfriars Road after a fruitless search for literary treasures in the New Cut, I saw a few books at a broker's, and on turning them over, I found a quarto volume containing five tracts connected with the charge made by Lord Sandwich against Wilkes of having written the "Essay on Woman," when there is, I fear, little doubt that he must then have known, as we all know now, that that infamous production was written by Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of course I purchased the volume, and a few days after, took it to my old friend, who was a great admirer of John Wilkes and knew more about him, his real character, foibles, weaknesses, and strong religious feelings, than I believe at that time did any half dozen men in England put together.

I had determined, as I went along, that on this occasion I would have the pleasure of giving him a book which would, I was sure, delight him. He was delighted at the sight of it, and as he turned over the leaves kept asking, "Where did you pick it up? What did you give for it?" "You shall know all about it if you will let me give it to you," was the answer. He consented, and I don't know which of the two was the more pleased; and when I told him where I had found it and the price—eighteen pence—he very irreverently hinted that I had the luck of the Prince of Darkness as well as my own.

But I was not always blessed with that "joint-stock luck" with which I was credited. More than once have I been interrupted in the course of my small literary efforts by my inability to act up to the wise suggestion of one of great experience who laid it down as a rule "not to take anything for granted," in consequence of failing to get sight of the particular book which would have settled some point at issue, and this not

always a rare book. For instance, one evening wanting to see the original of a passage translated from one of the "Colloquies" of Erasmus, I was first annoyed at not being able to lay my hands on my own copy, and secondly still more annoyed when, as time was an object, I started off at once to Holywell Street, sure, as I thought, to find one at Poole's, or if he should fail, which is rarely the case, at one of his neighbors'; but neither from Poole nor any of his brother booksellers there, nor Bumstead nor Baldock in Holborn, nor anywhere, could I get a copy of this comparatively common book, and I returned home *re infectâ*. When I afterward came across my own copy, my interest in the point had vanished.

In my early days of book-hunting there was no book more frequently to be met with, at prices varying from one shilling to half a crown, than Theobald's "Shakespeare Restored." But when, interested in the quarrel between Pope and Theobald and the merits of their respective editions of Shakespeare, both of which I had, I wanted, in order to investigate the matter thoroughly, to get a copy of "Shakespeare Restored," I hunted London through, I might almost say, in vain; for the only copy I found was in the possession of one who asked at least ten times as much as it was worth, and wanted to make a favor of parting with it at that price. I declined to accept his favor, and have now a nice copy at a tithe of what he asked me.

But a marked change in the character of the stock of every bookseller has taken place during the last half-century. No longer does

The folio Aldus load their bending shelves,
Though dapper Elzevirs, like fairy elves,
Show their light forms amid the well-gilt
twelves.

I do not believe that at the present day twenty-five per cent. of the quartos, certainly not of the folios, are to be seen on their shelves compared with what there were formerly.

The explanation given to me by many dealers in old books some six or seven years since when I was looking out for a certain folio, which I remember as by no means a rare book, was that these large books took up too much room in

their shops, that now nobody liked large books, especially folios, and that what had not gone to America had been what is technically called "wasted," *i.e.* sold to the butter shops. The folio to which I have just referred is Nalson's "True Copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice for the Tryal of King Charles I. as it was read in the House of Commons, and attested under the hand of Phelps, Clerk to that infamous Court."

Until 1872, when I published in *Notes and Queries* a little paper entitled "The Death Warrant of Charles the First: Another Historic Doubt," I do not know of a writer on the subject of the death of that monarch who was aware that the warrant for his execution—a strip of parchment measuring some eighteen inches wide by ten deep, on which there are about a dozen lines of writing and some threescore seals and signatures—a document familiar to every body from the numerous fac-similes which have been made of it—a document second to none in existence in interest and importance—brief as it is, abounds with erasures, some of them in passages of vital importance.

Having repeatedly seen this warrant, I had long been aware of this fact, and I cannot now say positively what it was that determined me to see if I could throw any light on the origin of these erasures. My impression is, that, while pointing them out to somebody to whom I was showing the warrant, the thought suddenly occurred to me that seeing how short the document was, and looking at the erasures, I came to the conclusion in my own mind—which was afterward confirmed by an experienced public writer—that it would have taken less time to write out another fair copy of it than to make the erasures and corrections which now appear upon it.

I knew, of course, that Nalson was the great authority to be consulted with respect to the proceedings of the so-called High Court of Justice; but although I have D'Israeli's Commentaries and many other works connected with Charles the First, I had not Nalson's. Neither had the library of the House of Lords nor that of the House of Commons. I consoled myself with the thought I shall be sure to find it at the

Athenæum. No, it is not even in that best of club libraries. Thence I turned to Burlington House—no Nalson in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. I next tried the Royal Institution, of which I am not a member, but by the courtesy of Mr. Vincent, the careful editor of Haydn's indispensable "Dictionary of Dates," I had an opportunity of running my eyes over the pages of Nalson in that library.

Now I am something like the boy who could only read out of his own book. I can only work comfortably in my own room and with my own books about, and what I had seen of Nalson showed me pretty clearly that if I were to go thoroughly into the inquiry which I had proposed to myself, I must secure a copy of that book. What efforts I made to procure one, it were long to tell. But, alas! all were in vain; and probably this good intention would have been added to the number of proverbial paving-stones which I have laid down, but for the kindness of a gentleman, an entire stranger to me, who, happening to hear from Salkeld, the worthy and intelligent bookseller of Orange Street, Golden Square, that I was in search of a copy of Nalson, said he had one, wanting the portrait and plate of the trial, which was at my service. That gentleman was the late Mr. John Soper Streetter, a distinguished medical practitioner of Bloomsbury, editor of the "Icones Obstetricæ" of Moreau and other valuable works; and I deeply regret that this public recognition of his thoughtful kindness comes too late. He died in 1875.

This act of courtesy is only one of many similar kindnesses which I have from time to time received; and I am convinced that what Chaucer said in his noble description of the Scholar of Oxenforde—

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche—
might be said, with a slight verbal alteration, of all *true* lovers of books:

"Full gladly would they give and gladly take."

I have several curious old German books given me some half century since by one of my earliest and most revered friends, Francis Douce; and my collection of books in connection with Mrs. Serres, *soi-disant* Princess Olive of Cum-

berland, owes much of its completeness to similar acts of considerate courtesy. I am indebted for more than one of these to the liberality of Mr. William Lee, the author of the interesting "Life and newly discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe." My kind old friend, so long the distinguished head of the British Museum, the late Sir Henry Ellis, took from a volume of pamphlets his copy of the "Princess Olive's Proofs of her Legitimacy," inscribed on the title-page in her handwriting (I copy *literatim*) "with the Princesses' respects for your acceptance," and on the last page, "Princess being at present at Crawford Street No. 7, may be seen at one any morning." I am indebted for several others to gentlemen who were entire strangers to me, but who sympathized with my endeavors to discover whether there was any fragment of truth in the claim originated by Mrs. Serres and afterward brought forward by Mrs. Ryves.

Oddly enough, I first took up that inquiry, which has resulted in what a noble and learned lord has good-naturedly characterized as "Serres on the brain," in consequence of the gift from Lord Brougham, when at a visit to him at Brougham in 1858, of Mrs. Ryves' "Appeal for Royalty," and was encouraged to pursue it by the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock telling me how much he envied my pointing out that the certificate of Mrs. Serres' birth, whose mother, it should be remembered, was the daughter of a Fellow of Trinity, who was *never married*, by a Polish princess who *never existed*, on Tuesday, April 3d, 1772, must clearly be a forgery, inasmuch as the 3d of April, 1772, fell on a Friday and not on a Tuesday. The mistake of the writer was not knowing that the old style, under which the 12th of April would have been on Tuesday, was altered in 1752.

But asking forgiveness for this digression, and going back to the matter of books—though, for obvious reasons, I scarcely like to write it—I really believe it is almost more blessed to give than to receive. There is nothing more delightful than to put into the hands of a book-loving friend a volume one feels sure he will prize and enjoy.

When I had picked up, as I did occasionally, an old Carolinian tract, and

added it to the remarkable collection of them which my almost brother John Bruce had gathered together, I am sure his satisfaction could not exceed mine ; and great as were the pleasure and heartiness with which my frequent correspondent Professor De Morgan—whom it was my misfortune never to have known personally—expressed his thanks for two or three early books on arithmetic which I had discovered in some sixpenny boxes, and added to his collection. I am sure I was as much pleased as he was.

It is undoubtedly a real source of satisfaction to feel that a volume which has any special interest connected with it is in proper keeping. When, on the evening of one of the *soirées* given by the President of the Royal Society, I had rescued from a miserable lot of dirty old books in a back slum near Clare Market a copy of Sprat's "History of the Royal Society" which contained unmistakable evidence that it had once belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, what was more natural than that on that evening I should place that copy in the hands of the noble lord who then held the office which Sir Isaac had formerly occupied, and that that volume should find a home in the Society's library ?

Again, what more natural than that, having, as the result of an afternoon's bookstalling, brought home a copy of Bishop Burnet's "Funeral Sermon on the Death of Queen Anne," as fresh as if it had just come from the press, I should place it in the hands of Mr. Macaulay, whom I was then seeing almost daily in my room at the House of Lords, where he was working up materials for his "History of England ;" and I had the pleasant duty of bringing under his notice the records of the House, which had not then been calendared. About that time I should have given him another interesting book, a Dublin edition of a certain well-known English classic which I told him I had lately secured. He thought I was wrong in my impression about it. So in the course of a few days, being anxious to set myself right, when he had seen all the papers he was then prepared to go through, and near about to leave, I recalled his attention to the book. The result was

that he poured forth an oration delicious to listen to, full of distinct proofs

That what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass ;

that no such book containing what I had stated it did contain could exist ; and when he had brought his brilliant discourse to an end shook hands and bade me "good-bye," convinced, I have no doubt, in his own mind, that he had convinced me, because, in the face of all he had said, I had not impudence sufficient, even if he had waited, to pull the book in question out of that pocket in which I had brought it with me for the purpose of giving it to him. I would have given much to have had present a short-hand writer who could have taken down that wonderful specimen of Macaulay's power of talk.

I never heard anything at all to be compared with it but once. That was during a stroll over Weybridge Common with that warm-hearted friend and profound scholar, the great Saxonist John Mitchell Kemble ; when he descanted upon his great theme, the Saxons in England, the nature of the "mark," and other cognate points, with such overpowering eloquence that I could scarcely tear myself away from him when the train came that was to bring me back to London. I remember two things he mentioned on that day. The first was that he never wrote down a single line of any paper or book—the "Saxons in England," for instance—until the paper or the book was arranged and composed in his own mind. The second, that among other illustrations of ancient tenures, forest rights, etc., which he had picked up at Addlestone (where he was then living, and to which the old forest of Windsor had formerly extended), was the custom of deciding how far the rights of the owner of land extended into the stream, on which his property is situated, by a man standing on the brink with "one foot on the land and the other in the water and throwing a tenpenny hatchet into the water ; where the hatchet fell was the limit. This he had learned from an old man born and bred in the forest who remembered having once seen it done.

Such of my readers as know Jacob Grimm's "Deutsche Rechts-Alter thü-

mer" will remember that a similar practice is recorded in that vast monument of legal archæology. I often wonder that no young barrister has had the courage to translate this work. Probably it would not be remunerative in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence, but it could not fail to give him a high position in his profession; or, what would be unquestionably more popular, use the book as Michelet did in his "Origines du Droit Français," make Grimm's work the basis of a clear and interesting history of the antiquities of English law.

But if books occasionally disappear like certain classes of insects, like them also they as suddenly reappear, of which I have myself experienced several curious proofs. Talking of books and insects, I should like to know why it is that so many bookmen and antiquaries, like Douce and Albert Way, have been entomologists. That inquiry has connected with it a good story about Francis Douce and Cobbett which must wait some more fitting time to tell.

Reverting to the curious reappearance of books, and to the manner in which, after having given up all hopes of obtaining some much-desired volume, no sooner is one copy found than a second one turns up, I had a curious experience with respect to one of my Junius volumes. I had long been looking out in vain for a copy of "The Vices, a Poem in Three Cantos," from the original MS. in the presumed handwriting of the author of "The Letters of Junius," 1828," and which a well-known Junius collector had repeatedly advertised for without success, when, taking up one of Wilson's catalogues, always worth going through, I saw in it, to my great delight, "The Vices." But my delight was somewhat diminished when I recollected I had had the catalogue some days, but had been too busy to read it. I started off at once to Great Russell Street (it was before he removed to King William Street), but, as I feared, the book was gone. On asking Wilson who was the lucky purchaser, he named a nobleman, then a member of the House of Commons, who, he said, he was sure would willingly lend it to me for a few days if I asked him. As I had not the advantage of being known to the

fortunate purchaser, it was not till I had received reiterated assurances of his invariable kindness in such matters that I summoned up resolution to follow this advice. My application was most promptly and courteously granted. I at once went through the book, and came to the conclusion that it was not by Junius, but by the notorious William Combe, the author of "Doctor Syntax," of that precious repository of Georgian scandal in nine volumes, the "Royal Register," the "Diaboliad," etc. The book contains a fac-simile of the original MS., with a fac-simile of one of Junius's Letters; but as of the many Junius claimants there is not one whose claim is not based on identity of handwriting, I place no faith in such supposed identity. Of course I returned the book almost immediately, and had no sooner done so than I saw in a catalogue from some bookseller at Islington another copy marked at rather a high figure. This I secured, and it is now before me, and I see by a memorandum in it my attention was first called to "The Vices" by Lord Brougham, when he mentioned to me the "Verses addressed to Betty Giles" which form so important a feature in the magnificent volume on the "Handwriting of Junius" by M. Chabot, with Preface and Collateral Evidence by the Hon. Edward Twisleton, of which I have a presentation copy from the editor, to whom I had lent for this book a letter from Lord Lyttleton dated "Maestricht, November 27, 1771," which, by showing, as it does, that Lord Lyttleton had been and was then travelling on the Continent, completely negatives his claim to be the writer of the Letters of Junius which were at that very time publishing in the *Public Advertiser*. That letter was one of several by him which I purchased at a second-hand book and print shop in the Blackfriars Road.

But a second instance in my own experience of this turning up, about the same time, of a duplicate copy of a book which had been long and anxiously looked for, is the more curious, inasmuch as the volume to which I am referring is of greater rarity and literary importance than "The Vices." I refer to the then very rare and most interesting collection of Neapolitan fairy

tales, "Il Pentamerone del Cavalier Giovan Battista Basile."

My interest in the "Pentamerone" was first excited by the references made to it in Edgar Taylor and Mrs. Austin's admirable selection from it in their "German Popular Stories," so admirably translated by them from the collection of the Brothers Grimm, and so wonderfully illustrated by George Cruikshank, and of which my copy—*væ mih!*—has been thumbed away by two generations of juvenile readers; that book stimulating the curiosity as to the history of fiction, and its cognate subject nursery literature, which had been awakened in me by the admirable articles so entitled in the *Quarterly* from the pen of the late Sir Francis Palgrave; and I mastered German enough to wade through the three little Almain quarto volumes of the original "Kinder-und Haus-Märchen" published at Göttingen in 1822. There I learned more about the "Pentamerone," and tried hard to secure a copy of it, but waited long before that most courteous and clever of caterers for such literary wants (of whom more anon), Tom Rodd, got me that which I now possess, which is of the edition printed at Naples in 1674.

But during the ten or fifteen years which elapsed before I got this copy of Basile, the idea which I had entertained of mastering the Neapolitan dialect and translating Basile's stories into English had passed away, and I had other work in hand; and I only secured the book in case, at some future time, I might take up again the idea of preparing an English version of it.

Within a month of getting this copy I was offered another—and, strangely enough, at a shop also in Newport Street, and within fifty yards of Tom Rodd's. I of course secured that, and had the pleasure of giving it to Crofton Croker, the author of the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," who, like myself, had long been on the look-out for one.

What a number of old friends and pleasant associations in connection with them will the sight of an old book sometimes recall to our minds! I have already mentioned the accomplished authors of the "Lays of the Minnesingers" and of "Maistre Wace his Chron-

icle of the Norman Conquest," Edgar Taylor and Crofton Croker. To these I must add the name of Felix Liebrecht, the learned translator and annotator of Dunlop's "History of Fiction," a book which I commend to the attention of any publisher or editor of a new edition of Dunlop. I owe my knowledge of this accomplished scholar to Sir George Lewis, who, when Liebrecht visited England some five and twenty years since, did me the kindness to give him a letter of introduction to me. Strangely enough, I did not then know that he had translated the "Pentamerone" into German. His translation in two volumes, with a preface by Jacob Grimm, was published at Breslau, in 1846. English antiquaries are indebted to him also for a work of special interest to them, but which, I have reason to think, is not known so generally as it ought to be. I allude to "Des Gervasios von Tilbury Otia Imperialia. In einer Auswahl neu herausgegeben und mit Anmerkungen begleitet 8vo, 1856." It is dedicated to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, and the fifty or sixty pages of the original text of Gervase are accompanied by upward of two hundred pages of most valuable notes. I had also the pleasure of numbering among my friends the late John Edward Taylor, the English translator of the "Pentamerone," published in 1848 with illustrations by George Cruikshank, and of rendering him some small service in connection with it. He had heard me say that my friend and near connection, the Rev. James Morton, Vicar of Holbeach, the learned editor of the "Ancient Riwle" and other semi-Saxon and Early English poems, had a Neapolitan glossary, and Taylor asked me if I could borrow it for him. I wrote at once to the vicar, and the answer was one confirmatory of what I have already insisted upon. Mr. Morton presented me with Galiani's "Del Dialetto Napolitano" and the accompanying two volumes of the same author's "Vocabolario Napolitano-Toscana," in order that I "might have the pleasure of lending them" to John Edward Taylor.

But perhaps the most curious and valuable recovery of a book long sought for occurred to the late Mr. Grenville, whose most munificent bequest of his extraordinary library to the British Mu-

seum entitles him to the gratitude of all scholars. I mention the fact on the authority of my late honored friend Mr. Amyot, the secretary, friend, and biographer of Wyndham, and for so many years Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries and Director of the Camden Society. Among the choicest books in his library Mr. Grenville possessed one of two volumes of an excessively rare fifteenthener, I think, the Mazarine Bible, printed on vellum and magnificently bound. Of course he was very anxious to get a copy of the missing volume also on vellum, but he hoped almost against hope. After many years, however, he had the unexpected and almost unexampled good fortune to get not only a copy on vellum, but the identical copy, as shown by the binding, which had been so long separated from the one in his possession. Mr. Grenville, when showing the books to Mr. Amyot and to Samuel Rogers, who was there at the same time, told the history of his good fortune.

Amyot said it was the most remarkable coincidence he had ever heard.

Rogers did not quite agree to this, and proceeded to mention the following, which he thought still more remarkable.

An officer who was ordered to India went, on the day before leaving England, to his lawyers in Lincoln's Inn

Fields. The day being wet, he took a hackney coach, and when he got out, as he was paying the driver, dropped a shilling. He looked in the mud and slush for it in vain, and so did the coachman. On his return home after some years' service he had again occasion to go to his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When leaving, he recollected his lost shilling, and by some unaccountable impulse began to look for it, when, strange to say, just at the very spot where he had paid the coachman, and on the very edge of the curbstone, he found—

"The shilling!" was the hasty conclusion of my excellent friend.

"Not exactly," said Rogers, "but twelve-pennyworth of coppers wrapped up in brown paper!"

Samuel Rogers is said to have been great at what Arbuthnot called "The Art of selling Bargains," of which curious tract, with its unquotable and Swiftian leading title (for which the curious reader is referred to Arbuthnot's works, vol. ii. p. 156), I once picked up an original copy which I presented to a worthy member of the Stock Exchange fully capable of enjoying the humor of it. But probably the reader may now be of opinion that "now 'tis time that we shake hands and part," at least for the present. So be it!—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

ALTHOUGH the roses, like many other highly respectable modern families, cannot claim for themselves any remarkable antiquity—their tribe is only known, with certainty, to date back some three or four millions of years, to the tertiary period of geology—they have yet in many respects one of the most interesting and instructive histories among all the annals of English plants. In a comparatively short space of time they have managed to assume the most varied forms; and their numerous transformations are well attested for us by the great diversity of their existing representatives. Some of them have produced extremely beautiful and showy flowers, as

is the case with the cultivated roses of our gardens, as well as with the dog-roses, the sweet-briers, the may, the blackthorn, and the meadow-sweet, of our hedges, our copses, and our open fields. Others have developed edible fruits, like the pear, the apple, the apricot, the peach, the nectarine, the cherry, the strawberry, the raspberry, and the plum; while yet others again, which are less serviceable to lordly man, supply the woodland birds or even the village children with blackberries, dewberries, cloudberry, hips, haws, sloes, crab-apples, and rowanberries. Moreover, the various members of the rose family exhibit almost every variety of size and

habit, from the creeping silver-weed which covers our roadsides or the tiny alchemilla which peeps out from the crannies of our walls, through the herb-like meadow-sweet, the scrambling briars, the shrubby hawthorn, and the bushy bird-cherry, to the taller and more arborescent forms of the apple-tree, the pear-tree, and the mountain ash. And since modern science teaches us that all these very divergent plants are ultimately descended from a single common ancestor—the primæval progenitor of the entire rose tribe—whence they have gradually branched off in various directions, owing to separately slight modifications of structure and habit, it is clear that the history of the roses must really be one of great interest and significance from the new standpoint of evolution. I propose, therefore, here to examine the origin and development of the existing English roses, with as little technical detail as possible; and I shall refer for the most part only to those common and familiar forms which, like the apple, the strawberry, or the cabbage rose, are already presumably old acquaintances of all my readers.

The method of our inquiry must be a strictly genealogical one. For example, if we ask at the present day whence came our own eatable garden plums, competent botanists will tell us that they are a highly cultivated and carefully selected variety of the common sloe or blackthorn. It is true, the sloe is a small, sour, and almost uneatable fruit, the bush on which it grows is short and trunkless, and its branches are thickly covered with very short stout thorns; whereas the cultivated plum is borne upon a shapely spreading tree, with no thorns and a well-marked trunk, while the fruit itself is much larger, sweeter, and more brightly colored than the ancestral sloe. But these changes have easily been produced by long tillage and constant selection of the best fruiters through many ages of human agriculture. So, again, if we ask what is the origin of our pretty old-fashioned Scotch roses, the botanists will tell us in like manner that they are double varieties of the wild burnet-rose, which grows beside the long tidal lochs of the Scotch Highlands, or clammers over the heathy

cliffs of Cumberland and Yorkshire. The wild form of the burnet-rose has only five simple petals, like our own common sweetbrier; but all wild flowers when carefully planted in a rich soil show a tendency to double their petals; and by selecting for many generations those burnet-roses which showed this doubling tendency in the highest degree, our florists have at last succeeded in producing the pretty Scotch roses which may still be found (thank Heaven!) in many quiet cottage gardens, though ousted from fashionable society by the Marshal Niels and Gloires de Dijon of modern scientific horticulturists.

Now, if we push our inquiry a step further back, we shall find that this which is true of cultivated plants in their descent from wild parent stocks, is true also of the parent stocks themselves in their descent from an earlier common ancestor. Each of them has been produced by the selective action of nature, which has favored certain individuals in the struggle for existence, at the expense of others, and has thus finally resulted in the establishment of new species, having peculiar points of advantage of their own, now wholly distinct from the original species whose descendants they are. Looked at in this manner, every family of plants or animals becomes a sort of puzzle for our ingenuity, as we can to some extent reconstruct the family genealogy by noting in what points the various members resemble one another, and in what points they differ among themselves. To discover the relationship of the various English members of the rose tribe to each other—their varying degrees of cousinship or of remoter community of descent—is the object which we set before ourselves in the present paper.

Perhaps the simplest and earliest type of the rose family now remaining in England is to be found in the little yellow potentillas which grow abundantly in ill-kept fields or by scrubby roadsides. The potentillas are less familiar to us than most others of the rose family, and therefore I am sorry that I am obliged to begin by introducing them first to my reader's notice rather than some other and older acquaintance, like the pear or the hawthorn. But as they form the most central typical specimen of

the rose tribe which we now possess in England, it is almost necessary to start our description with them, just as in tracing a family pedigree we must set out from the earliest recognizable ancestor, even though he may be far less eminent and less well known than many of his later descendants. For to a form very much like the potentillas all the rose family trace their descent. The two best known species of potentilla are the goose-weed or silver-weed, and the cinquefoil. Both of them are low creeping herblike weeds, with simple bright yellow blossoms about the size of a strawberry flower, having each five golden petals, and bearing a number of small dry brown seeds on a long green stalk. At first sight a casual observer would hardly take them for roses at all, but a closer view would show that they resemble in all essential particulars an old-fashioned single yellow rose in miniature. From some such small creeping plants as these all the roses are probably descended. Observe, I do not say that they are the direct offspring of the potentillas, but merely that they are the offspring of some very similar simple form. We ourselves do not derive our origin from the Icelanders; but the Icelanders keep closer than any other existing people to that primitive Teutonic and Scandinavian stock from which we and all the other people of north-western Europe are descended. Just so, the roses do not necessarily derive their origin from the potentillas, but the potentillas keep closer than any other existing rose to that primitive rosaceous stock from which all the other members of the family are descended.*

The strawberry is one of the more developed plants which has varied least from this early type represented by the cinquefoil and the silver-weed. There is, in fact, one common English potentilla which bears with village children the essentially correct and suggestive name of barren strawberry. This particular potentilla differs from most others of its class in having white petals instead of yellow ones, and in having three leaflets on each stalk instead of five or

seven. When it is in flower only it is difficult at first sight to distinguish it from the strawberry blossom, though the petals are generally smaller, and the whole flower less widely opened. After blossoming, however, the green bed or receptacle on which the little seeds* are seated does not swell out (as in the true strawberry) into a sweet pulpy, red mass, but remains a mere dry stalk for the tiny bunch of small hard inedible nuts. The barren strawberry, indeed, is really an intermediate stage between the other potentillas and the true eatable strawberry; or, to put it more correctly, the eatable strawberry is a white-flowered potentilla which has acquired the habit of producing a sweet and bright-colored fruit instead of a few small dry seeds. If we can get to understand the *rationale* of this first and simplest transformation, we shall have a clue by which we may interpret almost all the subsequent modifications of the rose family.

The true strawberry resembles the barren strawberry in every particular except in its fruit. It is a mere slightly divergent variety of that particular species of potentilla, though the great importance of the variety from man's practical point of view causes us to give it a separate name, and has even wrongly induced botanists to place it in a separate genus all by itself. In reality, however, the peculiarity of the fruit is an extremely slight one, very easily brought about. In all other points—in its root, its leaf, its stem, its flower, nay, even its silky hairs—the strawberry all but exactly reproduces the white potentilla. It is evidently nothing more than one of these potentillas with a slight diversity in the way it forms its fruit. To account, therefore, for the strawberry we must first account for the white potentilla from which it springs.

The white potentilla, or barren strawberry, then, is itself a slightly divergent form of the yellow potentillas, such as the cinquefoil. From these it differs in three chief particulars. In the first place, it does not creep, but stands

* All the potentillas have a double calyx, which certainly was not the case with the prime ancestor of the roses, or else the whole tribe would still retain it.

* Botanically and structurally these seeds, as we always call them, are really fruits; but the point is a purely technical one, with which it is quite unnecessary to bore the reader. I only mention it here to anticipate the sharp eyes of botanical critics.

erect ; this is due to its mode of life on banks or in open woods, not among grass and hedges as is the case with the straggling cinquefoil. In the second place, it has three leaflets on each stalk instead of five, and this is a slight variation of a sort liable to turn up at any time in any plant, as the number of leaflets is very seldom quite constant. In the third place, it has white petals instead of yellow ones, and this is the most important difference of all. But when we come to consider what is the use and object of flowers, we can easily see why this change too has taken place. Flowers are really devices for producing seed ; and in order that the seed should be fertilized, it is necessary that pollen should be carried from one blossom to another either by means of insects or by the wind. All flowers with bright and conspicuous petals are fertilized by insects, which visit them in search of honey or pollen ; and the use of the colored petals is, in fact, to attract the insects and to induce them to fertilize the seeds. Now, yellow seems to have been the original color of the petals in almost all (if not absolutely in all) families of flowers ; and the greater number of potentillas are still yellow. But different flowers are visited and fertilized by different insects, and as some insects like one color and some another, many blossoms have acquired white or pink or purple petals in the place of yellow ones, to suit the particular taste of their insect friends. The colors of petals are always liable to vary, as we all see in our gardens, where florists can produce at will almost any shade or tint that they choose ; and when wild flowers happen to vary in this way, they often get visited by some fresh kind of insect which fertilizes their seeds better than the old ones did, and so in time they set up a new variety or a new species. Two of our English potentillas have thus acquired white flowers to suit their proper flies, while one boggy species has developed purple petals to meet the æsthetic requirements of the marsh-land insects. No doubt the white blossoms of the barren strawberry are thus due to some original "sport" or accidental variation, which has been perpetuated and become a fixed habit of the plant because it gave it a better and surer chance of setting its seeds, and so

of handing down its peculiarities to future generations.

And now, how did the true strawberry develop from the three-leaved white potentilla ? Here the birds came in to play their part, as the bees and flies had done in producing the white blossom. Birds are largely dependent upon fruits and seeds for their livelihood, and so far as they are concerned it does not matter much to them which they eat. But from the point of view of the plant it matters a great deal. For if a bird eats and digests a seed, then the seed can never grow up to be a young plant ; and it has so far utterly failed of its true purpose. If, however, the fruit has a hard indigestible seed inside it (or, in the case of the strawberry, outside it), the plant is all the better for the fact, since the seed will not be destroyed by the bird, but will merely be dispersed by it, and so aided in attaining its proper growth. Thus, if certain potentillas happened ever to swell out their seed receptacle into a sweet pulpy mass, and if this mass happened to attract birds, the potentillas would gain an advantage by their new habit, and would therefore quickly develop into wild strawberries as we now get them. Man carries the same process a step further, for he takes seedlings from the wild strawberries and selects the best from among them, till at last he produces our Hautboys or British Queens. But the difference between the strawberry fruit and the potentilla fruit is to the last a very slight one. Both have a number of little dry seeds seated on a receptacle ; only, in the strawberry the receptacle grows red and succulent, while in the potentilla it remains small and stalk-like. The red color and sweet juice of the strawberry serve to attract the birds which aid in dispersing the seed, just as the white or yellow petals and the sweet honey of the potentilla blossoms serve to attract the insects which aid in fertilizing the flowers. In this way all nature is one continual round of interaction and mutual dependence between the animal and vegetable worlds.

The potentillas and the strawberry plant are all of them mere low creeping or skulking herbs, without woody stems or other permanent branches. But when we get to the development of the bram-

bles or blackberry bushes, we arrive at a higher and more respectable division of the rose family. There are two or three intermediate forms, such as water-avens and herb-bennet—tall, branching, weedy-looking roadside plants—which help us to bridge over the gulf from the one type to the other. Indeed, even the strawberry and the cinquefoil have a short perennial, almost woody stock, close to the ground, from which the annual branches spring; and in some other English weeds of the rose family the branches themselves are much stiffer and woodier than in these creeping plants. But in the brambles, the trunk and boughs have become really woody, by the deposit of hard material in the cells which make up their substance. Still, even the brambles are yet at heart mere creepers like the cinquefoil. They do not grow erect and upright on their own stems: they trail and skulk and twine in and out among other and taller bushes than themselves. The leaves remain very much of the silver-weed type; and although there is a good deal of the potentilla left in the brambles even now.

However, these woody climbers have certainly some fresh and more developed peculiarities of their own. They are all prickly shrubs, and the origin of their prickles is sufficiently simple. Even the potentillas have usually hairs on their stems; and these hairs serve to prevent the ants and other honey-thieving insects from running up the stalks and stealing the nectar intended for the fertilizing bees and butterflies. In the brambles, hairs of the same sort have grown thicker and stouter, side by side with the general growth in woodiness of the whole plant; so that they have at last developed into short thorns, which serve to protect the leaves and stem from herbivorous animals. As a rule, the bushes and weeds which grow in waste places are very apt to be thus protected, as we see in the case of gorse, nettles, black-thorn, holly, thistles, and other plants; but the particular nature of the protection varies much from plant to plant. In the brambles it consists of stiff prickly hairs; in the nettles, of stinging hairs; in the gorse, of pointed leaves; and in the thorn-bushes of short, sharp, barren branches.

Another peculiarity of the bramble

group is their larger white flowers and their curious granulated fruit. The flowers, of course, are larger and whiter in order to secure the visits of their proper fertilizing insects; the fruits are sweet and colored in order to attract the hedgerow birds. But the nature of the fruit in the raspberry, the blackberry, and the dewberry is quite different from that of the strawberry. Here, instead of the receptacle swelling out and growing red and juicy, it is the separate little seeds themselves that form the eatable part; while the receptacle remains white and inedible, being the "hull" or stem which we pick out from the hollow thimble-like fruit in the raspberry. Moreover, there are other minor differences in the berries themselves, even within the bramble group; for while the raspberry and cloudberry are red, to suit one set of birds, the blackberry and dewberry are bluish black, to suit another set; and while the little grains hold together as a cup in the raspberry, but separate from the hull, they cling to the hull in the other kinds. Nevertheless, in leaves, flower, and fruit there is a very close fundamental agreement among all the bramble kind and the potentillas. Thus we may say that the brambles form a small minor branch of the rose family, which has first acquired a woody habit and a succulent fruit, and has then split up once more into several smaller but closely allied groups, such as the blackberries, the raspberries, the dewberries, and the stony brambles.

The true roses, represented in England by the dog-rose and sweet-brier, show us a somewhat different development from the original type. They, too, have grown into tall bushes, less scrambling and more erect than the brambles. They have leaves of somewhat the same sort, and prickles which are similarly produced by the hardening of sharp hairs upon the stem. But their flowers and fruit are slightly more specialized—more altered, that is to say, for a particular purpose from the primitive plan. In the first place, the flowers, though still the same in general arrangement, with five petals and many stamens and carpels (or fruit-pieces), have varied a good deal in detail. The petals are here much larger and of a brilliant pink, and the blossoms are sweet-scent-

ed. These peculiarities serve to attract the bees and other large fertilizing insects, which thus carry pollen from head to head, and aid in setting the seeds much more securely than the little pilfering flies. Moreover, in all the roses, the outer green cup which covers the blossom in the bud has grown up around the little seeds or fruit pieces, so that instead of a ball turned outward, as in the strawberry and raspberry, you get, as it were, a bottle turned inward, with the seeds on the inner side. After flowering, as the fruit ripens, this outer cup grows round and red, forming the hip or fruit-case, inside which are to be found the separate little hairy seeds. Birds eat this dry berry, though we do not, and so aid in dispersing the species. * The true roses, then, are another branch of the original *potentilla* stock, which have acquired a bushy mode of growth, with a fruit differing in construction from that of the brambles.

We have altogether some five true wild roses in Britain. The commonest is the dog-rose, which everybody knows well ; and next comes the almost equally familiar sweet-brier, with its delicately-scented glandular leaves. The burnet-rose is the parent of our cultivated Scotch roses, and the two other native kinds are comparatively rare. Double garden roses are produced from the single five-petalled wild varieties by making the stamens (which are the organs for manufacturing pollen) turn into bright-colored petals. There is always more or less of a tendency for stamens thus to alter their character ; but in a wild state it never comes to any good, because such plants can never set seed, for want of pollen, and so die out in a single generation. Our gardeners, however, carefully select these distorted individuals, and so at length produce the large, handsome, barren flowers with which we are so familiar. The cabbage and moss roses are monstrous forms thus bred from the common wild French roses of the Mediterranean region ; the China roses are cultivated abortions from an Asiatic species ; and most of the other garden varieties are artificial crosses between these or various other kinds, obtained by fertilizing the seed vessels of one bush with pollen taken from the blossoms of another of a different sort. To a botanical eye, double

flowers, however large and fine, are never really beautiful, because they lack the order and symmetry which appear so conspicuously in the fine petals, the clustered stamens, and the regular stigmas of the natural form.

From the great central division of the rose family, thus represented by the *potentillas*, the strawberry, the brambles, and the true roses, two main younger branches have diverged much more widely in different directions. As often happens, these junior offshoots have outstripped and surpassed the elder stock in many points of structure and function. The first of the two branches in question is that of the plum tribe ; the second is that of the pears and apples. Each presents us with some new and important modifications of the family traits.

Of the plum tribe, our most familiar English examples, wild or cultivated, are the sloe or blackthorn, with its descendant the garden plum ; as well as the cherry, the apricot, the peach, the nectarine, and the almond. All these plants differ more or less conspicuously from the members of the central group which we have so far been examining in their tree-like size and larger trunk. But they also differ in another important point : each flower contains only one seed instead of many, and this seed is enclosed in a hard bony covering, which causes the whole plum tribe (except only the almond, of which more anon) to be popularly included under the common title of "stone-fruits." In most cases, too, the single seed is further coated with a soft, sweet, succulent pulp, making the whole into an edible fruit. What, now, is the reason for this change ? What advantage did the plant derive from this departure from the ordinary type of rose-flower and rose-fruit ? To answer this question we must look at one particular instance in detail, and we cannot do better than take that well-known fruit, the cherry, as our prime example of the whole class.

The cherry, like the strawberry, is an eatable fruit. But while in the strawberry we saw that the pulpy part consisted of the swollen stalk or receptacle, in which several small dry seeds were loosely embedded, with the cherry the pulpy part consists of the outer coat of

the fruit or seed vessel itself, which has grown soft and juicy instead of remaining hard and dry. In this respect the cherry resembles a single grain from a raspberry; but from the raspberry, again, it differs in the fact that each flower produces only a single solitary one-seeded fruit, instead of producing a number of little fruits, all arranged together in a sort of thimble. In the raspberry flower, when blossoming, you will find in the centre several separate carpels or fruit-pieces; in the cherry you will find only one. The cherry, in fact, may (so far as its fruit is concerned) be likened to a raspberry in which all the carpels or fruit-pieces except one have become aborted. And the reason for the change is simply this: cherry bushes (for in a wild state they are hardly trees) are longer lived plants than the bramble kind, and bear many more blossoms on each bush. Hence one seed to every blossom is quite as many as they require to keep up the numbers of the species. Moreover, their large and attractive fruits are much more likely to get eaten and so dispersed by birds than the smaller and less succulent berries of the brambles. Furthermore, the cherry has a harder stone around each seed, which is thus more effectually protected against being digested, and the seed itself consists of a comparatively big kernel, richly stored with food-stuffs, for the young plant, which thus starts relatively well equipped in the battle of life. For all these reasons the cherries are better off than the brambles, and therefore they can afford to produce fewer seeds to each flower, as well as to make the coverings of these seeds larger and more attractive to birds. Originally, indeed, the cherry had two kernels in each stone, and to this day it retains two little embryo kernels in the blossom, one of which is usually abortive afterward (though even now you may sometimes find two, as in *philipœna* almonds); but one seed being ordinarily quite sufficient for all practical purposes, the second one has long since disappeared in the vast majority of cases.

The plum scarcely differs from the cherry in anything important except the color, size, and shape of the fruit. It is, as we have already noted, a cultivated variety of the blackthorn, in which

the bush has become a tree, the thorns have been eradicated, and the fruit has been immensely improved by careful selection. The change wrought in these two wild bushes by human tillage shows, indeed, how great is the extent to which any type of plant can be altered by circumstances in a very short time. The apricot is yet another variety of the same small group, long subjected to human cultivation in the East.

Peaches and nectarines differ from apricots mainly in their stones, which are wrinkled instead of being smooth; but otherwise they do not seriously diverge from the other members of the plum tribe. There is one species of nectarine, however, which has undergone a very curious change, and that is the almond. Different as they appear at first sight, the almond must really be regarded as a very slightly altered variety of nectarine. Its outer shell or husk represents the pulpy part of the nectarine fruit; and indeed, if you cut in two a young unripe almond and a young unripe nectarine, you will find that they resemble one another very closely. But as they ripen the outer coat of the nectarine grows juicier, while that of the almond grows stringier and coarser, till, at last the one becomes what we commonly call a fruit, while the other becomes what we commonly call a nut. Here again, the reason for the change is not difficult to divine. Some seeds succeed best by making themselves attractive and trusting to birds for their dispersion; others succeed best by adopting the tactics of concealment, by dressing themselves in green when on the tree, and in brown when on the ground, and by seeking rather to evade than to invite the attention of the animal world. Those seed vessels which aim at the first plan we know as fruits; those which aim rather at the second we know as nuts. The almond is just a nectarine which has gone back to the nut-producing habit. The cases are nearly analogous to those of a strawberry and the potentilla, only the strawberry is a fruit developed from a dry seed, whereas the almond is a dry seed developed from a fruit. To some extent this may be regarded as a case of retrogressive evolution or degeneration.

The second great divergent branch of

the rose family—that of the pears and apples—has proceeded toward much the same end as the plums, but in a strikingly different manner. The apple kind have grown into trees, and have produced fruits. Instead, however, of the seed vessel itself becoming soft and succulent, the calyx or outer flower covering of the petals has covered up the carpels or young seed vessels even in the blossom, and has then swollen out into a sort of stalk-like fruit. The case, indeed, is again not unlike that of the strawberry, only that here the stalk has enlarged outward round the flower and enclosed the seeds, instead of simply swelling into a boss and embedding them. In the hip of the true roses we get some foreshadowing of this plan, except that in the roses the seeds still remained separate and free inside the swollen stalk, whereas in the pear and apple the entire fruit grows into a single solid mass. Here, also, as before, we can trace a gradual development from the bushy to the tree-like form.

The common hawthorn of our hedges shows us, perhaps, the simplest stage in the evolution of the apple tribe. It grows only into a tall bush, not unlike that of the blackthorn, and similarly armed with stout spines, which are really short sharp branches, not mere prickly hairs, as in the case of the brambles. Occasionally, however, some of the hawthorns develop into real trees, with a single stumpy trunk, though they never grow to more than mere small spreading specimens of the arboreal type, quite unlike the very tall and stately pear-tree. The flowers of the hawthorn—may-blossom, as we generally call them—are still essentially of the rose type; but, instead of having a single embryo seed and simple fruit in the centre, they have a compound fruit, enclosing many seeds, and all embedded in the thick fleshy calyx or flower-cup. As the haw ripens the flower cup outside grows redder and juicier, and the seed pieces at the same time become hard and bony. For it is a general principle of all edible fruits that, while they are young and the seeds are unripe, they remain green and sour, because then they could only be losers if eaten by birds; but as the seeds ripen and become fit to germinate, the pulp grows soft and sweet, and the skin assumes its

bright hue, because then the birds will be of service to it by diffusing the mature seeds. How largely birds assist in thus dispersing plants has very lately been proved in Australia, where a new and troublesome weed has rapidly overrun the whole country, because the fruit-eaters are very fond of it, and scatter its seeds broadcast over the length and breadth of the land.

The common medlar is nothing more than a hawthorn with a very big overgrown haw. In the wild state it bristles with hard thorns, which are wanting to the cultivated form, and its flower almost exactly resembles that of the may. The fruit, however, only becomes edible after it begins to decay, and the bony covering of the seeds is remarkably hard. It seems probable that the medlar, originally a native of southern Europe, is largely dispersed, not by birds, but by mice, rats, and other small quadrupeds. The color is not particularly attractive, not is the fruit particularly tempting while it remains upon the bush; but when it falls upon the ground and begins to rot, it may easily be eaten by rodents or pigs, and thus doubtless it procures the dispersion of its seeds under conditions highly favorable to their proper growth and success in life.

The little Siberian crabs, largely cultivated for their fruit in America, and sometimes found in English shrubberies as well, give us one of the earliest and simplest forms of the real apple group. In some respects, indeed, the apples are even simpler than the hawthorn, because their seeds or pips are not enclosed in bony cases, but only in those rather tough leathery coverings which form what we call the core. The haw of the hawthorn may be regarded as a very small crab-apple, in which the walls of the seed cells have become very hard and stony; or the crab may be regarded as a rather large haw, in which the cell-walls still remain only thinly cartilaginous. The flowers of all the group are practically identical, except in size, and the only real difference of structure between them is in the degree of hardness attained by the seed covers. The crabs, the apples, and the pears, however, all grow into tallish trees, and so have no need for thorns or prickles, because they are not exposed to the attacks of her-

bivorous animals. Ordinary orchard apples are, of course, merely cultivated varieties of the common wild crabs. In shape the apple-tree is always spreading, like an arboreal hawthorn, only on a larger scale. The pear-tree differs from it in two or three small points, of which the chief are its taller and more pyramidal form, and the curious tapering outline of the fruit. Nevertheless, pear-trees may be found of every size and shape, especially in the wild state, from a mere straggling bush, no bigger than a hawthorn, to a handsome towering trunk, not unlike an elm or an alder.

The quince is another form of apple very little removed from its congeners except in the fruit. More different in external appearance is the mountain-ash or rowan-tree, which few people would take at first sight for a rose at all. Nevertheless, its flowers exactly resemble apple blossom, and its pretty red berries are only small crabs, dwarfed, no doubt, by its love for mountain heights and bleak, windy situations, and clustered closely together into large drooping bundles. For the same reason, perhaps, its leaves have been split up into numerous small leaflets, which causes it to have been popularly regarded as a sort of ash. In the extreme north, the rowan shrinks to the condition of a stunted shrub; but in deep, rich soils and warmer situations it rises into a pretty and graceful tree. The berries are eagerly eaten by birds, for whose attraction most probably they have developed their beautiful scarlet color.

So far, all the members of the rose family with which we have dealt have exhibited a progressive advance upon the common simpler type, whose embodiment we found in the little wayside potentillas. Their flowers, their fruits, their stems, their branches, have all shown a regular and steady improvement, a constant increase in adaptation to the visits of insects or birds, and to the necessities for defence and protection. I should be giving a false conception of evolution in the roses, however, if I did not briefly illustrate the opposite fact of retrogressive development or degeneration which is found in some members of the class; and though these members are therefore almost necessarily less familiar to us, be-

cause their flowers and fruits are inconspicuous, while their stems are for the most part mere trailing creepers, I must find room to say a few words about two or three of the most noteworthy cases, in order to complete our hasty review of the commonest rosaceous tribes. For, as we all know, development is not always all upward. Among plants and animals there are usually some which fall behind in the race, and which manage nevertheless to eke out a livelihood for themselves in some less honorable and distinguished position than their ancestors. About these black sheep of the rose family I must finally say a few words.

In order to get at them, we must go back once more to that simple central group of roses which includes the potentillas and the strawberry. These plants, as we saw, are mostly small trailers or creepers among grass or on banks; and they have little yellow or white blossoms, fertilized by the aid of insects. In most cases, their flowers, though small, are distinct enough to attract attention in solitary arrangement. There are some species of this group, however, in which the flowers have become very much dwarfed, so that by themselves they would be quite too tiny to allure the eyes of bees or butterflies. This is the case among the meadow-sweets, to which branch also the spiræas of our gardens and conservatories belong. Our common English meadow-sweet has close trusses of numerous small whitish or cream-colored flowers, thickly clustered together in dense bunches at the end of the stems; and in this way, as well as by their powerful perfume, the tiny blossoms, too minute to attract attention separately, are able to secure the desired attentions of any passing insect. In their case, as elsewhere, union is strength. The foreign spiræas cultivated in our hothouses have even smaller separate flowers, but gathered into pretty, spiky antler-like branches, which contrast admirably with the dark green of the foliage, and so attain the requisite degree of conspicuousness. This habit of clustering the blossoms which are individually dwarfed and stunted may be looked upon as the first stage of degradation in the roses. The seeds of the meadow-sweet are very minute, dry, and inedible. They show

no special adaptation to any particular mode of advanced dispersion, but trust merely to chance as they drop from the dry capsule upon the ground beneath.

A far deeper stage of degradation is exhibited by the little salad-burnet of our meadows, which has lost the bright petals of its flowers altogether, and has taken to the wasteful and degenerate habit of fertilization by means of the wind. We can understand the salad-burnet better if we look first at common agrimony, another little field weed about a foot high, with which most country people are familiar; for, though agrimony is not itself an example of degradation, its arrangement leads us on gradually to the lower types. It has a number of small yellow flowers like those of the cinquefoil; only, instead of standing singly on separate flower stalks, they are all arranged together on a common terminal spike, in the same way as in a hyacinth or a gladiolus. Now, agrimony is fertilized by insects, and therefore, like most other small field roses, it has conspicuous yellow petals to attract its winged allies. But the salad-burnet starting from a somewhat similar form, has undergone a good deal of degradation in adapting itself to wind-fertilization. It has a long spike of flowers, like the agrimony; but these flowers are very small, and are closely crowded together into a sort of little mophead at the end of the stem. They have lost their petals, because these were no longer needed to allure bees or butterflies, and they retain only the green calyx or flower-cup, so that the whole spike looks merely a bit of greenish vegetation, and would never be taken for a blossoming head by any save a botanical eye. The stamens hang out on long thread-like stems from the cup, so that the wind may catch the pollen and waft it to a neighboring head; while the pistils which it is to fertilize have their sensitive surface divided into numerous little plumes or brushes, so as readily to catch any stray pollen grain which may happen to pass their way. Moreover, in each head, all the upper flowers have pistils and embryo seed vessels only, without any stamens; while all the lower flowers have stamens and pollen bags only, without any pistils. This sort of division of labor, together with the same ar-

rangement of seed-bearing blossoms above and pollen-bearing blossoms below, is very common among wind-fertilized plants, and for a very good reason. If the stamens and pistils were enclosed in a single flower they would fertilize themselves, and so lose all the benefit which plants derive from a cross, with its consequent infusion of fresh blood. If, again, the stamens were above and the pistils below, the pollen from the stamens would fall upon and impregnate the pistils, thus fertilizing each blossom from others on the same plant—a plan which is hardly better than that of self-fertilization. But, when the stamens are below and the pistils above, then each flower must necessarily be fertilized by pollen from another plant, which ensures in the highest degree the benefits to be derived from a cross.

Thus we see that the salad-burnet has adapted itself perfectly to its new mode of life. Yet the adaptation is itself of the nature of a degradation, because it is a lapse from a higher to a lower grade of organization—it is like a civilized man taking to a Robinson Crusoe existence, and dressing in fresh skins. Indeed, so largely has the salad-burnet lost the distinctive features of its relatives, the true roses, that no one but a skilled botanist would ever have guessed it to be a rose at all. In outer appearance it is much more like the little flat grassy plantains, which grow as weeds by every roadside; and it is only a minute consideration of its structure and analogies which can lead us to recognize it as really and essentially a very degenerate and inconspicuous rose. Yet its ancestors must once have been true roses, for all that, with colored petals, and all the rosaceous characteristics, since it still retains many traces of its old habits even in its modern degraded form.

We have in England another common weed, very like the salad-burnet, and popularly known as stanch-wound, or great-burnet, whose history is quite as interesting as that of its neighbor. The stanch-wound is really a salad-burnet which has again lost its habit of depending upon the wind for fertilization, and has reverted to the earlier insect-attracting tactics of the race. As it has already lost its petals, however, it could not easily replace them, so it has ac-

quired a colored calyx or flower-cup instead, which answers exactly the same purpose. In other words, having no petals, it has been obliged to pour the purple pigment with which it allures its butterfly friends into the part answering to the green covering of the salad-burnet. It has a head of small colored blossoms, extremely like those of the sister species in many respects, only purple instead of green. Moreover, to suit its new habits, it has its cup much more tubular than that of the salad-burnet; its stamens do not hang out to the wind, but are enclosed within the tube; and the pistil has its sensitive surface shortened into a little sticky knob instead of being split up into a number of long fringes or plumes. All these peculiarities of course depend upon its return from the new and bad habit of wind-fertilization to the older and more economical plan of getting the pollen carried from head to head by bees or butterflies. The two flowers grow also exactly where we should expect them to do. The salad-burnet loves dry and wind-swept pastures or rocky hill sides, where it has free elbow-room to shed its pollen to the breeze; the stanch-wound takes rather to moist and rich meadows, where many insects are always to be found flitting about from blossom to blossom of the honey-bearing daisies or the sweet-scented clover.

Perhaps it may be asked, How do I know that the salad-burnet is not descended from the stanch-wound, rather than the stanch-wound from the salad-burnet? At first sight this might seem the simpler explanation of the facts, but I merely mention it to show briefly what are the sort of grounds on which such questions must be decided. The stanch-wound is certainly a later development than the salad-burnet, and for this reason: It has only four stamens, while the parent plant has several, like all the other roses. Now, it would be almost impossible for the flower first to lose the numerous stamens of the ordinary rosy type, and then to regain them anew as occasion demanded. It is easy enough to lose any part or organ, but it is a very different thing to develop it over again. Thus the great-burnet, having once lost its petals, has never recovered them, but has been obliged to color its calyx instead. It is much more natural, there-

fore, to suppose that the stanch-wound, with its few stamens and its clumsy device of a colored calyx instead of petals, is descended from the salad-burnet, than that the pedigree should run the other way; and there are many minor considerations which tend in the same direction. Most correctly of all, we ought perhaps to say that the one form is probably a descendant of ancestors more or less like the other, but that it has lost its ancestors' acquired habits of wind-fertilization, and reverted to the older methods of the whole tribe. Still, it has not been able to replace the lost petals.

I ought likewise to add that there are yet other roses even more degenerate than the burnets, such as the little creeping parsley-piert, a mere low moss-like plant, clinging to the crannies of limestone rocks or growing on the top of earthy walls, with tiny green petal-less flowers, so small that they can hardly be distinguished with the naked eye. These, however, I cannot now find space to describe at length; and, indeed, they are of little interest to anybody save the professional botanist. But I must just take room to mention that if I had employed exotic examples as well as the familiar English ones, I might have traced the lines of descent in some cases far more fully. It is perhaps better, however, to confine our attention to fairly well-known plants, whose peculiarities we can all carry easily in our mind's eye, rather than to overload the question with technical details about unknown or unfamiliar species, whose names convey no notion at all to an English reader. When we consider, too, that the roses form only one family out of the ninety families of flowering plants to be found in England alone, it will be clear that such a genealogy as that which I have here endeavored roughly to sketch out is but one among many interesting plant pedigrees which might be easily constructed on evolutionary principles. Indeed, the roses are a comparatively small group by the side of many others, such as the pea-flowers, the carrot tribe, and the dead-nettles. Thus, we have in England only forty-five species of roses, as against over two hundred species of the daisy family. Nevertheless, I have chosen the rose tribe as the best example of a

genealogical study of plants, because most probably a larger number of roses are known to unbotanical readers than

is the case with any other similar division of the vegetable world.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

HEAT AND HEALTH.

WE have somewhere read of a system of cure in which the only means used was heat. The principle upon which this system was founded had an appearance of plausibility. It was expressed in a sort of motto: "Heat is life—cold is death." Hot substances, such as ginger, Cayenne pepper, etc., were prescribed for internal use. Hot baths of various sorts were applied externally. While it is well known that extremes of heat, no less than extremes of cold, are destructive of both life and health, it may well be admitted that a moderate administration of either might be beneficial in many cases. It is on a modification of this principle that hydropathy is based; not, as for a time misnamed, the *Cold Water Cure*. Water of various degrees of temperature, and air as high as two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, are employed, according to the effect desired.

There can be little doubt as to the advantage of a due amount of heat so far at least as the preservation of health is concerned. And in cases where health has been interfered with through defect of heat, a supply of heat in proper degree must be beneficial. And it may even be allowed that, under certain circumstances, an extreme degree of heat may be used with advantage—as in the case of the Turkish bath.

When a person swallows a dose of Cayenne pepper, or enters the hot-room of a Turkish bath, he experiences the effects of artificial heat. When he partakes of a meal of ordinary food, or exposes himself to the rays of the sun, the heat he derives from either source is natural. The combustion of carbon in respiration, and the burning of coal in the furnace of the bath, are very similar processes, both consisting essentially of the chemical combination of oxygen gas with carbon. Stephenson termed coal, "bottled sunshine;" and the same may be said of Cayenne pepper and all similar substances from which heat can be evolved.

Science has done much to utilize and conserve the heat derivable from respiration and from the combustion of fuel in our stoves and grates. By means of suitable clothing and muscular exercise, we husband the heat produced within us; and by properly constructed fireplaces and dwelling-houses, we economize the heat of our fires. It is very questionable if science has done as much in utilizing and controlling the immense amount of heat continually radiating from the sun. Even in our temperate zone, during our brief summer, the poet makes the sun "shoot full perfection through the swelling year;" which is the literal truth. But at what expense and pains do our "busy housewives" prevent his benign rays from penetrating our dwellings. Window-blinds of every form have become a great article of modern trade. The advantages obtained from cheapened glass in the form of enlarged windows, are in great measure lost. The fear of faded colors in carpets, hangings, and other upholstery, deprives our apartments of a healthy influence from the great source of light and heat. On a smaller scale, might it not be said that the parasol (sun-guard) saves the complexion of our *fair* kinswomen at the expense of their health and vigor.

There are some indications of a more rational appreciation of the value of sunshine both as a preservative and restorative of health. The late Mr. David Urquhart, M.P., and Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who acquired vast experience in the East, attached great importance to the rays of the sun as a means of cure. He affirmed that he cured even consumption by means of exposure of the body of the patient to sunlight, without any other remedy. In a work on the Turkish Bath, by Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, in which he gives many passages from the writings of Mr. Urquhart, this agency of sun-

shine is introduced. The experience of a New York physician is quoted to the effect that he had so many facts illustrating the power of the sun's rays in curing certain diseases, that he seriously thought of publishing a work to be entitled the "Sun-cure." He says: "I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sun-cure." He mentions the case of an overwrought lawyer who was suffering from partial paralysis. His right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged, in coming upstairs, to raise the left foot first, and drag the right foot after it. He told the doctor he had been failing for several years, closing with: "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out." The doctor directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sunshine to reach every part of his body. He was to begin with ten minutes a day, gradually increasing it to an hour. His habits were not materially altered in any other respect. The result was that in six months he came running upstairs, like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes: "I have twenty years more of work in me."

Mr. Urquhart mentions the experience of a correspondent of his, who had been recommended by Dr. Proel, at the baths of Gastein, to try air-baths in the neighboring forest. At first, he used to remain for two hours undressed in the shadiest part of the forest. He confidently asserts that his health derived the greatest benefit from this practice. But on another visit to the continent, he determined on the addition of what he terms another element of power—full sunshine. He says: "I am easily affected by the sun; the consequence being headache and derangement of stomach. I found, however, when the body was entirely exposed to the sunshine, and without even the head being covered, or the pit of the stomach—an equally sensitive part—being sheltered from the rays, that I was not in the slightest degree unpleasantly affected. But on resuming my clothes, or even a portion of my clothing, I instantly experienced the symptoms I have alluded to, and was obliged quickly to get into the shade. I reversed the experiment, and

proved the fact." He further describes the sensation of sunshine on the body as very agreeable—genial warmth, not heat, being felt. He noticed, on covering any portion of it with a single fold of light clothing or linen, that the heat on that part became intolerable. These sunshine-baths lasted from half an hour to an hour and a half in ordinary summer heat. He also mentions a pricking and itching sensation all over the body, with redness of the skin, which followed these sunshine-baths. These symptoms lasted a couple of days; but he used no remedy, only he did not try any more baths till they had disappeared.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Urquhart met one of the most celebrated physicians in Europe, Dr. Scanzoni of Würzburg. He was much interested in the narrative of the sunshine-bath, and anticipated the statement respecting the head remaining unaffected. The doctor explained it by the equal diffusion of the sunshine over the whole body, by which the action of the blood would not be determined merely to the head. The doctor also gave him to understand that the greatest power is practically the most ignored by medical science—that it is unreasonable not to believe that the great centre of action in nature can exert vast influence on the human organism, and develop the energies and resources of life.

The curative properties of heat were observed fifty years ago in the experience of a French physician, who fortunately committed the results to the press. Dr. Gosse of Geneva published a book entitled *Des Maladies Rhumatoïdes* (Geneva and Paris, 1826). In this work, the author speaks highly of the remedial value of heat. He says: "The excitant which plays the most important rôle in the phenomena whether of health or of disease, is caloric—a fluid imponderable and incompressible, which pervades all bodies, and vivifies all organized existences. No other agent can be compared with this one in the treatment of rheumatoid disorders. It is, so to say, the soul of this treatment, and all other means can only be regarded as subordinate. Who can tell if even those substances which we define as excitant are not indebted to its presence for their properties? At least, we find among them principles eminently combustible,

and which disengage a considerable quantity of light and of caloric." Dr. Gosse regards the restoring the action of the skin as the *modus operandi* of heat as a remedy. He says this explains the immense advantages derived by the Greeks and Romans from the use of the bath. While still employed by the Russians and the nations of the East, he regretted its neglect in the central parts of Europe, where a less equable climate renders rheumatic affections more frequent and inveterate. He says: "We ought to put up prayers that the European governments may favor the introduction of such public establishments, and so bring within the reach of the citizens unendowed with fortune this real panacea for the larger portion of the evils that assail mankind."

It may be mentioned that whether the theory of heat current when Dr. Gosse wrote, or that now more generally received, be the correct one, the practical value of heat as a remedial agency is in nowise affected.

It is now about twenty years since the hot-air bath was introduced as a curative agency into the Newcastle Infirmary. Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Infirmary, had experienced the benefit of a private bath in Northumberland, in which he was treated as a patient. He brought it under the notice of the Pathological Society of Newcastle, and also the House Committee of the Infirmary. The Duke of Northumberland lent his influence to the movement, having witnessed, during his Eastern travels, the value of the bath. The result was the construction of a hot-air bath in the hospital. The Report of the Infirmary bears ample testimony to the value of the bath in a great variety of cases considered suitable for treatment.

The hot-air bath has also been found suitable for the treatment of mental disease. It has been introduced into several lunatic asylums. The *Lancet* in noticing the Fifth Annual Report of the Sussex County Lunatic Asylum, mentions that Dr. Lockhart Robertson published some important remarks on the Turkish bath as a curative agent. He relates a case in which a patient was admitted with symptoms of mania, complicated with dropsy and albuminaria of the most severe character. The patient

was in a desperate state, menaced with madness and paralysis, and apparently dying from the extent of kidney disease. Dr. Robertson states that the bath saved the patient's life, and restored him to reason. He believes its medical uses to be very great. Of its curative power in the early stages of consumption, he has had several examples, and is of opinion that if used at a sufficiently high temperature—a hundred and seventy to two hundred degrees—the results will astonish us all.

Mr. Urquhart explains that this high temperature is quite endurable when the heat is radiating. Heat which is transmitted through flues is said to be more oppressive at high temperatures than heat which radiates directly from a heated surface such as a stove. He does not profess to explain the reason; but he thinks radiating heat more nearly resembles the rays of the sun, and impresses one with a sort of electrical action. This seems to correspond with a fact quoted, on the authority of Sir David Brewster, in regard to the effect of sunbeams on magnets. Professor Barlocchi found that an armed natural lodestone which would carry one and a half Roman pounds, had its power nearly doubled by twenty-four hours' exposure to the strong light of the sun. M. Zantedeschi found that an artificial horse-shoe lodestone which carried thirteen and a half ounces, carried three and a half more by three days' exposure, and at last arrived to thirty-one ounces by continuing in the sun's light. He found that while the strength increased in oxidated magnets, it diminished in those which were not oxidated, the diminution becoming insensible when the lodestone was highly polished. He now concentrated the solar rays upon the lodestone by means of a lens; and he found that both in oxidated and polished magnets, they acquire strength when their north pole is exposed to the sun's rays, and lose strength when the south pole is exposed.

It is well known that the action of the hot-air bath on the human frame operates through the skin. In many diseases, the skin is under-active, and requires increased circulation of blood. The congestion of internal organs is thus relieved, and digestion, respiration, etc., promoted.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SONGS OF BIRDS.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

The Skylark's song : " Arise, arise !
 Oh free glad wings, awake the air ;
 On, on, above, the light is there ;
 Pass the faint clouds and know the skies.
 Oh blueness ! oh deep endless height !
 Oh unveiled sun !
 Oh ecstasy of upward flight !
 I mount ! I mount ! Oh skies ! oh sun ! "

The Sparrow's song : " Let be to soar :
 Skies blacken under night or rain ;
 Wild wings are weary all in vain.
 Lo, the fair earth, the fruitful store !
 And the dear sunbeams travel down,
 And warm our eaves,
 And bring gay summer to the town.
 Oh sun ! oh bloom ! oh safe warm eaves ! "

The Linnet's song : " Oh joy of spring !
 Oh blithe surprise of life ! And flowers
 Wake in the birthday April hours,
 And wonder, and are fair, and bring
 New promise of new joy to be.
 Oh hope ! oh Now !
 Oh blossoms breaking on the tree !
 I live ! Oh day ! oh happy Now ! "

The Night-Owl's song : " The flowers go dead,
 Weak flowers that die for heat or cold,
 That die ere even spring turns old :
 And with few hours the day is sped ;
 The calm gray shadows chase the noon ;
 Night comes, and dusk,
 And stillness, and the patient moon.
 Oh stillness ! and oh long cool dusk ! "

The Thrush's song : " Oh wedded wills !
 Oh love's delight ! She mine, I hers !
 And every little wind that stirs,
 And every little brook that trills,
 Makes music, and I answer it
 With ' Love, love, love.'
 Oh happy bough where we two sit !
 I love ! I love ! Oh song ! oh love ! "

The Raven's song : " Waste no vain breath
 On dead-born joys that fade from earth,
 Nor talk of blossoming or of birth,
 For all things are a part of death,
 Save love, that scarce waits death to die.
 Spring has its graves ;
 Our yew-trees see the green leaves lie.
 Oh churchyard yews ! oh smooth new graves ! "

The song of the sweet Nightingale,
 That has all hearts in hers, and knows
 The secret of all joys and woes,
 And till the listening stars grow pale,
 And fade into the daybreak gleam,
 Her mingled voice
 Melts grief and gladness in a dream.
 She doth not sorrow nor rejoice.

She sings: "Heart, rest thee and be free,
 Pour thyself on the unhindering wind;
 Leave the dear pain of life behind;
 Loosed heart, forget thou art, and be.
 Oh pain! oh joy of life! oh love!
 My heart is these.
 Oh roses of the noon! oh stars above!
 Dead, waned, still with me; I am these."

Good Words.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD WIFE'S TALE.

THE evening at Yoresett House passed with its usual monotonous quietness. Mrs. Conisbrough, weary, and dejected too, now that she was at home again—now that Aglionby had gone away without saying one word of coming again, without holding out a single hope that he would deal generously, or, as it seemed to her, even justly, by her and hers—went to bed early hoping to find rest and forgetfulness. She took a stronger dose than usual of her calming mixture, and was soon asleep. Rhoda was not long in following her example. The two elder girls were left alone. They chatted in a desultory manner, with long pauses, about all the trivial events which had happened during Judith's absence. If there were anything remarkable about their conversation it was, that neither Bernard Aglionby's name, nor that of Randolph Danesdale, was so much as mentioned. By degrees their voices ceased entirely; silence had fallen upon them for some time before they at last went to their bedrooms. How different the feelings which caused or prompted this silence in the one girl and the other! Delphine's silence was the cloak which hid a happiness tremu-

lous but not uncertain. Looking round her horizon she beheld a most brilliant star of the morning rising clear, bright, and prepared to run a long course. She was content to be silent and contemplate it.

With Judith it was otherwise. She felt the depression under which she had lately suffered, but which had been somewhat dissipated by the strong excitement of the event which had taken place at Scar Foot. She felt this depression rush over her again with irresistible force, sweeping her as it were from her feet, submerging her beneath its dark and melancholy wave. Turn which way she would she could see nothing but darkness in her prospects—in the prospects of them all. Hitherto she had fought against this depression; had despised herself for feeling it; and since her uncle's will had left them penniless, tried to console herself with the reflection that she was no worse off than before, but rather a little better, for that now she might justly go to her mother and claim as a right to be allowed to seek work. To-night she did not feel that consolation; she thought of Bernard Aglionby's eyes, and of the touch of his hand as he had said, "Good afternoon, Miss Conisbrough," and the thought, the recollection, made

her throw down her work and pant as if she felt suffocated and longed for fresh air.

By-and-by she went to bed, and, more wearied than she had known she was, soon fell asleep, and had one of those blessed dreams which descend upon our slumbers sometimes when care is blackest and life is hardest, when our weirds, that we have to dree out look intolerable to us in our weariness and grief. It was a long, rambling, confused dream, incoherent but happy. When she awoke from it, she could recall no particular incident in it; she did but experience a feeling of happiness and lightness of heart, as if the sun had suddenly burst forth through dark clouds, which she had long been hoping vainly would disperse. And vaguely connected with this happier feeling, the shadow, as it were, the eidolon, or image, of Benard Aglionby, dim recollections of Shennamere, of moonlight, of words spoken, and then of a long, dreamful silence, which supervened.

She lay half awake, trying, scarce consciously, to thread together these scattered beads of thought, of fancy, and of hope. Then by degrees, she remembered where she was, and the truth of it all. But cheered and undaunted still, she rose from her bed, and dressed, and went downstairs, ready to face her day with a steadfast mien.

The morning seemed to pass more quickly and cheerfully than usual. Judith was employed in some household work; that is, her hands were so employed; her head was busy with schemes of launching herself upon the world—of work, in short. She was reflecting upon the best means of finding something to do, which should give her enough money, to let her learn how to do something more. Never before had the prospect seemed so near and so almost within her grasp.

In the afternoon Delphine shut herself up in her den, to paint, and to brood, no doubt, she too, over the future and its golden possibilities. For, when we are nineteen, the future is so huge, and its hugeness is so cheerful and sunny. Rhoda, inspired with youthful energy, was seen to put on an old and rough-looking pair of gloves, and on being questioned, said she was going

to do up the garden. Thus Judith and Mrs. Conisbrough were left alone in the parlor, and Judith offered to read to her mother. The proposal was accepted. Judith had read for some time of the fortunes and misfortunes attending the careers of Darcy Latimer and Alan Fairfax, when, looking up, she saw that her mother was asleep. She laid the book down, and before taking up her work, contemplated the figure and countenance of the sleeping woman. That figure, shapely even now, had once been, as Judith had again and again heard, one of the tallest, straightest, most winsome figures in all Danesdale. Her mother's suitors and admirers had been numerous, if not all eligible, and that countenance, now shrunken, with the anxiously corrugated brow, and the mouth drawn down in lines of care, discontent, and disappointment, had been the face of a beauty. How often had she not heard the words from old servants and old acquaintance, "Eh, bairn, but your mother was a bonny woman!"

"Poor mother!" murmured Judith, looking at her, with her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "yours has been a sad, hard life, after all. I should like to make it gladder for you, and I can and will do so, even without Uncle Aglionby's money, if you will only wait and have patience, and trust me to walk alone."

Then her thoughts flew like lightning to Scar Foot, to Shennamere, to the days from the Saturday to the Wednesday, which she had just passed there, and which had opened out for her such a new world.

Thus she had sat for some little time in silence, and over all the house there was a stillness which was almost intense, when the handle of the door was softly turned, and looking up, Judith beheld their servant Louisa, looking in, and evidently wishful to speak with her. She held up her hand, with a warning gesture, looking at her mother, and then rising, went out of the room, closing the door behind her as softly as it had been opened.

"What is it, Louisa?"

"Please, Miss Conisbrough, it's an old woman called Martha Paley, and she asked to see the mistress."

"Mrs. Paley, oh, I know her. I'll

go to her, Louisa, and if you have done your work, you can go upstairs and get dressed, while I talk to her, for she will not sit anywhere but in the kitchen."

Louisa willingly took her way upstairs, and the young lady went into the kitchen.

"Well, Martha, and where do you come from?" she inquired. "It is long since we saw you."

It was a very aged, decent-looking woman who had seated herself in the rocking-chair at one side of the hearth. Martha Paley had been in old John Aglionby's service years ago. When old age incapacitated her, and after her old man's death, she had yielded to the urgent wishes of a son and his wife, living at Bradford, and had taken up her abode with them. Occasionally she revisited her old haunts in the Dale, the scenes of her youth and matronhood, and Judith conjectured that she must be on such a visit now.

"Ay, a long time it is, my dear," said the old woman; she was a native of Swaledale, and spoke in a dialect so broad, as certainly to be unintelligible to all save those who, like Judith Conisbrough, knew and loved its every idiom, and accordingly, in mercy to the reader, her vernacular is translated. "I have been staying at John Heseltine's at the Ridgeway farm, nigh to th' Hawes."

"Ah, then, that is why you have not been to see us before, I suppose, as it is a good distance away. But now you are here, Martha, you will take off your bonnet, and stay tea?"

"I cannot, my bairn, thank you. John's son Edmund has driven me here, so far, in his gig, and he's bound to do some errands in the town, and then to drive me to Leyburn, where my son will meet me and take me home next day."

"I see. And how are you? You look pretty well."

"I'm very well, indeed, God be thanked, for such an old, old woman as I am. I have reason to be content. But your mother, bairn — how's your mother?"

"She has been ill, I am very sorry to say, and she is sleeping now. I daren't awaken her, Martha, or I would, but her heart is weak, you know, and we are always afraid to startle her or give her a shock."

"Ay, ay! Well, you'll perhaps do as well as her. I've had something a deal on my mind, ever since Sunday, when I heard of the old squire's death, and his will. I reckon that would be a shock to you."

"It was," replied Judith, briefly.

"Ay, indeed! And it's quite true that he has left his money to his grandson?"

"Quite true."

"Judith, my bairn, that was not right."

"I suppose my uncle thought he had a right to do what he chose with his own, Martha."

"In a way, he might have, but not after what he'd said to your mother. People have rights, but there's duties too, my dear, duties, and there's honesty and truth. His duty was to deal fairly by those he had encouraged to trust in him, and he died with a lie in his mouth when he led your mother to expect his money, and then left it away. But there's the Scripture, and it's the strongest of all," she went on, somewhat incoherently, as it seemed to Judith, while she raised her withered hand with a gesture which had in it something almost imposing; "and *it* says, 'for unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

"It's a very true Scripture, Martha, I think—so true that it will scarcely do for us to set ourselves against it in this case. The will is a valid one. Have you seen young Mr. Aglionby?"

"Nay," she answered, with some vigor; "when I heard o' what had happened, I couldn't bide to go near the place. And it's the first time I've been in th' Dale without visiting Scar Foot, the bonny place—'Fair Scar Foot' the verses call it."

"I think that is a pity. You would have found Mr. Aglionby very kind, and most anxious to do all that is right and just."

"I think for sure he ought to be. Why not? It's easy to be just when you have lands and money all round, just as it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . . He must be terrible rich, my bairn—that young man."

"He is as rich as my uncle was, I suppose. He was not rich before; he was very poor—as poor as we are."

Old Mrs. Paley shook her head, and said decidedly :

"That can't be, honey ! For when his father—poor Ralph—died, his mother's rich relations promised to adopt him ; and they were to look after him, and see that he wanted for nothing. So that with money from them, and the old Squire's money too, he must be a very rich man."

Such, but more rudely expressed, was old Martha's argument.

Judith felt a wave of sickly dread and terror sweep over her heart. It made her feel cold and faint. This rumor confronted her everywhere, this tale without a word of truth in it. Aglionby's words had been explicit enough. On his mother's side he had no rich relations ; never had possessed even a rich connection. Yet her own impressions strong, though she knew not whence they were derived ; her own mother's words about "Bernarda" and what Bernarda had said (words spoken as she awoke from her fainting fit) ; and now old Martha Paley—on all sides there seemed to be an impression, nay, more, a conviction, that he had been adopted by these mythical rich relations. Who had at first originated that report ? whence had it sprung ? She knew, though she had not owned it to herself—she knew, though she had called herself all manner of ill-names for daring even to guess such a thing. It was because she knew, that she had refused Aglionby's overtures.

For a moment or two, cowardice was nearly gaining the victory. Mrs. Paley was an old, feeble woman ; Judith could easily turn her thoughts upon another track ; the worst need never be stated. But another feeling stronger than this shrinking from the truth, urged her to learn it, and she said :

"Indeed, and how do you know this, Martha ?"

"How do I know it, bairn ? Why, from your own mother's lips, as who else should I know it from ? Ay, and she cried and sobbed, she did so when she brought the news. You know it was like in this way that it happened. When Ralph got married, and for long before I was housekeeper at Scar Foot, I well remember it all, and the old squire's fury, and the names he called the woman

who had married his son ; 'a low, peniless jade,' he called her, ay, and worse than that. He always meant Ralph to have your mother, you know. She was ever a favorite with him. Whether that would have come to anything in any case, I don't know, for whatever she might have done, Ralph said much and more, that he wouldn't wed her. He went off to London, and married his wife there. The news came, and the Squire was furious. How he raged ! He soon forbade Ralph the house, and cut off his allowance, and refused to see him, or hear of him. Two or three years passed, your mother was married, and lived in this house, which had been her mother's before her. I think the old Squire's conscience began to prick, for he got uneasy about his son, and at last would have sent for him, I believe, but while he was making up his mind Ralph died, and then it was too late. For a time it fairly knocked the old man down. Then he came round, and began to think that he would like to have the boy, and he even made up his mind to make some sort of terms with the wife so as to get the boy into his own care, and 'bring him up an Aglionby, and not a vagabond,' as he said. It was a great descent for his pride, Miss Judith. He took counsel with your mother, and sent her to Irkford, where Mrs. Ralph lived, that great big town, you know. I've never been there, but they do say that it's wonderful for size and for dirt. He sent her there to see the mother and try to persuade her to let him have the child for the best part of the year, and she was to have it for the rest, and it was to be brought up like a gentleman, and sent to college, and then it was to have all his money when he died, same as if its father had never crossed him.

"Your mother—she was not a widow then, you know, nor for many a year after—she was away about three days. When she came back, she came alone. The old Squire was as white as a sheet with expectation and excitement. I was by at the time, and I saw and heard it all. He said, 'Where's the boy ?' in a very quiet, strange kind of voice. 'Oh, uncle,' your mother said—'she's an awful woman—she's like a tigress.' Then she cried and sobbed, and said it had

been too much for her nerves ; it had nearly killed her. And she told him how Mrs. Ralph had got into a fury, and said she would never be parted for a day from her child, and that she spurned his offer. The old Squire said with his grim little laugh, that perhaps when she was starving, she would not be so ready to spurn. 'Oh, she won't starve,' your mother said, 'she has plenty of rich relations, and that is partly what makes her so independent. Ralph has left her the child's sole guardian. She scorns and spurns us, and I believe she would like to see us humbled in the dust before her.' Then the old Squire let his hatred loose against his son's wife. With his terrible look that he could put on at times, he sat down beside your mother (she was flung on a sofa, you now, half-fainting) and he bade her tell him all about it. He questioned and she answered, and she was trembling like a leaf all the time. He bade me stay where I was, as witness. And at last, when he had heard it all out, he swore a fearful oath, and took heaven and us to witness that from henceforth, as long as he lived, he would have nothing to do with his grandchild. It might starve, he said, or die, or rot, or anything its mother chose, for aught he cared—he had done with it forever. It was terrible to hear him. And from that day, none of us dared name the child to him. He spent a deal of his time at Yoresett House with your mother. I heard him many a time tell her she and hers were all the children he had. And after your father died, he went on purpose to tell her not to be uneasy, but to leave him to do things his own way, and that you children should thrust that brat out of Scar Foot at last. And now he goes and leaves it all his money. Eh, my bairn—that was very wrong."

Judith, when she answered, spoke, and, indeed, felt, quite calm ; the very hugeness of the effort she had to make in order to speak at all, kept her calm and quiet. She had never even conceived of anything like the dreadful shame she felt as she said :

"It is a terrible story, Martha. It is very well that you told it to me instead of to my mother, for she is not strong enough to bear having it raked up

again. Have you?"—her voice almost died away upon her lips—"have you related it to any one else?"

"Nay, not I ! I thought I'd just see Mistress Conisbrough, and ask her if there was nothing to be done. If she was to speak to some lawyer—some clever man—and some of them *is* so clever, you know, happen he might be able to set aside the will."

"That is what she thought of at first," said Judith, strenuously keeping her mind fixed upon the subject ; battling hard to keep in restraint the sickly fear at her heart lest any of the unsuspecting ones around them should by chance come in and interrupt the interview. "But Mr. Whaley told her it would not be of the very slightest use. And—and—Martha, I think you are very fond of us all, are you not?"

She came near to the old woman, and knelt beside her, with her hands clasped upon her knee, and she looked up into Martha's face.

"Ay, my bairn, I am so." She passed her withered hand over Judith's glossy brown braids. "I am so fond of ye all that I cannot abide to see ye cast out by a usurper."

"Then if you really care for us, please Martha, say nothing more to any one about this, will you? I will tell you why. We have reason to think that Mr. Aglionby's relations were not really so rich as—as was represented, or if they were, they must have changed their minds about adopting him, for he was *very* poor, really, when his grandfather found him. And as it would not be of the least use to dispute the will, we want to keep it all quiet, don't you see? and to make no disturbance about it. Will you promise, Martha?"

"Ay, if you'll promise that if ever I could be of use by telling all about it, as I've told it to you now, that you'll send for me, eh, bairn?"

"Oh, I promise that, yes."

"Then I promise you what you want. It's none such a pleasant thing that one should want to be raking it up at every turn, to all one's friends and neighbors."

Judith felt her heart grow cold and faint at the images conjured up by these words of the old woman, who went on, after a pause, during which her thoughts seemed to dwell upon the past, "Do

you know him, my bairn, this young man?"

"Yes," replied Judith, a flood of color rushing tumultuously over her pale face. The question was sudden; the emotion was, for the moment, uncontrollable. Her clear eyes, which had been fixed on old Martha's face, wavered, sank.

Though Mrs. Paley was a withered old woman of eighty, she could read a certain language on a human face as glibly as any young maid of eighteen.

"You do? There's another reason for my holding my tongue. You say he's considerate, and wishful to do right. Is he reasonable, or is he one of them that have eyes, but see not? If he *has* eyes, he will want never to lose sight of you again. If you and he were to wed—eh, what a grand way of making all straight, and healing all enmities, and a way after the Lord's own heart, too."

A little shudder ran through Judith. She did not tell old Martha that Aglionby was already engaged; or Mrs. Paley's indignation would perhaps have loosed her tongue, in other quarters than this, and Judith wished above all things, and at almost any price, to secure her silence. She knew now that had Bernard been free as air; had he loved her and her alone, and told her so, and wooed her with all the ardor of which he was capable—after what she had just now heard she would have to say him nay, cost her what it might; a spoiled life, a broken heart, or what you will.

She rose from her knees, smiled a chilly little attempt at a smile, and said:

"I'm afraid you are a match-maker, Martha," and then to her unspeakable relief, she heard the sound of wheels. It was John Heseltine's son Edmund with the gig, coming to fetch Martha away.

The old woman did not ask to see the other girls. The story she had been telling had sent her thoughts wandering back to old times; she had forgotten Judith's sisters, who were to her things of yesterday. When she departed, Judith shook her withered old hand; promised to deliver her messages to her mother, led her to the door; saw her seated in the gig, and driven off, sure that she would keep the promise she had

given. And thus old Martha Paley disappears from these pages.

Judith returned to the house, and stood in the hall a moment or two, then mechanically took her way upstairs, along the passage, to her own bedroom. She sat down, and folding her hands upon her knee, she began to think. Painfully, shrinkingly, but laboriously, she went in her mind over every detail of this horrible story. She felt a vague kind of hope that perhaps, if it all came to be compared and sifted, the particulars might be found incongruous; she might be unable to make them agree with one another, and so have a pretext for rejecting it. But, as she conned over each one, she found that they fitted together only too well—both her own vague, almost formless suspicions, and the tangible facts which explained them. Her great-uncle had had an interview with his grandson; she exactly understood how, talking to Bernard what he supposed to be his true position, he had been enlightened, and that with a shock. He must have restrained his wrath so far as not to reveal to Aglionby what he had discovered; he had, as he thought, had pity upon her mother and her mother's daughters. She remembered their journey home from Irkford, and how her uncle's strangely absent and ungenial manner had struck her, and chilled her. Then, while she and her sisters were out, on the following morning, he had visited her mother. She could form no idea of what had passed at that interview; it must have been a painful one, for her mother had not mentioned it but had been left shaken and ill by it. Next, Judith's own interview with her uncle; his extraordinary reception of her; his fury, unaccountable to her at the time, but which was now only too comprehensible; his sinister accusations of herself and her mother, as being leagued together in some plot—some scheme to fleece and hoodwink him; *now* she could interpret this fiery writing on the wall, clearly enough. Her return home; the storm; the apparition of Mr. Whaley driving through it and the night, toward Scar Foot; the hastily executed will; the miserable scene when its contents were made known; her mother's sudden fear and cowering down before Aglionby; her broken words on

recovering consciousness—that repetition of the lie told twenty years before, and more. Those words had first aroused her suspicion, her vague fear that all was not so clear and straightforward as it should be. Now came old Martha, like a finger of some inspired interpreter, pointing out the meaning of each strange occurrence, throwing a flood of light over all, by her grim story of an old man's imperious will thwarted—of a young man's obstinate weakness; of a woman's yielding to temptation, and telling lies for gain. Each detail now seemed to dovetail with hideous accuracy into its neighbor, until the naked truth, the damnable and crushing whole, seemed to start up and stand before her stark and threatening.

She feebly tried to ignore, or to escape from the inferences which came crowding into her mind—tried piteously not to see the consequences of her mother's sin. That was useless; she had a clear understanding, and a natural turn for logic. Such qualities always come into play at crises, or in emergencies, and she could not escape from their power now. Sitting still, and outwardly composed, her eyes fixed musingly upon a particular spot in the pattern of a rug which was spread near her bedside—her brain was very active. It was as if her will were powerless and paralyzed, while her heart was arraigned before her brain, which, with cold and pitiless accuracy, pointed out to that quivering criminal not all, but some portion of what was implied in this sin of her mother; some of the results involved by it in the lives of herself, her children, and her victims.

As to Mrs. Conisbrough's original motives for such a course of action, Judith did not stop long to consider them. Probably it had occurred to her mother, during that far back journey to Irford, that a great deal of power had been entrusted to her, that she did not see why she was to have all the trouble, and Mrs. Ralph Aglionby and her boy all the benefits of this tiresome and troublesome negotiation. Then (according to Judith's knowledge of her mother's character) she had toyed and dallied with the idea, instead of strangling it ere it was fully born. It had grown as such ideas do grow, after the first horror they

inspire has faded—"like Titan infants"—and Mrs. Conisbrough had not the nature which can struggle with Titans and overcome them. Judith surmised that her mother had probably gone on telling herself that, of course, she was going to be honest, until the moment came for deciding; she must have so represented her uncle's message to Bernarda, as to rouse her indignation, and cause her indignantly to refuse his overtures. Then she had probably reflected that, after all, it could soon be made right; she would be the peacemaker, and so lay them both under obligations to her. And then the time had come to be honest; to confront the old Squire and tell him that she had not been quite successful with Ralph's widow, but that a little explanation would soon make matters right. No doubt she intended to do it, but she did the very reverse, and those sobs, and tears, and tremblings, of which old Martha had spoken, testified to the intense nervous strain she had gone through, and to the violent reaction which had set in when at last the die had been irrevocably cast.

Her lie had been believed implicitly. The wrong path had been made delightfully smooth and easy for her; the right one had been filled with obstacles, and made rough and rugged.

Something like this might or might not have been the sequence of the steps in which her mother had fallen. Judith did not consider that; what took possession of her mind was the fact that her mother, who passed for a woman whose heart was stronger than her judgment, a woman with a gentle disposition, hating to give pain—that such a character could act as she had acted toward Bernarda and her boy. It seemed to Judith that what her mother had done had been much the same as if one had met a child in a narrow path, had pushed it aside, and marched onward, not looking behind, but leaving the child, either to recover its footing, if lucky, or, if not, to fall over the precipice and linger in torture at the bottom, till death should be kind enough to release it.

"We should say that the person was an inhuman monster who did that," she reflected. "Yet she knew that if Mrs. Ralph Aglionby's health gave way, if she were incapacitated for work, or work

failed, she must starve or go to the workhouse, and the child with her. I cannot see that she was less inhuman than the other person would have been.

. . . She has always appeared tranquil; the only thing that troubled her was an occasional fear lest Uncle Aglionby should not leave his property exactly as she desired. Was she tranquil because she knew Mrs. Aglionby to be in decent circumstances, or was it because she knew that she was safe from discovery and that, whatever happened to *them* she was secure of the money?"

Judith's face was haggard as she arrived at this point in the chain of her mental argument. It would not do to go into that question. She hastily turned aside from it, and began an attempt to unravel some of the intricacies which her discovery must cause in the future for her sisters and herself. She felt a grim pleasure in the knowledge that in the past they had gained nothing from their mother's sin. They had rather lost. In the future, how were they to demean themselves?

"We can never marry," she decided. "As honest women, we can never let any man marry us without telling him the truth, and it is equally impossible for us deliberately to expose our mother's shame. That is decided, and nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath can ever alter that. We can work, I suppose, and try to hide our heads; make ourselves as obscure as possible. That is the only way. And we can live and wait, and die at last, and there will be an end of us, and a good thing too."

She pondered for a long time upon this prospect; tried to look it in the face, "*Je veux regarder mon destin en face*," she might have said with Maxime, "*the poor young man*," "*pour lui ôter son air de spectre*." And by dint of courage she partially succeeded, even in that dark hour. She succeeded in convincing herself that she could meet her lot, and battle with it hand to hand. She did more; she conjured up a dream in which she saw how joy might be extracted from this woe—not that it ever would be—but she could picture circumstances under which it might be. For example, she reflected:

"They say there is a silver lining to

every cloud. I know what would line my cloud with silver—if I could ever do Bernard Aglionby some marvellous and unheard-of service; procure him some wonderful good which should make the happiness of his whole life, and then, when he felt that he owed everything to me, if I could go on my knees to him, and tell him all; see him smile, and hear him say, 'It is forgiven,' then I could live or die, and be happy, whichever I had to do."

A calm and beautiful smile had broken over the fixed melancholy of her countenance. It faded away again as she thought, "And that is just what I shall never be allowed to do. Does he not say himself, that there *is* no forgiveness; for every sin the punishment must be borne. And I must bear mine."

The dusk had fallen, the air was cold with the autumnal coldness of October. Judith, after deciding that she might keep her secret to herself for to-night, went downstairs to meet her mother and sisters with what cheer she might.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGLIONBY'S DÉBUT.

AGLIONBY, casting one last look after Rhoda's figure as it disappeared, turned his horse's head, and drove homeward, dreamily. Not a fortnight—not one short fourteen days had elapsed since he had been summoned hither—and how much had not taken place since? He could not have believed, had any one told him earlier, that he had so much flexibility in his character as to be susceptible of undergoing the change which certainly had taken place in him during that short time. In looking back upon his Irkford life, it appeared like an existence which he had led, say ten years ago, and from which he was forever severed. The men and women who had moved and lived in it trooped by, in his mind, like figures in a dream; so much so, indeed, that he presently dismissed them as one does dismiss a recollected dream from his head, and his thoughts reverted to the present; went back to the parlor at Yoresett House, to Mrs. Conisbrough's figure reclining in her easy-chair, and to the figures of his three 'cousins.' All over again, and keenly as ever, he felt the pain and mor-

tification he had experienced from Judith's fiat as to their future terms.

"By George," he muttered, "I wonder I ever submitted to it! I can't understand it—only she can subdue me with a look, when any one else would only rouse me to more determined opposition."

Arrived at Scar Foot, he entered the house, and in the hall found more cards on the table, of neighboring gentry who had called upon him. He picked them up, and read them, and smiled a smile such as in his former days of bitterness had often crossed his face. Throwing himself into an easy-chair, he lighted his pipe, and gave himself up to reflection.

"I must decide on something," he thought. "In fairness to Lizzie, I must decide. Am I going to live here or am I not? I should think the question was rather, '*can I? will Lizzie?*' Of course I must keep the house on, here, but I know Lizzie would not be happy to live here. Two houses? one here and one at Irkford. How would that do? Whether Lizzie liked it or not, I could always fly here for refuge, when I wanted to dream and be quiet. I could come here alone, and fish—and when I was tired of that, I might go to Irkford, and help a little in political affairs. Perhaps some day I might catch . . . my cousin Judith . . . in a softer mood, and get her to hear reason." He looked around the darkening room and started. There was the soft rustle of a dress—a footfall—a hand on the door—his eyes strained eagerly toward it. Judith always used to come down in the twilight. She enters. It is Mrs. Aveson, come to inquire at what time he would like to dine. He gives her the required information, and sinks discontentedly back into his chair. "The fact is," he mentally resumed, "I am dazed with my new position; I don't know what I want and what I don't want. I must have some advice, and that from the only person whose advice I ever listened to. I must write to Aunt Margaret."

(Aunt Margaret was his mother's sister, Mrs. Bryce, a widow.)

"I believe," he then began to think, "that if I did what was best—what was right and my duty—I should set things in train for having this old

place freshened up. I wonder what Judith would say to that—she has never known it other than it is now—and then I should go to Irkford, tell Lizzie what I'd done, ask her to choose a house there, and to fix the wedding, and I should get it all over as soon as possible, and settle down . . . and that is exactly what I don't want to do. . . . I wish I knew some one to whom I could tell what I thought about my cousins; some one who could answer my questions about them. I feel so in the dark about them. I cannot imagine Judith asking things she was not warranted in asking—and yet, blindly to submit to her in such an important matter—"

He spent a dreary evening debating, wondering, and considering—did nothing that had about it even the appearance of decisiveness, except to write to Mrs. Bryce, and ask her to sacrifice herself and come into the country, to give him her company and her counsel, "both of which I sorely need," wrote this young man with the character for being very decided and quick in his resolutions. As to other things, he could make up his mind to nothing, and arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. He went to bed feeling very much out of temper, and he too dreamed a dream, in which reality and fantasy were strangely mingled. He seemed to see himself in the Irkford theatre, with *Diplomacy* being played. He was in the lower circle, in evening dress, and thought to himself, with a grim little smile, how easily one adapted one's self to changed circumstances. Beside him a figure was seated. He had a vague idea that it was a woman's figure—his mother's—and he turned eagerly toward it. But no! It was his grandfather, who was glaring angrily toward a certain point in the upper circle, and Bernard also directed his glance toward that point, and saw, seated side by side, his friend Percy Golding and Lizzie Vane. They looked jeeringly toward him, and he, for some reason or for none—like most dream reasons—felt a sudden fury and a sudden fear seize him. He strove to rise but could not. His fear and his anger were growing to a climax, and they at last seemed to overpower him, when he saw Mrs. Conisbrough suddenly appear behind

Percy and Lizzie, laughing malignantly. It then seemed to him that in the midst of his fury, he glanced from her face toward a large clock, which he was not in the least surprised to see was fixed in the very middle of the dress circle. "Ten minutes past ten," so he read the fingers; and his terror increased as he thought to himself, "Impossible! It must be much later!" And he turned to the figure of his grandfather by his side, perfectly conscious though he was, that it was a phantom. "Shall I go to them?" he inquired. "Yes," replied the apparition. "But the time?" continued Aglionby, frantically, and again looked toward the clock. "Ten minutes to two," he read it this time, and thought, "Of course! a much more appropriate time!" And turning once more to the phantom, he put the question to it solemnly, "*Shall I go to them?*"

"N—no," was the reluctant response. With that, it seemed as if the horror reached its climax, and came crashing down upon him, and with a struggle, in the midst of which he heard the mocking laughter of Lizzie, Percy, and Mrs. Conisbrough, he awoke, in a cold perspiration.

The moon was shining into the room, with a clear, cold light. Aglionby, shuddering faintly, drew his watch from under his pillow, and glanced at it. The fingers pointed to ten minutes before two.

"Bha! a nightmare!" he muttered, shaking himself together again, and turning over, he tried once more to sleep, but in vain. The dream and its disagreeable impression remained with him in spite of all his efforts to shake them off. The figure which, he felt, had been wanting to convert it from a horror into a pleasant vision, was that of Judith Conisbrough. But after all, he was glad her shape had not intruded into such an insane phantasmagoria.

The following afternoon he drove over to Danesdale Castle, to return the call of Sir Gabriel and his son. It was the first time he had penetrated to that part of the Dale, and he was struck anew with the exceeding beauty of the country, with the noble forms of the hills, and above all, with the impressive aspect of Danesdale Castle itself. There was an old Danesdale Castle—a grim,

half-ruined pile, standing "four-square to the four winds of heaven," with a tower at each corner. It was a landmark and a beacon for miles around, standing as it did on a rise, and proudly looking across the Dale. It was famous in historical associations; it had been the prison of a captive queen, whose chamber window, high up in the third story, commanded a broad view of lovely lowland country, wild moors, bare-backed fells. Many a weary hour must she have spent there, looking hopelessly across those desolate hills, and envying the wild birds which had liberty to fly across them. All that was over, now, and changed. "Castle Danesdale," as it was called, was nearly a ruin, a portion of it was inhabited by some of Sir Gabriel's tenantry; a big room in it was used for a ball for the said tenantry in winter. The Danesdales had built themselves a fine commodious mansion of red brick, in Queen Anne's time, in a noble park nearer the river, and there they now lived in great state and comfort, and allowed the four winds of heaven to battle noisily and wuthery around the ragged towers of the house of their fathers.

Aglionby found that Sir Gabriel was at home, and as he entered, Randolph crossed the hall, saw him, and his languid face lighted with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well met!" said he, shaking his hand. "Come into the drawing-room, and I'll introduce you to my sister. Tell Sir Gabriel," he added to the servant, and Aglionby followed him.

"For your pleasure or displeasure, I may inform you that you have been a constant subject of conversation at my sister's kettledrums, for the last week," Randolph found time to say to him, as they approached the drawing-room, "and as there is one of those ceremonials in full swing at the present moment, I would not be you."

"You don't speak in a way calculated to add to my natural ease and grace of manner," murmured Bernard, with a somewhat sardonic smile, a gleam of mirth in his eyes. Sooth to say, he had very vague notions as to what a kettledrum might be; and he certainly was not prepared for the spectacle which greeted him, of some seven or eight ladies,

young, old, and middle-aged, seated about the room, with Miss Danesdale dispensing tea at a table in the window-recess.

An animated conversation was going on; so animated, that Randulf and Aglionby coming in by a door behind the company, were not immediately perceived except by one or two persons. But by the time that Mr. Danesdale had piloted his victim to the side of the tea-table, every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed upon them. They stood it well—Bernard because of his utter unconsciousness of the sensation his advent had created among the ladies of the neighborhood; Randulf, because he was naturally at ease in the presence of women, and also because he did know all about Aglionby and his importance, and was well aware that he had been eagerly speculated about, and that more than one matron then present had silently marked him down, even in advance, in her book of "eligibles." Therefore it was with a feeling of deep gratification, and in a louder voice than usual, that he introduced Aglionby to his sister.

Bernard, whose observing faculties were intensely keen, if his range of observation in social matters was limited, had become aware of the hush which had fallen like a holy calm upon the assembled multitude. He bowed to Miss Danesdale, and stood by her side, sustaining the inspection with which he was favored, with a dark, sombre indifference which was really admirable. The mothers thought, "He is quiet and reserved; anything might be made of him with that figure and that self-possession." The daughters who were young thought, "What a delightfully handsome fellow! So dark! Such shoulders, and such eyes!" The daughters who were older thought how very satisfactory to find he was a man whom one could take up and even be intimate with, without feeling as if one ought to apologize to one's friends about him, and explain how he came to visit with them.

Miss Danesdale said something to Aglionby in so low a tone that he had to stoop his head, and say he begged her pardon.

"Will you not sit there?" She pointed to a chair close to herself, which he

took. "Randulf, does papa know Mr. Aglionby is here?"

"I sent to tell him," replied Randulf, who was making the circuit of the dowagers and the beauties present, and saying something that either was or sounded as if it were meant to be agreeable to each in turn.

"Of course he plants himself down beside Mrs. Malleeson," thought Miss Danesdale, drawing herself up, in some annoyance, "when any other woman in the room was entitled to a greater share of his attention. . . . Did you drive or ride from Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby?"

"I drove, I don't ride—yet."

"Don't ride!" echoed Miss Danesdale, surprised almost into animation. "How very. . . . don't you like it?"

"As I never had a chance of trying, I can hardly tell you," replied Aglionby, with much *sang froid*, as he realized that to these ladies a man who did not ride, and hunt, and fish, and shoot, and stalk deer, and play croquet and tennis, was doubtless as strange a phenomenon as a man who was not some kind of a clerk or office man would be to Lizzie Vane.

"Were there no horses where you lived?" suggested a very pretty girl who sat opposite to him, under the wing of a massive and stately mamma, who started visibly on hearing her child thus audaciously uplift her voice to a man and a stranger.

"Certainly there were," he replied, repressing the malevolent little smile which rose to his lips, and speaking with elaborately grave politeness, "for those who had money to keep them and leisure to ride them. I had neither until the other day."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the young lady, blushing crimson, and more disconcerted (as is almost universally the case) at having extracted from any one a confession, even retrospective, of poverty, than if she had been receiving an offer from a peer of the realm.

"Pray do not mention it. No tea, thank you," to Philippa, who, anxious to divert the conversation from what she concluded must be to their guest so painful a topic, had just proffered him a cup.

"And do you like Scar Foot?" she

said, in her almost inaudible voice ; to which Bernard replied, in his very distinct one :

"Yes, I do, exceedingly !"

"But you have hardly had time to decide yet," said the girl who had already addressed him. Various motives prompted her persistency. First and foremost was the consideration that as in any case she would have a homily on the subject of forwardness, and "bad form," she would do her best to deserve it. Next, she was displeased (like Miss Danesdale) to see Randulf seat himself beside Mrs. Malleeson, as if very well satisfied, to the neglect of her fair self, and resolved to fly at what was after all, just now, higher game.

"Have I not ? As how ?" he inquired, and all the ladies inwardly registered the remark that Mr. Aglionby was very different from Randulf Danesdale, and indeed, from most of their gentleman acquaintances. They were not quite sure yet, whether they liked, or disliked the keen, direct glance of his eyes, straight into those of his interlocutor, and the somewhat curt and imperious tone in which he spoke. But he was, they were all quite sure, the coming man of that part of the world. He must be trotted out, and had at balls, and treated kindly at dinner-parties, and have the prettiest girls allotted to him as his partners at those banquets, and—married to one of the said pretty girls—some time. His presence would make the winter season, with its hunt and county balls, its dinners and theatricals, far more exciting. Pleasing illusions, destined in a few minutes to receive a fatal blow !

"Why you can hardly have felt it your own yet. We heard you had visitors—two ladies," said the lovely Miss Askam, from which remark Aglionby learned several things, among others, that young ladies of position could be rude sometimes, and could display want of taste as glaring as if they had been born *bourgeoise*.

"So I have. Mrs. and Miss Conisbrough were my guests until yesterday, when, I am sorry to say, they left me," he answered.

He thought he detected a shade of mockery in the young lady's smile and tone, which mockery, on that topic, he

would not endure ; and he looked at her with such keen eyes, such straight brows, and such compressed lips, that the youthful beauty, unaccustomed to such treatment, blushed again—twice in the same afternoon, as one of her good-natured friends remarked.

Philippa came to the rescue by murmuring that she hoped Mrs. Conisbrough was better.

"Yes, thank you. I believe she is nearly well now."

"Do you know all the Misses Conisbrough ?" pursued Miss Danesdale, equally anxious with Miss Askam to learn something of the terms on which Aglionby stood with those he had dispossessed, but flattering herself that she approached the subject with more *finesse* and delicacy.

Aglionby felt much as if mosquitoes were drinking his blood, so averse was he to speak on this topic with all these strangers. He looked very dignified and very forbidding indeed as he replied coldly :

"I was introduced to them yesterday, so I suppose I may say I do."

"They are great friends of Randulf's," said Miss Danesdale exasperated, as she saw by a side-glance that her brother was still paying devoted attention to Mrs. Malleeson. Also she knew the news would create much disturbance in the bosoms of those her sisters then assembled ; and, thirdly, she had an ancient dislike to the Misses Conisbrough for being poor, pretty, and in a station which made it impossible for her to ignore them.

"Are they ?" said Aglionby, simply ; "then I am sure, from what I have seen of my cousins, that he is very fortunate to have such friends."

"There I quite agree with you," drawled Randulf, whom no one had imagined to be listening ; "and so does Mrs. Malleeson. We've been talking about those ladies just now."

A sensation of surprise was felt among the company. How was it that those Misses Conisbrough had somehow engrossed the conversation ? It was stupid and unaccountable, except to Miss Askam, who wished she had never given those tiresome men the chance of talking about these girls. But the severest blow had yet to come. When the nerves

of those present had somewhat recovered from the shock of finding the Misses Conisbrough raised to such prominence in the conversation of their betters, Miss Danesdale said she hoped Bernard would come and dine with them. Was he staying at Scar Foot at present? All the matrons listened for the reply, having dinners of their own in view, or, if not dinners, some other form of entertainment.

"I hardly know," was the reply. "I shall have to go to Irkford soon, but I don't exactly know when."

"Irkford! That dreadful, smoky place?" said Miss Askam. "What possible attractions can such a place have for you, Mr. Aglionby?"

"Several. It is my native place, and all my friends live there, as well as my future wife, whom I am going to see. Perhaps those don't count as points of attraction with you?"

While the sensation caused by this announcement was still at its height, and while Randolph was malevolently commenting upon it, and explaining to Mrs. Malleeson what pure joy it caused him, Sir Gabriel entered, creating a diversion and covering Miss Askam's confusion, though not before she had exclaimed, with a *naïveté* born of great surprise:

"I did not know you were engaged!"

"That is very probable; indeed I do not see how you possibly could have known it," Bernard had just politely replied as Sir Gabriel made his appearance.

There was a general greeting. Then by degrees the ladies took their departure. Aglionby managed somehow to get himself introduced to Mrs. Malleeson, whose name he had caught while Randolph spoke. Bernard said he had found Mr. Malleeson's card yesterday, and hoped soon to return his call: he added, with a smile into which he could when, as now, he chose, infuse both sweetness and amiability, "Miss Conisbrough told me to be sure to make a friend of you, if I could, so I hope you will not brand me as 'impossible' before giving me a trial," at which Mrs. Malleeson laughed, but said pleasantly enough that after such a touching appeal, nothing could be impossible. Then she departed too, and Aglionby felt as if this little aside alone had been worth the drive to Danesdale Castle ten times over.

Sir Gabriel asked Aglionby to stay and dine with them, as he was. They were quite alone, and Philippa would certainly excuse his morning dress. He accepted, after a slight hesitation, for there was something about both Sir Gabriel and his son, which Bernard felt to be congenial, unlike though they all three were to one another.

After Philippa had gone, and the wine had gone round once or twice, Sir Gabriel rose to join his daughter, with whom he always passed his evening, and to do Philippa Danesdale justice, she looked upon her father as the best of men and the finest of gentlemen. Her one love romance had occurred just after her mother's death, when Randolph was yet a child, incapable of understanding or sympathizing, and when her father was bowed down with woe. Philippa had given up her lover, and remained with her father; who had not forgotten the circumstance, as some parents have a habit of forgetting such little sacrifices. Thus it came to pass that if "the boy" was the most tenderly loved, it was Philippa's word which was law at Danesdale Castle.

"Suppose we come to my room, and have a chat," suggested Randolph. "We can join the others later."

Nothing loth, Aglionby followed him to a den which looked, on the first view, more luxurious than it really was. When it came to be closely examined there was more simplicity than splendor in it, more refinement than display. In after-days, when he had grown intimate as a loved brother with both the room and its owner, Bernard said that one resembled the other very closely. Randolph's room was a very fair reflex of Randolph's mind and tastes. The books were certainly numerous, and many of them costly. There were two or three good water-colors on the walls; some fine specimens of pottery, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese; one or two vases, real Greek antiques, of pure and exquisite shape and design, gladdening the eye with their clean and clear simplicity. In one corner of the room there was an easel with a portfolio standing on it, and two really comfortable lounging chairs.

"The rest of the chairs," said their owner, wheeling one up for Bernard's accommodation, "are uncomfortable. I

took care of that, for I hold that, in a room like this, two is company, more is none whatever, so I discourage a plurality of visitors by means of straight backs and hard seats."

He handed a box of cigars to Aglionby, plunged himself into the other chair, and stretched himself. Somewhere in the background there was a lamp, which, however, gave but a dim light.

"Do you know," said Randulf presently, "I was in the same condition as Miss Askam this afternoon. I didn't know you were engaged."

Aglionby laughed. "She seemed surprised. I don't know why she should have been. I thought her somewhat impertinent, and I don't see what my affairs could possibly be to her."

"She is a precocious young woman—as I know to my cost. Of course your affairs were something to her, so long as you were rich and a bachelor. Surely you could understand that."

"Good Lord!" was all Aglionby said, in a tone of surprised contempt.

"My affairs have been a good deal to her up to now," continued Randulf tranquilly. "I was amused to see how she dropped me as if I had been red-hot shot, when you appeared on the scene and—"

"Don't expose her weaknesses—if she has such weaknesses as those," said Bernard, laughing again.

"I won't. But she is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Yes, very. Like a refined and civilized gipsy—I know some one who far surpasses her, though, in the same style."

"Who is that?"

"The youngest Miss Conisbrough."

"Yes, you are right. But is it allowable to ask the name of the lady you are engaged to?"

"Why not? Her name is Elizabeth Fermor Vane, and she lives at Irkford, as I mentioned before."

"It will be a matter of much speculation, among those ladies whom you saw this afternoon, what Miss Vane is like."

"Will it? How can the subject affect them?"

"Well, you see, you will be one of our leading men in the Dale, if you take that place among us that you ought

to have—and the wife of a country gentleman is as important a person as himself, almost."

Bernard paused, reflecting upon this. The matter had never struck him in that light before. Lizzie taking a leading part among the Danesdale ladies. Charming creature though she was, he somehow failed to realize her doing it. He could have more easily imagined even his little tormentor, Miss Askam, moving with ease in such a sphere. After a pause he said, feeling impelled to confide to a certain extent in Randulf:

"I had not thought of that before, but of course you are right. But I am very undecided as to what my future movements will be. I do not in the least know how Miss Vane will like the idea of living here. Before I can decide anything, she will have to come over and see the place. I have asked my aunt, Mrs. Bryce, to come and see me, and I shall try to get Miss Vane to come here soon. I think she should see the place in winter, so that she can know what she has to expect when it is at its worst."

"Queer way of putting it," murmured Randulf, thinking to himself, "perhaps he wants to 'scare' her away. Why couldn't he have married one of the Conisbroughs and settled everything in that way?"

Bernard proceeded succinctly to explain how Lizzie had become engaged to him under the full conviction that he would always inhabit a town. Randulf murmured assent, surveying his guest the while from under his half-closed lids, and remarking to himself that Aglionby seemed to speak in a very dry, business-like way of his engagement.

"Influence of Irkford, perhaps," he thought. "And yet, that fellow is capable of falling in love in something different from a business-like way, unless I'm much mistaken about him."

The conversation grew by degrees more intimate and confidential. The two young men succeeded in letting one another see that each had been favorably impressed with the other; that they had liked one another well, so far, and felt disposed to be friendly in the future. They progressed so far, that at last Aglionby showed Randulf a likeness of Lizzie, after first almost upsetting his host's gravity by remarking, half to himself:

"If I have it with me. I may have left it—"

"In your other coat pocket," put in Randolph, with imperturbable gravity, whereat they both laughed, and Bernard, finding the little case containing his sweetheart's likeness (to which he had not paid much attention lately) handed it to Randolph, saying :

"Photographs never do give anything but a pale imitation, you know, but the likenesses, as likenesses, are good. She 'takes well' as they say, and those were done lately."

Randulf, with due respect, took the case in his hand, and contemplated the two likenesses, one a profile, the other a three-quarter face. In the former she had been taken with a veil or scarf of thick black lace, coquettishly twisted about her throat and head; the photograph was a good one, and the face looked out from its dark setting, pure and clear, with mouth half smiling, and eyelids a little drooping. In the other, Miss Vane had given free scope to her love for fashion, or what she was pleased to consider fashion. The hideous bushy excrescence of curls bulged over her forehead; ropes of false pearls were wound about her neck; her dress was composed of some fancy material of contrasting shades, the most *outré* and unfitting possible to imagine for a black and white picture. And in that too she was triumphantly pretty.

Randulf had asked to see the likeness: he was therefore bound to say something about it. After a pause he remarked :

"She must be wonderfully pretty."

"She is a great deal prettier than that," replied Bernard amiably, and Randolph, thanking him, returned the case to him.

Now Randolph had a topic very near his heart too—a topic which he thought he might be able to discuss with Aglionby. The two young men had certainly drawn wonderfully near to each other during this short evening of conversation. The fact was, that each admired the other's qualities. Aglionby's caustic abruptness; his cool and steady deportment, and his imperturbable dignity and self-possession under his changed fortunes, pleased Randolph exceedingly. He liked a man who could face the ex-

trêmes of fortune with unshaken nerve; who could carry himself proudly and independently through evil circumstances, and could accept a brilliant change with calm nonchalance. Randolph's *sang froid*, his unconventional manner; his independence of his luxurious surroundings—his innate hardness and simplicity of character pleased Aglionby. But Bernard's feelings toward Randolph were, it must be remembered, comparatively uncomplicated; Randolph's sentiments toward Bernard were vaguer—he felt every disposition to like him thoroughly, and to make a friend of him; but he had a doubt or two: there were some points to be decided which he was not yet clear about. He said, after a pause :

"I was very cool to ask you to show me Miss Vane's likeness. I owe you something in return. Look at these!"

He rose, and opening the portfolio before spoken of, drew out two sketches, and bringing the lamp near, turned it up, and showed the pictures to Bernard.

"What do you think of those?" he asked. Aglionby looked at them.

"Why, this is Danesdale Castle, unmistakably, and well done too I should say, though I am no judge. It looks so spirited."

"Now look at the other."

It was Randolph and his dogs. Aglionby, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, burst out laughing.

"That's splendid, but you must be very amiably disposed toward the artist to take such a 'take-off' good-naturedly."

"Isn't it malicious? Done by some one, don't you think, who must have seen all my weak points at a glance, and who knew how to make the most of them?"

"Exactly," said Bernard, much amused, and still more so to observe the pleased complacency with which Randolph spoke of a drawing which, without being a caricature, made him look so absurd. "Is he a friend of yours—the artist?" he asked.

"It was left to my discretion, whether I told the name of the artist or not. You must promise that it goes no further."

"Certainly."

"They were drawn by Miss Delphine Conisbrough."

Bernard started violently : his face flushed all over—he laid the drawings down, looking earnestly at Randolph.

"By Judith Conisbrough's sister?" he asked.

"The same," said Randolph, puffing away imperturbably, and thinking, "it is just as I thought. That little piece of wax-work whose likeness I have seen, cannot blind him so that he doesn't know a noble woman when he meets her." And he waited till Bernard said :

"You amaze me. There is surely very high talent in them : you ought to be a better judge than me. Don't you think them very clever?"

"I think them more than clever. They have the very highest promise in them. The only thing is, her talent wants cultivating."

"She should have some lessons," said Bernard eagerly.

"So I ventured to tell her, but she said—" he paused, and then went on, in a voice whose tenderness and regret he could not control, "that they were too poor."

He looked at Bernard. "If he has any feeling on the subject," he thought, "that ought to fetch him."

It "fetched" Bernard in a manner which Randolph had hardly calculated upon. He started up from his chair, forgetting the strangeness of speaking openly on such a subject to so recent an acquaintance. He had been longing to speak to some one of his griefs connected with his cousins ; this was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Too poor !" he exclaimed, striding about the room. "She told you that? Good God, will they never have punished me enough?"

The veins in his forehead started out. His perturbation was deep and intense. Randolph laid his cigar down, and asked softly :

"Punished you—how do you mean?"

"I mean with their resentment—their implacable enmity and contempt. To tell you that she was *too poor*—when—"

"It must have been true."

"Of course it is true ; but it is their own fault."

"I don't understand."

"But I will explain. It is a mystery I cannot unravel. Perhaps you can help me."

He told Randolph of his desire to be just, and how Judith had at first promised not to oppose his wishes. Then he went on :

"What has caused her to change her mind before I spoke to her again, I cannot imagine. I fear I am but a rough kind of fellow, but in approaching the subject with Miss Conisbrough, I used what delicacy I could. I told her that I should never enjoy a moment's pleasure in possessing that of which they were unjustly deprived—which I never shall. I reminded her of her promise ; she flatly told me she recalled it. Well—" he stood before Randolph, and there were tones of passion in his voice—"I humbled myself before Miss Conisbrough, I entreated her to think again, to use her influence with her mother, to meet me half-way, and help me to repair the injustice. I was refused—with distress it is true—but most unequivocally. Nor would she release me until I had promised not to urge the matter on Mrs. Conisbrough, who, I surmise, would be less stern about it. Miss Conisbrough is relentless and strong. She was not content with that. She not only had a horror of my money, but even of me, it appears. She made me promise not to seek them out or visit them. By dint of hard pleading I was allowed to accompany them home, and be formally introduced to her sisters—no more. That is to be the end of it. I tell you, because I know you can understand it. For the rest of the world I care nothing. People may call me grasping and heartless if they choose. They may picture me enjoying my plunder, while Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters are wearing out their lives in—do you wonder that I cannot bear to think of it?" he added passionately.

"No, I don't. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"You think so? I am glad you agree with me. Tell me—for I vow I am so bewildered by it all that I hardly know whether I am in my senses or out of them—tell me if there was anything strange in my proposal to share my inheritance with them—anything unnatural?"

"The very reverse, I should say."

"Or in my going to Miss Conisbrough about it, rather than to her mother?"

"No, indeed!"

"It never struck me beforehand that I was contemplating doing anything strange or wrong. Yet Miss Conisbrough made me feel myself very wrong. She would have it so, and I own that there is something about her, her nature and character are so truly noble, that I could not but submit. But I submit under protest."

"I am glad you have told me," said Randolph, reflectively. "Now all my doubts about you have vanished."

"Could nothing be done through these drawings?" suggested Aglionby. "Could you not tell Delphine that some one had seen them who admired them exceedingly?"

"I see what you mean," said Randolph, with a smile. "She has great schemes for working, and selling her pictures, and helping them, and so on. But I have a plan better than that. I must work my father round to it, and then I must get her to see it. She shall work as much as she pleases and have as many lessons as she likes—when she is my wife."

Aglionby started again, flushing deeply. Randolph's words set his whole being into a fever.

"That is your plan?" said he in a low voice.

"That is my plan, which no one but you knows. However long I have to wait, she shall be my wife."

"I wish you good speed in your courtship, but I fear your success won't accomplish *my* wishes in the matter."

"Miss Conisbrough must have some reason for the strange course she has taken," said Randolph. "Do you think we are justified in trying to discover that reason, or are we bound not to inquire into it?"

There was a long pause. Aglionby said darkly:

"I have promised."

"But I have not."

Bernard shook his head. "I don't believe, whatever it may be, that any one but Miss Conisbrough is cognizant of it."

"Well, let me use my good offices for you, if ever I have a chance. If ever I know them well enough to be taken into their confidence, I shall use my influence on your side—may I?"

"You will earn my everlasting gratitude if you do. And if it turns out that they do want help—that my cousin Delphine has to work for money, you will let me know. Remember," he added, jealously, "it is my right and duty, as their kinsman, to see that they are not distressed."

"Yes, I know, and I shall not forget you."

Randolph, when his guest had gone, soliloquized silently:

"That fellow is heart and soul on my side. He doesn't know himself whither he is drifting. I'd like to take the odds with any one, that he never marries that little dressed-up doll whose likeness he is now carrying about with him."—*Temple Bar*.

HECTOR BERLIOZ: A BIOGRAPHY.

IN the following pages I purpose to do no more than briefly tell the story of a very strange career, and roughly sketch in some of the more striking characteristics of an uncommon individuality. Berlioz is in many ways a notable person. A hero in the æsthetic revolution of 1830, a type of the artist militant, a mocker, and a sentimentalist, egoistic to a degree and not less unselfish than egoistic, incorruptibly honest and incurably histrionic, extravagantly humorous and passionately earnest and sincere, he was a prince of journalists, and perhaps the ablest and most original composer who

has appeared since Beethoven. He attempted nothing that was not great and honorable; he fought steadily for that he held to be the right. And all his days he was the object of persistent misrepresentation and inexorable disrespect. It is hard to say if he is more interesting as an artist or as a man; in his life and work and fortunes, or as the representative of a violent and memorable epoch.

I.

The generation born to France in the intervals between Napoleon's battles was a generation of able and ardent men.

The true children of a splendid and stirring time, it was theirs to be the heroes of an artistic '93, and to deal with painting and drama, with fiction and histrionics, with verse and music, much as the great Emperor and his lieutenants had dealt with the practice of war and the art and mystery of politics. One of the boldest and fiercest was Hector Berlioz, the musician of the *Messe des Morts* and the *Dies Iræ Grotesque*, and the author of the "Soirées de l'Orchestre," the "Mémoires," and the "A Travers Chants"—a knight-errant of the arts, an Amadis with the fortune and the reputation of a Quixote.

Born, as he puts it, "à prendre la vie et l'académie à contrepoil," he came into the world in 1803, at Côte-Saint-André, in the Isère. His birth year was that of Prosper Mérimée, the incomparable Dumas, and Adolphe Adam, composer of the *Postillion de Longjumeau*: the Adolphe Adam, who realized in his art and personality that ideal of sprightly littleness—*Oh, were every worm a maggot, Every fly a grig, Every bough a Christmas fagot, Every tune a jig!*—which is the ambition of imaginative Mr. Bluphocks. His father, Louis Berlioz, an excellent man, fond of hard work and the practice of benevolence, was a doctor. His mother, *née* Marmion (he is pleased, as a man of 1830 should be, with the coincidence that makes him a kind of poor cousin of Walter Scott), was a typical Frenchwoman; for she was rigidly honest, very narrow of mind, not offensively intelligent, and extremely devout. Berlioz, who says but little about her, and has none of the special feeling for her which his countrymen are proud to entertain for their mothers, remarks ironically, but with a touch of sadness foreign to his nature, that while she was bearing him she neither dreamed of a birth of laurels, as did Virgil's mother, nor fancied herself great with a burning brand, as did the mother of Alexander the Great; and it seems certain that if she had had any visions of the sort, she would have augured ill from them, and have regarded them as ominous of unhappiness and shame. For she knew nothing of the arts, and she looked on all who follow them—poets, painters, actors, singers, musicians, and what not

—as children of the devil. That such a woman should have borne such a son is an example of that frequent occurrence of the Unexpected, and that frequent advent of the Inopportune, which impart such a pleasing variety to the study of heredity. It was only natural that, having borne him, she should first of all have refrained from understanding him, and afterward have tried her hardest to distort him to her will. From the first she appears to have made up her mind that Hector should be a doctor like his father; and Hector seems from the first to have made up *his* mind that he would be nothing of the sort. Knowledge came to him slowly and strangely. The bent of his earliest passion was geographical and adventurous. He knew more of Java and of Timbuctoo than of Grenoble and La Tour du Pin; he was far more familiar with Amazons and Mississippi than with Rhônes and Saônes and Isères; he was never so well pleased as when he could lay hands on an atlas, and quest for lonely islands, the paradise—since Defoe, at least—of imaginative boyhood. He would have liked to float the black flag among keys and cocoa-palms in the Spanish Main, or to have been the Crusoe of some coral islet—enchanted, wonderful, mysterious—in the vast and solitary ocean; and to matters so barren of romance as mathematics and aorists and the dual number his mind refused to stoop. Such learning as he had was acquired unconsciously. He was fond of desultory reading, and when a book was bad or good enough to please him, he would work at it till he knew it by heart; a lifelong habit of his, and one of which a good deal of his music is at once an outcome and a proof. Of Greek he knew little or nothing. In Latin, it was long ere he could care for any one, even for Virgil, who ended by sharing his worship with Beethoven and Shakespeare. As for the art in which he was to excel, and which was to prove the passion and the end of life for him, he was no prodigy even in that. Most of the great composers have begun as infant marvels, have been artists after a fashion from their nursery downward. For the musical faculty is dependent upon keenness of sentiment rather than upon strength of intellect; and in child-

hood, when the emotions are quick and abundant, and the senses eager and apprehensive, expression in music is both easy and natural, while its results—as certain pages in Beethoven and Mozart will show—need not of necessity be absolutely worthless, nor seem painfully immature, as is the case with numbers that are lisped, and sketches in slate-pencil, and images pinched out in putty or clay. Berlioz revealed his chief capacity like the desultory kind of boy he was. His earliest musical impression was received at his first communion, when he was ravished into ecstasy by a band of virgins quiring it in a naïve and simple melody of Dalayrac; and he began to prepare himself for orchestral writing and directing by fingering out—as so many lads have done before and since—the popular air of “Malbrouck,” in England known as “We won’t go home till morning,” on a casual flageolet. He learned to read music from his father, who also taught him to blow and finger the flute, and he tried hard to make sense and use for himself of Rameaus’ abstract and crabbed treatise upon harmony. Then he fell upon a music-master in the person of a second violin from one of the Lyons theatres, who gave him a couple of lessons a day, and soon taught him to read and sing at sight, and to flute away intrepidly at the most elaborate concertos. In no great while he produced a six-part medley of Italian melodies and a couple of quintets, a phrase from one of which last he afterward wrought into his overture to *Les Francs Juges*. Thenceforth his vocation was plain to him. He was about twelve when the revelation came, and twelve for a musician is old indeed; but it excited him greatly, and he felt it with the intensity that is one of his principal characteristics. He read stray lives of Gluck and Haydn with enthusiasm; the sight of a sheet of paper ruled for score filled him with a rapture of anticipation; his father could only get him to work at his osteology by the promise of a new flute; he fished out some fragments of Gluck’s magnificent *Orphée* from a heap of waste paper in a lumber-room, and they held him captive night and day. He was as full of music and musicians as an egg is full of meat; and he learned to play the guitar with a rapidity that

astonished and humbled the man who taught him. With or without instruction he contrived to obtain an insight into the drummer’s mystery as well; so that at thirteen he was in the habit of making concerted music, and in some sort master of four several instruments—the flute, the drum, the flageolet, and the guitar.

All four are primitive in kind and unimportant in degree; but they were the only ones he ever learned to play upon. He was fond of the society of instruments; and the last years of his life were spent in the company of a great piano and a noble and graceful harp. He would have liked to have his chambers festooned about with musical brass and wood; to have had violins for pictures, and cymbals and trombones for armors; to have been domesticated with horns and hautboys; to have lodged bassoons and serpents in all his corners; and to have had ever within his ken the mysterious threatfulness of kettledrums and the grave and suggestive majesty of bass-voils. He loved such things for their own sakes, I think, as well as for the association connected with them and the fancies he could breed from them. To him they were as to the botanist his herbarium, as to the duellist his case of rapiers. He had the instrumental sense in astonishing fulness, and the incomparable justness and delicacy of his combinations are admitted even by those who like him least. His knowledge of the qualities, both metaphysical and real, of each one of the many instruments that compose an orchestra and of the nature and extent of its capacity, whether alone or in alliance with others, appears to have been little short of impeccable. His scores are so many masterpieces of imaginative and inventive arrangement. His “*Traité d’Instrumentation*” is as deliberate and exact as scientific essay, and withal as quick with creative intuitions as a work of art. He treats his instruments as if they were so many human beings; he analyzes their several characteristics, and determines their several functions, with positive accuracy and perspicuity, and at the same time with the sympathy and enthusiasm of an artist. In a charming passage of “*The Spanish Gypsy*” the poet speaks of

The viol and the bow,
 The masculine bow that draws the woman's
 heart
 From out the strings, and makes them cry,
 yearn, plead,
 Tremble, exult, in mystic union
 Of joy acute and tender suffering ;

and the lines might well be no more than a paraphrase from Berlioz on the qualities of the violin. It is the same, with all the violin's companions ; so that he is a Hugo of the orchestra and a Ste.-Beuve alternately. It was this fellowship with the orchestra—as a collection of independent units and as a living whole—that enabled him so to excel, not only in producing for its needs, but in its guidance and control as well, and made him at all points one of the kings of the symphony. Most of the great composers have been great executants also. Bach and Handel were mighty organists, and each other's only rivals on the harpsichord. Tartini and Corelli and Spohr were masters of the violin. Beethoven himself was a distinguished pianist ; so were Mozart and Clementi, Mendelssohn and Chopin, Brahms and Meyerbeer and Weber. Berlioz had the genius of the bâton and was a great executant on the orchestra, though it was not until he was in the prime of manhood that he began to practise upon it. He was an example of that rare and admirable combination—of ardor with intelligence, of enthusiasm with self-control, of the emotional capacity with the capacity of volition—which makes the great conductor. He rejoiced in the inspiration and the domination of armies of executants, five, and ten, and twelve hundred strong, of which he was heart and brain at once, and which, before his irresistible impulse and authority, moved under him with the unity of purpose and sentiment of a single perfect organism. And he may be said to have been the Liszt of the orchestra, as Liszt may be said to have been the Berlioz of the piano.

Meanwhile, it was not in music only that the boy gave earnest of the man. Berlioz, according to Ernest Legouvé, a pleasant writer and a most kindly and intelligent man, who was one of his closest friends, was a true Frenchman in matters of the heart. He was in love with somebody or other always, and often with two or more at once ;

and he took his attachments very seriously, and rejoiced or was wretched in them with indomitable thoroughness and spontaneity. Speaking for himself—and his confessions are remarkable for reticence and tact—he declares that only twice in his life was he really in love, and that the two women thus distinguished were the chief and most active influences of his existence. The first appeared to him, with the art of music, when he was twelve years old or so. Her name was Estelle, and she lived at Meylan, a hamlet hard by, in a white cot built against the scarped hillside. She was nineteen ; she had black eyes, a fine shape, an exquisite foot ; she wore the most charming pair of "brodequins roses" imaginable ; and Berlioz no sooner set eyes upon her than he loved her to distraction. With most of us a fancy of the sort comes wildly and goes quickly ; but it was otherwise with the boy-musician. He was to be enamored, almost to frenzy, of the woman he married—and of many another more ; but by none of them was he more sincerely affected than by Estelle. Thirty years after he felt himself a boy again when he spoke of her ; and when, a full half-century of silence having lapsed, he met and spoke with her once more, he was as full of ardor and as worship as ever. She was his Estelle, his "Stella Montis," his Mountain Star, until the end, and the pages in which he embalmed her memory are among the truest and freshest he wrote.

At the moment he seems to have suffered terribly. It was his nature to feel in a desperate and explosive manner ; and his provocations were many and strong. It was the summer time at Meylan, and a summer time, as Hugo sang—

Où tout était lumière,
 Vie, et douceur ;

so that the many gardens were heavy with bloom, the orchards and the vineyards odorous with ripening fruit, the near woods instinct with mystery and charm. On the one side rose a range of bare and stony hills, fronted by a romantic river and by the massive majesty of the great Saint-Eynard rock ; but on the other, the landscape dipped and dipped—through patches of leafage and squares of yellow maize, through

closes set with vines and apple-trees, and spaces lovely with grass and flowers—far down toward the beautiful Isère. In such an environment and at such a season, maidens with brilliant and kindly eyes, and “such hair as might have graced the helm of Achilles,” are apt to prove irresistible; above all, if their name be Estelle, and they have, as well, “des pieds, je ne dirai pas d’Andalouse, mais de Parisienne pur sang,” which they are thoughtful enough to arm with the witchery of “brodequins roses.” I suspect that most young men of tender years would succumb to such a gracious apparition as instantaneously as did poor little Hector, and that this experience of his will be found not less natural than enviable. Especially deadly, I may note, was the effect of the “brodequins roses.” Berlioz forgot the color of his Stella’s tresses; but he never could forget the color of her immortal buskins. He had never seen such enchantments in raiment until he saw Estelle’s; and they twinkled and gleamed through his memory as long as he lived. The first sight of her who wore them was, for the rest, “an electric shock” to him. He hoped nothing and he knew nothing. Yet he was sorely hurt at heart. He mourned all night and hid away all day, “like a wounded bird,” in the orchards and among the tall maize. He was madly jealous; once he saw his goddess dancing with an officer—his own uncle, by the way—and while he lived he could never recall the jingle of her partner’s spurs without a shudder. He was timid, violent, wretched, full of black thoughts and black imaginings. He was the laughing-stock of the whole neighborhood, and he took a miserable pride in the office. If he consoled himself at all, he did so, as under similar circumstances your passionate pilgrim will, by the perusal of appropriate literature. He read with many tears and all imaginable sympathy, of the congenial woe of Dido, and in reading of them, he learned to love and reverence the chaste and noble genius of their poet; and he pastured his misery upon the “Estelle et Némorin” of the tender and ingenious M. de Florian. It was his sorrowful pastime to apply the lackadaisical lyrics of this latter master to his own forlorn condition, and care-

fully fit them to melodies in the minor mode, which, as is well known, is consecrated to the expression of grief. One of these inspirations he afterward transferred to the first part of his *Symphonie Fantastique*; so that Estelle may be said to have been of use to him after all.

II.

When Berlioz was nineteen, he was sent to the capital to study medicine. It seemed, he says of this proceeding, “le renversement absolu de l’ordre naturel de ma vie, et monstrueux et horrible;” but it happened, all the same. And in a Paris, where Byron and Scott were living influences, where Delacroix was exhibiting his “Dante and Virgil,” and Hugo was already producing ballads and odes and wild novels, the future composer of the *Fantastique* and the *Roi Lear* overture had perforce to begin life as a pupil of Amussat and Gay-Lussac.

He had promised his father to work hard; and for a time, being interested in his teachers, he kept his promise. One night, however, he went to the Opéra, and heard Déryvis and Madame Branchu in Salieri’s *Danaïdes*. The experience threw him into an indescribable state of trouble and excitement—“as of a boy, who, born to be a sailor, yet brought up to boating on mere mountain tarns, should suddenly be set aboard a three-decker in mid-ocean.” The long-forgotten *Stratonice* of Méhul completed the work begun by Salieri. Berlioz knew no rest until he had sought out the scores of Gluck. He read them, copied them out, got them by heart; he sacrificed to them both food and sleep; he was fairly crazed by them; and at last, after weeks of waiting, he was privileged to hear that *Iphigénie en Tauride* which is perhaps the greatest of them all. He left the theatre a musician. Having chosen his lot he set to work, with the ardor of faith and youth combined, to do honor to his choice. He got admitted as a private pupil of Lesueur, the favorite musician of the great Emperor, author of *La Caverne* and the Ossianic *Bardes*; he wrote to literary men of eminence for poems to set to music; he composed, in rapid succession, a cantata, a mass, an oratorio, an opera, and a grand dramatic scena, upon words from Saurin’s *Beverley, ou Le Joueur*—

a title which seems to prove that there was, once a time when French playwrights did not disdain to convey from the English. With one of these works, the mass, he had many adventures. It was down for performance at the Church of Saint-Roch; but the music was so badly copied as to be illegible, and the performance had to be deferred. Berlioz at once transcribed his band-parts himself, and, as he had no money for instrumentalists, wrote off to Chateaubriand, an entire stranger to him, for a loan of 1200 francs, and the great man's influence with the government. It was in somewhat similar fashion that Crabbe introduced himself to the notice of Edmund Burke, and was rewarded with an honorable friendship and means to achieve success in his art. Berlioz was a greater man than Crabbe, but his choice had fallen on a far smaller soul than Burke; and he fared poorly enough. Chateaubriand sent a civil answer, but no more; he had no money, he said, and no influence; he could furnish nothing but sympathy, and to that his correspondent was heartily welcome. At this critical juncture Berlioz found a friend in need in a young man with money named De Pons. De Pons, who seems to have been a very good fellow, did everything he could. He advanced the cash, he engaged an orchestra and a chorus, he hired a popular conductor, he seduced all the critics and interested all the melo-maniacs he knew; and the mass was produced. It appears to have been regarded as a rather promising piece of work; but its composer thought otherwise of it. And, as he had a habit of doing Jeddart justice on such of his compositions as did not please him, he soon afterward committed it to the flames, together with its companions in ineptitude, the oratorio, the opera, the cantata, and the grand dramatic scena. Who does not wish that Shelley had dealt as wisely with "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne," Balzac with "Argow le Pirate" and "Jean-Louis," Byron with the "Hours of Idleness," and Dickens with the "Mudfog Papers" and the "Sketches?" The practice is one that could hardly be too highly commended.

It is characteristic of Berlioz that he strayed into deep waters almost at starting, and that he became acquainted with

the uses of adversity at the very beginning of his career. Soon after the production of the mass, he got plucked at an examination at the Institute; and his father, who was very angry with him for his desertion of medicine, promptly cut off the supplies, and ordered him instantly to return to Côte-Saint-André. It was in vain that Lesueur interceded with Louis Berlioz, and assured him that his son was a born musician—"que la musique lui sortait par les pores." The old doctor would not bate an ace of his resolve; and home the impenitent and reluctant prodigal was forced to go. He became utterly hopeless and demoralized. He gave over eating and talking, and took to moping aimlessly about the woods and fields, or to sulking in the privacy of his own chamber; and for a while the pleasant house by the Isère was not a comfortable place to live in. Then the father gave way, and the son was solemnly informed that he would be allowed to return to Paris, and for a certain time devote himself to the study of music; with the understanding that, if he failed, he should at once revert to the dissecting-room and the laboratory. Madame Berlioz, incensed with the turn affairs were taking, and bitterly opposed to the idea that child of hers should shame his kin and anger his God by making music for a living, was foolish enough to burden this permission with her formal malediction, and to refuse to speak with or see her son again. Under these miserable circumstances Berlioz not only resumed his work with Lesueur, but contrived to produce an opera, *Les Francs-Juges*, which—the overture excepted, which is still extant, and is often played at concerts—he very wisely destroyed not long afterward. He had a hundred and twenty francs a month from his father, and he owed De Pons the twelve hundred francs spent in the production of the famous mass. To discharge the debt, he lived on dates and dry bread and raisins, and gave music lessons at a franc apiece; and by these means he was soon enabled to pay the half of it. De Pons, not caring to know himself the subject of such heroism, applied to old Berlioz for the rest of his money, and by so doing contrived to make the unlucky musician worse off than ever.

The doctor, as fathers do and will, had expected his offspring to succeed outright. He had the good sense to hold that a feeble and incompetent artist is not nearly so useful to society as an able surgeon, or a brisk and clever barrister; but he was so foolish withal as to believe—at his wife's suggestion, it may be—that artists can be forced like cucumbers, and he was eminently displeased to find himself mistaken. Instead of setting the Seine on fire at a glance, his scapegrace was but incurring obligations and running into debt, wasting his substance in riot and consorting with the most abandoned and disreputable of his species, and thwarting his father's will and breaking his mother's heart to boot. The whole business was evidently a blunder and a scandal—a reproach upon the highly respectable names of Berlioz and Marmion; and the old gentleman would countenance it no longer. He paid De Pons, and he went through the ceremony of cutting De Pons' debtor off with a shilling, commanding him to leave Paris and music for the Côte and surgery, or to forfeit his income and his rights as a son. The adventurer, relieved at one fell swoop of his creditor and his means of subsistence, was equal to the position. He preferred his art to his home, and stuck resolutely at his post, though the bad blood between his parents and himself waxed worse with every letter. He had an iron will and a firm and noble belief in his vocation and himself; they had only reproach for him and disdain for his task; and to show that they were wiser than he, they made things as hard as they could for him. I do not need to say that, ere they died, they learned to be proud of their son, and to rejoice in the earnestness with which he had resisted their commands. But it is a curious fact, and one savoring of poetical justice, that they never saw him conduct an orchestra, nor heard a note of his greater music.

For the moment it is not to be doubted, I opine, that they suffered a great deal, and that their prodigal, destitute as he was, lived far more contentedly than they did. He was penniless, it is true, and after trying in vain to get a place, as first or second flute, in a travelling band, he was obliged, to keep body

and soul together, to take service as a chorister at one of the minor theatres. But he was young, ardent, and valiant; he had good health and good spirits; and he was learning the art he loved. With a student in pharmacy of his acquaintance, he shared a palace—of a couple of rooms—in the Latin Quarter; and on a franc each *per diem* the two contrived to live and thrive and be happy. The apothecary did the cooking; the musician went marketing, and frequently scandalized his respectable comrade (who knew nothing, by the way, of his theatrical work) by appearing with an armful of naked bread, or parading material for the common dinner too shamelessly before the public gaze. Sometimes the pair had but bread and salt, sometimes only bread without the salt; at others they would dine royally on dates and salad and mustard, or on a quail or two poached in the low grounds about Montrouge; and now and then Berlioz would fast for practice, and to inure his stomach to the hardship of emptiness. On thirty francs a month, however, youth can do much and go far. The musician and the apothecary not only managed to exist, they also managed to put by something to spend in luxuries. Berlioz for instance, bought a piano, for a hundred and ten francs—“*pour y plaquer des accords de temps en temps* ;” he hung his chamber with portraits of great musicians, “neatly framed ;” and as his favorite poet for the nonce was Tom Moore, many of whose lyrics he afterward set to music, he regaled himself with a translation of “The Loves of the Angels.” As for the apothecary, he appears to have been addicted to the vanity of dress; for he is seen on one occasion to have had his hat made new, to have got his razors ground and set, and to have bought a pair of spurs. That the oddly assorted couple were happy I do not for a moment doubt. Bohemia, the lying twaddle that has been invented about it notwithstanding, is for a time a pleasant and habitable land enough. It is good to be young, to feel free, to discern the golden spires of El Dorado all near and shining in the cheerful sunlight; it is good to be enthusiastic and uncritical, to see a sweetheart in misfortune herself, and to think of destiny as either kindly or conquerable. I imag-

ine the apothecary, who was but learning to make up prescriptions and to do his duty as a good National Guard, to have been every whit as hopeful and as confident as the musician who had in him the *Messe des Morts* and the *Troyens*, and was preparing himself for association with Beethoven and Shakespeare. And I am sure that when, in April of '27, the partnership was dissolved, each man went his way with some regret, and with a very kindly feeling for him who had been his fellow under such circumstances and for so long.

Meanwhile Berlioz went on working his hardest. He was still a pupil of Lesueur, who was very fond of him, and at the Conservatoire he was studying counterpoint with Reicha. He had written his *Waverley Overture* (*Op. 1*), and in his own opinion he was getting along famously. His masters thought otherwise. They declared his cantata *Orphée déchiré par les Bacchantes* unplayable, and sent him down from examination. He had had fifteen days' leave from his theatre for the composition of this work; and but for a dreadful quinsy, which went near to killing him, and which he lanced with his own hand, he would certainly have gone back to his chain. Fortunately, however, Louis Berlioz relented, as he had relented once before. He came forward with pardon in the one hand and a small monthly stipend in the other; and his son was able, not only to desist from chorister's work at chorister's wages, but to frequent the Opéra as a spectator, and have his fill of Gluck and Spontini. These masters were his gods. He knew nothing of Beethoven. He had not discovered either Mozart or Haydn. Weber had appeared to him in an ignominious disguise—the *Robin des Bois* of Castil-Blaze. Rossini, then at the very zenith of fame, he detested and despised. To him the popularity of the master of Pesaro signified no more than an apotheosis of the drum and cymbals. He saw in the author of the *Barbiere* and the *Tell*, to whose brilliant genius and accomplishment he was afterward to render full justice, but an incarnation of melodic cynicism, of contempt for dramatic expression and the dramatic sentiment, of glibness and sameness and the everlasting crescendo. He used quite

seriously to debate with himself, if some night it would not be possible to mine and blow up the Théâtre Italien, with all the Rossinians therein; and if he saw an admirer of Rossini in the street, he could think of nothing more appropriate than impalement on a red-hot stake. It was in similar terms that Petrus Borel, the Simon Tappertit of the Romantic movement, and Gautier, the strongest and bravest of its Bobadils, were wont to speak and think of the baldheads who stood by Boileau and Racine; it was in similar terms that the *rapins* of Géricault and Delacroix were wont to discourse of the champions of David and Ingres. Berlioz, who was a Romanticist to the backbone, did but express the humor of his sect in that sect's own dialect. At the Opéra he appears to have established a kind of tyranny. The conductor was ill-advised who ventured on a change of time, or the omission of a number, or the suppression of an instrument; for Berlioz would instantly rise and clamor for explanation, and—even to the extent of storming the orchestra—the crowd of myrmidons at his back would improve the occasion. It was at a juncture of this sort that Legouvé first saw him. He had a great aquiline nose and a tremendous fell of red hair; his eyes were flaming, and his voice was strident with anger; somebody had been tampering with Weber, and for the moment he had become an Avenger of Blood; he was an impressive sight to see. Holding these views, and practising these theories, it is odd to speculate as to what might have been his fate had he lived in England, and gone to see much Shakespeare and to hear much Handel. I am afraid that he would often have been heard of at Bow Street, and I am not sure that he might not have been hanged for murder. He regarded all those who retouch and improve the work of their betters as beasts of prey, and neither asked quarter, nor gave it, where they were concerned. He made a bitter enemy of Fétis, a kind of musical Boileau, and the most influential of contemporary critics, by defending Beethoven's text—the text of the C Minor Symphony!—from his impudent and learned pen, and by comparing him, from a public stage and to a vast audience, to

one of those "vulgaires oiseaux qui peuplent nos jardins publics, se perchent avec arrogance sur les plus belles statues, et, quand ils ont sali le front de Jupiter, le bras d'Hercule, ou le sein de Vénus, se pavanent fiers et satisfaits, comme s'ils venaient de pondre un œuf d'or." Of Lachnith, the deranger of Mozart, and Castil-Blaze, the destroyer of Weber, he speaks daggers and annihilation. "Such creatures," he shouts, "are the ruin and the shame of art; their operations are its destruction and its end. . . . Et ne devons-nous pas, nous tous, épris de sa gloire et jaloux des droits imprescriptibles de l'esprit humain, quand nous voyons leur porter atteinte, dénoncer le coupable, le poursuivre, et lui crier de toute la force de notre courroux: 'Ton crime est ridicule; *Despair!!* Ta stupidité est criminelle; *Die!!* Sois bafoué, sois conspué, sois maudit! *Despair and Die!!* Désespère et meurs.'" It will be seen that if Berlioz were minded to say anything, he said it in a way to make misconstruction impossible, and that the sentiments he cherished for his art were such as should secure him the respect of all good men.

His emotional capacity, indeed, was excessive. I have already noted the effect produced upon him by the discovery of Gluck. Almost as great was his excitement when the new planet, Weber, swam into his ken; while his introduction to his "king of kings," Beethoven, appears to have resulted in a veritable spiritual cataclysm. As for the revelation, vouchsafed to him about the same time with these others, of the art and genius of Shakespeare, it seems, in sober truth, to have come near to being the death of him. The unconscious agent of the deed was Macready, whose first Parisian campaign, in 1828, was the occasion. Berlioz had but to see *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* to acknowledge an influence mightier far than any he had known; and he had but to look upon Henrietta Smithson, the Juliet and the Ophelia of the experiment, to fall sick for love of her, and become to all intents and purposes a madman. Heine somewhere says of him that, as he had no money to pay for seats, he used to play the drum in the orchestra, merely to have the privilege of gazing on his

goddess; and the story is by no means improbable, though it is certainly untrue. Berlioz himself relates that he saw Miss Smithson but twice—once as the daughter of Polonius, and once as the maiden of Verona; and that if he had seen more of her, or heard more of Shakespeare, he would certainly have lost his wits. He could not eat, and he could not read nor work. He wandered about "as if in quest of his soul," and got no rest but when, from sheer exhaustion, he was incapable of waking. Only four times during the period of his suffering, does he own to having slept; twice in the fields, once in the snow by the Seine at Neuilly, and once on a café-table. It was under pressure of emotions of this sort that he set to music Moore's fine lyric, "When he who adores thee," and found for it a melody of which he says that no Frenchman and no Italian will ever understand it, so poignant is its expression, and so deep the sentiment that informs it; and that, by way of recommending himself to the fair actress's notice, he determined to give a concert at the Conservatoire composed entirely of his own works, a thing no mortal man had ever thought of doing before. The scheme was bitterly opposed by Cherubini, then principal of the famous college, with whom his relations were always quite eminently unfriendly. It is characteristic of Berlioz that, for all his desperate and love-lorn state, he yet found heart to play the fool about his irascible chief, a literal report of whose refusal he drew up in the fine peevish Italian-French of the original, and then forwarded to the Surintendant des Beaux Arts. Thanks to this piece of impudence, the concert took place—took place, and proved a failure, and left its valiant and aspiring author as far from the achievement of his end as ever.

He was daunted not one whit. His were the ardor, the tenacity, the imaginative and indomitable courage, that turn obstacles into means, and find in failure the materials of success. He was a born writer as well as a born musician; so he made himself a journalist, and took to fighting his battles in print. He had a good vocabulary, a fine sense of style, an admirable gift of expression, he had plenty of wit and devilry, plenty

of humor, plenty of imagination and sincerity; he could be eloquent, ironical, and savage, keenly critical, extravagantly funny, within the compass of a single article; and his work, mere journalism as it is, has stood the touch of time far better than not a little so-called literature. As his adversaries were many and influential, he smote his hardest among them; and the reputations he unmade, the enmities he quickened, the pretensions he mangled and the tortures he inflicted were innumerable. And all the while he wrought at his art as if he had naught else to do. He was a student still, and an unsuccessful one; but he was strong enough to compose the first part of his *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, the famous *Symphonie Fantastique*, which, with its sequel, the monodrama *Lélio*, may be described as a fantasia on the themes of 1830, or as the Romantic movement set to music. It is a very orgie of revolutionary ideals and influences, where Byron and Goethe join hands with Quasimodo-Hugo and Ophelia-Smithson, and you pass at a stride from a love-song to a gallows-march, from a witches' revel to the company of piping swains, from Hamlet determining the question "To be or not to be" with Tom Moore and a band of spectres, to a robbers' drinking bout and the airy gayety of a dance of fays; and its author was wise enough to keep it, for the time being, in his desk, and to produce, in obedience to his masters at the Conservatoire, a cantata on the death of Sardanapalus. With this work, which is happily extinct, he won, after being second prizeman in 1828 and 1829, the *Prix de Rome* in 1830; and so got freedom, and therewith the certainty of five years' bread.

III.

Berlioz did little good in Rome, and got little good from his sojourn in Italy. The Eternal City had no sort of charm for him, Virgilian though he was. He had not the sentiment of those plastic arts of which it is the centre. What he was interested in was music, and Italian music was a delusion and a lie to him. He thought of Palestrina as a pedantic dotard. He held the choral fugues in which Marcello and Pergolese had sung to the praise and glory of God, not for

holy hymns, but for drunken catches. He was disgusted with the artistic poverty and unskilfulness of the latter-day Italian. He found their ideal cheap, and their practice vulgar; and for the clatter and din of their orchestras and the marrow-bone and cleaver sentiment of their instrumentation he had a savage disdain. It is significant, both of his character and the theories he held, that he tried to break through the traditions of his prize, and did his best to get leave to stay and work at home. This, however, could not be done. He was expected, as first prizeman of his year, to make a two years' stay in Rome; and to Rome he went accordingly.

His fellow-students — all musicians, sculptors, architects, or painters — were good fellows enough; and as Horace Vernet was chief of the Academy, and Liszt and Mendelssohn were resident in the city, Berlioz, had he not been Berlioz, might have spent his time both pleasantly and profitably. But his temper was very variable and splenetic; he was often, he says, as "evil as a chained hound;" and happy and industrious he could not be. Mendelssohn, who neither liked nor understood him, and who seems to have been afraid of his wit and his daring and ironical humor, wrote of him as "a real caricature, without a vestige of talent," and added, like the gentlemanly Jew he was, that he "often felt inclined to eat him." Berlioz was more companionable with Liszt, who was one of the gods of his idolatry always. He read a great deal of Scott and a great deal of Byron. He founded a philosophical society, "De l'Indifférence Absolue en Matière Universelle." He played the guitar a little, and set to music, now an *Orientale* of Hugo's, and now a lyric of Moore's. He finished his *Lélio*, corrected his *Fantastique*, and wrote an overture to *Rob-Roy*. Gun in hand, and an *Aeneid* in his pocket, he explored the Campagna and the Abruzzi, noting down such folk-melodies as he could, and collecting materials for his *Harold* and his *Carnaval Romain*. There were times when his desire for solitude grew almost maniacal. There were others when his longings were all for violence and for action. Notwithstanding his adoration for Ophelia, he had left behind him a lady whom he believed un-

alterably attached to him ; and hearing that she was on the eve of marriage, he at once resolved to go off and kill her on the spot, together with her mother—who is probably the original of Madame Happer, in his wild novel, *Euphonia*, in the *Soirées de l'Orchestre*—and her affianced husband. To this end he bought a dagger, a pair of pistols, and a "costume de soubrette"—the last for purposes of disguise !—and started for Paris. He would have forfeited his bursary had he crossed the frontier ; but he got no farther than a little town on the Genoese seaboard, where he appears to have tried to drown himself, and to have been foiled in his design with all manner of ignominy, and as prosaically as can well be imagined. With such a student as this, what was Horace Vernet to do ? Like the wise and kindly gentleman he was, he authorized his rebel to return to Paris ; and for once in his life the rebel was glad to submit to authority.

He arrived to find that the Shakespeare fever of a couple of years before had passed away. The public had got over its surprise, and was no longer inclined to enthusiasm ; the chiefs of Romanticism, conscious of their many obligations to "the divine Williams," were less ardent than they had been in advising his perusal. Miss Smithson was still in Paris, but in poor circumstances, for she had been unwise enough to take a theatre, and was doing ill in it. Berlioz lost no time in producing the *Fantastique* and its sequel *Lélio*, and in getting his Juliet persuaded to attend their performance. His success, which, momentarily, at least, was very great, had some memorable consequences. It was in the *Lélio* that he put forth that diabolical reference to Fétis which I have already quoted ; and as the insult, artistically elaborated and produced with every circumstance of publicity, was enthusiastically applauded, the great critic, who was present, was badly hurt, and he and his friends and pupils, who were many and powerful, made common cause against the aggressor from that time forward. A second result was that Berlioz was introduced to Miss Smithson, and that a year or so afterward, she in the meanwhile having broken her leg and got deeply into debt, the pair were married. He had quarrelled with his parents, and had but 300 francs, of bor-

rowed money, in the world. But "elle était à lui, il défiait tout." He went to work to win money and fame as hard as he could ; and it was by no fault of his own that he failed more often than he succeeded.

At his first concert, a part of his orchestra deserted, and he was unable to play out his programme. His next appears to have gone without a hitch, and to have been brilliantly successful. As he was leaving the hall, he was pounced upon and congratulated by a mysterious and imposing stranger, who turned out to be "a demoniac of genius, a colossus among the giants"—in one word, Paganini. A commission from the mighty violinist resulted in the composition of the *Harold* symphony, which, produced in 1834, was stupidly insulted by one part of the press, and greatly applauded by the other, and on account of which an anonymous correspondent reproached the author with lacking the courage necessary to commit suicide. Two years afterward, Berlioz was commissioned by the Government, greatly to the chagrin of Fétis and Cherubini, to write a requiem on the victims of the Days of July ; and he composed his famous *Messe des Morts*. The feeling of the classic faction ran so high, that the composer does not hesitate to accuse Habeneck—the Habeneck of the *Comédie Humaine*, who conducted for him, and was an intimate friend of Cherubini and Fétis—of having attempted his ruin by laying aside his bâton to take snuff at the most critical instant of the performance. Fortunately Berlioz was following his score over the great conductor's shoulder—"par suite de ma méfiance habituelle," he says ; and he at once stepped in and averted the threatened catastrophe. He took up the orchestra as Habeneck set it down ; the music marched on triumphantly ; and his effect, an effect of the most colossal type, "a tone-picture of the Last Judgment," was brilliantly produced. After this experience, it is not, I think, astonishing that he should have taken to conducting for himself, or that, having about the same time been tricked out of a place at the Conservatoire, he should, in the *Débats* and the *Gazette Musicale*, have hit out at his opponents with all the strength of his arm. In return, his opponents appear to have damned his

Benvenuto Cellini, a five-act opera, which seems to date very naturally from this brawling time. After this piece of ill-luck, Paganini, then very near the end of his wonderful career, heard the *Harold* and the *Fantastique*, and was moved by these two "divine composizioni," not only to kneel and kiss the hand of their composer, but to compare him with Beethoven, and to make him, "in segno del suo omaggio," a present of 20,000 francs. Berlioz, wild with gratitude and joy, went instantly to work on his *Roméo et Juliette*, which is one of his noblest efforts, and which, composed in seven months, he dedicated solemnly to the great artist to whose aid and encouragement it was due. Next year he wrote his tremendous *Symphonie Funèbre*, a gigantic structure in sounds, which Spontini—who saw so much of Michelangelo in it that he maintained it could only have been written by a man familiar with the Sistine frescoes—described to its author as "votre ébranlante musique:" a description of which Berlioz was exceedingly proud, though I need hardly say that he denied the Michelangelo, and would confess to nothing but disappointment in the *Last Judgment*.

His married life was but seven years old; and under the influence of his wife, or in her companionship at least, he had produced in rapid succession some six or seven of his greatest works. But he was unhappy in his home, where matters had for some time past been tending toward an unpleasant change. His marriage had been a love-match on one side only. He it was who had been the lover; his wife had but let love, and had been able to accord him in return no more than what Legouvé calls "une tendresse blonde," an unimpassioned and docile regard, at most. With time, however, the positions were reversed; and the woman grew fond in proportion as the man grew fickle. Madame Berlioz, who was unlettered and rather stupid, was her husband's elder by some years; and in the intimacy of wedded life she quickly learned to admire his wit and charm, his prodigious resolution, his splendid energy and vivacity, till in the end she fell madly in love with him. As her temper was extremely violent, and her fondness of a jealous and imaginative habit, and as there is

every reason for the belief that Berlioz was eminently French in his theory of the sexes, it is obvious that the ill-matched couple had but a small chance of happiness. There were frequent scenes between Lelio and his Ophelia; and of ignominious discontent—of accusation and retort, of tears and rage and shame, of doubt on the one side and resentment on the other—there cannot but have been an abundance. To a man like Berlioz, this condition of things must necessarily have been intolerable. He was impatient of control, greedy of triumph and change, and as "constitutionally incapable of fidelity" as Hazlitt himself; and his way out of the difficulty was but too plain to him. In 1840, the year of the *Funèbre*, he left his home to give some concerts at Brussels, and he returned to it no more. He took honorable care of his wife until her death, and of their son, his only child, he was extravagantly fond; but the tie between them was irreparably broken. As, once fairly divided, they seem to have been able to look on each other with great kindness and esteem, it is fair to conclude that the act of separation was a good thing for them both. Of Mademoiselle Récio, the lady who supplanted Madame Berlioz, little more recorded than that her disposition was vulgar and paltry, and that she insisted, though she was a bad artist and an incompetent musician, on singing at her husband's concerts. As Berlioz was incapable of meanness and was a hater of bad art, it is evident that he was fully as wretched in his second wife as in his first.

The Brussels concerts were an earnest of the fame that Berlioz was to win everywhere but in Paris. He took his music out into the world, and wherever he got a hearing, there did he score a triumph. Germany, her worship for the divinity of Bach and Mendelssohn, its prophet, notwithstanding, received him with open arms. Hamburg, Stuttgart, Hanover, Dresden, Weimar, Mannheim, Leipzig even—Mendelssohn's Leipzig—applauded him to the echo. At Berlin, then under the government of Meyerbeer, his receptions were royal. At Vienna, the women wore his portrait in bracelets and lockets; the emperor sent him a hundred ducats; he went to receptions at court, and was not afraid to answer impertinently an impertinent

question from Metternich himself. At Pesth, he was obliged to leave behind him, as a gift to the city, the original score of his tremendous arrangement of the *Rakoczy March*, the Hungarian *Marseillaise*. At Prague his musicians not only obliged Franz Liszt to thank him formally for the honor he had done them in asking them to bear a part in the performance of his *Roméo et Juliette*, but gave him a public supper, and presented him with a big silver cup. He was the object of all sorts of attentions in London, where he conducted awhile for the illustrious Jullien, and then for the Philharmonic Society and for himself. In Russia, whither he went to save himself from bankruptcy after the failure of his *Damnation de Faust*, he won honors innumerable: he was the guest of grand-duchesses, he had audiences twelve thousand strong. He was Benazet's vicegerent at Baden for several seasons in succession, and wrote for that great creature his charming and delightful *Béatrice et Bénédict*. Royal and imperial personages were happy to command his attendance, to decorate his coat with ribbons and crosses, to fill his pockets, to give him lodging and protection. In France he was a nobody; he had but to cross her borders in any direction to become a great man.

It is in speaking of these victories on foreign soil that he is heard at his best. He hated writing, and an article would cost him days and nights of misery; but I think he must almost have loved it when he sat down to tell his stupid and beloved Paris of the serenades, the bouquets, the orders, the processions, the "roaring and the wreaths," the votes of thanks, the huzzas, the tears and benedictions and prostrations, that were his portion elsewhere. Leave to do so was the only consolation not denied him by the "dear, d—d, distracting town," whose musician-in-chief he wished to be. However triumphant abroad, he had but to go back to Paris to find that he was mortal after all. The great city was never so happy as in hissing and hurting him. It preferred his prose to his music, and laughed heartily at his pretensions as a composer, and at the caricatures men made on him: at the "Symphony on the Civil Code," and the music descriptive of a gentleman getting up of a morning and tying his neckerchief in a

certain kind of knot. It thought him better employed as a juryman at its exhibitions than in inventing such masterpieces of symphonic drama as the *Damnation*, or in building up such Titanic tone-structures as the *Funèbre* and the *Messe des Morts*. To be even with it, Berlioz, who was not less ironical than sentimental, produced his *Repos de la Sainte Famille*, the charming idyl in music which forms the second part of his *Enfance du Christ*, as the work of an imaginary chapel-master of the seventeenth century, and had the immense satisfaction of hearing it vociferously applauded, and of seeing it put forward as something that, to save his life, the author of the *Fantastique* could never have achieved. When the joke was revealed, Paris enjoyed it a good deal, and took care to make much, not only of the *Repos*, but of the whole oratorio. It witnessed the production of the *Te Deum* (1856), with a mingled feeling of indifference and respect, though it was gratified to note that among the subscribers to that gigantic work were six several kings, queens, and emperors. But it had its revenge, and more than its revenge, when (1863) the old maestro, after years of labor and expectation, brought out his *Troyens à Carthage*, and asked in opera for some of the attention he had won in symphony. This was more than Paris would allow. It had admired his excellent restoration of Weber's *Freischütz*, for which he had written Weberian recitatives, and instrumented and arranged a Weberian ballet, comprehending the famous *Invitation à la Valse*, and it had applauded his superintendence of the revival and rehearsal of Gluck's magnificent *Alceste*. But it was not prepared to accept him as an original stage-musician. It was content with those it had already: with Boieldieu and Hérold, Rossini and Donizetti and Bellini, the penny-whistle called Adam and the musical box called Auber; and, having hissed his *Benvenuto*, a quarter of a century before, it dealt grudgingly and partially with his *Troyens*. He had counted on a long and glorious career for the work; it was his Benjamin, the child of his old age, rich in whatever was best in his art and himself; and he hoped much of it. But he had reckoned without his Paris. The *Troyens* was parodied freely, and served

as a pretext for innumerable insults. It was horribly mutilated and grievously misrepresented. And after a run of only five-and-twenty nights or so, it was withdrawn from the boards, whereon it has not since reappeared.

This was the end of Berlioz. He was old and tired. He was afflicted with an incurable neuralgia. He was wifeless and solitary. His heart was angry, but his spirit was broken. And he put off his armor, and left the battle. For the last six years he made no more music, he wrote no more articles. Symphonic ideas came to him but to be hunted away; and the *Troyens*—a transcript of which, inscribed "Divo Virgilio," and prefaced by a curt and scornful command that it should be sung and played exactly as he had written it, was revised and published by him ere he died—was his last work. "I am in my sixty-first year," he wrote soon after his defeat at

the Opéra; "I have no hopes, no illusions, and no big thoughts; my son is almost always abroad; I am alone in the world; my disdain for the dishonesty and stupidity of mankind, my hate of their atrocious ferocity, are at their height; and not an hour goes by but hears me bidding death remember that I am ready for him when he will." Presently it was told him that the "Stella Montis" of half a century ago was yet alive; so he sought her out, and for a while they seem to have played at Baucis and Philemon with a good deal of energy and some success. In 1866, however, the old musician lost his son; and from that time forth he had no more holds upon life. As he had said, he was impatient for the end; but the end was slow to come. It was close upon three years ere he was admitted to be a partaker in the benediction of death.

W. E. H.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.*

BY REV. ROBERT SHINDLER.

GENERAL JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD is the twentieth President of the United States. He is descended from an Edward Garfield, who, in 1635, was one of the proprietors of Watertown, having accompanied Governor Winthrop to New England. So far as is known, the family was of Saxon origin; and this conclusion is sustained by the complexion, temperament, and other characteristics of the President, as well as by his enthusiastic love of the language and literature of Germany, and other distinctive features of the German character. His father was born in Massachusetts, and his mother in New Hampshire.

In 1830 they settled in the Ohio forest, on a tract of land heavily wooded. A small log house was built, and the struggle to subdue the forest began. The farm is in Orange Township, Cuyahoga County, and is not more than eighteen miles from the flourishing town of Cleveland. Not quite two years afterward, November 19, 1831, young James was born.

At an early age he was left fatherless, and his mother had to struggle with many difficulties. Some portions of the forest had been turned into fruitful fields, when, one hot summer's day, a fire broke out in the surrounding woods, whose dry leaves and branches easily ignited. The ripening corn was in danger. The farmer's hopes were near destruction. With an admirable energy Abram Garfield set to work to throw up a dyke between his standing corn and the ravaging fire. After tremendous exertions he succeeded. But the success was dearly bought. Returning home, weary and overheated with his exhausting efforts, he took a chill. Inflammation of the throat followed which baffled all attempts to remedy. Medical practitioners in those thinly-settled districts were often mere pretenders, and Abram Garfield fell a victim to their incapacity. The poor fellow crept to the window of his log house to take a last look at his oxen, was seized with a paroxysm, and, leaning against the head of his rude bed, was choked to death. He was in the prime of life, and left four children to the care of his wife—a woman of intrepid spirit, of thorough Christian charac-

* "The Life and Public Services of James A. Garfield. By Captain F. H. Mason, late of the Forty-second Regiment, U.S.A. London: Trübner & Co., 1881.

ter, and well trained to self-reliant habits. James was the youngest child.

The good woman faced her difficulties with true heroism, and maintained her struggles with constant privation in a noble spirit. She refused to send her elder children out to work among neighboring settlers, toiling with her own hands to keep them together under her own eye. Year by year the fields were ploughed and sown, and the crops, often scanty, were gathered. She made her children's clothing, and that of the family of a neighboring shoemaker, who, in return, constructed clumsy but substantial shoes for the young Garfields. In summer the boys worked in the fields, in winter they divided their time between tending the cattle and wood-cutting, and attendance at the local school.

James, who received his first lessons in English as well as a bright example of noble devotedness from his mother, was a precocious boy, both physically and mentally. At four years of age he received at the district school the prize of a New Testament as the best reader in the primary class. At eight he had read all the books contained in the little log farmhouse, and began to borrow from the neighbors such works as "Robinson Crusoe," Josephus's "History and Wars of the Jews," Goodrich's "United States," and Pollok's "Course of Time." These were read, and re-read, until he could recite whole chapters from memory. He was equally master of arithmetic and the earlier stages of a course of English grammar. His work on the farm and in the woods developed a naturally healthy and robust constitution, and to any of his school-fellows who bullied him on the score of his poverty and his mother's humble manner of life, he proved such a formidable opponent that they were not forward to repeat the affront. In fact, his too ready resort to his fists to settle disputes and punish the arrogance of boys who insulted him was a source of sorrow to his meek and enduring mother.

His first contract for work was with a cousin, for whom he engaged to cut a hundred cords of wood for twenty-five dollars. He was now sixteen years of age. The wood overlooked Lake Erie, and the sight of the blue waters, and the

ships entering and leaving the port of Cleveland, revived the longing for a seafaring life which the reading of books of voyages and adventures had inspired. He resolved to become a sailor, and, as soon as his task was completed, he walked to Cleveland and went on board a schooner lying at the wharf. The crew were intoxicated, and the captain gave evidence of being a man of a coarse nature and brutal passions. This damped his ardor, and the same day, meeting another cousin who owned a canal boat plying between Cleveland and Pittsburgh, he engaged himself as driver. Three months later he was carried home to his mother sick with malarial fever, and in a state of unconsciousness.

This illness, and the five months of convalescence during which his mother nursed him back to health, proved a grand turning point in his life. The opportunity for which she had prayed was given, and while with tender care she nursed him, she sought to plant in his mind higher aims in life than his boyish dreams had pictured to him. The schoolmaster aided her in these endeavors, and as soon as James was sufficiently recovered, he entered the seminary of Geauga, fourteen miles distant, as a student. His whole stock of money was seventeen dollars, but he rapidly acquired what proved of more value than money, a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. There was an end to his ideas of the sea, and his thirst for knowledge grew day by day. His means were very limited, but during vacations he employed himself in teaching, and during harvest seasons in farm work.

While at the seminary, he was brought under the power of religion, and joined a small branch of the Baptist body known as "Campbellites" or "Disciples," of whom Alexander Campbell, an eloquent Scotch preacher was the leader. The creed of the "Disciples" does not differ widely from that of the rest of the body, embracing belief in the Divinity of Christ, His atoning death, baptism (immersion) on a profession of faith, and the New Testament as the only standard of doctrine and rule of practice.

The progress of the "Disciples" in Northern Ohio led to the establishment

of an academical school in the village of Hiram, thirty miles from Cleveland. Here the future ministers and elders of the church were educated. To this "school of the prophets" young Garfield went, first as a scholar, next as a tutor, and finally as a teacher. His progress was marked, and in a short time he was qualified to enter Williams College, one of the oldest and most advanced of all the institutions of learning in New England. President Hopkins took kindly to the young Western student, whose gigantic size made him as conspicuous as his proficiency in Greek and Latin made him distinguished. After two years at Williams College, he went back to Hiram Seminary as professor of ancient languages and English literature, and at the end of a year he became president of the institution.

He was now (1857) twenty-six years of age, and, while full of energy himself, had a happy way of imparting that energy to all who came under his influence. There were three hundred students in the institution at that time, and no one could be indifferent to the great aims and purposes of education who listened to his lectures. The early morning assembly, which usually extended over an hour, was a good start for the day. Proceedings commenced with prayer in the chapel, then a chapter of the Bible was read, followed by an extemporaneous address, sometimes upon a Scripture subject, sometimes on some recent political event or some scientific subject, or upon a new book. Once, it is said, he took the newspaper report of the tragic death of Hugh Miller, setting forth the lessons of his noble life in words which made a profound impression.

Manliness is one distinguishing feature of his character, and he strove to inspire the young men of the institution with like habits, as also of self-reliance and courage. They were encouraged in athletic exercises, football and cricket being the games in which he excelled, and in which he personally superintended their efforts. He drew them all toward him, so that, as one of them has said, "a bow of recognition, or a single word from him, was to me an inspiration."

During this period Mr. Garfield added to his labors as an educationist those of

a preacher. Though not set apart to the ministry, he was none the less a powerful and convincing preacher, and was not only acceptable but popular. He increased his popularity and influence, too, by means of a public debate with a spiritualist lecturer, who sought to overthrow the truths of the Bible by the theories of geology. The lecturer took the ground of Mr. Darwin in his doctrine of evolution, Garfield that of revelation. The latter had only three days to prepare for the contest with his able opponent, who was well versed in his theories, and had a ready utterance. Garfield hit upon a novel expedient to complete his preparation. He summoned six of his most advanced students, placed before them the plan of his argument, and then turned them into the college library to select, copy, and condense proofs of its chief parts. They completed their work in twenty-four hours, when the whole plan of the discussion was gone through. The result was that Garfield so overwhelmed his opponent that he abandoned his theory, and gave up his fight against the Bible. But other conflicts and successes awaited him.

The question of slavery was coming to the front. Out of the discussion as to whether Kansas and Nebraska should be slave or free territory, there grew up a large and powerful Free Soil party. Out of this party again there was organized a great national Republican party, which, after four years of great but effective work, returned Abraham Lincoln as President in 1860. Into these discussions Garfield threw his strength, and in the extension and triumphs of the party and its cause he bore a conspicuous part. In 1859, when he was only twenty-eight years old, he was elected a State senator for Ohio. Soon after this the smouldering embers of rebellion in the Southern slave-holding States broke out into a flame. Garfield had already become one of the acknowledged leaders of the Radical branch of the Republican party, forming with J. O. Cox (afterward Governor of Ohio), and Professor Munroe, of Oberlin College, the "Radical Triumvirate." They saw the storm coming, but hoped it would pass over without a general war, or, at least, without a conflict of so destructive and bitter a character as en-

sued. The disaster at Bull Run dispelled all such hopes. Seven days after, Senator Garfield accepted a commission as lieutenant-colonel of a regiment then organizing at Camp Chase. A few days after this he received a commission as colonel, to organize and command a new regiment, the Forty-second Ohio Infantry. A hundred students from Hiram College enlisted as a company during the first week, and in a short time the regiment was full. Arming and drilling went on vigorously, the men inspired by the devotion of their colonel, who set himself vigorously to master all the details of military duties and war tactics. In three months they were ready for the field. The regiment was a remarkable one. There were graduates and undergraduates, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, carpenters, blacksmiths, engineers, farmers, printers, and machinists serving in the ranks.

The State of Kentucky was not out of the Union, but there could be no doubt as to its general disloyalty. Its eastern frontier was invaded by 5000 Confederates under Marshall. In December Colonel Garfield was ordered to report himself and his regiment to General Buell, at Louisville. The historian of the Forty-second Regiment relates his interview with Buell, and the result :

On the evening of the 16th of December Colonel Garfield reached Louisville, and sought General Buell at his head-quarters. He found a cold, silent, austere man, who asked a few direct questions, revealed nothing, and eyed the new-comer with a curious searching expression, as though trying to look into the untried colonel, and divine whether he would succeed or fail. Taking a map, General Buell pointed out the position of Marshall's forces in Eastern Kentucky, marked the locations in which the Union troops in that district were posted, explained the nature of the country and its supplies, and then dismissed his visitor with this remark : " If you were in command of the sub-department of Eastern Kentucky what would you do ? Come here to-morrow at nine o'clock and tell me." Colonel Garfield returned to his hotel, procured a map of Kentucky, the last Census Report, paper, pen, and ink, and sat down to his task. He studied the roads, resources, and population of every county in Eastern Kentucky. At daylight he was still at work ; but at nine o'clock he was at General Buell's head-quarters with a sketch of his plans.

Having read the paper carefully, Buell made it the basis of an immediate order, placing Garfield in command of a brigade of four regiments of infantry and a

battalion of cavalry, ordering him to Eastern Kentucky to expel Marshall's force in his own way. The result of this appointment was that the battle of Middle Creek was won, the first Federal victory gained, and the Confederates were driven out of that part of Kentucky ; and this by men inferior in numbers to their own, and who had never been under fire before. For this service he was made a brigadier-general of Volunteers. He took an important part in the battle of Shiloh, and after other valuable services he was ordered to join General Rosecrans at Murfreesborough. In a recent letter Rosecrans says : " When Garfield arrived, I must confess I had a prejudice against him, as I understood he was a preacher who had gone into politics, and a man of that cast I was naturally opposed to." But he adds, " I found him to be a competent and efficient officer, an earnest and devoted patriot, and a man of the highest honor." He was made chief of staff of the army of the Cumberland, and immediately he began to organize a " Bureau of Military Information," by which he rendered essential service to the Government and the army.

The influence Garfield acquired over Rosecrans, the manner in which a council of war decided to act on his suggestions and advance upon the enemy, contrary to the written opinion of seventeen of his principal officers, are recorded at length by Whitelaw in his history, and more briefly by Captain Mason in his sketch. The campaign of Tullahoma and the important battle of Chickamauga were followed by Garfield's promotion to be major-general.

While the war was proceeding, and he was thus rendering important service in the field, his native State had elected him to a seat in Congress. He was divided between the two most important calls. His regiment was still at the front, and there he felt he ought to be ; but when Rosecrans sent him to Washington to report minutely to the President the state and necessities of the army of Chattanooga, Lincoln strongly urged him to resign his commission, and take his place in Congress. There was no lack of brave and competent generals in the field, but there was a sad lack of men in Congress who understood the wants and requirements of the army,

and who were capable, and could be trusted, to deal with the important governmental questions then pending. The question of emancipation was coming up—a war measure ostensibly, but upheaved by a vast amount of popular opinion and strong philanthropic principle—with which there was strong sympathy in Great Britain, especially in some circles. The Confederates were evidently resolved to fight to the bitter end, and the question was, not whether the North was stronger than the South, but whether Congress, the Treasury, and the War Department could bring up men in sufficient numbers, backed with sufficient resources, to strike the decisive blow. The early enthusiasm had declined in some quarters, and the not infrequent blunders and inexperience at Washington had produced their effect on the army, while the long lists of killed and wounded served also to abate the zeal of some. Some of Garfield's fellow-officers joined with the President in urging him to take his seat in Congress, well aware of the value of his experience, his sound judgment, and his ready eloquence. He yielded to their request from a sense of duty rather than from choice.

The four counties in the north-eastern corner of Ohio, lying along the southern shore of Lake Erie, known as the "Western Reserve," were ceded in colonial days to the "Connecticut Land Company," and settled by pioneers from New England.

The conditions of settlement (says Captain Mason) offered special advantages to officers and soldiers who had served creditably in the patriot armies during the war of the Revolution; and thither, in the early years of the present century, came the flower of the energetic, educated, conscientious people of the New England States. So distinctly have the descendants of these pioneers retained the characteristics of their ancestors, that the "Western Reserve" is to-day more like a portion of Massachusetts or Connecticut than any other similar district west of the Hudson River. It is a reading, thinking, praying community, which is remarkably fastidious in its choice of political representatives, keenly watchful of their conduct, and loyal to them against all opposition so long as they are faithful to their trusts.

The honor this constituency conferred on the young major-general was soon reflected on themselves. On entering the House, he was at once assigned to the Committee of Military Affairs, and he

soon became almost the controlling influence there. But this paper is far too limited to allow of even the slightest sketch of his multifarious labors both in and out of Congress. From the head of the Military Committee he became, after the war was ended, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and, still later, chairman of the Committee of Appropriations. This committee deals with all governmental expenditures, including those of the army and navy, the postal service, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the consular and diplomatic and other services, preparing estimates and schemes for the disposal of Congress. He strenuously opposed the false measures in reference to paper money which produced the panic of 1873, and contended for a measure which should restore money to its proper value. A passage from one of his speeches has reference to one of our English sovereigns:

Mr. Speaker—I remember that on the monument of Queen Elizabeth, where her glories were recited and her honors summed up, among the last and the highest, recorded as the climax of her honors, was this—that she restored the money of her kingdom to its just value. And when this House shall have done its work—when it shall have brought back values to their proper standard—it will deserve a monument.

This subject of finance had been one of close study with him, especially English finance. The entire record of British legislation on commerce and currency for two hundred years had been so studied that he had all their most important facts at command. And therefore, when several prominent statesmen brought forward in Congress plans for meeting the difficulties of the Government which would amount to an absolute repudiation of their promises, Garfield stood up and fought the battle of justice and right. His words on this occasion are worth recording:

The dollar is the gauge that measures every blow of the axe, every swing of the scythe, every stroke of the hammer, every fagot that blazes on the poor man's hearth, every fabric that clothes his children, every mouthful that feeds their hunger. The dollar is a substantive word, the fundamental condition of every contract, of every sale, of every payment whether from the national treasury or from the stand of the apple woman in the street. Now, what is our situation? There has been no day, since the 25th of February, 1862, when any man could tell what would be the value of our legal currency dollar the next month or the next

day. Since that day we have substituted for a dollar the printed promise of the government to pay a dollar. That promise we have broken. We have suspended payment: and have, by law, compelled the citizen to receive dishonored paper instead of money.

After pointing out the errors and wickedness of this system, he concluded by urging the gradual restoration of the ancient standard of value, "which will lead us," he said in conclusion, "by the safest and surest paths to national prosperity and the steady pursuits of peace."

The obnoxious measure was defeated; but in July of the following year, a Bill was introduced to tax the United States bonds. Garfield was again a stout opponent. He concluded an able speech by saying, in tones which produced their due effect on the House:

Mr. Speaker—I desire to say, in conclusion, that in my opinion all these efforts to pursue a doubtful and unusual, if not dishonorable policy, in reference to our public debt, spring from a lack of faith in the intelligence and conscience of the American people. Hardly an hour passes when we do not hear it whispered that some such policy as this must be adopted, or the people will by-and-by repudiate the debt. For my part, I do not share that distrust. The people of this country have shown, by the highest proofs nature can give, that wherever the path of duty and honor may lead, however steep and rugged it may be, they are ready to walk it. They feel the burden of the public debt, but they remember that it is the price of blood—the precious blood of half a million of brave men who died to save to us all that makes life desirable or property secure. I believe they will, after a full hearing, discard all methods of paying their debts by sleight of hand, or by any scheme which crooked wisdom may devise. If public morality did not protest against any such plan, enlightened public selfishness would refuse its sanction. Let us be true to our trust a few years longer, and the next generation will be here with its seventy-five millions of population and its sixty billions of wealth. To them the debt that remains will be a light burden. They will pay the last bond according to the letter and spirit of the contract, with the same sense of grateful duty with which they will pay the pensions of the few surviving soldiers of the great war for the Union.

The matter was justly deemed to be of so grave a character, and the fear was with equal probability entertained that the sentiments of the inflationists would compromise the national credit abroad, that the Secretary of the Treasury had the two speeches of General Garfield printed in pamphlet form and sent to

the leading statesmen and financiers of Europe. A copy came into the hands of Mr. John Bright, who showed it to Mr. Gladstone. They marked their sense of appreciation of the speeches by nominating their author as an honorary member of the Reform Club, a motion which was readily carried, and which General Garfield regarded as a high compliment.

British economists may possibly take exception to General Garfield's views on the tariff, but the result might be different if they could look at the subject from his side as well as their own. "As an abstract theory," he remarks, "the doctrine of free trade seems to be universally true; but, as a question of practicability, *in a country like ours*, the protective system seems to be indispensable." The fact is, he takes a middle course, and contends for protection not for its own sake, but as a means to an end. "*I am for a protection*," says he, "*which leads to ultimate free trade*. I am for that free trade which can only be achieved through a reasonable protection."

For other features of General Garfield's public work, and for the steps which led to his election by a good majority to the Presidential chair, reference must be had to Captain Mason's excellent sketch. We will only add here that General Garfield has a wife who is worthy of him, the choice of his early days, and one who is not carried away from her simplicity of living by the sudden elevation of her husband, and who is well fitted to be his patient helper and peaceful solace amid all his weighty cares, as also to train their five children to follow the worthy example of their father. The mother of the President, who fought so nobly the difficulties and endured so patiently the trials of her early widowhood, still lives to meekly share the blessings Providence has sent her family. In the plain but comfortable brick house which the General built some years ago in Washington, or in the neat Gothic farmhouse, a few miles east of Cleveland, the country home of her son, she spends her now declining days in peace, contented and happy, but looking forward to that home above where there are no partings and no tears.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

LEIGH HUNT AS A POET

BY ARMINE T. KENT.

"I HAVE not shovelled my verses out by cartloads, leaving the public, much less another generation, to save me the trouble of selection. I do not believe that other generations will take the trouble to rake for jewels in much nobler dust than mine. Posterity is too rich and idle. The only hope I can have of coming into any one's hands, and exciting his attention beyond the moment, is by putting my workmanship, such as it is, into the best and compactest state." Such is the modest declaration prefixed by Leigh Hunt to a collection of his poems published in 1832, and containing, as he says, not above a third of the verses he had written. That he was decidedly overscrupulous in winnowing his own productions is abundantly clear. The intercession, for example, of a "partial friend" (probably Keats) was found necessary to procure the insertion of the beautiful sonnet on the Nile :

"It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands

Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,

And times and things, as in that vision, seem Keeping along it their eternal stands,—

Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands That roamed through the young earth, the glory extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam, The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

'Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,

As of a world left empty of its throng,

And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,

And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take Our own calm journey on for human sake."

Of a poem entitled "The Nymphs" he retained only a few passages. Yet of this poem Shelley wrote, "What a delightful poem 'The Nymphs' is! especially the second part. It is truly *poetical* in the intense and emphatic sense of the word." This does not read like an insincerity of friendship. In point of fact, Leigh Hunt was far too keen a critic to take pleasure in the manufacture of what he used to call "*heart* and *impart* verses." But in the meantime, before any question arises of "raking in the dust" of Leigh Hunt's poetry, one

is arrested by the more initial misgivings, whether the verses which he himself was willing to believe worth reading have not unjustly lost the ear of the world. That no author can be written up or down except by himself, is a truism which he endorses in his autobiography; but on the other hand, no man can write himself up if he be out of print, and it may be suspected that many forgotten worthies are left in that limbo by the mere ocstancy of publishers. The public ought to be, and no doubt is, duly grateful for the convenient existing edition of much of Leigh Hunt's prose, but his poems are now not very easily obtainable in England. America has shown itself more appreciative. Perhaps a short consideration of his special excellences as a poet may help to recall attention to writings which deserve at all events to be easily accessible.

Leigh Hunt made a very early appearance as a writer of verse. In the year 1801, when he was only sixteen, a collection of his boyish poems was published under the title of "Juvenilia," and ran through no less than four editions. The most interesting thing in connection with this early volume is the observation made upon it by Byron to the author, on the occasion of their first meeting. "He told me that the sight of my volume at Harrow had been one of his incentives to write verses, and that he had had the same passion for friendship as I had displayed in it. To my astonishment he quoted some of the lines, and would not hear me speak ill of them." For the rest, it is candidly and correctly described in Leigh Hunt's own words, as "a heap of imitations all but absolutely worthless. I wrote odes, because Collins and Gray had written them, pastorals, because Pope had written them, 'blank verse,' because Aken-side and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure,' because Spenser had written a Bower of Bliss. I had nobody to bid me go to the Nature which had originated the books." We have the usual Pantheon of abstractions, from "Animation" to "Panting Asthma," the customary

felicitations of "Dobson, happy swain;" and the no less customary denunciations of the "sceptred Nero's", and "purpled wretches" whose lot is cast otherwise. As for the versification it answers for the most part to the humorous description afterward put by Leigh Hunt into the mouth of Apollo in the "Feast of the Poets:"

"So ever since Pope, my pet bard of the town,
Set a tune with his verses, half up and half
down,
There has been such a doting and sameness
—by Jove!
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble
in love!"

How thoroughly Leigh Hunt outgrew this and the other false ideals of his boyhood the lines quoted partly bear witness, nor would it be worth while to dwell on his artificial immaturities, were it not for the influence which his early tastes had upon his subsequent poetical practice. His addiction in boyhood to the school of Pope enabled him to view in after years with a genial catholicity of appreciation the wit and eloquence which Bowles and others set the fashion of unduly decrying. It is probable that none are fitted to appreciate the eighteenth century writers but those to whom their very verbiage has a certain charm of association. No one-sided sentiment of reaction against our so-called Augustan literature disqualified Leigh Hunt from becoming, as he afterward became, the greatest master since the days of Dryden of that heroic couplet, which had become to most minds indissolubly associated with the prosaic versification of the eighteenth century school.

It seems clear that Dryden's successors, by accentuating the one defect of his versification as a whole, his "beating too much upon the rhyme," withdrew the attention of the great poets of the beginning of this century from the infinite capabilities of the couplet as Dryden used it. Pope, from an accurate perception where his own strength lay, and Pope's followers, from a blind submission to his authority, or from an ear defective or untrained, were fully persuaded that in discarding triplets and alexandrines, eschewing dissyllabic rhymes, and adopting a see-saw balance of rhythm, they had effected an undoubted improvement; while the great

poets of the early part of the nineteenth century either allowed themselves to fall in with this long-standing superstition, as did Byron; or discarded the couplet in disgust, as did Coleridge, and for the most part Shelley; or, finally, ran headlong with Keats into an opposite and equally artificial extreme. "The great fault of 'Endymion,'" observes Leigh Hunt with his usual acuteness in such matters, "next to its unpruned luxuriance (or before it rather, for it was not a fault on the right side) was the wilfulness of its rhymes. The author had a just contempt for the monotonous termination of every-day couplets; he broke up his lines in order to distribute the rhyme properly; but going only on the ground of his contempt, and not having yet settled with himself any principle of versification, the very exuberance of his ideas led him to make use of the first rhymes that offered; so that, by a new meeting of extremes, the effect was as artificial, and much more obtrusive, than the one under the old system. Dryden modestly confessed that a rhyme had often helped him to a thought. Mr. Keats, in the tyranny of his wealth, forced his rhymes to help whether they would or not; and they obeyed him, in the most singular manner, with equal promptitude and ungainliness."

Few in these days, now that we have long ceased to be harassed with the monotony of eighteenth-century verse, will dispute the justice of this verdict, or be slow to acknowledge that the fashion set by "Endymion" has produced a quantity of couplets of a very tiresome and unmusical description. The old workmanship was at all events neat and conscientious as far as it went, nor was a poetic genius required to make it pass muster. The old-fashioned couplet could be handled on occasion by such prose-giants as Bentley without serious disaster. A poet of the last century complacently observed that:

"—he who runs may read, while well he knows
I write in metre what he thinks in prose."

This was all very well; but when we find nowadays some unqualified aspirant adopting the couplet of Keats, it is a very different matter. "*Musæ furcillis præcipitem ejiciunt.*" It was formerly held that lines of unequal lengths must certainly be Pindaric, and there seem to be a tendency to hold now, that line

which escape monotony must certainly be harmonious. The tamest verse is perhaps ill-exchanged for prose run mad.

The "Story of Rimini," Leigh Hunt's first serious poem of importance, and written in the ten-syllable couplet, was published in 1816, with a preface advocating the still unpopular theories of poetry upheld by Wordsworth sixteen years before in his famous "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads." But it is observable that Leigh Hunt's instinctive critical insight kept him clear of the mistake into which his great predecessor had fallen, in looking to an unlettered peasantry for poetical language. "The proper language of poetry is in fact nothing different from that of real life, and depends for its dignity on the strength and sentiment of what it speaks." Thus far they are agreed. But Leigh Hunt goes on, "It is only adding *musical modulation* to what a *fine understanding* might naturally utter in the midst of its griefs or enjoyments." We have here just the two vital points on which Wordsworth, in his capacity of critic, had failed to insist. A quotation from the "Story of Rimini" will exemplify what has been said with respect to versification, and present to those who may be unfamiliar with Leigh Hunt's poetry some slight notion of its distinctive character. Literary criticism without quotation is indeed "vescum papaver"—at once innutritious and soporific. An adequate idea cannot, however, be conveyed, without more copious citation than will here be possible, since much of the beauty of the poem consists in the unembarrassed vivacity of transition with which the story is made to move before the reader—the affluent vigor of invention with which picture after picture is touched in before his eyes. This art of telling a story is rare in English poetry. Even considerable poets will seem at times, when occupied with narrative, to flag and loiter, to dwell, as it were, in their stride: their motion, to vary the metaphor, is not so much a triumphal progress as a series of bivouacs. In the "Story of Rimini" succession seems to be reconciled with continuity; and every new surprise of fancy comes upon the reader with the satisfying force of an iteration. To prove this would be to quote a whole canto. Fortunately, there

is scarcely a passage which is not sufficiently picturesque in detail to suffer detachment.

" 'Tis, nature, full of spirits waked and springing :—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scatterly light.
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

" Already in the streets the stir grows loud
Of joy increasing and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
Years the deep talk, the ready laugh ascends :
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims chanting in the morning sun.

" With heaved-out tapestry the windows glow,
By lovely faces brought, that come and go :
Till, the work smoothed, and all the street attired,
They take their seats, with upward gaze admired ;
Some looking down, some forward or aside,
Some readjusting tresses newly tied,
Some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow
Of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow ;
But all with smiles prepared, and garlands green,
And all in fluttering talk impatient for the scene."

There is here an *abandon*, a hilarity, a glad acceptance of the pleasure and beauty to be found in trifles, to parallel which in England we have to go back to the poets more immediately under Italian influence, and to express one aspect of which we have been forced to borrow an Italian word—*gusto*. 'This spirit has now become so alien to our literature, the poetry of pure high spirits without and "undercurrent woe" is a thing so rare, that it is perhaps not surprising if it fails to meet with ready recognition. Leigh Hunt himself was fond of attributing his cheerfulness to the West Indian blood in his veins, and accounted in this way for the more cordial reception his poems met with in America. In England his

"animal spirits" were set down in many or most critical quarters to mere affectation, especially when they manifested themselves in any verbal eccentricities. Gifford in the *Quarterly* fell with rabid violence on such expressions as "scattered light." Gifford, it is true, was one of the "critics who themselves are sore," having been made ridiculous in the "Feast of the Poets;" but other judges, who had less reason to be biassed, concurred in his strictures. Leigh Hunt accordingly altered this and other offending phrases in subsequent editions. Unfortunately, he further allowed himself to be criticised out of such expressions as "freaks and snatches," to which no one would not think of demurring. And yet more unfortunately, he was induced to give up a considerable number of dissyllabic rhymes. The first couplet in the passage quoted he altered as follows:

" 'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and loved,—
E'en sloth to-day goes quick and un-
improved—"

lines pleasant in themselves, but how inferior to those which they supplant!

" 'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and spring-
ing,
The birds to the delicious time are sing-
ing,—"

The hypermetric syllables here are like the first hurried notes of the birds themselves, impatient to get into the thick of their own music.

The excellently realistic lines—

" Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of de-
light—"

he also sacrificed to I know not what stilted folly of censorship. Over-diffidence in self-criticism was perhaps natural to one who occupied himself so much with the study of masterpieces; but it is none the less lamentable to find him making such concessions as these to the requirements of a theory even then obsolescent. To those who are tempted to think that diffidence in a poet is its own justification, it may be sufficient to recall the preface to "Endymion." Most of the quotations here made I have ventured to give as they stood in the earlier editions.

Leigh Hunt took pleasure in identifying passages in his favorite Spenser with the names of great painters whose works

they recalled, Titian, Claude, or Raphael. His own poetry is itself intensely pictorial, so much so, that he was accused, oddly enough, of transferring images direct from canvas; as if looking at a cattle-piece made it easier to hit off in words the

"Cattle, looking up askance

With ruminant meek mouths, and sleepy
glance."

Among numberless instances of such graphic effects take the following of swans, occurring in a description of Naiads:

"Others pass
Nodding and smiling in the middle tide,
And luring swans on, which like fondled
things
Eye poutingly their hands; yet following,
glide
With unsuperfluous lift of their proud wings."

Or this of eagles:

"Eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and
drear
Answering the strain with downward drag
austere."

Or this of a fountain:

"And in the midst, fresh whistling through
the scene,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the
green,
Clear and compact, till at its height o'er-
run
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun."

Or this of bees with its felicitous verb:

"Then issues forth the bee to *clutch* the
thyme."

Or this, with its pleasant union of Virgilian reminiscence and direct observation, but in which the poetry, as indeed generally happens, gets beyond the reach of painting:

"But Autumn now was over, and the crane
Began to clang against the coming rain,
And peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea,
Which oft returned a face of enmity."

Or this, which recalls a passage in "Tears, idle Tears:"

"And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white."

Or this of a thunder-cloud:

"Sloping its dusky ladders of thick rain."

How vivid again is this description of a winter's evening:

"Naught heard through all our little lulled
abode,
Save the crisp fire, or leaf of book turned
o'er,
Or watch-dog, or the ring of frosty road."

Leigh Hunt felt and expressed the commonest sights and sounds in this minute and forcible fashion, as when he speaks in his Autobiography of the "mud-shine" on the pavement in front of a theatre at night, or describes how—

"Childhood I saw, glad-faced, that squeeze-th tight

One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away."

There is a theory propounded in "Rasselas" to the effect that the business of the poet is to remark only "general properties and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest." He must "neglect the minuter discriminations for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness." The statement, as might have been expected from its authorship, goes somewhat too far, but the theory itself is perhaps not altogether unsound. The difficulty of course is to determine what may be considered to amount to vigilance or carelessness in observation. There are, however, undoubted instances in poetry of a tendency to mistake the discursive knowledge of the naturalist for the unifying emotion of the poet, and to adopt a theory which would make the admirable author of the "Gamekeeper at Home" potentially as great a poet as Keats. Leigh Hunt is never obnoxious to criticism of this kind. To be aware, for instance, of the truth of the following passage, it is enough to have walked in the streets; to feel it thus intensely, to utter it thus felicitously, was assuredly to be no inconsiderable poet.

"His haughty steed, that seems by turns to be Vexed and made proud by that cool mastery, Shakes at his bit, and rolls his eyes with care, Reaching with stately step at the fine air; And now and then sideling his restless pace, Drops with his hinder legs, and shifts his place,

And feels through all his frame a fiery thrill; The princely rider on his back sits still, And looks where'er he likes, and sways him at his will."

The last three lines are a fine example of Leigh Hunt's remark that the triplet "enables a poet to finish his impulse with triumph." He characteristically adds: "I confess I like the very bracket that marks out the triplet to the reader's eye, and prepares him for the music of

it. It has a look like the bridge of a lute."

There are other lines descriptive of horses in the "Story of Rimini" to the full as good as those quoted; but enough perhaps has been said of Leigh Hunt's mastery of the picturesque. Word-painting is an art not always looked upon with favor by the austere votaries of form. To those who have a keen sense of niceties of language, it must, however, be always a source of the intensest pleasure. A certain measure of attraction it will retain, even when it borders on mere ingenuity, but when it rises upon the wings of its own self-delight into the higher levels of emotion, theories can touch it no longer. "The general consent and delight of poetic readers" is, after all, the only true touchstone of poetry. It seems a deplorably indefinite standard, but a better has yet to be found.

The following passage, called by Leigh Hunt "Ariadne waking, a Fragment," will exemplify the delicacy of the gradation between poetry merely picturesque and poetry in its more spiritual forms:

"The moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,

When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.

She waked but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full
seas,

The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'er-night,

The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to keep

Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
'I know my love is near me, and 'tis day.'"

Though there is here no word-painting properly so called, there is not a line that is not purely descriptive, yet the subdued rapture of the treatment moves the reader in a way which might have been thought impossible to descriptive poetry.

Our next quotation shall be from the "Lines to T. L. H., six years old, during a sickness:"

"Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness
Of fancied faults afraid;

The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
*These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.*

"To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—*is gone ;*
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so."

The metre here used, with its quick recurrence of rhyme and heavy equability of accent, is finely adopted for the utterance of the emotion which is as placid as despair. Giovanni's lament over his brother's body in the "Story of Rimini" is conceived with a similar emphasis of sorrow.

"But noble passion touched Giovanni's soul ;
He seemed to feel the clouds of habit roll
Away from him at once, with all their scorn ;
And out he spoke, in the clear air of morn:—
'By heaven, by heaven, and all the better part
Of us poor creatures with a human heart,
I trust we reap at last, as well as plough ;—
But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou ;
And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight,
That ever rode with banner to the fight ;
And thou wert the most beautiful to see,
That ever came in press of chivalry ;
And of a simple man thou wert the best,
That ever for his friend put spear in rest ;
And thou wert the most meek and cordial,
That ever among ladies eat in hall ;
And thou wert still, for all that bosom gored,
The kindest man that ever struck with sword.'"

Most of the phraseology of this passage is taken from an old romance, but few, in the face of ancient and modern precedent, will think the less of it on that account. The concluding lines of the sonnet on Kosciusko are yet more loftily and directly impressive.

"There came a wanderer, borne from land to land
Upon a couch, pale, many-wounded, mild,
His brow with patient pain dulcetly sour.
Men stooped, with awful sweetness on his hand,
And kissed it ; and collected Virtue smiled,
To think how sovereign her enduring hour."

The description of Giovanni in the "Story of Rimini" is interesting apart from its cleverness, inasmuch as Lady Byron appears to have told her husband with considerable candor, and probably with no less insight, that it reminded her of his own character.

"Bold, handsome, able, if he chose, to please,
Punctual and right in common offices,
He lost the sight of conduct's only worth,
The scattering smiles on this uneasy earth,
And on the strength of virtues of small weight,
Claimed toward himself the exercise of great.
He kept no reckoning with his sweets and sours,
He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for the immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience, so designed to keep
Stern central watch, while all things else go sleep,
That no suspicion would have touched him more
Than that of wanting on the generous score :
He would have whelmed you with a weight of scorn,
Been proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In short, ungenerous for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb."

This lacks the condensation of the characters of Achanis or Atticus, but it is hardly less subtle and lifelike. The following is in a lighter vein :

"There lived knight, when knighthood was in flower,
Who charmed alike the tilt-yard and the bower ;
Young, handsome, blithe, loyal and brave of course,
He stuck as firmly to his friend as horse ;
And only showed, for so complete a youth,
Somewhat too perfect a regard for truth ;
He owned 'twas inconvenient, sometimes felt
A wish 'twere buckled in another's belt,
Doubted its modesty, its use, its right,—
Yet, after all, remained the same true knight.
*So potent is a custom early taught,
And to such straits may honest men be brought."*

The fresh and quiet humor of the last couplet is as pleasant as one of Dryden's versions of Chaucer. But it is in the more airy exuberance of mirthful trifling that Leigh Hunt is specially at home. Take, for example, the lines "On seeing a Pigeon make love."

"Is not the picture strangely like ?
Doesn't the very bowing strike ?
Can any art of love in fashion
Express a more prevailing passion ?
That air—that sticking to her side—
That deference, ill-concealing pride,—
That seeming consciousness of coat,
And repetition of one note,—
Ducking and tossing back his head,
As if at every bow he said,
'Madam, by heaven,' or 'Strike me dead !'
And then the lady ! look at her !
What bridling sense of character !
How she declines and seems to go,
Yet still endures him to and fro ;

Carrying her plumes and pretty clothings,
Blushing stare and muttered nothings,
Body plump, and airy feet,
Like any charmer in a street.

Give him a hat beneath his wing,
And is not he the very thing?
Give her a parasol or plaything,
And is not she the very she-thing?"

A reviewer in the *Athenæum* some time ago, after quoting with due appreciation Leigh Hunt's line "April, with his white hands wet with flowers," added that Leigh Hunt was "decidedly not a great poet." This is no doubt the current opinion, as far as an opinion on the point is current at all. Yet it is difficult to be quite sure, firstly, on what such opinions are based, and secondly, what measure of depreciation they are intended to imply.

*"And collected Virtue smiled
To think how sovereign her enduring hour."*

Few will deny this to be great poetry in any or every sense of the word, full of solemnity and sobriety, and having a special character and music of its own. Probably what is meant is, that such lines are not sufficiently frequent in Leigh Hunt; that the "application of great ideas to life," which we are now given to understand is the proper business of the poet, is for the most part ignored. Even in the hands of their first authors, these theories of the moral purpose in poetry are apt to become the merest dogmatism. Was Milton, for example, in the wrong, when he delighted in a poem so completely unmoral as the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid? And, on the other hand, when these theories "descend into the street," instead of helping the average reader to attend to something which he might otherwise be prone to neglect, they rather tend to confirm him in the desperate condition of the frequenters of the galleries of our theatres, who, as many may lately have had occasion to observe, applaud Cassio's diatribes against drinking with more warmth than anything else in *Othello*.

Leigh Hunt's own opinion on this matter may be inferred from his judgment of Coleridge's poetry, that it was "on the whole the finest of its time, that is to say, the most quintessential, the most purely emanating from imaginative feeling, unadulterated by 'thoughts' and manner."

Or let us hear him in verse :

"And he's the poet, more or less, who knows
The charm that hallows the least truth from
prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes."

An exquisite line, which could scarcely be attributed to any one but Leigh Hunt, and which bears us refreshingly away from the neighborhood of the discontented criticism which refuses to take books as it finds them.

Leigh Hunt's own estimate of his poetical status was the reverse of overweening, but shows his usual discrimination. "I please myself with thinking, that had the circumstances of my life permitted it, I might have done something a little worthier of acceptance in the way of a mixed kind of narrative poetry, part lively and part serious, somewhere between the longer poems of the Italians, and the fabliaux of the old French. My propensity would have been (and oh! had my duties permitted, how willingly would I have passed my life in it! how willingly now pass it!) to write 'eternal new stories' in verse, of no great length, but just sufficient to vent the pleasure with which I am stung on meeting with some touching adventure, and which haunts me till I can speak of it somehow. I would have dared to pretend to be a servant, in the train of Ariosto, nay, of Chaucer,

"—and far off his skirts adore."

As it is, his best poetical work is limited in quantity, and he must be included in the long list of poets whose infertility is a stock grievance. As he makes Apollo lament—

"There's Collins, it's true, had a good deal
to say,
But the dog had no industry, neither had
Gray,"—

And the same might be said even more truly of Coleridge and others. On Leigh Hunt's part there was no lack of industry; but his amiable eagerness to leave the world better than he found it, beguiled him into the then dangerous path of political journalism, brought him into collision with the law of libel, and was every way unfavorable to free poetical activity. It would be hasty and ungrateful to affirm that the world is none the better for his struggles and sufferings. It may be believed, for instance,

that every ill-judged prosecution for libel must have forwarded the legitimate freedom of the press. And if the good that a man does may in any degree be measured by the abuse that he gets for doing it, Leigh Hunt must be ranked very high among reformers. "He will live and die," wrote Gifford, in reviewing his poems, "unhonored in his own generation; and for his own sake it is to be hoped, moulder unknown in those which are to follow." One cannot but feel that "a very clever, a very honest, and a very good natured man," to quote Macaulay's description of Leigh Hunt, must have done good to an extent very considerable indeed, to be written of in this fashion.

His occupations as a critic further contributed to withdraw Leigh Hunt from poetry, but this was a distraction scarcely to be regretted. The pleasure of hearing the judgments of a poet on fine specimens of his own art is rare enough to reconcile us to the loss of a certain proportion of his own poetical work, especially when the criticism is not of that barren sort which disdains to dwell upon minutiae of style. In order to be fully alive to the improvement brought about in popular taste by Leigh Hunt's criticism, it should be remembered that it appeared in days when the criticism in vogue was of the following sort. "The very essence of versification is uniformity; and while anything like versification is preserved, it is evident that uniformity continues to be aimed at. What pleasure is to be derived from an occasional failure in this aim, we cannot exactly understand. It must afford the same gratification, we should imagine, to have one of the buttons on a coat a little larger than the rest, or one or two of the pillars of a colonnade a little out of the perpendicular."

It was against facetious incompetence of this kind that Leigh Hunt defended Keats; in the words of the criticism of the day, "it was he who first puffed the youth into notice in his newspaper." And, to give another example, we have lately been reminded that he was one of the first to welcome the sonnets of Mr. Tennyson Turner. Leigh Hunt was in fact the leader of a school of poetry and criticism, in which Keats was looked upon as a neophyte; which Byron ac-

cused of corrupting the taste of Barry Cornwall, and which was called the cockney school, apparently from a notion that daisies ceased to be daisies when they grew at Hampstead.

Leigh Hunt also occupied himself a good deal with translation, chiefly from the Italian poets, and incurred remonstrances from Shelley on the point. "I am sorry to hear," Shelley wrote, "that you have employed yourself in translating 'Aminta,' though I doubt not it will be a just and beautiful translation. You ought to exercise your fancy in the perpetual creation of new forms of gentleness and beauty." Yet here, too, there are compensations. The following, for example, from Martial, is as good as a morsel of Herrick:

"Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipped away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone."

Leigh Hunt also excelled, as might have been expected, in the rendering of playful passages, such as those in the "Bacchus in Tuscany," or the "Confessions of Goliath."

"I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me the glass
when I am shrinking,
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see
me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's
way of thinking."

I have purposely selected for quotation this urbane version of somewhat hackneyed lines, as it seems to have been ousted in text-books of literature and history—for example, in Mr. Green's "Short History"—by a dull ridiculous quatrain ending, "God have mercy on this sot, the angels will begin,"—an utterance purely savage and shocking without any touch of pleasantry. No one will doubt that the original is conceived in a jocose vein, however serious the underlying intention may have been. Leigh Hunt found the lines in Camden's "Remains," and no doubt shared Camden's error with respect to the character of Walter Map.—*Fortnightly Review*.

PUNCH AND PULCINELLA.

BY E. M. CLERKE.

IN the familiar spectacle of our streets and alleys the effect of the national fire-side ideal of life in modifying an imported type is not less strongly exemplified than in the higher walks of art. For while, on Pulcinella's native soil, his bachelor escapades and mishaps in courtship and wooing furnish the favorite entertainment of his *lazzaroni* audience, it is the privacy of Mr. Punch's hearth and home that is laid bare for the edification of the British public, and the somewhat strained state of his family relations that forms the subject of the drama at which they are invited to assist. Thus, even this disreputable wanderer, by appearing before us in the sacred character of husband and father, and transforming himself into what our French neighbors call *un homme d'intérieur*, casts a halo of English respectability over the doubtful antecedents of his vagrant career that not even his slightly exaggerated notions of conjugal discipline and mistaken views on nursery management altogether suffice to dissipate.

But our vagabond friend, if we may believe antiquarians, can lay claim to our respect on another and more unexpected ground—that of classical association and aristocratic antiquity of descent. And as in other pedigrees the mere fact of remoteness is held to ennoble ancestors whose deeds might not otherwise seem a title to honor, we may be excused from looking too closely into the character of the early Oscan dramas, or Atellan farces, in which our popular hero is supposed to have his prototype. Suffice it to say that they were ancient rustic performances, depending very much for their power to amuse on rude buffoonery and wit of the broadest sort. Having survived, in remote districts, from pre-historical down to classical times, they were introduced to Roman audiences from the Campanian town of Atella, the modern Aversa, close to which is Acerra, the traditional home of the Neapolitan Pulcinella.

A conspicuous figure in these rustic farces was a character called Maccus, and in a small bronze statue of this per-

sonage discovered in Rome in 1727, but only known to us now from engravings, we recognize the deformed figure, exaggerated nose, and staring eyes so familiar to us on our puppet stage. But it is a singular circumstance that these characteristics are much more distinctly traceable in the expatriated Punch than in his Neapolitan original, who is simply a blundering clown, clad in a loose white blouse or smock frock, and wearing a black mask over the lower part of his face. As Andrea Perrucci, the writer of a book published in Naples in 1699 claims the creation of this part for a comedian named Silvio Fiorillo, who lived some time previously, when the original of the English Punch must have already started or been about to start on his travels, we may perhaps conclude that this actor developed or improved upon a previously existing type preserved unchanged in the more primitive drama of the wandering showman.

Punch, with many other foreign visitors of still more questionable character, made his first appearance in England shortly after the Restoration. We may safely conclude that "the famous Italian puppet-play" witnessed by Pepys at Covent Garden, on May 9, 1662, where he says there was "great resort of gallants," and by John Evelyn five years later, was no other than the drama of which the immortal hunchback is the hero. In neither of these records, indeed, is he mentioned by name; but under a later date, April 30, 1669, the following passage occurs in Pepys' diary: "Among poor people there in the alley, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short." And in Aubrey's "Surrey," in describing a room in Sir Samuel Lely's house at Whitehall, he says, "On the top was a Punchinello holding a dial"—two instances of the use of the word which leave no doubt that the character was already familiar to the English public.

We next find our hero, about the year 1703, at Bartholomew Fair, enlivening

by his wit a puppet-play representing the "Creation of the World," a survival of the old miracle or mystery plays. At a similar spectacle at Bath, in 1709, Punch and his wife danced in the ark with spirits unsubdued by the cosmic catastrophe of the deluge, which formed the subject of the drama, and the incorrigible jester, putting his head out to survey the rising waters, remarked aside to the patriarch, "It is a little foggy, Mr. Noah."

In the *Spectator* of March 16, 1710-11, appears a letter, written in the character of the under-sexton of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, complaining that his congregation took the warning of his bell, morning and evening, "to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell, under the Piazzas," and begging that for the future Punchinello may be persuaded to choose less canonical hours. From another letter in the same paper we gather that "Whittington and his Cat" was the piece which competed so detrimentally with the attractions of the Church, and that there appeared in it a trained pig, which in the first scene danced a minuet with Punch. This puppet-theatre was the favorite lounge of the fashionable world, and among the most frequented places of amusement of its day; but since then the fame of Punch has been sadly on the wane.

No longer delighting by his freaks the idle hours of the upper ten thousand, he has had to stoop to furnish recreation to the lowest grades of society, and we see him reduced to seek an audience in the miscellaneous crowd of a by-street, among the gaping rustics of a village fair, or in the midst of the disreputable concourse at a provincial race meeting. Meantime, his once varied repertory has shrunk to a single piece, which has survived all the others by some inscrutable working of the laws of taste. Thus caught up, as it were, by a side-eddy, withdrawn from the main current of life, and circling as a stray waif in its backwaters, how long will it be before he is finally stranded with all the other flotsam and jetsam of the shore?

It was in his passage through France that our itinerant adopted some of those characteristics by which he is known to us. His first appearance in French history is in the garb of a political satirist in the year 1649, when a letter to Cardi-

nal Mazarin was signed in his name, and concluded with these lines:

Je suis Polichinelle
Qui fait la sentinelle
À la porte de Nesle.

This was in point of fact the spot where the famous Jean Brioché, or Briocci, the prince of puppet-players, had not long before established himself with his miniature troupe, of which Polichinelle was the central figure. It is here that we find the first suggestion of that canine companion whose antics we are accustomed to associate with those of Punch, though not a dog, but an ape, was the original partner of his performance. This was no other than the illustrious Fagotin, known as *le Singe de Brioché*, whose varied accomplishments and tragical end have earned for him an historical reputation. So apt was his counterfeit of humanity as to delude the noted duellist Cyrano de Bergerac, who, taking him for a lacquey, and believing his gesticulations to be meant for personal ridicule to himself, drew his sword and ran the poor little comedian through the body. This event, which occurred in 1655, was the subject of a pamphlet, and in it we find the following description of Fagotin's get up:

Il était grand comme un petit homme, et bouffon en diable; son maître l'avait coiffé d'un vieux vigogne, dont un plumet cachait les fissures et la colle; il luy avait ceint le cou d'une fraise à la Scaramouche; il luy faisait porter un pourpoint à six basques mouvantes, garni de passements et d'aiguillettes, vêtement qui sentait le laquétisme; il luy avait concédé un baudrier, d'où pendait une lame sans pointe.

The individual Fagotin was dead, but the type survived, forming thenceforward an indispensable part of every puppet performance; and we can perceive from the foregoing description that the mantle of Brioché's murdered ape has fallen on Punch's four-footed ally, the dog Toby. The elder Brioché was succeeded by his son; and during the lives of these two men Polichinelle remained a prominent figure in Parisian society, his escapades attaining sufficient importance to draw down the censures of Bossuet. There, as in England, however, obscurity has since overtaken him, and he has disappeared, probably forever, from social and historical notoriety.

We must visit Pulcinella at home to find him at the present day, in posses-

sion of a local habitation and a fixed abode, for in Naples he still has his theatre, where he reigns the hero of the performance. Yet even here, on his native soil, his supremacy has within the last few months been seriously threatened, by the appearance of a rival, who, under the name of Sciosciammocca, has entered upon contest with him for popular favor. At present public opinion seems to have gone over to the innovator, whose wit and smartness are an irresistible attraction. Those, however, who are constant to their former idol believe that he will in the end triumph over the usurper, and as a national type be ultimately preferred to a character embodying a universal one. Fools and blunderers of the stamp of Sciosciammocca, they contend, are to be found all the world over, while the originals of Pulcinella exist nowhere but in Naples, and are there found in somewhat too great abundance.

The Neapolitan buffoon is one of the last of those traditional characters, survivals of the classic mimes, round whom the personages and incidents of Italian comedy down to the last century were inevitably grouped. These stereotyped figures were always invested with the same costume and attributes, and were distinguished by wearing masks; a reminiscence, doubtless, of the primitive votaries of Thespis, who were accustomed to stain their faces with the lees of wine or some other substance, in order to prevent the scenic illusion from being destroyed by the recognition of their individual personality. Of these typical masks, Pulcinella is the sole extant representative, and it would therefore be matter for regret that this remaining link of continuity with the past should be broken by the spirit of modern innovation.

The lineal descendant of the Oscan Punch, or Maccus, has little in common with his British namesake, to whom his relationship seems at first sight rather remote. Pulcinella, in the first place, is not played by a puppet, but by a human actor; neither has he those peculiarities of figure which we are accustomed to associate with the name. His features we do not see, as they are hidden by his black mask, and his dress, consisting of a white smock frock, baggy trousers, and peaked bonnet of the same color, is

somewhat of a surprise to us. His speech, of course, is the broadest Neapolitan dialect, unintelligible to foreign ears, but racy and pungent to those who understand it, and seasoned, be it observed, with wit not always of the most refined. Pulcinella, thus attired, represents a rustic simpleton newly arrived from his native district of Acerra, and his perpetual scrapes and misadventures in the unaccustomed atmosphere of the city are the ordinary subjects of the piece.

He is locked up in a lunatic asylum, and cudgels all the inmates, including the doctor; or, imprisoned by mistake, after effecting his escape, he loses his way and finds himself back in his dungeon. He has prepared himself a breakfast of macaroni swimming in tomato sauce, and is gloating over it in anticipation, when a series of visitors arrive in succession, and, sitting down without ceremony, help themselves to the tempting dish until nothing is left to the lawful owner. His helpless dismay as he assists at the demolition of his repast is irresistibly ludicrous. He is enamored of a pretty young girl, but in proposing for her, to her aunt manages to make his offer in such ambiguous language that the elder lady takes it to herself. She plans her future ménage in high delight, becomes more and more confidential and communicative, until at last by a chance word she betrays to her supposed suitor the misapprehension she is laboring under. He bluntly disclaims the possibility of such an idea, ungallantly informing her that she is much too old, which draws down upon him a storm of Neapolitan Billingsgate, and he has to beat a speedy retreat under a sharp fire of all available projectiles.

In Pulcinella's theatre, the San Carlino, we have in short the most perfect reproduction of the street life of Naples, with its joyous animation, sudden outbursts of violence, and general aspect of jovial good humor. The dialogue has all the verve of improvisation, the action the spontaneous fire of the inspiration of the moment. It is difficult to believe that anything has been rehearsed or studied beforehand. Pulcinella and his companions seem to be living their daily life in our presence, just as their compatriots out of doors appear to enact a perpetual drama for our benefit. In

our memory afterward, the two sets of pictures blend into a single whole, in which the classic mask of the Campanian buffoon seems no anachronism, nor his ludicrous adventures a caricature. Elsewhere indeed he would be out of place, and it is not surprising that he should never have travelled far from Naples without undergoing a total transformation.

In the hero of the puppet drama to which he has given his name, his proper characteristics were speedily obliterated to give place to the more accentuated type required for that class of performance. Even here, however, they were originally retained, for in one of Pnielli's old engravings of Rome a street puppet show appears, with Pulcinella clad in his traditional garb of white blouse and black half-mask.

The origin of his name has long been a puzzle to etymologists, and many ingenious surmises have been hazarded in reference to it. One writer has invented a mythical character called Puccio Aniello; another an equally imaginary Paolo Cinelli; a third an individual of the surname of Polliceno, in order to supply a satisfactory derivative. The most generally accepted interpretation, however, is that which regards Pulcinella as the diminutive of *pulcino*, a chicken, in allusion either to the squeaky voice or beak-like nose of the personage so named. It is curious, however, that the word in its earlier forms always appears to have had an extra syllable, which would seem to militate against this hypothesis, and is written *Polecenella*, *Policinella*, etc. The truth is that in manufacturing names for the typical characters, of which the Italian stage was so prolific, their inventors often attended more to sound than sense, as in the name of Giangurgolo, the Calabrian buffoon; of Scapino, the original of Molière's celebrated trickster, and a host of similar comic figures.

As regards the English corruption, Punch, it is curious that the same combination of letters should have been introduced into the language over again through a different and totally independent channel. As the name of the beverage, it is derived from the Hindu word, *panch*, five (short *a*, pronounced like *u*), in reference to the five ingredients combined in it, brandy, water,

lime-juice, sugar, and spice, the art of brewing which into a refreshing compound we owe to our Indian fellow-subjects. With the word "puncheon," again, the name of the puppet hero has no connection, though its application to a short, thickset figure may seem to suggest it. *Poinçon*, in French, is an instrument for drilling holes, and the wine-vessel is supposed to have received the same name from having been stamped with a distinctive mark by it, just as "hogshhead" is a corruption of "ox-head," the brand by which that measure was formerly distinguished.

But whatever the original associations of the word "Pulcinella," it has come to be synonymous with any character provocative of popular mirth, and is now used through the whole of Southern Italy in this wider and more elastic sense. Thus, in Sicily and Calabria, the name is appropriated during carnival time to sets of mummers or masqueraders, whose performances, called *Pulcinellate*,* *Farse di Carnevale*, or *Carnescialate*, are perhaps a closer reproduction of the original Atellan farces than any more regular form of dramatic entertainment. Two or three merry fellows go about masked, playing various instruments, a lute, a cymbal, and a tambourine, singing or reciting a rude dialogue before the shops where different varieties of provisions are sold, and receiving from each a contribution in kind. Thus, they stop first to address their petition to the vendor of paste or macaroni, and Pulcinella No. 1 leads off in the following strain:

Good master dear, a loving friend is here,
Come with his lute, an old and faithful crony,
To try the flavor of your macaroni.

Pulcinella 2 follows suit.

Friends one and two and three, good master,
here we be,

With loving suit to touch your heart so stony,

And Pulcinella's here, with lute and merry cheer,

On purpose come to taste your macaroni.

Being presented with the donation as requested, the three sing a chorus of thanksgiving, and the first speaker then

* An interesting account of these performances is given by Signor Apollo Lumini in his book, "Le Sacre Rappresentazioni nei Secoli xiv," etc.

asks to be shown the residence of the hostess of the neighboring tavern.

I prithee show where lives the tavern-hostess,
With skin like new bleached linen, but so artful,

She gains five farthings clear on ev'ry cartful.

I love the pretty vintneress whose boast 'tis
To fill the glass, but when the froth is off it,
There's nothing left, and so she makes her profit.

They then lay siege to mine hostess in the same style as above, but with exaggerated language of hyperbolical compliment in deference to her sex, and, having been regaled with wine, proceed to the butcher's, and a variety of other shops.

When they have collected a store of bread, sausages, cheese, and other comestibles, they returned home singing :

Friends one and two and three, the chase is over,

The sportsman drops his musket and, more-over,

Would see his prey beneath a steaming cover.
Friends one and all, there chimes the evening bell,

The goatherd goes his round his milk to sell ;
The night has come, so kindly fare ye well !

In these primitive dialogues, always recited of course in the popular dialect, we are more likely to find the traditional type of Pulcinella than in any set performance. Perhaps, too, they may help to elucidate the origin of his name. Among the ancient Greeks a similar practice prevailed of going about on holidays to solicit gifts in kind, the petition being made in the name of various kinds of birds, and the *Crow Song* and the *Swallow Song*, sung on these occasions, are still extant. It is a very strange coincidence that in remote parts of Ireland the same custom still exists in connection with the wren, which is hunted and killed on the 26th of December to be carried through the streets on a furze bush decked with ribbons, while the *Wren Song* is sung and alms collected from door to door. The animosity to the wren is accounted for in a popular legend that the projected surprise of a Danish camp was frustrated by one of these little creatures, which roused the enemy at the critical moment by pecking on the drums. Now, the widespread association of a bird with this species of holiday-begging, suggests the

possibility that among the Greeks of Southern Italy, a chicken may have been sometimes adopted as its pretext, hence the name of Pulcinella as applied to the maskers in the performance. It is perhaps a somewhat far-fetched conjecture, but worth hazarding as a speculation, that the modern Italian idiom, *a macco*, signifying in great profusion, or superabundance, may have been derived from the plenteous gifts with which the classic Maccus was loaded on these occasions.

There is no doubt that we have in these rude dialogues, whether themselves of extreme antiquity or not, specimens of the most primitive form of drama, and that from such simple germ all subsequent elaborations of theatrical art have been developed. In the *Farse Carnelivari* of Calabria, we find popular drama in a slightly higher stage of advancement, for in them there is a very imperfect attempt at distinction of character. The one we shall describe is played in the streets by a group of actors, Pulcinella, a king, his daughter, a duke, and soldiers. As they take up their position, the prologue, in Calabrian dialect, is recited by Pulcinella, while a guitar or barrel organ supplies the music, always a necessary part of these street shows.

Clear, clear a space—in this wide place,

Our merry group we will install,

For mirth and joy without alloy

We bring to glad the carnival.

Halt there, good folk, who love a joke,

Halt there at Pulcinella's call ;

Here armed I stand with wooden brand,

Who dares approach me, dead shall fall.

Here, here I be, armed cap a-pie,

With pistol, bayonet, dirk and all,

And round my waist are pockets placed

Crammed full of cartridges and ball.

I'm Pulcinella, come from Scella,

Hear, hear and tremble, great and small ;

For on your city, without pity,

War's dreadful scourge will I let fall !

The delightful inconsistency of this address, opening with a promise of mirth and joy, and winding up with a declaration of war, will not fail to strike the reader, and is quite of a piece with what follows. The king opens the dialogue, reproaching Pulcinella in good round terms.

What means this braggart tone ?

Vile miscreant, have done !

My daughter's love is won

By the Duke Saraon.

PULCINELLA.

With this good pistol I
Will make you basely fly
Full in the city's view.

KING.

And I with my good brand
Will run you through and through ;
Respect I should command,
At least from such as you.

Ho, there, good friend ! arrest this ruffian,
and carry him to the walls of the city.

SOLDIER.

Down, prostrate on the ground,
Or, by the holy deuce,*
I'll wait for no excuse,
But shoot you like a hound.

This will suffice as a specimen of the dialogue ; and in regard to the plots, its extremely unsatisfactory nature may be gathered from a brief sketch. Scarcely has Duke Saraon appeared on the scene and claimed the king's daughter as his bride, than the monarch, who had just ordered Pulcinella into irons, without any intermediate dialogue to explain his change of mind, proclaims him as his chosen son-in-law, desires his chains to be struck off, summons a notary, and, dispensing with all preliminaries, announces the most generous dispositions as to the young lady's fortune, and bestows her on Pulcinella on the spot.

This utter inconsequence in the action of the piece points to the conclusion that it is either a fragment of a more complete one, in which some attempt was made to furnish a probable motive for the conduct of the personages, or a distorted version of some older fable.

Such as it is, it furnishes an illustration of the different working of popular taste in England and Italy, in developing opposite ideals from the same original type.

The imaginative nature of the Italian peasant seeks a stimulus and outlet for poetic fancy, in themes remote from his own experience, while an English audience, in the lower classes at least, prefers to see on the stage a literal mimicry of its every-day life. The Calabrian Pulcinella, though himself a clown, is the successful rival of a duke in wooing a king's daughter, and is left in a vague region of mythical triumph and bliss, while the British Punch is but a vulgar criminal of the commonest type, who beats his wife, kills his child, and cheats the hangman. It is only in the great cities in Italy that the influence of a similar realism asserts itself in popular drama, and that we see on the boards in Pulcinella and his congeners, the familiar figures of the streets and piazzas. Everywhere on the rustic stage the performance, however rude, aims at heroic dignity of subject, and the illusion, that owes nothing to external aids, is entirely supplied by the minds of the audience. Realism is a product of civilization, and is perhaps a reaction from the tangible wonders with which it surrounds us ; while unsophisticated man in a ruder state of society takes refuge from the monotony of his actual existence by creating for himself that dream-world of the marvellous which only through the gate of fancy can he enter into.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

 WHITEBAIT.

A FISH DINNER without the time-honored whitebait would, in the eyes of most persons besides fastidious epicures, be considered as incomplete as Christmas fare without the turkey, or an Easter dinner without its joint of lamb. Hence "fried silkworms," as Theodore Hook in his jocular moments was in the habit of calling these little delicacies of our table, are always much in request at this season of the year ; and their

very name alone is sufficient to stamp the festive board, of whatever nature it may be, with an air of grandeur and dignified refinement. Thus at every fashionable restaurant—not to mention those countless nondescript coffee and refreshment taverns where the most tempting inducements are held out to persuade the passer-by to gratify the sense of taste—one of the chief attractions is the announcement that "whitebait is in season." In spite of the widespread popularity, however, of this

* "Santo Diavolo," a Calabrian curse.

dainty morsel of fare, much doubt exists as to the exact time when it came into request. According to some antiquaries, its popularity dates from the year 1780, when Richard Cannon, a fisherman of Blackwall, prominently brought before the public of that date the unrivalled merits of this savory little fish, which has aptly been described as being "as silvery as a newly made shilling." Hence we are told ever since Cannon's time this coveted dish has gradually, year, by year, increased in esteem, until its fame nowadays ranks so high, that he would indeed be a courageous host who should condescend to entertain his friends at dinner without this indispensable accompaniment of fashion. Last year, therefore, was an important one with many of the fishing world, as commemorating the hundredth year of the eating of whitebait. Although, however, Richard Cannon may, in some respects, have been instrumental in introducing this fish as a special delicacy, and in expounding its many excellent qualities, yet it must be remembered that long before his time it was acknowledged as a capital item of fare. Thus, for instance, as early as the year 1612, in the general feast of the founder of the Charter-house given in the hall of the Stationers' Company on May 28th, we read of "six dishes of whitebait" as forming one of the courses at this fashionable banquet. It has also been suggested that whitebait may have been served up at the dinner-table of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth in their palace of Greenwich, especially as, off this part of the Thames and Blackwall opposite, it has from time immemorial been caught in large quantities. There can be no doubt that from generation to generation this little fish has been eaten and relished at many a banquet, although in years gone by it may not have been known under its present appellation. Indeed, we find on record many an interesting account of dinners given by fellows of learned societies, lord mayors, and aldermen, city companies, and rich private individuals, at which whitebait was considered the chief dish.

Again, it is still a matter of much dispute as to what the so-called whitebait really is, many contending that it is the young of the shad, others of the sprat.

Mr. Yarrell, however, the eminent naturalist, has contended with great plausibility that both these theories are wrong; pointing out, as an argument in favor of his assertion, that the young of the shad is partly spotted. This, he argues, is not so with the whitebait, which never exhibits a spot at any age — its color being a uniform silvery white. There is moreover, too, a specific distinction between the shad and whitebait, which consists in the number of small bones extending from the backbone. Thus Mr. Yarrell informs us that in the case of the shad the number of vertebræ or small bones, of whatever size the specimen may be, is invariably fifty-five, while in the whitebait it is always fifty-six. Even in a fish, he tells us, of two inches, their exact number may be distinctly made out with the assistance of a lens. A writer in the *Daily News* of September 1, 1880, speaking of whitebait, says: "It varies very much in size and quality, according to the season of the year. Thus, in February and March, considerable numbers of yearlings are caught. These are without doubt "yearling" herrings. In June and July the bait run very small, and "heads and eyes" appear in the nets. These are very minute, gelatinous little creatures, so transparent that the bright silvery eye is the most noticeable portion of them." According also to Professor Huxley the whitebait is not a distinct species of fish, but only the young of herrings. In a lecture recently delivered at the National Fishery Exhibition at Norwich (April 21, 1881), he said as follows: "The well known "whitebait" of the Thames consists, so far as I have seen, almost exclusively of herrings under six months old; and as the average size of whitebait increases from March and April onward, until they become suspiciously like sprats in the late summer, it may be concluded that they are the progeny of herrings which spawned early in the year, in the neighborhood of the estuary of the Thames, up which these dainty little fish have wandered." Passing on, however, from this much disputed question, we may note, in the next place that the proper whitebait season is considered by the principal Thames fishermen to commence when the Parliament-

any session begins, and to conclude when it ends. As we have already said, in the course of the month of March whitebait generally make their appearance in the Thames, being then exceedingly small, apparently but only quite recently changed from the albuminous state of the young fry. During the ensuing months they are caught in immense numbers, not only being consumed by the constant succession of visitors who frequent the different taverns situated in the neighborhood of Greenwich and Blackwall; but large supplies being every day dispatched to the metropolis by railway or steamer, where they may be seen in almost every fishmonger's shop, and advertised on tavern *cartes* of all descriptions.

During the past forty or fifty years, too, whitebait-catching has become quite an important branch of British fishery, and, with the ever-growing popularity of this fish, is yearly, it would appear, increasing in value. Indeed, we are informed that one firm alone pays as much as a hundred pounds a week in wages during the season; and at another place the large sum of one thousand pounds is paid every year as wages to the whitebait-catchers. These figures are alone sufficient to show how many thousands of the poorer classes are more or less supported by what is looked upon as an article of luxury; and when it is therefore considered how highly beneficial the popularity of this fashionable delicacy is in promoting the livelihood of those whose means are next to nothing, we can only hope that its well-deserved popularity will continue, for years to come, to retain the honored place of supremacy which it now holds.

As regards the origin of the term "whitebait" there is every reason for supposing that its name is due to its beautiful whiteness when first caught. Thus, in former years, these little fishes were used as "bait" for the crab-pots, and were called "whitebait" in contradistinction to the baits that were not white. Cuvier describes it under the title of "*harengale blanquette*," remarking that the little silver fish is of "a most brilliant silvery white, and that its fins are in like manner of pure white." Mr. Yarrell, also, speaks of the whitebait as "*clupea alba*." In

Flanders, where whitebait are caught in the Scheldt, near the mouth of the Durme, they bear the French provincial name of "*Mange-tout*," a by no means inappropriate expression. A common Flemish name, too, is "*pin*," which is perhaps in allusion to the minuteness of their form. Referring to the particular mode of catching whitebait by which a constant supply is daily obtained for the enormous demand during the season, it would seem that in years gone by this practice was considered highly injurious to the fry of fish in general; and hence the rule and order of the lord mayor was to the following effect: "No person shall take at any time of the year any sort of fish usually called whitebait, upon pain to forfeit and pay five pounds for every such offence; it appearing to this court that, under pretence of taking whitebait, the small fry of various species of fish are thereby destroyed." At Gravesend, whitebait are frequently caught by the Thames fishermen in the small meshed nets used for taking shrimps—generally known as "trinker nets."

At one time whitebait seems to have been eaten by the lower orders, if we may rely on a statement of Mr. Pen-nant, who, alluding to this fish, tells us, "they are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion during the season a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places where they are taken." If, indeed, this statement be correct, a great change must have come over the class of epicures frequenting Greenwich and Blackwall since Pen-nant's day; for nowadays it is not the poor, but rather the higher and richer classes, who can afford to sit down to a whitebait dinner. Thus, among those who honor, from time to time, a whitebait dinner with their presence may be found representatives of the highest and most exalted personages in the land, extending from the Court of St. James's Palace at the fashionable West End to the Lord Mayor and Corporation in the East. For many years, too—although from various circumstances, the rule has occasionally been broken through—it has been customary for her majesty's ministers to bid adieu to their parliamentary labors by partaking at Green-

wich of their "annual fish dinner," at which not the least in importance among the many sumptuous articles of fare is the "dish of whitebait," with its homely accompaniment of brown bread and butter, and refreshing cup of iced punch.

As regards the cooking of whitebait, one of the special conditions for its success, when prepared for the table, has been that they should be directly netted out of the river, into the cook's caldron. At the same time, however, there can be no doubt that the delicacy of this little fish rests as much upon its skilful cookery as upon its freshness. In days gone by the chief rendezvous for lovers of whitebait during the summer months was Lovegrove's "bait-kitchens" at Blackwall, where it was said to be cooked with the utmost skill. The manner in which it was dressed may be briefly summed up as thus: The fish was generally cooked within an hour after being caught, and for this purpose it was kept in water, from whence it was taken by a skimmer as occasion required; they were then thrown upon a layer of flour contained in a large napkin, in which they were thoroughly shaken until completely enveloped in flour; they were next put into a colander, the superfluous flour being removed by sifting. As soon as this process was over, they were put into hot lard contained in a copper saucepan placed over a charcoal fire, and in about two minutes were removed by means of a tin skimmer, then thrown into a colander to drain, and immediately served up, being placed on a fish drainer in a dish. Of course the rapidity of the cooking was of the utmost importance, otherwise they lost their crispness. In Flanders the manner of cooking whitebait is quite primitive, though the only one, we are told, agreeable to the taste of the people. Of every little fish the tail is clipped off with scissors, boiling water is kept ready on the fire, and the whitebait is cast into it. At the first bubbling of the water, which happens in a minute or two, the fish are immediately strained, and dished up; melted butter being the only sauce. Although the method of cooking them is extremely simple, they are nevertheless relished as one of the greatest delicacies, and, as such, are in constant demand.

Once more, the present paper would

not be complete without a short notice of the ministerial fish dinner, the origin of which is somewhat obscure. According to one account, in the early part of the last century, a very high tide in the Thames broke down a portion of the sea-wall that protected the marshes of Essex, near the village of Dagenham. An extensive tract of valuable land was, in consequence of this occurrence, flooded and lost; and notwithstanding various costly attempts carried on for a succession of years, the breach remained in its deplorable condition. At last, however, in the year 1721, an engineer named Perry was successful in his endeavors to repair the wall—a feat which, it is reported, made as great a sensation at that time as the construction of the Thames Tunnel in after years. The work, however, was considered of such importance that an act of Parliament was passed, appointing a body of commissioners for its superintendence. These when elected were mostly city gentlemen, and they soon arranged among themselves a dinner as a preliminary step for afterward discussing their business. In a short time it was discovered that the inland lake of water, which it was found almost impossible to drain entirely off, produced excellent freshwater-fish. Hence we are told, on the authority of a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, their visits came to be connected with a dinner of fresh fish, caught and served up in the board-room, which formed part of a building close to the floodgates, usually known as Breach House, and which had been purposely erected for the accommodation of the superintendent of the works. This dinner soon became an annual institution, and many of the commissioners who had country houses in different parts of Essex contributed not only wines from their cellars, but fruit and flowers from their gardens for dessert. Distinguished guests, too, were invited, including the cabinet ministers, the latter being conveyed from Whitehall in the royal and admiralty barges. Hence, in course of time, it became a kind of ministerial whitebait dinner; and afterward, owing to the long journey from Westminster, the scene was changed from Breach House and transferred to one of the taverns at Greenwich.

Another origin, however, has been assigned to this annual festivity, which is as curious as the preceding one. Many years ago, on the banks of Dagenham Reach, in Essex, a merchant named Preston, a baronet of Scotland, and some time M.P. for Dover, occupied a cottage, where he was in the habit of seeking quietude and relief from his parliamentary and mercantile anxieties ; frequently entertaining as his guest the Right Honorable George Rose, secretary of the treasury. On one occasion Mr. Rose accidentally happened to intimate to his host that he was quite sure Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship both were proud, would much enjoy a visit to such a charming country nook, removed, as it was, from the bustle and turmoil of every-day life. The premier was accordingly invited, and so much enjoyed his visit that he readily accepted an invitation for the following year. After being Sir Robert Preston's guest several

times, it was finally decided that, as Dagenham Reach was a long distance from London, and the premier's time was valuable, they should henceforth dine together near Westminster. Thus Greenwich was selected, and as this place was more central, other guests were invited to meet the premier, who in time included most of the cabinet ministers. As, however, the dinner was now no longer of a private character, and embraced many visitors personally unacquainted with Sir Robert Preston, it was decided that he should be spared the expense ; but, as a compromise, he insisted on supplying a buck and the champagne. The time for dining together was generally after Trinity Monday—a short time before the close of the session. On the death of Sir Robert Preston, the dinner assumed a political character, and the party was limited to the cabinet ministers.—*Belgravia Magazine*.



MARGERY DAW.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I'm in love, but I've never told her,
 Never told the maiden I love ;
 I lie in the long green grass and behold her,
 As she swings all day in the boughs above.
 I'm a student with toil o'erladen,
 And a student ever should books prefer,
 But she's such a darling dainty maiden,
 My thoughts go swinging away with her.

See saw !
 Margery Daw !
 Up in the apple-tree Margery swings ;
 And I, lying under,
 Watch her, and wonder
 What is the ditty that Margery sings.

And she goes swinging ; and I go slaving,
 Turning the leaves of a musty book,
 But surely that was her white hand waving,
 And surely that was my darling's look.
 A perfect fortress of books I sit in,
 Ethics, economy, politics, law,
 But all the pages I vow were written
 By that little philosopher, Margery Daw.

See saw !
 Margery Daw !
 Up in the apple-tree Margery swings ;
 And I, lying under,
 Watch her, and wonder
 What is the ditty that Margery sings.

The light is fading, the day grown older,
 And now the westering sun is gone,
 And Margery I no more behold her :
 In the deep cool grass I lie alone.
 For Margery she was a sunbeam only,
 And I was a fool for all my pains,
 But whenever I'm sad and whenever I'm lonely,
 Back comes Margery, back again.

See saw !
 Margery Daw !
 Up in the apple-tree Margery swings ;
 For "Life's a dream,
 And love's a shadow !"
 And that is the ditty that Margery sings.

Temple Bar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ILLUSIONS : A Psychological Study. By James Sully. (International Scientific Series. Volume xxxiii.) New York : *D. Appleton & Co.*

This volume, as the author explains in his preface, embraces in its view "not only the illusions of sense dealt with in treatises on physiological optics, etc., but also other errors familiarly known as illusions, and resembling the former in their structure and mode of origin." First pointing out the distinction between illusion and hallucination, Mr. Sully proceeds to deal in regular order with illusions of perception (that is to say, errors which counterfeit actual perceptions), dreams, illusions of introspection (errors arising from misobservation or misinterpretation of internal feelings), illusions of insight, illusions of memory, and illusions of belief. To some one, often to several, of these forms of illusion nearly every man is sometimes liable. "Hardly anybody," says Mr. Sully, "is always consistently sober and rational in his perceptions and beliefs. A momentary fatigue of the nerves, a little mental excitement, a relaxation of the effort of attention by which we continually take our bearings with respect to the real world about us, will produce just the same kind of confusion of reality and phantasm which we observe in the insane. To give but an example : the play of fancy which leads to a detection of animal and other forms in clouds, is known to be an occupation of the insane,

and is rightly made use of by Shakespeare as a mark of incipient mental aberration in Hamlet ; and yet this very same occupation is quite natural to children, and to imaginative adults when they choose to throw the reins on the neck of their phantasy. Our luminous circle of rational perceptions is surrounded by a misty penumbra of illusion."

In his method of treatment, Mr. Sully confines himself in general to the classification and description of the various forms of illusions, and to showing by analysis and by example how these are distinguished from the normal operations of the mind ; but at the close of his exposition he allows himself a little wider range, and points out how the psychology of the subject leads on to its philosophy. From the latter point of view, strictly applied, the whole of nature would seem to be illusory, and men "such stuff as dreams are made of ;" and we are compelled to admit that, as George Eliot observes, "what we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces." Mr. Sully, however, finds a reasonable ground for philosophic certitude in the scientific assumption of a coincidence between permanent common intuition and objective reality. He thinks that the operation of the law of evolution in society would insure that common beliefs should be in the main true beliefs, and he holds that a stable basis for

philosophical inference is furnished by a body of commonly accepted belief. As the conclusion of his investigation he says: "It would thus appear that philosophy tends, after all, to unsettle what appear to be permanent convictions of the common mind and the presuppositions of science much less than is sometimes imagined. Our intuitions of external realities, our indestructible belief in the uniformity of nature, in the nexus of cause and effect, and so on, are, by the admission of all philosophers, at least partially and *relatively* true; that is to say, true in relation to certain features of our common experience. At the worst they can only be called illusory as slightly misrepresenting the exact results of this experience. And even so, the misrepresentation must, by the very nature of the case, be practically insignificant. And so in full view of the subtleties of philosophic speculation, the man of science may still feel justified in regarding his standard of truth—a stable consensus of belief—as above suspicion."

A feature of the work which enhances greatly its attractiveness for the general reader is the large number of interesting facts, anecdotes, and experiments with which many of the special points are illustrated. Mr. Sully has done wisely in addressing his book to the great public of intelligent readers and not merely to a few special students of psychology.

POEMS. By Oscar Wilde. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

From time to time during the past year or two, rumors, generally designed to convey a ludicrous impression, have reached America of a new social sect called "Æsthetes," which had arisen in London, and entirely dispossessed, for the moment at least, the milder absurdities of the Pre-Raphaelites. According to the reports, the votaries of this sect are distinguished by sentiments that are "quite too utterly utter for utterance;" by a propensity to invest themselves in a "greenery-gallery, Grosvenor gallery" sort of color; by a fondness for inviting their friends to stumble over furniture in the "dim, religious light" of half-darkened chambers; and by a habit of "dining off a lily" in preference to more vulgar and substantial food. The acknowledged leader of this sect is a young man named Oscar Wilde, who was the son of a distinguished physician in Dublin, and who is now one of the best-known figures in London society. The first achievement that won him notoriety was the invention of the now famous saying, "We must try and live up to our blue china;" and since then, as the "Maudie" of Du Maurier's caricatures, he has been immortalized in *Punch*. To the ridicule and revilings thus

heaped upon him, Mr. Wilde is represented as responding that he was glad to afford amusement to the "lower classes;" and now, perhaps, in order to show that he is also capable of amusing the "higher classes," he has published this volume of "Poems."

It must be admitted, in justice to Mr. Wilde, that his poetry is much better than his social performances would have led us to expect—much better than those who have gotten into the habit of ridiculing him are now disposed to acknowledge. It is too imitative—too much the echo of the work of other poets, particularly of Swinburne—to be assigned a positively high rank; but it shows culture, study, poetic sensibility, an unusual facility in the management of difficult metres and complex rhythmical movements, and a very remarkable command of language. Only Swinburne surpasses him in what we may call volubility and an easy rapidity of style, and none of the younger poets has shown such dexterity in the technical features of his art. In fact one would have to recognize great promise in his work but for the taint of insincerity and affectation which pervades it all, and the fleshly and lascivious suggestions in which his imagination seems to revel. It is very speedily discovered that Mr. Wilde has no convictions, nor anything that is permanent enough to be regarded as opinions. The prey of every passing whim or emotion, he perpetually contradicts and discredits himself; and the reader is inclined to resent such perfervid intensity of language when he finds that it means nothing except a sort of gymnastic exercise of the vocabulary. It is to be observed, moreover, that this taint of insincerity gives a peculiarly offensive flavor to the pruriences in which the author deals. To give expression to the genuine feelings of an ardent and sensuous temperament is, perhaps, in a sense excusable; but to simulate these feelings in order to secure a plausible excuse for pruriency merits the severest reprobation. The time will come, we venture to think, when Mr. Wilde, perceiving this for himself, will deeply regret some of the poems of this volume. We think so because we are confident that he is capable of much better and higher work than any he has yet done.

SCIENTIFIC CULTURE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Josiah Parsons Cooke, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard College. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Apart from the merit of lucid exposition of scientific theories and discoveries, which these essays possess in an unusual degree, they will command the admiration of every thoughtful reader for the effective manner in which the author denounces the perversion of true mental culture, which is involved in the so-called

practical tendency of American education. Professor Cooke holds to those higher ideals of life which are fostered by the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and at the same time clearly recognizes the incompatibility of those ideals with the prevailing standards by which men's thoughts and actions are being directed. "I felt," he says, in presenting the subject of his lecture on the "Nobility of Knowledge," "that a proper appreciation of the true dignity of knowledge, in itself considered, and apart from all economical considerations, is one of the great wants of our age and of our country. . . . So far as knowledge will yield immediate distinction or gain, it is sought and fostered by multitudes. But, when the aim is low, the attainment is low, and too many of our students are satisfied with superficiality, if it only glitters, and with charlatanism, if it only brings gold."

In the initial essay the importance of scientific culture is emphasized for the reason that physical science has become, next to religion, the greatest power in modern civilization, and the change in relative importance of other branches, is clearly indicated, without depreciating however, their real value as sources of culture. The essay on the "Radiometer" is an interesting account of the development of the theory of molecular motion, and of the author's extended experiments with that mysterious little instrument.

The remaining contents of the volume consist of two educational addresses, and of two brief biographical sketches, and each of them is in its way a model of popular scientific exposition.

THE ART OF SPEECH. Vol II. Studies in Eloquence and Logic. By L. T. Townsend, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A novel result of the establishment of "summer schools" has been the appearance from time to time of comprehensive text-books, designed primarily for the use of the visitors at these gatherings, but attaining also to a more permanent place in the vast machinery of educational work. The wisdom of serving up important subjects in the diluted form adapted to the relaxed mental condition of summer students may properly be questioned; and, moreover, all subjects do not lend themselves equally well to this method of treatment, as is well illustrated in Professor Townsend's present volume. An account of the life and character of Demosthenes and a critical analysis of the Oration on the Crown form the basis for certain "inferences" or general principles, twenty-one in all, which must be carefully observed in the formation of the "ideal orator." Much that is both pleasant and profitable may be found here upon the general subject of elo-

quence, consisting almost wholly of quotations gleaned from the wide field of oratory, from the Hebrew prophets to the Rev. Joseph Cook and other less prominent exponents of modern eloquence. Logic, however, when spread out over a series of detached propositions, whose connection is indicated only by the successive letters of the alphabet, becomes illogical enough. For example, it would trouble any student to extract from these pages an intelligible notion of what is meant by "induction" or "deduction," and what practical use may be made of those methods.

It is due to the author, however, to state that his book is called upon the title page "Studies in Eloquence and Logic," and in the preface is spoken of as a "treatise" which it is expected "clergymen more than those of other professions will study."



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn from *Polybiblion* that the Propaganda Press has just printed a collection of Latin hymns composed by Pope Leo XIII. in honor of two bishops and martyrs.

ACCORDING to a German authority, the book that has obtained the greatest number of readers in modern times is "Notre Dame de Lourdes," by M. Lasserre, which is now in its 150th edition.

AMONG the MSS. added to the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1880 is a collection of letters of Alfred de Musset, enclosed in a sealed chest, which is not to be opened before the year 1910.

A SOCIETY for the study of the history and archæology of the diocese of Paris has been formed under the auspices of Archbishop Guibert. The president of the society is M. Natalis de Wailly, and it is proposed to publish a quarterly journal.

THE German alphabet has found a new defender in Prince Bismarck. A book printed in Roman letters which had been presented to the prince was returned to the publisher, with a letter from the prince's private secretary stating that "according to general rules, it was forbidden to present to the imperial chancellor any books in German printed with Roman letters, because it took the chancellor too much time to read them."

WE learn from the *Rassegna Settimanale* that a new literary review is to be published in Rome, under the editorship of Signor Ruggero Bonghi, the well-known former Minister of Education in the Cabinet of the Right. Its title is *La Cultura: Rivista di Scienze morali, di Lettere ed Arti*. It will appear every fortnight, and will be divided into three parts—the first consisting of reviews of books, the second

of shorter notices, and the third of notes of matters affecting culture in general, and especially public instruction.

THE preliminary reading for the Philological Society's new English Dictionary, which has now little more than six months to run, has so far produced very satisfactory results. Up to the present no fewer than 842,870 slips have been supplied to readers, of which 698,745, or about 84 per cent, have been returned filled up. Of these no less than 85,000 are the result of the reading of four readers. The number of readers who have helped in the work is over 750, of whom 510 are still reading. The number of authors read is over 2700, representing over 4400 separate works, and, of course, a much larger number of volumes. Allowing two lines to each quotation (a small estimate), the quotations represent an aggregate of writing of nearly 80½ miles, and the weight of the slips issued exceeds 15 cwt. The grand total of slips received since the work was first started in 1858 closely approaches 3,000,000.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD has in hand an edition, in two handsome volumes of "The Dramatic and Poetical Writings of Charles Dickens," never before collected, prefaced by a monograph on Charles Dickens as a dramatist and as an actor. The dramatic pieces are five in number. Of these three, *The Strange Gentleman*, *The Village Coquettes*, *Is She his Wife, or Something Singular*, were produced with considerable success in 1836-37 at the St. James's Theatre, under Braham's management. The third of these pieces was apparently unknown to Mr. Forster, who makes no mention of it in his "Life of Dickens." The fourth piece, entitled *The Lamplighter*, was written in 1838 for Macready's theatre, but was never acted or printed at the time, and is preserved in MS. in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. The fifth is *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, written conjointly by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, and acted by the Guild of Literature and Art. The poetical pieces, with which the second volume closes, include the prologue to Mr. Westland Marston's play of *The Patrician's Daughter*, *The Hymn of the Wiltshire Laborers*, *A Word in Season*, and a number of squibs contributed to the *Examiner*.

THE trustees of the Lenox Library, New York, in an elaborate introduction to their Shakespearean catalogue just issued, give some curious statistics respecting the ordinary modes of spelling the poet's name. After recording the principal authorities, thirty-three of whom are for Shakspeare, one hundred and eleven for Shakspeare, and two hundred and eighty-two for Shakespeare, they add, "It is

certainly a reproach to English-writing people that they cannot agree how to spell the name of their greatest author;" at the same time soliciting "the minorities to yield to the large majority." A correspondent has forwarded the *Athenæum* the following list of the practice of the London papers:

Shakespeare. — *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Telegraph*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Globe*, *Echo*, *Era*, *Spectator*, *Graphic*, *Guardian*, *Rock*, *Christian World*, *Queen*, *Land*, etc.

Shakspeare. — *Daily Chronicle*, *Punch*, *Athenæum*, *Saturday Review*, *Builder*, *Illustrated London News*.

Shaksper. — *Morning Post*, *Church Times*, *Reynolds's*, *Lloyd's Weekly*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

EUROPEAN TREATMENT OF THE INSANE AND OF DEAF MUTES.—Dr. G. M. Beard, of New York, lately visited Europe for the purpose of studying the methods adopted by different countries in the treatment of the insane; and the results of his inquiries have just been published in a pamphlet. He puts Great Britain first of all nations in its care and treatment of these afflicted ones; and of the three British Isles, Scotland has, in his estimation, earned the first place. He holds that the insane should be treated with no more restraint than children; for, as a matter of fact, diseases of the brain deprive them of the advantages that come with maturity and education. He noticed during his tour that the most successful asylums were not imposing buildings, but consisted of detached houses or cottages. With regard to treatment, we may here mention that in Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh, amusements in the shape of music, dancing, etc., are encouraged; and a newspaper, edited by one of the inmates, has flourished for many years in the institution. In Germany, which Mr. Beard places on his list next to Britain, he was surprised to find that the lunatics were taught trades, and that in many cases a better day's work was done than by an average workman in full health.

In the treatment of another class of unfortunate sufferers—namely, deaf-mutes—Germany takes the first rank. An International Conference held at Milan last September, for the purpose of collecting evidence as to the best mode of teaching those who have mouths but speak not came to the conclusion that the German or pure oral method was the best; one hundred and sixty-four out of one hundred and seventy experts giving testimony in its favor. This Congress has lately been followed by one in London, the first of its kind in this kingdom. Resolutions were here passed in favor of the pure oral, or mute lip-reading method,

and to the effect that government should undertake the education of deaf-mutes by that method. We may mention in this connection that Professor Bell, who first taught a telephone to articulate, has been most successful in teaching this system of lip-reading to the deaf and dumb.—*Chambers's Journal*.

RESPIRATION AFFECTED BY ALTITUDE.—M. Marcet, whose experiments with reference to respiration on the Alps are well known, has made similar observations at various altitudes on the Peak of Teneriffe—respectively 7090, 10,700, and 12,200 feet above the sea-level. Among the results noted, it appears that the carbonic acid expired is, under all circumstances, proportional to the weight of the body, the amount being greatest during the first or second hour after eating, then gradually diminishing; the amount of carbonic acid expired was greater at Teneriffe than on the Alps, but no increase in one case at the greater elevations, such as was experienced on the Alps, the increase in the latter case being probably due to reduced temperature; in the other case, however, 17 per cent more carbonic acid was expired at the sea-level than on the Peak of Teneriffe, this being due to increased perspiration at the higher altitudes; the volume of air expired per minute, and also the number of respirations, decreased at the higher elevations.

THE SUN AND THE COLOR OF THE SKIN.—Climate, as affecting complexion, presents some singular diversities, and the physiologist is puzzled with such facts in this direction as that, at the same distance from the equator is found the fair Englishman, the yellow Mongol, and the copper-colored Indian; to the north of the white Russian and Finn live the swarthy Lapp and Samoyed; north of the Caucasus are dark-skinned Tartars, south of it fair-complexioned Circassians. Again, the aborigines of America vary less in color than the natives of the Old World—none of them are as fair as the Swede, none as black as the negro of Congo, and those living in Brazil, on the equator, are not the darkest. In Australia and New Guinea, too, there are blacker men than in Borneo and Sumatra, though these islands are on the equator and those are not.

AN INGENIOUS OPERATION.—A Berlin oculist recently saved the sight of a workman who had a small splinter of steel imbedded in his eye. It became necessary to find a means of relief, or to remove the eye. The operator used an iron probe, which, when in contact with the fragment of steel, he converted into an electro-magnet; and thus the foreign body was removed. Ordinary "permanent" magnets have been used for the purpose before; but this, we believe, is the first time the elec-

tro-magnet has been so employed. Its superior power at once points to the advantages it offers, particularly in cases where the metallic fragment is firmly fixed in the cornea. Such accidents are by no means rare; indeed, in iron-works they are so common that very often the workmen get most expert in removing the intruders by far more simple means.

METHOD OF LIFTING TREES.—An ingenious and effective means of transplanting trees has been recently contrived by a gentleman signing himself Philodendron. The apparatus employed has the appearance of a large fork, weighing about fifty pounds. This fork is urged into the ground by a see-saw motion in front of the tree to be uprooted. A fulcrum is then placed underneath it, and a tubular lever about eight feet long is attached as a prolongation of the fork-handle. One or two men then exert their strength on the lever so formed, and the tree rises from the earth. The roots are drawn out entire, so that the growth remains uninjured. The entire operation for a tree ten feet high occupies about three minutes.

LUMINOSITY OF PHOSPHORUS.—The remarkable fact was noticed by Fourcroy, that phosphorus does not shine in pure oxygen at the temperature of 15 deg. C., and atmospheric pressure. M. Chappuis has lately observed that a bubble of ozone brought into a test-tube (used in this experiment) causes phosphorescence. The phenomenon persists only an instant, till all the ozone is absorbed. This experiment gives fresh proof that the phosphorescence of phosphorus is due not to vaporization, but to combustion of the vapor. All the space filled with oxygen is luminous at first, and it is only when all the vapor of phosphorus is burnt by the ozone that the phosphorus shines in its turn. Again, M. Chappuis notes that substances, like oil of turpentine, which hinder phosphorescence, destroy ozone, or are destroyed by it. In a spherical glass vessel holding air, phosphorus, and oil of turpentine, a bubble of ozone introduced causes a momentary gleam. The ozone is destroyed in contact with the oil, but also burns part of the phosphorus vapor. Presently the gleam, produced at first only at the point of arrival of the ozone, spreads through the whole space occupied by phosphorus vapor, and the phenomenon lasts some time; at length only the phosphorus remains luminous. (These experiments were lately brought before the Paris Chemical Society.)

A HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES.—An earthquake was recorded in England as having occurred in 974, a few years after one in Egypt, where a violent shock again occurred in 997. In 1043 and 1048 there were earthquakes of a

moderately destructive nature in England, and in March and April, 1076, especially. Every century brought more records, thanks to more exact histories, so that if we were to compare those of the eighteenth and present centuries with those of 500 or 600 years before, it would appear that the unsettled condition and vibrations of the earth's crust were on the increase. It is a matter of more extensive knowledge, and not of the more frequent occurrence of the phenomena. There were, down to thirty years since, at least 6000 earthquakes recorded, from every known part of the globe and from every ocean, and while most of them were in the neighborhood of active or intermittent volcanoes, others took place in districts which are remote from them, and not a few in places where formerly, and in the last geological ages, there were volcanoes which are now quite extinct. The regions of the Andes, the north of Sicily, and of Naples, close to active volcanoes, are examples of countries pre-eminently subject to shocks; the remoter districts of England and Scotland are comparatively slightly influenced by the cause of the earthquakes; but places like Rome, which are upon old volcanic hills, feel the latent energy beneath them now and then, severely. The earthquake shock and the volcanic eruption, or rather the causes of the trembling of the earth and the explosion and ejection of volcanic materials, are in evident relation, but it is true that while an eruption appears to follow and to relieve the earth from earthquakes within a certain distance, there are some regions so remote from volcanic energy that the earth-shake is never recorded in their annals. By placing on a map the places where earthquakes have been recorded, and shading the regions of most frequent occurrence darker than the others, the earthquake tracts of the historic period can be understood. They, of course, run along all the lines of volcanic cones on the earth, and between the nearest; but there are some remarkable exceptions. A map thus shaded, and with blank spaces indicating the countries free from earthquakes, would show how very general are these phenomena.—*Science for All*.

HOW SNAKES CAST THEIR SLOUGH.—Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," thinks that snakes "crawl out of the mouth of their own sloughs, and quit the tail part last, just as eels are skinned by a cook-maid." But my friend Captain N—, who has served thirty years in the army in India, and has kept tame snakes (one a Cobra de capello, and another a rock-snake), and watched the operation in the case of one of his pets, describes the process thus: For some days before casting the slough, the snake appears to suffer in health (as do birds before

and during moulting), and, in the instance witnessed by Captain N—, the creature chose his (the captain's) bed for the purpose. The snake had got its head beneath the pillow, and partly cast the skin when first observed. By alternate contraction and expansion of the muscles, the skin was pushed over the head, the creature gradually *backing out of the slough* through the orifice at the tail. The task took eight hours to accomplish, and the snake was then of a glowing red color, and highly sensitive to the touch for the first twenty-four hours after leaving the old skin, at the end of which time it had gradually become darker and darker until it regained its natural blackish color. Captain N— was known among the natives as the "Samp-Wallah" or Snake-man, and the snakes proved a most efficient guard for his quarters.—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip*.

AN ELECTRICAL SPEECH-RECORDER.—A curious instrument, which, if it never come into very general use, exhibits much ingenuity, has been devised by M. Amadeo Gentili, of Leipsic, for the purpose of giving an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers a series of electric contacts, and thereby sundry combinations of signs are imprinted on a moving band of paper, the signs being similar to those of the Morse alphabet. The transmitting portion of the apparatus is based on a careful study of the motion of lips and tongue in speaking with an object held between the teeth. The working parts are mainly arranged on an ebonite plate, from one end of which projects a piece to be taken between the teeth, whereupon the mouth levers come into position. There are eight electro-magnets in the receiver, each of which, when actuated by a current, causes a line to be formed on the paper. The instrument is deficient, however, in articulation, there being only one sign for such sets of letters as *g* and *k*, *d* and *t*, etc., in consequence of these being produced by similar movements of the vocal organs.

CLASSIFICATION OF MEN ACCORDING TO STATURE.—The vagueness with which such terms as "tall" and "short" are employed, even by scientific men, has led Professor G. Zoia to propose a classification for the use of anthropologists, which he explains in the *Rendiconti* of the R. Istituto Lombardo. We take an outline of his scheme from a notice in the last number of Professor Mantegazza's *Archivio per l'Antropologia*. Any giants of more than 2.5 mètres in height will be placed in the class *hypergigantosoma*; all people between 2.26 and 2.5 mètres will fall into the class *gigantosoma*; while those from 2.01 to

2.25 mètres form the group *hypogigantosoma*. In the class *hypermegasoma* the stature varies from 1.91 to 2 mètres; in the *megasoma* from 1.81 to 1.9; in the *hypomegasoma* from 1.71 to 1.8; and in the *hypermesosoma* from 1.66 to 1.7. The average men of 1.65 constitute the group of *mesosoma*. In the *hypomesosoma* we find all people who measure from 1.64 to 1.6; then come the smaller men from 1.59 down to 1.5, forming the *hypermicrosoma*; those from 1.49 to 1.4 compose the *microsoma*; and from 1.39 to 1.25 the *hypomicrosoma*. As to the dwarfish folk, they are to be known as the *hypernanosoma* if between 1.24 and 1 mètre; as the *nanosoma* if between .99 and .75; and as the *hyponanosoma* if below .75 mètre.

GLOBE LIGHTNING.—M. Trecul records that on August 25, 1880, during a thunder-storm in the day-time, he saw a very brilliant, luminous body issue from a dark cloud. It was nearly white, having only a slight yellowish tinge, was distinctly circumscribed, slightly elongated in form, and had the appearance of being 30-40 centims. long and about 25 centims. wide. The two ends were somewhat conical. This body was visible only for a few moments, when it disappeared seemingly by entering again into the cloud, but before its disappearance it threw off a small quantity of its substance, *which fell vertically like a heavy body*, leaving behind it a luminous train, at the edges of which were reddish sparks, or rather globules, for their light was not radiant. The upper part of the train became sinuous. The little falling body divided and soon afterward became extinguished just before it passed down behind the houses. No sound was heard, although the cloud was not distant.—*Comptes Rendus*.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1880.—According to Herr Fuchs's annual report on volcanic eruptions and earthquakes which has just appeared in *Der Naturforscher*, the activity of volcanoes in 1880 was rather small, the only remarkable eruption being that of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, on November 5th, when, about nine kilometres from the summit, three new craters sent out streams of glowing lava, chiefly to the south-east and east, and the ejected scorix formed an eminence of 130m. The number of earthquakes, on the other hand was remarkable. Of the 206 known to Herr Fuchs, several were of high importance. The most terrible was that in Luzon, the chief island of the Philippines. It began in April in the north, continued with increasing violence in May, June, and July, and about the middle of July (14-15) devastated greater part of the island, with Manila, causing great loss of life.

The most violent shock, however, was on the 20th, and seemed to complete the ruin. None of the numerous volcanoes showed anything unusual. The Agram earthquake in November excited great interest, but its importance, Herr Fuchs thinks, was exaggerated, neither the number nor the violence of the shocks being unprecedented in the south-eastern outlying parts of the Alps. Among numerous other earthquakes, that of Smyrna, on June 22d, was conspicuous for its disastrous results. The devastation was still greater on July 29th, when the shocks extended to the islands of Samos and Chio. They did not cease till August 4th. The frightful event at Chio in April, 1881, seems to indicate a long earthquake period and a displacement of the centre of disturbance from the mainland. December was the month of most earthquakes. The tide theory would place the maximum in January, but in the present case there were only 18 earthquakes in January against 31 in November, and 43 in December. April showed a minimum instead of a secondary maximum.

MISCELLANY.

THE JOURNALIST OF TO-DAY.—Allowing for that extra touch of vanity which seems inseparable from all who teach or directly address the public, and which is found equally in schoolmasters, actors, lecturers, orators, and popular preachers, we should doubt if in the present day journalists were pretentious, if the tendency among them were not to undervalue their art and mystery, and to write more hesitatingly than most authors. If Lord Sherbrooke will compare his own style on the *Times* with that adopted in any "leader" published this week, he will find, we think, that the most decided change is a want of decisiveness, a hesitation, and so to speak, a modesty of demeanor, which in his time was unknown, and which is frequently carried so far as to destroy much of the utility of what is said. The leader-writer of to-day balances too much, perhaps from an unconscious exaggeration of the possible effect of his opinion, and too often lets the reader see him thinking. With an exception or two, for cases in which the writer is burning with rancor or prejudice, the tone of the journalistic writing of to-day is curiously hesitating and tentative, more especially when it refers to current events, upon which the next hour may bring an unforeseen telegram. This is quite remarkable in the *Times*, once very "absolute" in tone, but it extends more or less to the whole body of journals, and is only concealed from the public by a few traditionary assumptions, such as the use of the impersonal

"we," originally adopted as a defence against prosecutions, and now justified by the corporate character of most newspapers; and by the necessity, under which every journalist labors, of avoiding qualifying phrases, as at once tedious and unmeaning. It seems very arrogant to say, "we think, and the people of this country think," so-and-so; but it would not be arrogant if the writer said, "I think, and I fancy, as far as I can judge, most Englishmen also think," which is all he means to convey in that compressed phrase. The air of infallibility is nothing more than the air of confident assertion with which almost every debater in the House of Commons, except Mr. Gladstone, speaks, and is neither meant to impose nor, so far as we can read the public mind, imposes. That there was once and to a certain extent is still one kind of arrogance peculiar to journalists, is true enough. By an odd but natural confusion of ideas, the man who knows that he is addressing a hundred thousand readers is apt to fancy there is in him the voice of a hundred thousand men, more especially when he is addressing a government which will not go his way. He forgets his own want of certainty that his readers will agree with him, and talks as if he represented the multitude whom he is only addressing. That peculiar form of illusion grew, however, out of the great influence which, for a short time, journals had over opinion, an influence which was owing to the accidental concurrence of great ability on the press and a very narrow suffrage, mainly of one way of thinking, and which is now disappearing, as it is seen that newspapers are more and more read and less and less accepted with implicit confidence. The journalist of to-day is either an expounder or, at most, a debater, who contributes what is in him to the mass of useful discussion upon which government by opinion rests. As such, he is a very useful member of the community, and may even become a powerful one, and is no more to be put down by Lord Sherbrooke than by Mr. Cobden. The latter wished publicly—as, by the way, Robespierre did, in his secret papers—that journals should be confined to news, and should give no opinions. Lord Sherbrooke does not wish that, and is content that the opinions should be published, but cannot conceal his scorn that, when published, anybody should accept them. It is better for every man to form his own views, but why he should not listen to Mr. Lowe in the *Times*' "leader" as well as to Mr. Lowe speaking for Kidderminster, we confess we do not see. The turns of debate demand speed as much as the necessities of the printing-machine, and the thought expressed in writing ought to be at least as clear as the thought expressed in speech.—*The Spectator*.

ABNORMAL HABITS IN CATS.—The attention which has been drawn to this subject has resulted in an astonishing mass of evidence as to the liking of cats for raw potatoes. We have received scores of letters from correspondents testifying to this strange habit, which would seem to be rather normal than abnormal. "Katty" asserts that if raw potato is given in thin slices, and not in too great a quantity at a time, to *any* cat it will be found that the cases in which they are refused really form the exception; and adds that they are devoured with avidity, especially at certain times of the year. Other correspondents describe eccentricities such as fondness for pickled cabbage, jam, orange peel, tea, etc. The writer once had a pure white Persian cat that was very fond of French ribbon-grass, eating it eagerly out of his hand, and frequently pulling over flower-vases to get at it. This cat used also to imitate the chattering of birds in order to try and induce them to come down from the trees; and in winter-time, when crumbs were thrown out, would wait in ambush for the birds to approach, itself almost indistinguishable in the white snow, and from time to time giving utterance to an excellent imitation of the twittering of the sparrows, which it reproduced only by a most violent effort, its whole body quivering convulsively all the time. The sound proceeded from the larynx, the throat being wide open and the neck stretched out as far as possible. When so engaged nothing could distract its attention, and it could scarcely be removed by force. Mr. Schweitzer writes that he had a cat of solitary and misanthropic habits which entertained a violent aversion to "cat's meat." It is only fair to add that this cat gradually developed signs of insanity, and finally terminated its existence in a fit of madness. Many instances are given of their affection and personal attachment to their masters. Mr. Wilme describes several cats which insisted upon accompanying their masters out of doors, or were with difficulty prevented from so doing, and one cat which used to go a considerable distance toward the railway-station to meet its master on his return from the city, seeming to know the exact time at which he should return. Many instances are also described of their affection for each other, obedience to parents, etc. Several paragraphs were recently published in this journal concerning the cat's aptitude as a sportsman's companion. An interesting letter received from Mr. L. A. Wood bears very directly upon this subject. He says: "About two or three years since, when living in the fen country, an instance occurred which quite staggered my belief in the proverbial aversion of cats to water. Near the house in which I was staying ran one of the arterial drains so common in connection with fen drainage,

which drain, about fifteen feet wide, was infested by water-rats. I have seen a large cat belonging to the house lie crouched in the sedges by the drain-side an hour and more at a time, upon the watch for a water-rat to appear upon the scene. The moment the rat showed its head, pussy would spring into the water to seize it, and generally succeeded in so doing, at which it appeared greatly elated, and would bring the dead rat for all in the house to see. This occurred more than once to my personal knowledge."—*Public Opinion*.

THE FEEBLENESS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. —Mr. G. Woodberry's essay on American literature (in the *Fortnightly Review*, reprinted in a recent number) is a paper of much thoughtfulness and grace, but it does not, to our minds, explain fully the feebleness of American literature. It may be true that the cultivated class in America has little influence, that critics are incompetent, or, rather, non-existent, and that the body of the people seeks for facts and knowledge rather than ideas, but all that was true of Englishmen in the Elizabethan period. Poets have risen without cultivated classes or critics, and in countries, too, which seek their literature in a foreign land. That America should have no Pope is intelligible, but why no Burns? Is not the true explanation this—that as yet the American by himself, and separate, has hardly been? He is growing fast, though, and we think we see in Henry James, Howells, and Hawthorne the forerunners of a separate and very admirable American literature, wholly of the soil, not English in any way, except in forms of expression.—*The Spectator*.

OVERWORKING THE UNDEVELOPED BRAIN. —"Overwork," properly so-called, can only occur when the organ upon which the stress of the labor falls is as yet immature, and, therefore, in process of development. When an organ has reached the maturity of its growth it can only work up to the level of its capacity or faculty for work! Fatigue may produce exhaustion, but that exhaustion will come soon enough to save the organ. Repeated "efforts" may, under abnormal conditions, follow each other too rapidly to allow of recuperation in the intervals of actual exertion, and as the starting-point will, in each successive instance, be lower than the previous state, there may be a gradual abasement; but even this process should not seriously injure a healthy and well-developed organ. In short, a great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the "overwork" of mature brains, and there are grounds for believing that an excuse has been sought for idleness, or indulgence in a valetudinarian habit, in the popular outcry on this subject which awhile ago attracted much atten-

tion. Nevertheless there can be no room to question the extreme peril of "overwork" to growing children and youths with undeveloped brains. The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth, and consuming it in work. What happens to horses which are allowed to run races too early happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school. The competitive system as applied to youths has produced a most ruinous effect on the mental constitution which this generation has to hand down to the next, and particularly the next-but-one ensuing. School-work should be purely and exclusively directed to development. "Cramming" the young for examination purposes is like compelling an infant in arms to sit up before the muscles of its back are strong enough to support it in the upright position, or to sustain the weight of its body on its legs by standing, while as yet the limbs are unable to bear the burden imposed on them. Another blunder is committed when one of the organs of the body—to wit, the brain—is worked at the expense of other parts of the organism, in face of the fact that the measure of general health is proportioned to the integrity of development, and the functional activity of the body as a whole in the harmony of its component systems. No one organ can be developed at the expense of the rest without a corresponding weakening of the whole.—*The Lancet*.

THE BROKEN OAR.

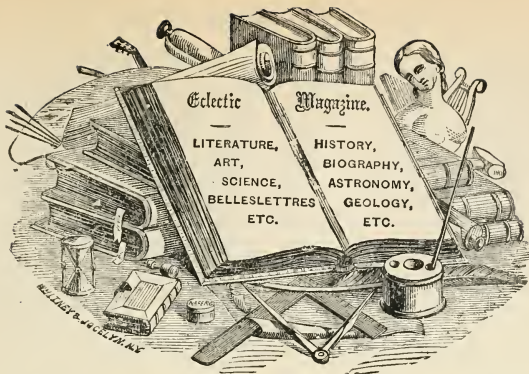
ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then,
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the willows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"
And like a man who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Might there not be some deeper hidden thought
In the words wafted from the billowy sea,
"Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee,"
Than the fit use for them the poet sought,
To close the volume with his labor fraught?
Some shipwrecked sailor may have striven to reach
With broken bark and oar, in vain the beach,
And carved the words thereon as one who fought
Life's battle well, and saw the rest at hand,
Nor minded weary limbs that plied the oar—
Who viewed the sunset o'er the watery strife
Calmly, and mused, as closed the vision grand,
And the sea opened wide its prison door,
"Oft was I weary when I toiled at life."

C. DREW.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., August 25, 1878.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIV., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols

THE PLACE OF REVELATION IN EVOLUTION.

BY REV. T. W. FOWLE.

THE question suggested by the title of this paper is certainly the most important and interesting of the many new subjects with which the intelligence of the present and succeeding generations will have to concern itself. What, men are asking all around us, will be the effect of the philosophy of evolution upon the Christian religion? Some points are indeed already determined, or nearly so. It is clear, for instance, to those who are the most capable of judging correctly, that there is no necessary incompatibility between the two—that is to say, that the influence of the former upon the latter, however overwhelming and perhaps destructive it may ultimately turn out to be, can, by the nature of the case, be indirect only. Evolution may be true, and revelation may be true also; the facts from which Christianity derives its existence are, *if they occurred*, as much facts of the universe

as those of which science claims to give an exhaustive account. But the question remains: What will be the indirect effect of the one upon the other? What may we reasonably anticipate will be the precise form into which the relations between these two mighty powers will ultimately be cast? Will the predominance of the new philosophy leave room for the existence of the old religion? Will not the need of faith in the unseen be quenched in knowledge of the visible so complete as to be capable of satisfying all the aspirations of man after life and happiness?

The time has, in my judgment, fully arrived when we may reasonably attempt to find some preliminary answer to these questions, and may with fair promise of success trace the action of positive philosophy upon the fortunes of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and, if I am the first to make the attempt, it is

only because I am one of the few—so few, indeed, that I know not for certain whether there be another besides myself—to whom both are alike precious and indispensable, so that to seek to find a *modus vivendi* between the two is a kind of pressing intellectual necessity. And this being so, it follows that I approach the subject as one to whom evolution is a more certain and necessary truth than revelation; and I am afraid it also follows that, in thus attempting to obtain from an examination of the indications of what I may call the intellectual weather a forecast favorable to the prosperity and perpetuity of the Christian creed, I am exposing myself to hostile influences from two very different quarters. The conservative instinct will teach many to distrust a new argument for religion, even while they admit in terms that new developments of thought require new treatment, and also that no one is at present very well satisfied with the old. In the opinion of others, I am well aware that I expose myself to the suspicion of partiality and to that most serious of intellectual vices, unconscious unfairness. But whether I have succeeded or not in stating the case fairly, that I have tried my best to do so will be, I hope, apparent to every reader whose kindly judgment it is at all worth one's while to secure.

We must begin by framing some conception of evolution so stated as to set out as distinctly as possible its relations toward religion, and for this purpose hypothesis is admissible. I suppose, then, that our world was formed by an aggregation of molecular atoms cast off by the sun, or in some way connected with it, and that from these have grown up by natural causation all the varied phenomena of that which we call nature—matter, life, thought, and civilization itself. In this case it will be clear that, from the time of its "creation" until now, nothing has been, so to speak, put into the earth from without save the heat, light, and attracting power of the sun (perhaps "solar system" might be more verbally accurate) from which it was in the first instance originated. If it be answered to this that the hypothesis is very far from being verified, I reply that the precise form in which the evolutionary philosophy will ultimately emerge

is purely a question for science, and that for our purpose it is incumbent to deal with evolution in its most rigid, uncompromising, and, to my mind, satisfactory shape. If once more it be asserted that the idealistic statement, "Matter is but the organization of mind," is just as true an account of things as the materialistic, "Mind is the product of matter," I reply once more that this does not affect the present discussion and that the latter has at least the twofold advantage of being the more intelligible in itself, and also of being selected by those who have the best title to speak in the name of evolution.

Now upon this state of things there are certain more superficial aspects of the relationship between evolution and revelation that force themselves upon our attention at once. These I shall state and dismiss in as few words as possible, not because they are not of much importance, but partly because I have touched upon them in my book on the Divine Legation of Christ, and partly because they do not affect the vital points of the subject we have in hand. Still it is essential to our purpose that they should be cleared out of the way.

The first and prominent thought suggested by this statement of the modern scientific creed is that which is most unfavorable to the prospects of the Christian faith. It is at any rate well to know the worst at once; and the worst is summed up in the natural question: How can such a system as this leave room for, or even tolerate the existence of, those events upon which Christianity professes to found its origin and its claims to our allegiance? It must indeed be a case-hardened faith that does not appreciate, at least sometimes, the tremendous force of this overpowering difficulty; assuredly the writer of this would be very insufficiently equipped for his task if he had not felt it in the very inmost depths of his moral being. But then a robust and resolute nature will, if from nothing else, at least from sheer dogged power of contradiction, find within itself an impulse to resist the first blast of such a storm, the first rush of this flood of new thought down ancient channels. It will be apt to remember that the first results of new discoveries are always the most over-

whelming, and it will resolve not to yield, at least until the full extent and true direction of the movement be discerned. Blind and foolish resistance to new truths is by no means the same thing as the refusal to surrender old ones at the first blast of the invader's trumpet, and I suspect that the easy readiness of much Christian thought to throw overboard this or that fact that seems to occasion trouble or inconvenience does not, in the long-run, win much respect from scientific minds. Be this as it may, if, remembering that we are at the beginning and not the end of the discovery of evolution, we strive to peer through the driving mist and blinding rain, we may chance to find some gleams of sunshine behind the storm, and may at least comfort ourselves with the reflection that no hurricane lasts forever. Let us then proceed to mention four points in which the tendency of evolution will be favorable to the Christian religion.

1. It compels us, whether we like it or no (and a great many excellent Christians apparently do not like it at all), to identify religion with revelation. And this it effects by enabling the mind to form a clear and intelligible conception of what is meant by nature, and its consequent incapacity to afford a basis for religion. Nature is the sum total of all that has been derived from the original agglomeration of atoms. It may be described, in the words of one eminent thinker,* as a "realm governed by uni-

form laws, and based upon impenetrable darkness and eternal silence." In the language of another it is that which can be known as contrasted with the unknowable. If so—and I heartily concur in the definition—then religion, to have any meaning at all for a consistent evolutionist, must be a voice out of that silence, a revelation of that which otherwise must remain unknown. It is of course open to Christian apologists to place the essential foundation of their religion in conscience, or free will, or morality touched with emotion, or in the existence of a spiritual substance called a soul. But it is not possible for them to convince the scientific mind that this deserves the special name of religion, or can lead us up to God, or can satisfy the instinct of worship. Whatever else these, *e.g.*, conscience, may be, they are the products of the original atoms, part of that system of things that falls within

that which is; the sum of phenomena presented to experience; the totality of events, past, present, and to come. Every event, therefore, must be taken to be a part of nature, until proof to the contrary is supplied."

Now, if this use of the word were exact or even common, I think the case for so-called "miracles" would be stronger than it really is. But, putting this aside, let us try and give to nature a rigidly scientific meaning. It is, first of all, the sum total of phenomena that have existed or occurred within the sphere, both as to their causes and their results, of this present world—in other words, of that which can be made the subject of knowledge. To this might be added, but doubtfully, all phenomena belonging to other worlds which can be ascertained by astronomical inquiry; it is possible, but hardly "natural," to say that the position of a certain star in the heavens, or of a given line in its spectrum, is according to nature. But to extend the use to all events including "miracles" (if they happen), is sure to mislead. Miracles—using a bad word for the present under protest—are phenomena presented, indeed, to experience, but proclaiming themselves to be caused by powers of which nature knows nothing; they may be natural, but the nature is not ours, nor that by which our intelligences are conditioned. In the mind of science they are extra-natural, in that of religion, supernatural, because they point back to powers not only other, but also higher, than any which obtain in nature as we know it; hence, to speak of miracles as violating the laws of nature is, as Professor Huxley points out, absurd, but not absurd to speak of them as transcending those laws. The full meaning of all this will appear further on; for the present I am merely indicating in what sense I use these words, which has the double advantage of being both popular and exact.

* The reference is to Professor Huxley's "Life of Hume," p. 44, which I take as the latest statement of the case from the scientific point of view. I agree with nearly everything in it, and I cannot help but think that, from the sheer desire of being fair and clear, he has stated the Christian position much more strongly than most Christian advocates would do it for themselves. But upon one point, which, though merely verbal, is of great importance in the right understanding of the subject, I am at issue with him. I mean his use of the word "nature." No doubt every thinker is entitled to use words like this in his own sense, provided, of course, he adheres strictly to it. But one must needs sigh for what I may call an international, or rather inter-individual, coinage of words in the language of philosophy; it is, for one thing, often so very difficult to find the proper amount of small change for big words. Professor Huxley's definition of nature is as follows (p. 131): "For nature means neither more nor less than

the region of the knowable, totally inadequate, therefore, to extend our information or to prolong our destinies beyond nature itself. Better confess the plain truth at once. Without the aid of revelation we look up through nature to . . . the original atoms.

It must, in short, be confessed that a great disservice was done to Christianity by those eminent and earnest thinkers who defended it as a republication of natural religion. But they were, like us all, creatures of their day, and did what work they had to do with such materials as lay ready to hand. And the same discernment which taught them then how, upon certain given premises, Christianity could be perfectly well defended, would teach them now to abandon a line of argument which the simple march of thought and discovery has outflanked and turned. For the short and sufficient answer is that if a religion of nature were possible, a religion of revelation would be quite unnecessary and impertinent; and it is satisfactory to perceive that in the grasp of evolution the idea of a natural religion is dying like Rousseau's dream of a primitive natural society. Christianity must at least gain something from a philosophy which pronounces, in the matter of religion, "either revelation or nothing."

2. In the light of evolution we are enabled to obtain a clear and consistent definition of revelation, together with an insight into the part which it plays in the economy of the universe. Let us define it somewhat as follows. It is the exhibition, within the limits of nature and to sensible experience, of phenomena which, being the productions of super-evolutional causes, attest the existence of supernatural forces, and also convey some useful information about them. Once more, it is the "eternal silence" that must speak, a voice out of the unknowable that must make itself known. And the Christian instinct, which may surely, in so vital a matter as this, be trusted to go right and to know the ground of its own beliefs, has never ceased to proclaim the occurrence of such phenomena as are above described. For the purposes of this argument I expressly confine revelation within the limits of the life, death, and resurrec-

tion of Christ, or rather, following the example of the early Church, to the facts of the Apostles' Creed. Now I have already admitted that Christian thinkers must be at liberty, if they prefer it, to place the basis of their faith elsewhere than in a revelation (as just defined), even while I profess my own inability to comprehend their position. But there is a state of mind increasingly prevalent, and fraught with growing danger to the future fortunes of the Christian religion, from which the progress of evolution is even now beginning to set us free. It is that tone of thought which regards the occurrence of super-evolutional phenomena as being, on the whole, a matter of comparatively slight importance; and with this tone the genius of evolution, with its intense and vivid appreciation of the meaning and potency of facts, will tend more and more to make it impossible for the mind of man to be contented. Parenthetically it must be observed that this temper of mind must not be confounded with another which is content to say: "Whether the facts occurred in this way may be uncertain, but if they did this is what they mean."

The time is then, I think, rapidly drawing on when modern thought will demand of theology, and that with some excusable peremptoriness of tone, to state once for all upon which footing it elects to stand. At present the tone of many scientific minds seems to be somewhat as follows: "We really cannot occupy ourselves in serious discussion, because we never quite know where we have you. You always seem to us to assume a supernatural standpoint, and then, when confronted with the obvious difficulties involved in this, to fly elsewhere for refuge. Adopt the alternative that the Christian history is true in fact, and we will argue the question. Adopt the alternative that it is only a framework for moral ideas and spiritual truths, and that too we can make shift to estimate. But to halt uneasily between the two, to say that so tremendous an event as the resurrection of a dead man may have happened or may not, but that on the whole it does not much matter, is to interpose a fatal barrier to sincere discussion with minds that have been trained to estimate the nature and con-

sequences of fact.* If this story be true, then every conception that man can form of himself and his surroundings must be profoundly modified; if it be false, then it should not be allowed to intrude itself upon a religion which, as you more than half seem to assure us, having first succeeded in convincing yourselves, was not founded upon it, does not need it, and would be all the better without it."

3. In the very act of intensifying the desire to find a natural explanation for phenomena, evolution will serve to bring out into stronger relief those aspects of the Christian revelation which, up to the present, remain unaccounted for by natural means. It must be remembered that every unsuccessful attack leaves the thing attacked stronger or more difficult of explanation than it was before. The Jewish commonwealth and the Christian Church, the Old and New Testaments, the history of Christ, and the effects of this upon the destinies of mankind, have not, I think it must in fairness be confessed, been so far explained, or their origin traced out, as to convince the minds of ordinary persons that no more remains behind, or that there has been no exhibition of other than human power; every person who attempts the task has his own theory, but no two theories agree together, or secure anything like general approval. And so long as this continues, so long will man be disposed to entertain feelings of reverence and even of worship toward a display of wisdom, power, and goodness, which, so far, resists explanation by any effort of human industry or ingenuity. I do not of course for one moment think of denying that the time may come when the minds of men will be as fully satisfied concerning these points as they are now concerning, say, the origin and progress of the English constitution; but I am insisting that, until that very serious intellectual revolution takes place, the natural tendency of evolution will be to find a place for revelation in the domain not of the unknowable, but of the inexplicable. By its power to clear things up, to limit the scope of human faculties, to draw out the neces-

sities of rational human life, evolution will serve to emphasize the truths, if they be truths, upon which Christianity reposes. Hardy trees may be cut down to the very root by the sharp frost of unsparing criticism without being killed.

4. And this thought leads naturally to another. The more clearly and definitely evolution teaches men to think, the more will it enable them to disentangle the primitive Christian faith from the mass of dogmas and traditions by which, in the long course of ages, it has been encrusted. Even to mention these would be to wander into the field of theology proper, where I have no mind to be caught straying. Suffice it to say that if the essence of Christianity consists in all that may be fairly gathered from the history and doctrine of Jesus Christ, then the religion of the present day has collected round that kernel of the faith a prodigious quantity of husk and shell. The true test of vitality is the power to undergo searching reformation. And it is, to say the least, more than possible that the new science of the nineteenth century may affect Christianity as did the new learning of the fifteenth or sixteenth. There is certainly a large margin left for reform between the existence of things as they are now and entire destruction.

But all this, I must repeat, lies comparatively on the surface, and belongs, moreover, more to the future course than to the present aspect of the question. What we really want to know, and what it is the special purpose of this paper to discover, is the effect likely to be produced upon men's capacity and inclination to accept the Christian revelation. And, to get at the root of the matter, the only way is to seek for, as well as we can, the essential sources of that persistent and consistent opposition to its claims which was never more vigorous or unaffected than at the present moment. It is really high time that modern Christian advocates sought to understand the real meaning and true drift of the arguments they have to deal with, and above all to realize the seriousness of the situation to which mere force of numbers, the silent acquiescence of the multitude, outward profession, and external triumphs are but too likely to blind them. We are told that more was

* Dean Stanley's commentary on 1 Cor. 15 has some good remarks on St. Paul's reliance upon the resurrection of Christ as a fact.

done in respect of building and restoring churches just before the Reformation and the revolt against the Church than at any other period of her history. Those who comfort themselves concerning the stability of the faith by parading religious statistics would do well to accept a timely warning.

The method of inquiry I propose to myself is to trace our difficulties to three of the chief fathers of modern scepticism—Hume, Spinoza, and Lessing—and then to see what, if any, answer evolution enables us to discover. It is right to add that our plan does not include the argument, much relied upon in these days, that the belief in supernatural events is a necessary product of superstition under given circumstances—that is to say, that there are no “miracles on record, the evidence for which fulfils the plain and simple requirements of elementary logic and of elementary morality.” For myself I attach little importance to this argument taken by itself, and apart from those preliminary and deep-lying objections that prepare the mind for its reception. But anyhow it is a question of evidence that does not come within our present subject, nor will the philosophy of evolution be likely to influence it one way or the other. It will still be open for one man to say: “I cannot see how such a narrative as the Gospel could be framed by victims of delusion or accomplices in fraud;” and for another equally candid to reply: “Having regard to the facts of history in general, I think this to be by no means an impossible alternative.” Indirectly, however, the course of our discussion may deal with this difficulty also.

Let us now epitomize, in the simplest and baldest language, the position of the three above-named thinkers.

Says Hume, no evidence is sufficient to prove a supernatural event against a uniform experience derived from nature to the contrary. And if, adds Spinoza, such an event could be believed, it would convey no useful information to you about God and divine things; for it is only the natural and the orderly that reveal God. “*Ostendam nihil contra naturam contingere, sed ipsam æternum fixum et immutabilem ordinem servare; . . . nos ex miraculis nec*

essentiam nec existentiam et consequenter nec providentiam Dei posse cognoscere.” * Nor further, chimes in Lessing, even if the miracle were provable and religiously useful, would it be fair to erect it into a permanent standard or criterion of belief. But this objection, the root and justification, as it seems to me, of all modern scepticism, he does not of course formulate at length in so many words. He does but tap the spring from which, gathering strength and volume as they flow, the waters of moral and even religious doubt have since his time taken their course. He suggests, for instance, that the New Testament is a second better primer in which religious truths have been provisionally revealed until reason could, in the fulness of time, discover them for herself. And then he lets fall such pregnant hints as these:

Whether we can still prove this resurrection, these miracles. I put aside, as I leave on one side who the person of Christ was. All that may have been at that time of great weight for the reception of his doctrine, but is now no longer of the same importance for the recognition of the TRUTH of his doctrine. †

And why should not we too, by means of a religion whose historical truth, if you will, looks dubious, be conducted in a similar way to closer and better conceptions of the Divine Being, our own nature, our relation to God, truths at which the human reason would never have arrived of itself? ‡

So much for these fundamental statements of modern religious scepticism. If the natural remark be made that it is absurd to think of answering them in a single paper, I reply that I occupy the position of the junior counsel who opens the pleadings in great cases, and then sits down to make way for his betters.

In dealing with the position of Hume and Spinoza the argument upon which I rely is this: that the spheres of nature and of experience are not coextensive. But the full effect of this proposition can only be understood in the light which the fact of evolution throws upon it. Let us state it thus: “*By strictly defining the limits and potencies of what we call nature, evolution forces upon us the existence of the supernatural.*” Compare this argument, founded as it is upon rigid experience, with its metaphysical

* “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*,” ch. v.

† “*Education of the Human Race*,” sect. 59.

‡ *Ibid.*, sect. 77.

travesty ; that the finite *ex vi terminorum* suggests the infinite. No amount of human ingenuity will ever succeed in lending cogency to propositions of this kind, at any rate among the mass of men. They have, however, their value in keeping the mind upon the alert to discover and receive the testimonies of experience and common sense, in the light of which we see what is meant by them. If evolution be true, then is nature the original atoms with the sum total of their results, material, mental, and human—this and nothing more. Everything that lies outside—to be precise, let us say the solar system—is supernatural, the result of causes that have no known or intelligible connection with our atoms, made up it may be of forces, guided it may be by intelligences, concerning which no experience or inquiry of ours can give any but the faintest guess. In the present stage of our knowledge the conclusion seems a fair one that there must be in other worlds a good deal that resembles our own “nature,” but that, even within the limits of our own vision, there must be also illimitable room for the display of other forces, or of the same forces in totally different proportions and issues. And anyhow there is no traceable, or indeed conceivable, connection in the way of causation between our world and those thousand worlds that glitter at distances so remote as to be immeasurable by everything save figures. And figures have always a tendency to become merely the counters of a baffled imagination.

There is thus an order or region or universe of the supernatural in which our tiny orb of nature floats like an islet in the midst of a boundless ocean ; and if from out that ocean there should chance to be wafted, upon the breast of one of its myriad waves, but one speck of sand, that single speck would be itself supernatural, and would produce extraordinary effects upon the course of what we call nature. This may or may not have happened ; but of the existence of such a possibility as I have described, and of the consequent presumption in favor of supernatural occurrences, who can feel a doubt ? And this is the answer, first of all, to Hume. Things being what they are, the argument against “miracles” derived from expe-

rience is reduced to a minimum. The more we study what nature is and can accomplish, the more readily shall we admit that there are more things than are dreamt of in her philosophy or in ours. If there could be irrefutable evidence to show that no intervention with our natural order had up to this moment taken place, the negative induction thus collected would have but little weight against the possibility of future intervention in minds surrounded and conditioned as ours are ; it would be a bare enumeration of particulars. To be plain, the wonder is not that the supernatural has happened at all, but that it has happened so seldom. A wandering meteor (this is no supposition of mine), a germ of some new form of life, an atom that did not belong to the solar system, a particle impelled by some unknown material, or a thought discharged by some invisible spiritual power, would realize the possibility of supernatural interposition. Let any reflecting mind gaze upward at the heavens when they are set with stars, and it will be fain to exclaim : “How strange that no voice comes, how much stranger if no voice ever came, out of all the universe to connect us with it, to give some idea of the mystery of unity and love and order, toward the discovery of which our inmost nature yearns, and yearns almost in vain ! It is not—need I add ?—that these thoughts are new, but that evolution gives them a meaning and a stress they never had before. For it is a philosophy that consecrates what is old, as well as discovers the new.

Let me illustrate the argument by a supposition that requires no very extraordinary effort of the imagination. If there landed upon this earth of ours an inhabitant of another world, what should we think about it ? In origin, in essence, in history, in character, he would be of course wholly supernatural, even if he resembled us in all that pertains to humanity. Be this, however, as it may, after the first surprise would it seem to us that anything very wonderful had taken place ? There would be nothing to shock our sense of law and order, nothing to overthrow our trust in the uniformity of nature, or in the veracity of the deliverances of our own consciousness. No doubt phenomena quite

outside the order of nature would be experienced, but then these would have their own appropriate, though strictly supernatural, causes. We should be introduced to new scenes, be instructed in fresh experiences, acquire new information about the unknown and, in the ordinary way of knowledge, the unknowable, and yet suffer no evil consequences that we think of, unless indeed the news were bad. And, by the way, if the popular doctrine of the future life be really part of a supernatural revelation, then is the news about as bad as it could be, and more than sufficient to justify the attitude of doubt and hesitation so commonly assumed toward it.

But let us regard the Christian revelation simply as the history of Jesus Christ, and then transfer our supposition, as above stated, to it. We have a Person entering from without into the sphere of nature and the region of experience, and that by methods in themselves so natural that the least possible change is wrought in the course of nature, and no disturbance whatever to our intellectual life. In all things that Person is made like unto us, and yet represents the mind and character and intentions of the Being whose existence both nature and supernature conspire to announce; and the news that, still with the same divine economy of force, He has to tell us is emphatically good news, something that we desire to know, wonderfully adapted to sustain our spirits under their natural and temporal conditions. Still it is not what Jesus Christ teaches, but what He is in Himself, that constitutes the essence of the Christian religion. If His life were what the history represents it to be, then does He succeed in linking our world with that vast supernatural universe of which, without Him, it forms, for all moral and religious purposes, but an isolated and disjointed fragment. The fatherly love of God proclaimed in the life of Christ, sealed in His death, and attested by His resurrection, does for the moral what gravitation does for the physical world; it brings this earth and its inhabitants within the scope of the universal law of His beneficent operations.

But while engaged in confronting Hume's attack, and, in the light of evolution, emptying it of practical signifi-

cance, the course of our argument has placed us upon the flank of Spinoza's position, which thereby becomes, in a philosophico-military sense, untenable, though the illustrious thinker himself marches out with all the honors of war. Against the discovery of new facts, or the onward march of thought, or the mere change in our mental attitude, occasioned by ever-changing events, even men of the genius of Spinoza must fight in vain. We see at once that, had they lived now, they would in certain points have expressed themselves differently, and we pay them the highest compliment in our power by saying so. And it seems to me clear, beyond all possibility of doubt, that Spinoza's view concerning miracles is vitally affected, or at any rate profoundly modified, by the growth of the philosophy of evolution, in two different ways.

In the first place, in his day, owing perhaps to the stress of recent astronomical discoveries, nature was regarded as equivalent to the sum total of all the phenomena of the universe, and the so-called laws of nature were supposed to extend into infinity, and to be the same in all possible worlds and at all conceivable times. What could be more natural than this for a generation that had inherited or shared the discoveries of Galileo and Newton? And in this sense of the word it was an entirely religious and deeply reverential thought that only nature can reveal the divine. But evolution has changed all this. The idea of rigid unalterable semi-divine laws ruling all the universe as by an inexorable necessity is, if not yielding to, at least being supplemented by, the notion of a succession of phenomena derived from some unknown source, and following each other in that invariable sequence which we call causation. We feel that the laws of nature, as known to us, carry us a very little way indeed toward the knowledge of the laws of the universe. And thus the pith is taken out of Spinoza's argument. Nature, as we think of it, cannot, as we have already pointed out, transcend, or enable us to transcend, the sources of its own origin—that is, its own origin in time and space. It conducts us at last to the primitive atoms, with perhaps a reasonable suggestion, but no more, of an organizing

mind either behind them or latent in them. Astronomy, especially in later developments, may perhaps accomplish a little more; but how infinitesimally little must astronomy ever appear in comparison with the field in which her labors are cast! And thus it follows, what men have always more or less suspected, that the God of Spinoza's philosophy is only the idea of the unknowable with a religious title affixed to it.

But, in the second place, a still more disintegrating influence is brought to bear upon Spinoza's philosophy of religion owing to the inevitable change of standpoint from which the supernatural must now be viewed. We have seen that so far from *universal* nature being opposed to so-called miracles, it is rather the region out of which they come. Spinoza could not, of course, escape from the commonly received conception of the miraculous, though it is mere justice to him to say that he described it with a conspicuous fairness and studious absence of exaggeration that always distinguished his writings. But to him they were still events or actions ascribed to a special divine volition, proving the existence of divine power and the fact of a divine providence by their own irregularity—that is, by their power to override natural law and order. Thus he writes of them in one aspect as that “which knows no other cause save God or the will of God,” and then he goes on to show that, as natural causes are plainly the expression of the divine will, it is from them, and not from things *per se* unknowable, that our knowledge of His existence and attributes must be derived. But the argument vanishes if we substitute for this idea of miracle a theory of the supernatural (discarding the word “miracle” altogether) which simply represents it as an order to us transcendental and unknowable, but perfectly natural to the beings to whom it belongs, and the intelligences by whom it is administered, which, by touching one particular system—i.e., our world—of the universe, does most clearly and positively reveal something or other about the sources of its own origin. Only nature can reveal the divine. Most true; but then our nature is not the only natural, and what Professor Huxley calls the eternal silence is only a higher or a dif-

ferent region of universal nature which may at any moment become vocal to us at the will of God. Spinoza's examples of miracles were, as they could not but be, the marvels of the Old Testament; but it must surely in all fairness be admitted that to say of such an event as the resurrection of Christ, if true, that it does not reveal the existence or the providence of God, is one of those palpable paradoxes from which no philosophy is exempt, more especially in the field of religion.

How far the conception of miracles as portents, designed first of all to arrest our attention, and then to prove, by ways that I have never been able to understand, some religious truth to the mind, still survives among us, I do not exactly know. When Mr. Matthew Arnold had occasion to deal with what he called the proof from miracles, he thought well to select, as a fair example of the thing meant (so far as the mere word goes, the illustration is apt enough), the power to turn a pen into a pen-wiper. So regarded, it is certainly not difficult to make short work of them. It may, however, be necessary to remind ourselves that the word even for actions done by men, such as our Lord's healing works, is, in the New Testament, “signs,” and not “portents,” and that their special use is to attract trust and favor for the person who does them as representative of God's benevolence toward His creatures. But it is even more to our purpose to remember that the supernatural events, such as the resurrection of Christ, which we have regarded as the essential basis of revelation, belong to a different class of phenomena altogether. Such events are neither miracles, nor signs, nor “powers,” nor proofs of anything at all. Can anything be more perverse than to imagine that Jesus Christ rose from the dead to convince the disciples that He was the Messiah? As well maintain that the object of the sun in shining is to show us that it exists! Our Lord rose from the dead by virtue of an inherent power natural to Him, supernatural to us, so that, just as the sun cannot be prevented from shining, it was not possible that He could be holden of death. His resurrection is not a proof of the revelation, but the revelation itself; the life of Christ in

history is the religion to be believed, not the reason why we believe it. And, if accepted, these supernatural events do not convince us, and were never intended to convince us, that Christianity is true; they were intended to make Christians of us, and this, as it was the special glory of St. Paul to show they would do, they are emphatically, as a mere matter of common experience, effecting in the midst of mankind nearly two thousand years after they occurred.

The answer above given to Hume and Spinoza cannot be called altogether new, and has itself been answered more or less plausibly many times; but the novelty lies in the fresh life and redoubled strength which it derives from the doctrine of evolution. So reinforced and so elucidated, it is seen to possess a agency so considerable as to suggest the question whether the difficulties formulated by these two thinkers are really those which at bottom determine the human mind against the Christian religion. For my own part I firmly believe that neither Hume's argument, nor Spinoza's, nor the popular argument derived from the facility with which the "vulgar" (the word is not mine) lend themselves to superstitious beliefs, would, either separately or combined, be capable of creating so strong an aversion from the revelation of God in Christ as we find not only prevailing but increasing. If this were all, then would some of the best minds the world has known—say rather the very genius of philosophy itself in alliance with that natural human feeling which, from the mere experience of life, craves for a religion—never have been content to abandon the Christian religion, often without real inquiry, sometimes with a light heart. Nor would men now—by far the unkindest cut of all—leave it, after eighteen hundred years of a splendid and yet precarious history, a prey to authorities and dogmas which I dare not give rein for indignation to describe. It is, in fact, doing but simple justice to the sceptical spirit to seek for a moral as well as an intellectual basis for all its difficulties, and to discern—and, if we can, answer—that spiritual, nay that religious, scrupulousness, which gives to purely philosophical objections their vitality and persistency.

This brings us, then, to the difficulty which I have connected with Lessing's few and suggestive hints quoted above. Like all statements of that which is a current of moral feeling rather than a principle of intellectual truth, these hints were merely germs of thoughts that time would ripen and confirm, and in the light of later experience we see plainly what they mean and whither they tend. "NO FACT CAN, AS SUCH, BE A PROPER FOUNDATION FOR RELIGIOUS BELIEF"—this is what men are saying, still more are thinking without saying, all around us. This, too, is what liberal theology—more remarkable for depth of feeling than for lucidity of thinking—has discerned and tried to meet too often by surrendering or minimising the facts. Let us try and put it into words.

"I assume," we may imagine the sceptical spirit to say, "that you regard the Christian religion as a revelation based upon the life of Jesus Christ in history, and we will agree to consider His resurrection as the corner-stone of the Christian creed. Now this particular event may be true, or it may not; it may possibly be more likely to be true than not; I am willing even to admit that it would be a good thing for us all if it could be proved to have occurred. But what I say is that any decision about it appeals in no way to our moral sense, is independent of moral considerations, does not of necessity make us better or worse, above all affords no criterion whether we are morally right or wrong. We are told that it is a matter of evidence, that we should weigh the evidence on both sides, and that if fairly done, we shall be sure to embrace the Christian faith. Be it so. But when all this is done, what of spiritual or moral religion is there in such an operation? What is there more than a fairly honest man does every day of his life when, say as a jurymen, he decides in one way, his equally conscientious neighbor in another, and neither is the worse man for it?" (Hence all the not uncommon taunts about trying the truth of the Christian religion before an Old Bailey jury.) "In a matter of this sort one man, trained under one set of influences, is nearly sure to come to one conclusion; another, differently trained, to the opposite; while the same man may

pass at a leap from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of faith, or *vice versa*, without undergoing any very serious moral alteration that we can discern. Hence the test is, by the nature of the case, an unfair one—a conclusion to which we should hold whatever might be our own personal decision. And thus we arrive at the root of the dilemma which embarrasses all attempts at deciding upon the claims of the Christian religion. To be of any positive value in the eyes of science, religion must rest upon fact. But fact can never have the moral value or significance necessary for recommending religion to the aspirations of mankind, who certainly have a right to demand of any system of religious belief that it should contribute directly, and in its essential meaning, to their improvement in morals. Hence our attitude not so much of disbelief as of indifference. We do not think that your facts are true. We hardly take the trouble to assert that they are false, because, true or false, they do not fulfil the conditions required of that which claims to afford a moral criterion of human belief."

That this account of the matter is the true one may be proved by this one fact. It explains the otherwise almost inexplicable mystery why modern scientific thought remains so strangely indifferent as to whether men continue to receive or not the Christian revelation—an indifference to truth that upon any other supposition would appear, in my judgment, absolutely shameless. But fortunately I have other proof as well. Since writing the above I have had sent to me by a friend a discourse on faith printed anonymously and for private circulation, but written evidently by some master hand, from which, at the risk of setting up a comparison by no means favorable to myself, I extract the following beautifully written passage :

On the one hand we are called upon to regard faith as the condition of our attaining the highest spiritual life—as that which makes the difference between the man who is as God would have him to be and the man who is not. But, on the other hand, the object of faith is declared to be the work of Christ, consisting specially in the incarnation by which He took on Him our nature, in the death by which He purchased the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection by which He opened unto us the gate

of everlasting life. Faith accordingly, as having the work of Christ for its object, is regarded as necessarily involving the belief that propositions asserting the actual occurrence of these events are true.

The faith, then, which is supposed to be demanded of us as Christians, involves two elements which, to say the least, are wholly different—on the one side, a certain intellectual assent of a kind which, if the propositions assented to concerned any other events than those purporting to convey a divine revelation, we should say, could make no difference to the heart, or spirit, or character (call it what we will), which is alone of absolute value in a man; on the other side, a certain aptitude or disposition which belongs distinctively to this "inner man," and gives us our worth as moral or spiritual beings. The deepening of the conception of faith in the Lutheran theology only brings this discrepancy into clearer relief. The more strongly we insist that faith is a personal and conscious relation of the man to God, forming the principle of a new life, not perhaps observable by others, but which the man's own conscience recognizes, the more awkward becomes its dependence on events believed to have happened in the past. The evidence for their having happened may be exceedingly cogent, but at any rate the appreciation of it depends on processes of reasoning which it would be a moral paradox to deny that a man may perform correctly without being the better, or incorrectly without being the worse. . . . It is not on any estimate of evidence, correct or incorrect, that our true holiness can depend. Neither, if we believe certain documents to be genuine and authentic, can we be the better, nor, if we believe it not, the worse. There is thus an inner contradiction in that conception of faith which makes it a state of mind involving peace with God and love toward all men, and at the same time makes its object that historical work of Christ, of which our knowledge depends on evidence of uncertain origin and value.

I cannot transcribe this description of the bases of modern doubt without congratulating myself that I had succeeded in doing justice to the difficulty I am now to deal with. No doubt it would be easy to find answers of a certain sort. We might, for instance, from the standpoint of positive thought, take serious, if not fatal, objection to the alternative position which the author is compelled to adopt, or we might not unreasonably ask whether it does not savor of paradox to deny that the inner man is changed, whether for better or worse, according as we believe that, say, the Gospel of St. John is a faithful record of works and discourses, or an elaborate forgery by one of those Asiatic Gnostics whom Mr. J. S. Mill thought capable of writing it. But it is not thus that seri-

the pleasure of self-knowledge is inherent in the very nature of a self-conscious personality—that is, of a spiritual being.

Now let us see what light this throws upon the nature of faith in an historical revelation. At the present moment two theories are striving for the mastery, and man is pronounced to be the product of one of two causes. The world, of which he forms the last result in the process of evolution, is the work either of a power which is unable or unwilling to enter into personal relations with him, or of a Creator who wills that men should regard him as the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. And it is his only, his real, his specific happiness (to say nothing of duty) to know the truth about himself. Nothing can be more unfortunate than to appeal, as is so commonly done, to the necessities of human suffering, or the cravings of the heart after consolation, as a proof that the Christian view of things is the right one. This may be a strong and useful argument to confirm a belief already formed, but it is no answer at all to the non-believer. For in the light of evolution we perceive that that alone confers true happiness which is part of the facts of the case, with which the spirit of man is correlated, out of which it sprang into being. If it be true that the author or cause of the world be a being or a power that does not hold, and never has held, personal relations with man, then the sooner metaphysical theologians discover that to be the case, the better for their own happiness and the improvement of mankind. Once the true state of the case was ascertained, men would contrive to adjust their moral and social ideas so as to make the best of it. And, on the other hand, if the contrary be true, the sooner the scientific and non-believing world discovers it, the better for them and for the truths which they have most at heart. The latter alternative must be particularly insisted on. If the Christian history be true, then am I part of an evolution in which God is revealed by the most decisive personal actions as a personal Creator (not that the word "person" describes His essential being, but that it represents that aspect of His being by virtue of which He enters into relations with His creature man), as the Father of Jesus Christ, as sustaining,

enlightening, guiding, from eternity to eternity, the course of nature, and the direction of history. And in particular if the life of Jesus Christ be true, then do I belong to an evolution which has part of its source in His human life. For that life, more especially in its origin, then belongs to that part of God's created universe which is what I have defined as supernatural—that is, independent of natural causation, prior to any development of evolution in time, lying beyond the limits of the knowable, and yet an original source of fresh power to the world to which it was given. And I am what I am because Christ has lived—it is surely a truism to say that there would have been no such person as I, if there had been no such person as He. We must remember that, since the dawn of self-conscious life, evolution implies the reflex action of spirit upon matter as much as of matter upon spirit; hence it is that I, my body and history, my muscles, bones, and sinews, the very hand that traces these words—in short, that agglomerate of atoms and faculties that makes up myself—am due to causes over which the life of Christ has exercised a profound and decisive influence. And therefore to know this (upon the hypothesis of its being true) constitutes my most real and lasting pleasure; or—to put the same idea in another form—to believe this is natural to me, and morally is my duty. Moreover, to learn to accept this is what the minds of men must be gradually brought to do, as the process of evolution sweeps on in majestic slowness up to the point where the spirit of man is more and more harmonized with the universe from which it came, more and more perceives the real facts with which it is correlated, more and more drinks of the divine joy of that eternal life which is described by our Lord himself as "knowing Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

In order to be rigidly fair, let us state the other alternative also. "You are, on the contrary," it will be replied, "part of an evolution in which an honest though mistaken belief in the human manifestation of the Son of God has created immense and far-reaching effects which are reproduced in you. You believe, therefore, against your own best

interests, a history that is fundamentally false." What, upon the hypothesis, can be answered to this, save the simple and frank confession, not only that we are mistaken now, but that the mistake will very probably survive for long in ourselves and others; for error, especially when allied with some of the most beautiful parts of human nature, has a powerful hold upon minds that are not yet strong enough to emancipate themselves from its attractiveness. But though this may be true of individuals, of generations, of whole peoples, nay of vast intellectual epochs, yet ultimately, by the necessity of the case, the mind of man must learn to find its true duty and pleasure in accepting the real facts, whatever they may be. If it is not true of any single person, it certainly is true of the world of persons, that "we needs must love the highest when we see it—not Lancelot nor another." And thus we arrive at the central point of all faith and all thought, where evolution bids religion, science, morality, utilitarianism, and philanthropy agree together—our undying hope in the growing perfectibility of the human race.

This, then, is my answer to Lessing's objection as developed in modern thought. Essentially it may be stated thus: that no fact—much less such a series of events as that which constitutes the revelation of God in Christ—can ever lose its moral significance for beings created and conditioned as we have been. That significance we may briefly indicate in connection with three great words of religion—truth, faith, and judgment—somewhat as follows.

1. The standard to which the Christian religion appeals is that of absolute truth.

2. The faith by which truth is apprehended is a fundamental faculty of our nature, exercising a decisive moral influence upon character and conduct.

3. The judgment, or discrimination between that which is right and that which is wrong, thence ensuing, is of vital practical importance in the moral progress of mankind.

1. I think it is difficult to overestimate the effect upon a fair and critical mind of the proposition that the criterion of truth to which Christianity appeals turns out to be the most searching and au-

thoritative that we can discover or even imagine. It confers upon revelation a kind of intellectual dignity, without which an emotional religion is but sorry stuff, and its morality like a fair house built upon shifting sand. There is in nature something that underlies all moral and mental effort, existing prior to the conscience, the will, the intelligence itself; and we call this something plain fact. And therefore, in religion as in science, in grace as in law, facts are, in the truest sense of the word, divine; they are at once the ultimate embodiment of the will of God, and also the veil through which we strain our eyes, not indeed, as St. Paul with excusable ardor affirmed, to "see clearly," but to catch some far-off vision of the eternal power and Godhead. And even natural facts speak to us not as mere dead things, not by virtue of a mere material existence, but as living powers that maintain a subtle all-pervading communion with the spirits to which they have given birth. This is the testimony of Pantheism, most true as far as it goes, and vindicated in its truth by the philosophy of evolution. A spirit of truth, conveying the will of God, speaks out to us from the universe of phenomena, and is acknowledged by us sometimes as the perception of beauty, then as the consciousness of right, yet once more as the recognition of divine working. In this view is not the spirit of truth the counterpart of the power of evolution? And have we not arrived, in the very heart of nature herself, at that ultimate correlation of mind and matter which we discern in each one of her multitudinous offspring?

But, however this may be, it remains true that it is to plain fact that the Bible appeals. Let us select for illustration the fourth, or that which is commonly termed the most spiritual, gospel, and see how our theory of absolute truth is just what is wanted to give plain and consistent meaning to assertions that otherwise carry with them to scientific minds an inevitable suspicion of mysticism and obscurity. Our Lord's intellectual method, if so we may speak of it, is contained in the last seven verses of the 12th chapter, in which He summarized the effect of His public teaching, then drawing to a close in rejection and

apparent failure. In these He speaks of himself as a light, which those who saw would not remain in darkness, whereas those who would not see would be judged by the words which He had spoken. Now for an illustration of this principle in actual operation we may turn to His interview with Pilate, and inquire what was the meaning of this declaration: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Now can any reasonable man be satisfied with the supposition that this "being of the truth" had a merely moral significance—in other words, that every man then living in Jerusalem who was of a candid, truth-loving disposition, must necessarily accept His claims? It would I think, be difficult, upon this hypothesis, to clear His teaching of a somewhat heartless egotism. There must have been honest and even inquiring Jews, who, with the best intentions to act up to the truth, could not discern their long-promised national Messiah in the despised Jesus of Nazareth. What, therefore, He was appealing to was that divinely ordained correspondence between fact and thought of which the Son of God, who came to do the Father's will, must have had an intense intuition, and what He relied upon was the conviction that there was a profound essential truth lying at the root of all things, which must in the long run vindicate itself. And therefore He bids all honest men to bend their utmost endeavor to ascertain absolute truth, emptying themselves of self-love and its deceptive dogmatism, sometimes succeeding, often failing, yet never forsaken by God so long as they remain true to themselves. And thus will "wisdom be justified of her children."

2. This leads us naturally to faith, or "being of the truth." It is simply the faculty of believing that things are as they are without positive proof, or even against the apparent weight of evidence. As applied to things secular or things religious, the only difference that I can see is that verification by positive proof is much more common in the former than the latter. The faith of religion is that which catches at truth and holds fast by it, simply because the man's

spiritual being corresponds accurately with the facts with which it is correlated, because his self-consciousness returns an accurate note when questions concerning truth are presented to it. Hence faith is pre-eminently the deciding virtue of religion, that which makes a man to be a Christian or not. Let us state the moral results of right belief (that is faith) or wrong belief (that is superstition) in unmistakable language. If the revelation of Christ be founded on facts, then is the humblest Christian peasant true in the inmost recesses of his moral being in a sense in which the most brilliant sceptical philosopher is false. And if, on the other hand, it is not so founded, then is the shallowest unbeliever that ever aired his doubts true in the inmost recesses of *his* being in a sense in which the most holy and devoted saint is false. A thousand other influences may conspire to make the mistaken man a better man than the other; nor need it be said is there a ghost of an idea that men will suffer a retributive penalty hereafter for mistakes that have cost them dear enough here. All questions as to the future are as far outside the matter before us as they are beyond the moral perception or mental faculties of the writer of this paper. All we can safely say is, that, other things being supposed equal, the man who believes or disbelieves rightly is in a better moral position, and betrays a better moral character SO FAR, than he who disbelieves or believes wrongly. The whole set of his nature is in a right direction; he sees things in a clearer light; he is gifted with an inner harmony and power of self-adjustment, which issues in a higher and more complete moral activity. I desire to keep the alternative of right or wrong belief steadily in view, because I am arguing, not that Christianity is founded upon a true belief, but that it is morally justified in appealing to historical events, a correct belief as to which begins by placing men in the right track as regards religion, and so goes on to make them better and wiser than they would otherwise have been. It is the vindication of the Christian method that is so sorely needed, and not the mere proof of the Christian creed.

3. And thus we glide imperceptibly to the consideration of what is meant by

judgment. It is an eternal discrimination between rightness and wrongness, which divides what is true in each man from what is false, and also the man who is correct from his brother who is mistaken. And at this point we arrive at some solution of a very painful moral problem. All history declares that, at times of great revolutions in religion or science, there are numbers of good men who, with however small an amount of moral culpability, take the side of error, who resist the truth, and not only remain in darkness themselves, but strive with infatuated energy to bind the chains of falsehood upon the souls of all the world besides. The fanatical temper asserts that it is purely their own fault, to be punished hereafter by an appropriate penalty; the cynical, that it makes little matter what men believe so long as their heart is in the right. A wiser philosophy, while deploring, will not deny, the plain fact that much of human virtue and honesty has been too often enlisted in the ranks of error and ignorance, and, while refusing to award moral censure for honest mistakes, will never cease to stimulate men's minds toward the ascertainment of truth by insisting on the evils and even miseries which those who remain in darkness bring upon themselves and upon their fellows. It is the word of truth that judges communities at the last day of an epoch, individuals at the last day of their mortal existence.

And yet, while thus acquiescing in inevitable sadness, and while admitting that there must be a multitude of well-meaning persons who are either believing wrongly or disbelieving wrongly in the Christian revelation, the philosophy of absolute truth, as expounded by evolution, affords a magnificent prospect of ultimate triumph for the cause of right. I venture to think that the most determined opponent of Christianity or its most vigorous defender would in his secret heart prefer the victory of his antagonist to that one other worse alternative—that men should go on doubting and disputing for ever. Is it conceivable, or, if conceivable, would the thought be endurable, that many centuries hence the minds of men should be in the same state of opinion as to the veracity of the Christian history (that

they should be in the same state as to the meaning and nature of Christianity is too absurd to suppose possible) as that which is revealed to us in the current literature of the present year of grace? Terrible enough to have to realize that the 1881st year of the Christian epoch should find us no nearer agreement, our minds no more definitely made up than they are! But if what we have advanced be true, there is the certainty of escape held out to us. Men cannot be mistaken forever; there must be an end of doubt as of all things else; sooner or later the truth of things must appear in the minds that are the offspring of the universe, and are continually being trained to recognize the sources of their own origin. And I cannot refrain from claiming once more for Christianity that most powerful and impressive argument legitimately accruing to it from the simple fact that it makes its appeal to fixed and certain truth, absolute in its own nature, and sure to prevail by its own innate force. Can we say as much for science in its attitude toward religion? Might it not rather be plausibly urged that from not taking up the challenge face to face, from not endeavoring to drive from the field of man's beliefs a religion which, if not true in fact, soon becomes a mistaken and enfeebling superstition, modern scientific thought runs in some danger of committing that capital crime against truth and progress which contributed so powerfully to the decay and ruin of ancient civilizations. Once let philosophers acquire and propagate, or even sanction, the idea that it does not much matter what the "vulgar" believe, and that a little graceful superstition may be useful and becoming in the minds of the "common people," so long as their own are untainted by it, and not all the victories of positive science, nor all the engines of modern civilization, will save the society which connives at this high treason in its bosom from destruction, first moral, then intellectual, and finally, as the judgment of God or nature, whichever we please to call it, material also.

In taking what, so far as I can see, will be a final leave of this subject, I desire to be permitted to adduce one more closing argument, and that is—myself. I am a country clergyman, discharging

the daily routine of professional duties proper to that office in the sphere for which the Church of England has pronounced me competent. There is not a day in which those duties are not made easier and pleasanter to me by my acquiescence in the teaching of modern science, and especially in the doctrine of evolution. As to feeling any incompatibility between the two, I should consider it an insult to both of them even to imagine it. But if this be the case with me, why may it not be also the case with thousands like myself, more especially of those who occupy a similar position? And I must warn the genius of doubt that it will never get rid of Chris-

tianity until it has disposed of the country parsons, and that we are a stubborn and positive race to deal with. I can imagine a thousand reasons why our brethren in towns should be able to derive their religion from their inner consciousness or some other transcendental source; but for us—why, we must get ours, as our neighbors get their living, FROM THE GROUND. And if, in the attempt to do this for myself, I may have assisted a stray soul here and there in the struggle to obtain a firm footing, it as much as circumstances allow me to hope for, and I shall be more than satisfied.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE materials for the life of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley have been left entirely in the hands of literary executors, who, for the present, can allow no reference to them. But I have been asked to tell from recollection, and from the scanty materials at my own disposal, what I remember of a cousin who was the most intimate friend of my childhood and boyhood, and whose life was long interwoven with my own.

There are few country places in England which possess such a singular charm as Alderley. All who have lived in it have loved it, and to the Stanley family it has ever presented the ideal of that which is most interesting and beautiful. There the usually flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderley Edge, with its Holy Well under an overhanging cliff, its gnarled pine trees, and its storm-beaten beacon tower ready to give notice of an invasion, looking far over the green plain to the smoke of Stockport and Macclesfield, which indicates the presence of great towns on the horizon. Beautiful are the beech woods which clothe the western side of the Edge, and feather over mossy lawns to the mere, which receives a reflection of their gorgeous autumnal tints, softened by a blue haze on its still waters.

Beyond the mere and Lord Stanley's park, on the edge of the pasture-lands,

are the church and its surroundings—a wonderfully harmonious group, encircled by trees, with the old timbered inn of "The Eagle and Child" at the corner of the lane which turns up to them. In later times the church itself has undergone a certain amount of "restoration," but sixty years ago it was marvellously picturesque, its chancel mantled in ivy of massy folds, which, while they concealed the rather indifferent architecture, had a glory of their own very different to the clipped, ill-used ivy which we generally see on such buildings; but the old clock-tower, the outside stone staircase leading to the Park pew, the crowded groups of large, square, lichen-stained gravestones, the disused font in the church-yard overhung by a yew tree, and the gable-ended schoolhouse at the gate, built of red sandstone, with gray copings and mullioned windows, were the same.

Close by was the rectory, with its garden—the "Dutch Garden," of many labyrinthine flower beds—joining the churchyard. A low house, with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper story, where bird-cages hung among the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and the old carved oak furniture, usually little sought or valued in those days, but which the rector delighted to pick up among his cottages.

This rector, Edward Stanley, younger brother of the Sir John who was living at the Park, was a little man, active in figure and in movement, with dark, piercing eyes, rendered more remarkable by the snow-white hair which was his characteristic even when very young. With the liveliest interest on all subjects—political, philosophical, scientific, theological; with inexhaustible plans for the good of the human race in general, but especially for the benefit of his parishioners and the amusement of his seven nieces at the Park, he was the most popular character in the country side. To children he was indescribably delightful. There was nothing that he was not supposed to know—and indeed who was there who knew more?—of insect life, of the ways and habits of birds, of fossils and where to find them, of drawing, of etching on wood and lithographing on stone, of plants and gardens, of the construction of ships and boats, and of the thousand home manufactures of which he was a complete master.

In his thirty-first year Edward Stanley had married Catherine, eldest daughter of Oswald Leycester, afterward rector of Stoke-upon-Terne, of an old Cheshire family, which, through many generations, had been linked with that of the Stanleys in the intimacy of friendship and neighborhood, for Toft, the old seat of the Leycesters and the pleasantest of family homes, was only a few miles from Alderley.

At the time of her engagement Catherine Leycester was only sixteen, and eighteen at the time of her marriage, but from childhood she had been accustomed to form her own character by thinking, reading, and digesting what she read. Owing to her mother's ill health she had very early in life had the responsibility of educating and training her sister, who was much younger than herself. She was the best of listeners, fixing her eyes upon the speaker, but saying little herself, so that her old uncle, Hugh Leycester, used to assert of her, "Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change." To the frivolity of an ordinary acquaintance, her mental superiority and absolute self-possession of manner must always have made her somewhat alarming; but those who had the

opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface were no less astonished at her originality and freshness of ideas, and her keen, though quiet, enjoyment of life, its pursuits and friendships, than by the calm wisdom of her advice, and her power of penetration into the characters, and consequently the temptations and difficulties, of others.

In the happy home of Alderley Rectory her five children were brought up. Her eldest son, Owen, had from the first shown that interest in all things relating to ships and naval affairs which had been his father's natural inclination in early life; and the youngest, Charles, from an early age had turned his hopes to the profession of a Royal Engineer, in which he afterward became distinguished. Arthur, the second boy, born December 13, 1815, was always delicate, so delicate that it was scarcely hoped at first he would live to grow up. From his earliest childhood, his passion for poetry, and historical studies of every kind, gave promise of a literary career, and engaged his mother's unwearied interest in the formation of his mind and character. A pleasant glimpse of the home life at Alderley, in May, 1818, is given in a letter from Mrs. Stanley to her sister, Maria Leycester:

"How I have enjoyed these fine days—and one's pleasure is doubled, or rather I should say trebled, in the enjoyment of the three little children basking in the sunshine on the lawns and picking up daisies and finding new flowers every day, and in seeing Arthur expand like one of the flowers in the fine weather. Owen trots away to school at nine o'clock every morning, with his Latin grammar under his arm, leaving Mary with a strict charge to unfurl his flag, which he leaves carefully furled, through the little Gothic gate, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. So Mary unfurls the flag and then watches till Owen comes in sight, and as soon as he spies her signal, he sets off full gallop toward it, and Mary creeps through the gate to meet him, and then comes with as much joy to announce Owen's being come back, as if he was returned from the North Pole. Meanwhile I am sitting with the doors open into the trellis, so that I can see and hear all that passes."

In the same year, after an absence, Mrs. Stanley wrote:

"ALDERLEY, Sept. 14, 1818.—What happy work it was getting home! The little things were as happy to see us as we could desire. They all came dancing out, and clung round me, and kissed me by turns, and were certainly more delighted than they had ever been

before to see us again. They had not only not forgot us, but not forgot a bit about us. Everything that we had done and said and written was quite fresh and present to their minds, and I should be assured in vain that all my trouble in writing to them was thrown away. Arthur is grown so interesting, and so entertaining too, he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees, and intelligence : the dear little creature would not leave me, or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others. He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call 'so fine a boy.' "

When he was four years old, we find his mother writing to her sister :

" January 30, 1820.—As for the children, my Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for pictures and birds, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le printemps*, *les oiseaux* and *les fleurs*, when he walks out. When we went to Highlake, he asked—quite gravely—whether it would not be good for his little wooden horse to have some sea-bathing!"

And again, in the following summer :

" ALDERLEY, July 6, 1820.—I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony to Owen's favorite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said coloring, he would go, he *thought* : "Bnt, mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?" Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, etc., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delights of the evening by reading 'Paul and Virginia' to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I. "You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his little strength—such a beautiful color, and such soft animation in his blue eyes."

It was often remarked that Mrs. Stanley's children were different from those of any one else ; but this was not to be wondered at. Their mother not only taught them their lessons, she learnt all their lessons with them. While other children were plodding through dull histories of disconnected countries and ages, of which they were unutterably weary at the time, and of which they remembered nothing afterward, Mrs. Stanley's system was to take a particular era, and, upon the basis of its general history,

to pick out for her children from different books, whether memoirs, chronicles, or poetry, all that bore upon it, making it at once an interesting study to herself and them, and talking it over with them in a way which encouraged them to form their own opinion upon it, to have theories as to how such and such evils might have been forestalled or amended, and so to fix it in their recollection.

To an imaginative child, Alderley was the most delightful place possible, and while Owen Stanley delighted in the clear brook which dashes through the rectory garden for the ships of his own manufacture—then as engrossing as the fitting out of the Ariel upon the mere in later boyhood—little Arthur revelled in the legends of the neighborhood—of its wizard of Alderley Edge, with a hundred horses sleeping in an enchanted cavern, and of the church bell which fell down a steep hill into Rostherne Mere, and which is tolled by a mermaid when any member of a great neighboring family is going to die.

Being the poet of the little family, Arthur Stanley generally put his ideas into verse, and there are lines of his written at eleven years old, on seeing the sunrise from the top of Alderley church tower, and at twelve years old, on witnessing the departure of the Ganges, hearing his brother Owen, from Spithead, which give evidence of poetical power, more fully evinced two years later in his longer poems on "The Druids" and on "The Maniac of Betharan." When he was old enough to go to school, his mother wrote an amusing account of the turn-out of his pockets and desk before leaving home, and the extraordinary collection of crumpled scraps of poetry which were found there. In March, 1821, Mrs. Stanley wrote :

"Arthur is in great spirits and looks, well prepared to do honor to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank' to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from 'Frank.' The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie, and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window, at the end of the passage, so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but I

heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang froid*, 'Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie: so now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank.' I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entrée* after dinner, Arthur came in first, in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking—as his eyes do look, saying the instant the door opened, 'Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window!—and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget.' I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell mamma something like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *vide* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be hypocritical."

After he was eight years old, Mrs. Stanley, who knew the interest and capacity of her little Arthur about everything, was much troubled by his becoming so increasingly shy, that he never would speak if he could help it, even when he was alone with her, and she dreaded that the companionship of other boys at school, instead of drawing him out, would only make him shut himself up more in himself. Still, in the frequent visits which his parents paid to the seaside at Highlake, he always recovered his lost liveliness of manner and movement, climbed merrily up the sandhills, and was never tired in mind or body. It was therefore a special source of rejoicing when it was found that Mr. Rawson, the vicar of Seaforth (a place five miles from Liverpool, and only half a mile from the sea), had a school for nine little boys, and thither in 1824 it was decided that Arthur should be sent. In August, his young aunt wrote:

"Arthur liked the idea of going to school as making him approach nearer to Owen. We took him last Sunday evening from Crosby, and he kept up very well till we were to part, but when he was to separate from us to join his new companions he clung to us in a piteous manner, and burst into tears. Mr. Rawson very good-naturedly offered to walk with us a little way, and walk back with Arthur, which he liked better, and he returned with Mr. R. very manfully. On Monday evening we went to have a look at him before leaving the neighborhood, and found the little fellow as happy as possible, much amused with the novelty of the situation, and talking of the boys' proceedings with as much importance as if he had been there for months. He wished us good-bye in a very firm tone, and we have

heard since from his Uncle Penrhyn that he had been spending some hours with him, in which he laughed and talked incessantly of all that he did at school. He is very proud of being called 'Stanley,' and seems to like it altogether very much. The satisfaction to mamma and auntie is not to be told of having disposed of this little sylph in so excellent a manner. Every medical man has always said that a few years of constant sea-air would make him quite strong, and to find this united to so desirable a master as Mr. R. and so careful and kind a protectress as Mrs. R., is being very fortunate."

In the following summer the same pen writes from Alderley to one of the family:

"July, 1825.—You know how dearly I love all these children, and it has been such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. Owen, the hero upon whom all their little eyes were fixed, and the delicate Arthur able to take his own share of boyish amusements with them, and telling out his little store of literary wonders to Charlie and Catherine. School has not transformed him into a rough boy yet. He is a little less shy, but not much. He brought back from school a beautiful prize book for history, of which he is not a little proud; and Mr. Rawson has told several people, unconnected with the Stanleys, that he never had a more amiable, attentive, or clever boy than Arthur Stanley, and that he never has had to find fault with him since he came. My sister finds, in examining him, that he not only knows what he has learned himself, but that he picks up all the knowledge gained by the other boys in their lessons, and can tell what each boy in the school has read, etc. His delight in reading 'Madoc' and 'Thalaba' is excessive."

In the following year, Miss Leycester writes:

"Stoke, August 26, 1826.—My Alderley children are more interesting than ever. Arthur is giving Mary quite a literary taste, and is the greatest advantage to her possible, for they are now quite inseparable companions, reading, drawing, and writing together. Arthur has written a poem on the Life of a peacock-butterfly in the Spenserian stanza, with all the old words, with references to Chaucer, etc., at the bottom of the page! To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advantages they have where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them. . . . I never saw anything equal to Arthur's memory and quickness in picking up knowledge; seeming to have just that sort of intuitive sense of every thing relating to books that Owen had in ships, and then there is such affection and sweetness of disposition in him. . . . You will not be tired of all this detail of those so near my heart. It is always such a pleasure to me to write of the rectory, and I can always do it better when I am away from it and it rises before my mental vision."

The summer of 1826 was marked for the Stanleys by the news of the death of their beloved friend Reginald Heber, and by the marriage of Isabella Stanley to Captain Farry, the Arctic voyager, an event at which "his mother could not resist sending for her little Arthur to be present." Meantime he was happy at school and wrote long histories home of all that took place there, especially amused with his drilling sergeant, who told him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and not to look sheepish." But each time of his return to Alderley, he seemed shyer than ever, and his mother became increasingly concerned at his want of boyishness.

"January 27, 1828.—Oh, it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing, so terribly to heart, and enacts Prince Pitiful; and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading because I try to draw him *also* to other things, and so he reads by stealth and lays down his book when he hears people coming; and having no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look, and I am sure he is very often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than boy."

In January, 1828, Mrs. Stanley wrote to Augustus W. Hare, long an intimate friend of the family, and soon about to marry her sister :

"I have Arthur at home, and I have rather a puzzling card to play with him—how not to encourage too much his poetical tastes, and to spoil him, in short—and yet how not to discourage what in reality one wishes to grow, and what he, being timid and shy to a degree, would easily be led to shut up entirely to himself; and then he suffers so much from a laudable desire to be with other boys, and yet when with them, finds his incapacity to enter into their pleasures of shooting, hunting, horses, and theirs for his. He will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys."

In the following month she wrote :

"ALDERLEY, February 8, 1828.—Now I am going to ask your opinion and advice, and perhaps your assistance, on my own account. We are beginning to consider what is to be done with Arthur, and it will be time for him to be moved from his small school in another year, when he will be thirteen. We have given up all thoughts of Eton for him from the many objections, combined with the great expense. Now I want to ask your opinion about Shrewsbury, Rugby, and Winchester; do you think, from what you know of Arthur's character and capabilities that Winchester would suit him, and *vice versa*?"

In answer to this Augustus Hare wrote from Naples :

"March 26, 1828.—Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is a Wykehamist and Fellow of Oriel, and a particular friend of mine—a man calculated beyond all others to engraft modern scholarship and modern improvements on the old fashioned stem of a public education. Winchester under him would be the best school in Europe; what Rugby may turn out I cannot say, for I know not the materials he has there to work on."

A few weeks later he added :

"FLORENCE, April 19, 1828.—I am so little satisfied with what I said about Arthur in my last letter, that I am determined to begin with him and do him more justice. What you describe him now to be, I once was; and I have myself suffered too much and too often from my inferiority in strength and activity to boys who were superior to me in nothing else, not to feel very deeply for any one in a similar state of school-forwardness and bodily weakness. Parents in general are too anxious to push their children on in school and other learning. If a boy happens not to be robust, it is laying up for him a great deal of pain and mortification. For a boy must naturally associate with others in the same class; and consequently, if he happens to be forward beyond his years, he is thrown at twelve (with perhaps the strength of only eleven or ten) into the company of boys two years older and probably three or four years stronger (for boobies are always stout of limb). You may conceive what wretchedness this is likely to lead to, in a state of society like a school, where might almost necessarily makes right. But it is not only at school that such things lead to mortification. There are a certain number of manly exercises which every gentleman, at some time or other of his life, is likely to be called on to perform, and many a man who is deficient in these, would gladly purchase dexterity in them, if he could, at the price of those mental accomplishments which have cost him in boyhood the most pains to acquire. Who would not rather ride well at twenty-five, than write the prettiest Latin verses? I am perfectly impartial in this respect, being able to do neither, and therefore my judgment is likely enough to be correct. So pray during the holidays make Arthur ride hard and shoot often, and, in short, gymnasticize in every possible manner. I have said thus much to relieve my own mind and convey to you how earnestly I feel on the subject. Otherwise I know Alderley and its inhabitants too well to suspect any one of them of being, what Wordsworth calls 'an intellectual all-in-all.' About his school, were Rugby under any other master, I certainly should not advise your thinking of it for Arthur for an instant; as it is, the decision will be more difficult. When Arnold has been there ten years, he will have made it a good school, perhaps in some respects the very best in the island; but a transition state is always one of

doubt and delicacy. Winchester is admirable for those it succeeds with, but is not adapted for all sorts and conditions of boys, and sometimes fails. However, when I come to England, I will make a point of seeing Arthur, when I shall be a little better able perhaps to judge."

In the summer of 1828 Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with her sister Maria and her niece Lucy Stanley, from the Park, went by sea to Bordeaux and for a tour in the Pyrenees, taking little Arthur and his sister Mary with them. It was his first experience of foreign travel, and most intense was his enjoyment of it. All was new then, and Mr. Stanley wrote of the children as being almost as much intoxicated with delight on first landing at Bordeaux as their faithful maid, Sarah Burgess, who "thinks life's fitful dream is past, and that she has, by course of transmigration, passed into a higher sphere." It is recollected how, when he first saw the majestic summit of the Pic du Midi rising above a mass of cloud, Arthur Stanley, in his great ecstasy, could say nothing but "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

In the following October Mrs. Stanley described her boy's peculiarities to Dr. Arnold, and asked his candid advice as to how far Rugby was likely to suit him. After receiving his answer she wrote to her sister:

"October 10, 1828.—Dr. Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another school master in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable, and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to."

It was just as his mother had foreseen. Arthur Stanley went to Rugby in the following January, and was immediately captivated by his new master. His parents visited him two months afterward as they were returning from Cheshire to London. Mrs. Stanley wrote to her sister:

"March, 1829.—We arrived at Rugby exactly at twelve, waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He colored up and came in, looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly I think from nervousness. The only complaint he had to make was that of having no friend, and the feeling of loneliness belonging to that want, and this, considering what he is and what boys of his age usually are, would and must be the case anywhere. We went to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and they are

of the same opinion, that he was as well off and as happy as he could be at a public school, and on the whole I am satisfied—quite satisfied considering all things, for Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are indeed delightful. She was ill, but still animated and lively. He has a very remarkable countenance, something in forehead, and again in manner, which puts me in mind of Reginald Heber, and there is a mixture of zeal, energy, and determination tempered with wisdom, candor, and benevolence, both in manner and in everything he says. He had examined Arthur's class, and said Arthur had done very well, and the class generally. He said he was gradually reforming, but that it was like pasting down a piece of paper—as fast as one corner was put down another started up. 'Yes,' said Mrs. A., 'but Dr. Arnold always thinks the corner will not start *again*.' And it is that happy sanguine temperament which is so particularly calculated to do well in this or, indeed, any situation."

Arthur Stanley soon became very happy at Rugby. His want of a friend was speedily supplied, and many of the friends of his whole after life dated from his early school-days, especially Charles Vaughan, afterward his intimate companion, eventually his brother-in-law. His rapid removal into the shell at Easter, and into the fifth form at Midsummer, brought him nearer to the head master, at the same time freeing him from the terrors of preceptors and fagging, and giving him entrance to the library. So he returned to Alderley in the summer holidays well and prosperous, speaking out, and full of peace and happiness, ready to enjoy "striding about upon the lawn on stilts," with his brother and sisters. On his return to school his mother continued to hear of his progress in learning, but derived even more pleasure from his accounts of football, and of a hare-and-hounds hunt in which he "got left behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one" at a brook, which, after some deliberation, he leapt, and "*nothing happened*."

In September, 1829, his mother writes:

"I have had such a ridiculous account from Arthur of his sitting up, with three others, all night, to *see what it was like*! They heartily wished themselves in bed before morning. He also writes of an English copy of verses given to the fifth form—Brownsover, a village near Rugby, with the Avon flowing through it and the Swift flowing into the Avon, into which Wickliffe's ashes were thrown. So Arthur and some others instantly made a pilgrimage to Brownsover to make discoveries. They were allowed four days, and Arthur's was the best

of the thirty in the fifth form, greatly to his astonishment, but he says, 'Nothing happened except that I get called Poet now and then, and my study, Poet's Corner.' The master of the form gave another subject for them to write upon in an hour to see if they had each made their own, and Arthur was again head. What good sense there is in giving these kind of subjects to excite interest and inquiry, though few would be so supremely happy as Arthur in making the voyage of discovery. I ought to mention that Arthur was detected with the other boys in an unlawful letting off of squibs, and had 100 lines of Horace to translate !"

The following gleanings from his mother's letters give, in the absence of other material, glimpses of Arthur Stanley's life during the next few years :

"February 22, 1830.—Arthur writes me word he has begun mathematics, and does not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he is."

"June 1, 1830.—We got to Rugby at eight, fetched Arthur, to his great delight and surprise, and had two most comfortable hours with him. There is just a shade more of confidence in his manners which is very becoming. He talked freely and fluently, looked well and happy, and came the next morning at six o'clock with his Greek book and his notebook under his arm."

"June 22, 1830.—There was a letter from Arthur on Monday saying that his verses on Malta had failed in getting the prize. There had been a hard contest between him and another. His poem was the longest and contained the best ideas, but he says 'that is matter of opinion ;' the other was the most accurate. There were three masters on each side, and it was some time in being decided. The letter expresses his disappointment (for he had thought he should have it), his vexation (knowing that another hour would have enabled him to look over and probably to correct the fatal faults) so naturally, and then the struggle of his amiable feeling that it would be unkind to the other boy, who had been very much disappointed not to get the Essay, to make any excuses. Altogether it is just as I should wish, and much better than if he had got it."

"July 20, 1830.—Arthur came yesterday. He begins to look like a young man."

"December, 1830.—Arthur has brought home a letter from Mrs. Arnold to say that she could not resist sending me her congratulations on his having received the remarkable distinction of not being examined at all except in extra subjects. Dr. Arnold called him up before masters and school, and said he had done so perfectly well it was useless."

"December 30, 1830.—I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of my two boys. Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, etc. Arthur's of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil ; it piques him to be

more alert. Charlie profits by both brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking with the most profound deference in his face for exposition of Virgil."

"February, 1831.—Charlie writes word from school : 'I am very miserable, not that I want anything, except to be at home.' Arthur does not mind going half so much. He says he does not know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he never gets plagued in any way like the others ; his study is left untouched, his things unbroke, his books undisturbed. Charlie is so fond of him and deservedly so. You would have been so pleased one night, when Charlie all of a sudden burst into violent distress at not having finished his French task for the holidays, by Arthur's judicious good nature in showing him how to help himself, entirely leaving what he was about of his own employment."

"July, 1831.—I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table ; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another ; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything so à l'Arnold."

"July 17, 1831.—I have been busy teaching Arthur to drive, row, and gymnasticize, and he finds himself making progress in the latter ; that he can do more as he goes on—a great encouragement always. Imagine Dr. Arnold and one of the other masters gymnasticizing in the garden, and sometimes going out leaping—as much a sign of the times as the Chancellor appearing without a wig, and the king with half a coronation."

"ALDERLEY, November 11.—We slept at Rugby on Monday night, had a comfortable evening with Arthur, and next morning breakfasted with Dr. Arnold. What a man he is ! He struck me more than before even, with the impression of power, energy, and singleness of heart, aim, and purpose. He was very indignant at the *Quarterly Review* article on cholera—the surpassing selfishness of it, and spoke so nobly—was busy writing a paper to state what cholera is, and what it is not. . . . Arthur's veneration for him is beautiful ; what good it must do to grow up under such a tree."

"December 22, 1831.—I brought Arthur home on Wednesday from Knutsford. He was classed first in everything but composition, in which he was second, and mathematics, in which he did not do well enough to be classed, nor ill enough to prevent his having the reward of the rest of his works. I can trace the improvement from his having been so much under Dr. Arnold's influence ; so many inquiries and ideas are started in his mind which will be the groundwork of future study. . . . Charlie is very happy now in the thought of going to Rugby and being with Arthur, and Arthur has

settled all the study and room concerns very well for him. I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them this holidays, to Charlie's great delight, and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnasticize, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his notebooks, etc. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind too as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting *out* what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything."

"May 22, 1832.—We got such a treat on Friday evening in Arthur's parcel of prizes. One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by the various bits of information. In this parcel he sent 'An Ancient Ballad, showing how Harold the King died at Chester,' the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in the winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory."

"Dec. 26, 1832.—Arthur and Charlie came home on Wednesday. Arthur has not shaken off his first fit of shyness yet. I think he colors more than ever, and hesitates more in bringing out what he has to say. I am at my usual work of teaching him to use his body, and Charlie his mind."

"April 13, 1833.—I never found Arthur more blooming than when we saw him at Rugby on Monday. Mrs. Arnold said she always felt that Arthur had more sympathy with her than any one else, that he understood and appreciated Dr. Arnold's character, and the union of strength and tenderness in it, that Dr. A. said he always felt that Arthur took in his ideas, received all he wished to put into him more in the true spirit and meaning than any boy he had ever met with, and that she always delighted in watching his countenance when Dr. Arnold was preaching."

"July, 1833.—At eight o'clock last night the Arnolds arrived. Dr. Arnold and Arthur behind the carriage, Mrs. Arnold and two children inside, two more with the servant in front, having left the other chaiseul at Congleton. Arthur was delighted with his journey—said Dr. Arnold was just like a boy—jumped up, delighted to be set free, had talked all the way of the geology of the country, knowing every step of it by heart, so pleased to see a common, thinking it might do for the people to expatiate on. We talked of the Cambridge philosophers—why he did not go there—he dared not trust himself with its excitement or with society in London. Edward said something of the humility of finding yourself with people so much your superior, and at the same time the elevation of feeling yourself of the same species. He shook his head—"I should feel that in the company of legislators, but not of abstract philosophers." Then Mrs. Arnold went on to say how De Ville had pronounced

on his head that he was fond of *facts*, but not of abstractions, and he allowed it was most true; he liked geology, botany, philosophy, only as they are connected with the history and well being of the human race. . . . The other chaise came after breakfast. He ordered all into their places with such a gentle decision, and they were all off by ten, having ascertained, I hope, that it was quite worth while to halt here even for so short a time."

It was in November, 1833, that Arthur Stanley went to Oxford to try for the Balliol Scholarship, and gained the first scholarship against thirty competitors. The examination was one especially calculated to show the wide range of Arnold's education. Stanley wrote from Oxford to his family :

"November 26, 1833.—On Monday our examination began at 10 A.M. and lasted to 4 P.M.—a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revisals could make sure, was without mistakes, and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P.M. till 10 and had a Greek chorus to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses which I did not do well. On Tuesday from 10 to 1 we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from 2 to 4—midding, and we are to go in again to-night at 9. I cannot the least say if I am likely to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton."

"Friday November 29, 7½ P.M.—I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at 2 o'clock. At 8 to-night the decision takes place, so that my next ½ of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success can depend upon nothing, except that I think I have done pretty well, better perhaps from comparing notes than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh, the joy if I do get it! and the disappointment if I do not. And from two of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day—Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. Last night I dined at Magdalen, which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down, so very magnificent. . . . I will go on now. We all assembled in the hall and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened, my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long preamble—that they were well satisfied with all, and that those who were disappointed were many in comparison with those who were successful, etc. All this time every one was listening with the most

intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off till—"The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley"—I gave a great jump, and there was a half shout among the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel where the master and all the fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, 'nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus.' I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start to-day in a chaise and *four* for the glory of it. You may think of my joy, the honor of Rugby is saved, and I am a scholar of Balliol!"

Dr. Arnold wrote to Mrs. Stanley :

"I do heartily congratulate you and heartily thank Arthur for the credit and real benefit he has conferred on us. There was a feeling abroad that we could not compete with Eton or the other great schools in the contest for university honors, and I think there was something of this even in the minds of my own pupils, however much they might value my instruction in other respects ; and those who wish the school ill for my sake were ready to say that the boys were taught politics and not taught to be scholars. Already has the effect of Arthur's success been felt here in the encouragement which it has given to others to work hard in the hope of treading in his steps, and in the confidence it has given them in my system. And yet, to say the truth, though I do think that with God's blessing I have been useful to your son, yet his success on this occasion is all his own, and a hundred times more gratifying than if it had been gained by my examining. For I have no doubt that he gained his scholarship chiefly by the talent and good sense of his compositions, which are, as you know, very remarkable."

Arthur Stanley remained at Rugby till the following summer, gaining more now, he considered, from Dr. Arnold than at any other time, though his uncle, Augustus Hare, who had been applied to, discouraged his being left at school so long, because "though most boys learn most during their last year, it is when they are all shooting up together, but Arthur must be left a high tree among shrubs." Of this time are the following letters from Mrs. Stanley :

"February 3, 1834.—I have just lost Arthur, and a great loss he is to me. The latter part of his time at home is always so much the most agreeable, he gets over his reserve so much more. He has been translating and retranslating Cicero for his improvement, and has been deep in Guizot's essay on the Civilization of Europe, besides being chiefly engaged in a *grand* work, at present a secret, but of which you may perhaps hear more in the course of the spring. I have generally sat with him or

he with me, to be ready with criticisms when wanted, and it is delightful to be so immediately and entirely understood—the why and wherefore of an objection seen before it is said. And the mind is so logical, so clear, the taste so pure in all senses, and so accurate. He goes on so quietly and perseveringly as to get through all he intends to get through without the least appearance of bustle or business. He finished his studies at home, I think, with an analysis of the Peninsular battles, trying to understand thereby the *pro* and *con* of a battle."

"May 21, 1834.—I have taken the opportunity of spending Sunday at Rugby. Arthur met us two miles on the road, and almost his first words were how disappointed he was that Dr. Arnold had influenza and would not be able to preach ! However I had the compensation of more of his company than under any other circumstances. There were only he and Mrs. Arnold, so that I became more acquainted with both, and altogether it was most interesting. We had the Sunday evening chapter and hymn, and it was very beautiful to see his manner to the little ones, indeed to all. Arthur was quite as happy as I was to have such an uninterrupted bit of Dr. Arnold—he talks more freely to him a great deal than he does at home."

The spring of 1834 had been saddened to the Stanleys by the death of Augustus Hare at Rome ; and the decision of his widow—the beloved "Auntie" of Arthur Stanley's childhood—to make Hurstmonceaux her home, led to his being sent, before going to Oxford, for a few months as a pupil to Julius Hare, who was then rector of Hurstmonceaux. Those who remember the enthusiastic character of Julius Hare, his energy in what he undertook, and his vigorous though lengthy elucidation of what he wished to explain, will imagine how he delighted in reopening for Arthur Stanley the stores of classical learning which had seemed laid aside for ever in the solitude of his Sussex living. "I cannot speak of the blessing it has been to have Arthur so long with you," his mother wrote afterward. "He says he feels his mind's horizon so enlarged, and that a foundation is laid of interest and affection for Hurstmonceaux, which he will always henceforward consider as 'one of his homes, one of the many places in the world he has to be happy in.' He writes happily from Oxford, but the lectures and sermons there do not go down after the food he has been living on at Hurstmonceaux and Rugby."

In this brief sketch we do not dwell

upon Arthur Stanley's happy and successful career at college, upon his many prizes, his honors of every kind,* even upon his Newdigate poem of "The Gipsies," which his father heard him deliver in the Sheldonian Theatre, and burst into tears amid the tumult of applause which followed. It may truly be said of him that he "applied his heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom."

In the autumn of 1839, Arthur Stanley was ordained, though full of mental difficulties as to subscription. He was decided by a letter from Arnold, who urged that his own difficulties of the same kind had gradually decreased in importance; that he had long been persuaded that subscription to the letter to any amount of human propositions was impossible, and that the door of ordination was never meant to be closed against all but those whose "dull minds and dull consciences" could see no difficulty. In deciding to remain at Oxford as a tutor at University College, where he had obtained a fellowship, Stanley believed that his ordination vows might be as effectually carried out by making the most of his vocation at college, and endeavoring to influence all who came within his sphere, as by undertaking any parochial cure. To his aunt, who remonstrated, he wrote:

"February 15, 1840.—I have never properly thanked you for your letters about my ordination, which I assure you however that I have not the less valued, and shall be no less anxious to try, as far as in me lies, to observe. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for me, though as far as I see unavoidable, that the overwhelming considerations, immediately at the time of Ordination, were not difficulties of practice, but of subscription, and the effect has been that I would always rather look back to what I felt to be my duty before that cloud came on, than to the time itself. Practically, however, I think it will in the end make no difference. The real thing which long ago moved me to wish to go into Orders, and which, had I not gone into Orders, I should have acted on as well as I could without Orders, was the fact that God seemed to have given me gifts more fitting me for Orders, and for that particular line of clerical duty which I have chosen, than for any other. It is perhaps as well to say that until I see a calling to other clerical work, as distinct as that by which I feel called to my present work, I should not

think it right to engage in any other; but I hope I shall always feel, though I am afraid I cannot be too constantly reminded, that in whatever work I am engaged now, or hereafter, my great end ought always to be the good of the souls of others, and my great support the good which God will give to my own soul."

Two years before this, in 1837, the Rector of Alderley had been appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich, and had left Cheshire amid an uncontrollable outburst of grief from the people among whom he had lived as a friend and a father for thirty-two years. Henceforward, the scientific pursuits, which had occupied his leisure hours at Alderley, were laid aside in the no-leisure of his devotion to the See with whose interests he now identified his existence. His one object seemed to be to fit himself more completely for dealing with ecclesiastical subjects, by gaining a clearer insight into clerical duties and difficulties, and, though he long found his diocese a bed of thorns, his kindly spirit, his broad liberality, and all-embracing fatherly sympathy, never failed to leave peace behind them. His employments were changed, but his characteristics were the same; the geniality and simplicity shown in dealing with his clergy, and his candidates for ordination, had the same power of winning hearts which was evinced in his relation to the cottagers at Alderley; and the same dauntless courage which would have been such an advantage in commanding the ship he longed for in his youth, enabled him to face Chartist mobs with composure, and to read unmoved the many party censures which followed such acts as his public recognition in Norwich Cathedral of the worth of Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist; his appearance on a platform, side by side with the Irish priest, Father Matthew, advocating the same cause; and his enthusiastic friendship for Jenny Lind, who on his invitation made the palace her home during her stay in Norwich.

Most delightful, and very different from the modern building which has partially replaced it, was the old Palace at Norwich. Approached through a stately gateway, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, amid which stood a beautiful ruin—the old house with its broad old-fashioned staircase and vault-

* The Ireland Scholarship and a First Class in Classics, 1837; the Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay, 1839; the English Essay, 1840, etc.

ed kitchen, its beautiful library looking out to Mousehold and Kett's Castle, its great dining-room hung with pictures of the Nine Muses, its picturesque and curious corners, and its quaint and intricate passages, was indescribably charming. In a little side-garden under the Cathedral, pet pee-wits and a raven were kept, which always came to the dining-room window at breakfast to be fed out of the Bishop's own hand—the only relic of his once beloved ornithological, as occasional happy excursions with a little nephew to Bramerton in search of fossils, were the only trace left of his former geological pursuits.

"I live for my children and for them alone I wish to live, unless in God's Providence I can live to His glory," were Bishop Stanley's own words not many months before his death. He followed with longing interest the voyages of his son Owen as Commander in the *Britomart*, and Captain of the *Rattlesnake*, and rejoiced in the successful career of his youngest son Charles. These were perhaps the most naturally congenial to their father, and more of companions to him when at home than any of his other children. But in the last years of his life he was even prouder of his second son Arthur. The wonderful descriptive power and classical knowledge of his (unpublished) letters from Greece, had given his family a foretaste of what the world received twelve years later in "*Sinai and Palestine*," and, in 1844, was published that *Life of Dr. Arnold* (whose funeral sermon he had been selected to preach in 1842), which has translated his character to the world, and given him a wider influence since his death than he ever attained in his life. Perhaps, of all Stanley's books, *Arnold's Life* is still the one by which he is best known, and this, in his reverent love for his master, to whom he owed the building up of his mind, is as he would have wished it to be.

For twelve years Arthur Stanley resided at University College, as Fellow and Tutor, undertaking also, in the latter part of the time, the laborious duties of secretary to the University Commission, into which he threw himself with characteristic ardor. In 1845 he was appointed Select Preacher to the University, an office resulting in the publi-

cation of those "*Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*," in which he especially endeavored to exhibit the individual human character of the different apostles.

The year 1849 was marked by the death of Bishop Stanley, which occurred during a visit to Brahan Castle in Scotland. Arthur was with him in his last hours, and brought his mother and sisters back to the desolate Norwich home, where a vast multitude attended the burial of the bishop in the cathedral. "I can give you the facts," wrote one who was present, "but I can give you no notion of how impressive it was, nor how affecting. There was such sobs and tears from the school children and from the clergy who so loved their dear bishop. A beautiful sunshine lit up everything, shining into the cathedral just at the time. Arthur was quite calm, and looked like an angel, with a sister on each side."

From the time of his father's death, from the time when he first took his seat at family prayers in the purple chair where the venerable white head was accustomed to be seen, Arthur Stanley seemed utterly to throw off all the shyness and embarrassment which had formerly oppressed him, to rouse himself by a great effort, and henceforward to forget his own personality altogether in his position and his work. His social and conversational powers, afterward so great, increased perceptibly from this time.

It was two days after Mrs. Stanley left Norwich that she received the news of the death of her youngest son Charles in Van Diemen's Land; and a very few months only elapsed before she learnt that her eldest son Owen had only lived to hear of the loss of his father. Henceforward his mother, saddened though not crushed by her triple grief, was more than ever Arthur Stanley's care; he made her the sharer of all his thoughts, the confidante of all his difficulties, all that he wrote was read to her before its publication, and her advice was not only sought but taken. In her new home in London, he made her feel that she had still as much to interest her and give a zest to life as in the happiest days at Alderley and Norwich; most of all, he pleased her by showing in the

publication of the "Memoir of Bishop Stanley," in 1850, his thorough inward appreciation of the father with whom his outward intercourse had been of a less intimate kind than with herself.

In 1851 Arthur Stanley was presented to a canonry at Canterbury, which, though he accepted it with reluctance, proved to be an appointment entirely after his own heart, giving him leisure to write "Sinai and Palestine," and to complete his "Commentary on the Corinthians, and leading naturally to the "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," which, of all his books, was perhaps the one which it gave him most pleasure to write. At Canterbury he not only lived among the illustrious dead, but he made them rise into new life by the way in which he spoke and wrote of them. Often on the anniversary of Becket's murder, as the fatal hour—five o'clock on a winter's afternoon—drew near, Stanley would marshal his family and friends round the scenes of the event, stopping with thrilling effect at each spot connected with it—"Here the knights came into the cloister—here the monks knocked furiously for refuge in the church"—till, when at length the chapel of the martyrdom was reached, as the last shades of twilight gathered amid the arches, the whole scene became so real, that, with almost more than a thrill of horror, one saw the last moments through one's ears—the struggle between Fitzurse and the Archbishop, the blow of Tracy, the solemn dignity of the actual death.

Stanley had a real pride in Canterbury. In his own words, he "rejoiced that he was the servant and minister, not of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares beyond his narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe." In his inaugural lectures as professor at Oxford, in speaking of the august trophies of Ecclesiastical History in England, he said, "I need name but one, the most striking and obvious instance, the cradle of English Christianity, the seat of the English Primacy, *my own proud cathedral*, the metropolitan church of Canterbury."

Those who remember Stanley's happy intercourse with his mother at Canter-

bury; his friendships in the place, especially with Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who lived next door, and with whom he had many daily meetings and communications on all subjects; his pleasure in the preparation and publication of his "Canterbury Sermons;" his delightful home under the shadow of the cathedral, connected by the Brick Walk with the cloisters; and his constant work of a most congenial kind, will hardly doubt that in many respects the years spent at Canterbury were the most prosperous of his life. Vividly does the recollection of those who were frequently his guests go back to the afternoons when, his cathedral duties and writing being over, he would rush out to Harbledown, to Patricxbourne, or along the dreary Dover road (which he always insisted upon thinking most delightful) to visit his friend Mrs. Gregory, going faster and faster as he talked more enthusiastically, calling up fresh topics out of the wealthy past. Or there were longer excursions to Bozendeane Wood, with its memories of the strange story of the so-called Sir William Courtenay, its blood-stained dingle amid the hazels, its trees riddled with shot, and its wide view over the forest of Blean to the sea, with the Isle of Sheppey breaking the blue waters.

Close behind Stanley's house was the Deanery and its garden, where the venerable Dean Lyall used daily at that time to be seen walking up and down in the sun. Here grew the marvellous old mulberry, to preserve the life of which, when failing, a bullock was effectually killed that the tree might drink in new life from its blood. A huge bough, which had been torn off from this tree, had taken root and had become far more flourishing than its parent. Arthur Stanley called them the Church of Rome and the Church of Engand, and gave a lecture about it in the town.

His power of calling up past scenes of history, painting them in words, and throwing his whole heart into them, often enacting them, made travelling with Arthur Stanley delightful. His mother, his sister Mary, his cousin Miss Penrhyn, and his friend Hugh Pearson usually made up the summer party. For several years their tours were confined to France and Germany, Switzerland

and Northern Italy. But in 1852 the family went for several months to Italy, seeing its northern and eastern provinces, in those happy days of *vetturino* travelling, as they will never be seen again, studying the story of its old towns, and eventually reaching Rome, which Mrs. Stanley had never seen and which her son had the greatest delight in showing her. It had been decided that when the rest of the party returned to England, he should go on to Egypt, but this plan was changed by circumstances which fortunately enabled him to witness the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. By travelling day and night, he arrived in London the night before the ceremony. Almost immediately afterward he returned to take leave of his mother at Avignon, before starting with his friend Theodore Walrond and two others on that long and happy tour of which the results have appeared in "Sinai and Palestine"—a book, which without any compromise of its own freedom of thought, has turned all the knowledge of previous travellers to most admirable account.

In 1854 the attention of the family was concentrated on the East, as Mary Stanley escorted a body of nurses to Constantinople, and took charge of the Hospital of Koulalee during the war in the Crimea, gaining much experience at this time, which was afterward useful in her self-denying labors for the poor in London. In 1858 Arthur Stanley gave up his happy home at Canterbury, for a canonry at Christ Church, Oxford, attached to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History to which he had been appointed two years before. His three "Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History," delivered before his residence, had attracted such audiences as have seldom been seen in the University Theatre, and aroused an enthusiasm which was the greatest encouragement to him in entering upon a course of life so different from that he had left; for he saw how a set of lectures, usually wearisome, could be rendered interesting to all his hearers, how he could make the dry bones live.

Henceforward, for some years, the greater portion of Stanley's days was spent in his pleasant study on the ground floor (in the first house on the left after

entering Peckwater from Tom quad); looking upon his little walled garden, with its miniature lawn and apple-trees, between which he was delighted to find that he could make a fountain; attended to by his faithful married butler and housekeeper, concerning whom, when some one remarked disparagingly upon their increasing family, he is recollected characteristically to have exclaimed, "I do not know if they will have many children, but I do know one thing, that, if they have a hundred, I shall never part with Mr. and Mrs. Waters."

Here he was always to be found standing at his desk, tossing off sheet after sheet, the whole floor covered with scraps of papers written or letters received, which, by a habit that nothing could change, he generally tore up and scattered around him. Here were composed those Lectures on the Eastern and afterward on the Jewish Church, which Stanley's "picturesque sensibility," as Lord Beaconsfield called it, so exactly fitted him to do justice to—Lectures which have done more than anything ever written to make the Bible history a living reality instead of a dead letter, which, while with the freedom which excited such an outcry against Dean Milman, they do not scruple to describe Abraham as a Chaldean Sheykh of the desert, Rachel as a Bedouin chief's daughter, and Joseph as the royal officers are exhibited in the Theban sculptures, open such a blaze of sunshine upon those venerable histories, that those who look upon them by the new light, feel as if they had never seen them before.

It was a great pleasure to Stanley in the years of his Oxford life to take up the threads of many old friendships which years of separation had relaxed. He also took advantage of introductions from Rugby, and of the acquaintances made in college by a young cousin residing in his house, to invite many Undergraduates to his canonry, by seeing them again and again to become intimate with them, and in many cases to gain a permanent influence over them. Those he was really at home with, will always retain a delightful recollection of the home-like evenings in his pleasant drawing-room, of his sometimes reading aloud, of his fun and playfulness, and of his

talking over his future lectures and getting his younger companions to help him with drawings and plans for them. The Prince of Wales, then an Undergraduate, was frequently at the Canonry, and Stanley had many more visitors from the outside world at Oxford than at Canterbury—Germans, Americans, and the friends he had made during a tour in Russia.

In the early spring of 1862, in fulfilment of a wish which had been expressed by the Prince Consort, Arthur Stanley was desired to accompany the Prince of Wales in his projected tour to the East. In looking forward to this journey he chiefly considered with joy how he might turn the travel to the best account for his royal companion, and how he might open for his service the stores of information which he had laid up during his former Eastern tour. But he combined the duties of cicerone with those of chaplain, and his sermons preached before the Prince of Wales at Tiberias, Nazareth, and other holy sites of sacred history, were afterward published in a small volume. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," was his constant teaching in Palestine. "It is by thinking of what has been here, by making the most of things we see in order to bring before our minds the things we do not see, that a visit to the Holy Land becomes a really religious lesson." To Stanley's delight, one great event marked the royal tour in the East; the Mosque of Hebron, hitherto inexorably closed, was thrown open to the travellers.

It had not been without many sad and anxious misgivings that Stanley had consented to obey the desire, not command, of his Queen, in being a second time separated from his mother for so long a time and by so great a distance. He never saw her again, yet he was the only one of her children who received her farewell words, and embrace, and blessings. A few days after he was gone she became ill, and on the morning of the 5th of March, in painless unconsciousness, she died. It was as well, perhaps, that the dear absent brother was not there, that he had the interest of a constant duty to rouse him. He returned in June. Terrible indeed is the recollection of the piteous glance he cast

toward his mother's vacant corner, and mournfully, to those who were present, did the thought occur, *what* it would have been if she had been there then, especially then, with the thousand things there were to tell her.

Sad indeed were the months which followed, till, in the autumn of 1863, Arthur Stanley was appointed to the Deanery at Westminster, and soon afterward, sunshine again flowed in upon his life with his marriage, in Westminster Abbey, to Lady Augusta Bruce, fifth daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin.

Of all that his marriage was to Dean Stanley, it is too soon to speak now—of the absolute completeness with which Lady Augusta filled the position of his wife, of mistress of the Deanery, of leader of every good work in Westminster. "By her supporting love he was comforted for his mother's death, and her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of earthly experience."

Congenial, as all Stanley's other homes, were the surroundings of the residence under the walls of the Abbey, decorated by much of the old oak furniture, inanimate friends, which had already travelled from Alderley to Norwich, Canterbury, and Oxford. Most delightful was the library at the Deanery, a long room surrounded by book-cases, with a great Gothic window at the end, and a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth let in above the fireplace. Here, all through the mornings, in which visitors, with very rare exceptions, were never admitted, the Dean stood at his desk, and scattered his papers as of old, while Lady Augusta employed herself at her writing-table close by. The second and third volume of his "Jewish Church," his "Address on the Three Irish Churches," his "Lectures on the Church of Scotland," his "Addresses" as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's, and many articles for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Good Words*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, flowed from his pen in this room; and lastly his "Christian Institutions," which seem written chiefly to disabuse people of the fancy of Roman Catholic and High Church divines, that they can discover

in the Early Church their own theories concerning the papacy, the hierarchy, and the administration of the sacraments. It was a necessity to Stanley to be always writing something. He often, latterly, returned to the pursuit of his earliest days, and expressed himself in verse, much of which has appeared in this magazine.

More than ever did friends gather around Stanley during his life at the Deanery, as much as ever was he able to enjoy the pleasures of society, growing every year more full of anecdote, of animation, of interesting recollections. And the visitors whom the Dean and Lady Augusta delighted to receive comprised every class of society, from their royal mistress and her children to great bands of working men, whom it was an especial pleasure to Arthur Stanley to escort over the Abbey himself, picking out and explaining the monuments most interesting to them. Every phase of opinion, every variety of religious belief, above all those who most widely differed from their host, were cordially welcomed in the hospitalities of the Deanery; and the circle which gathered in its drawing-rooms, especially on Sunday evenings after the service in the Abbey, was singularly characteristic and unique. At the same time the spare rooms of the house were ceaselessly filled with a succession of guests, to meet whom the most appropriate parties were always invited, or who were urged by the Dean unrestrainedly to invite their own friends, especially the now aged aunt, his mother's sister, long the survivor, as he expressed it, "of a blessed brotherhood and sisterhood."

Greater, too, than the interest of all his other homes, was that which Stanley found in the Abbey of Westminster—"the royal and national sanctuary which has for centuries enshrined the manifold glories of the kingdom"—of which he was now the natural guardian and caretaker. There are those who have smiled at the eagerness he occasionally displayed to obtain the burial of an illustrious person in the Abbey against all opposition. There are those who have been incapable of understanding his anxiety to guard and keep the Abbey as it had been delivered to him; wisely objecting even to give uniformity to a

rudely patched pavement, on account of the picturesqueness and the human interest attached to its variations of color and surface; delighting in the characteristics of his choir projecting into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish cathedral;* carefully, even fiercely, repelling any attempt to show more deference to the existing monuments of one age than of another, each being a portion of history in itself, and each, when once placed there, having become a portion of the history of the Abbey, never to be displaced. The careful collecting and replacing of the fragments of the reredos of St. Michael's altar, the curious bringing together of tiny fragments of lost screens and altars in the Chapter House, are marks of his tender care for the minutest details of the Abbey, which it was his great object to preserve, to enrich, but never under any false pretext of "restoration" or improvement, to change. How enraptured he was to discover the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched by the angler himself upon the tomb of Isaac Casaubon; how delighted to describe the funeral of Henry V., in which his three chargers were led up to the altar as mourners behind his waxen effigy; how enchanted to make any smallest discovery with regard to those to whom the more obscure monuments are erected; to trace out the whole history of "Jane Lister, dear childe," who is buried in the cloisters, and upon whom he preached in one of his sermons to children; how pleased to answer some one who cavilled at the space allotted to the monument of Mrs. Grace Gethin, with the quotations referring to her in Congreve and D'Israeli. One of his last thoughts connected with outside life was the erection of a monument to mark the "common pit" into which the

* It was painful to those who knew the Dean well to see a letter in the *Times* a few days after his death, urging that the destruction of the choir—the thing of all others he most deprecated—should be carried out as a memorial of him! Those who wish to know what he really desired for his Abbey have only to read the preface to his "Memorials of Westminster," expressing his anxious suggestion of a cloister for the reception of future monuments, inclosing the Jewel Tower, on the present site of Abingdon Street, to face the Palace of Westminster on one side, and the College Garden on the other.

remains of the family and friends of the great Protector were thrown at the Restoration.

At Westminster Stanley preached more often than he had ever done before; but two classes of his sermons there will be especially remembered—those on Innocents' Day to children, so particularly congenial to one whose character had always been so essentially that of the "pure in heart," and those on the deaths of illustrious Englishmen, often preached in the Abbey, even when those commemorated were not to repose there. "Charity, Liberality, Toleration," these became more than ever the watchwords of his teaching, of his efforts to inculcate the spirit that would treat all who follow Christ as brothers, by whatever path they might be approaching Him, and by whatever hedges they might be divided. His last utterance in the Abbey, on Saturday, July 9th, was on the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." One of his course of sermons on the Beatitudes. In everything his precept was that of the aged St. John—"Little children, love one another."

The thought of the Abbey recalls the Jerusalem Chamber and the meetings within its walls of the Lower House of Convocation, in which the dean so frequently spoke, often perhaps in too vehement defence of a cause or a person he thought to be unjustly oppressed, often perhaps incurring the silent censure of many a remote country parsonage by the expression of his opinions, but ever with kindly feelings toward those from whom he differed the most, and who, when they knew him well, seldom failed to love and appreciate him. Through life the exemplification of Christian catholicity in his own person, Stanley could hardly help taking part with those who were attacked, whenever he saw that religious animosity was excited. "Charity suffereth long and is kind" was never absent from his thoughts, and led him to be ever the champion of the persecuted, of Tractarians in early life, as afterward of the writers in "Essays and Reviews," and of Bishop Colenso.

Next to the immediate concerns of his

Abbey was Stanley occupied by the welfare of the poor around him, whom he tried without ceasing to raise, cheer, and enliven, sending many a mental sunbeam into a dismal home by the thought of his annual flower show and its prizes, and taking great personal interest in the neighboring hospital and its work. In all his efforts for the people of Westminster, the dean was ably seconded by Lady Augusta. His desire to benefit the working classes was also shared by his elder sister Mary, who, in a direction quite independent of his own, was unceasingly employed in trying to find employment for the poor, to teach them provident habits, and to improve their homes. At one time she undertook the anxiety of a large contract to supply the army with shirts in order to give employment to a great number of poor women. Latterly her wonderful powers of organization always enabled her to deal with vast numbers, but it had taken long years of personal work among the people to acquire her experience, as well as the respect and confidence which contributed so much to the success of her schemes for their good. Of all these, the most important was the Penny Bank, opened once a week in a little court at the back of a house in York Street, Westminster, and managed personally by Miss Stanley for more than twenty-five years; having as many as 1000 depositors at a time. The undertaking was indescribably laborious, especially during the annual audit week in December, when every single account had to be compared with that in the ledger. In itself, this ledger was a study—the dates for the whole half year on one page (to save turning over), the blotting paper stitched in between each leaf (to save blotting), for in dealing with such large numbers every instant of time saved was of importance. No less remarkable was the simple but ingenious device by which the visits of her numerous clients were distributed equally over the three hours that she sat at the receipt of custom, so that each should be speedily served, and that there should be no undue crowding at one time. Mary Stanley would invite four or five ladies, before the people arrived, to come and tie up flowers for them in bunches. Many hundreds of nosegays were thus prepared, and it is

remembered how anxious she was that they should be *prettilly* arranged, for "I want to give my people what is beautiful, and what is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*." Her invariable patience, quickness, and good-humor with the people rendered what would have been impossible to many, comparatively easy to Mary Stanley; but a brave heart was also required, and a friend who thought of starting a similar bank in another part of London, and came to her with all its dangers and difficulties, recalls the energy with which she closed the discussion: "My dear, if you stand counting the difficulties when there is a good work before you, you will never do anything that is worth doing all your life! Only begin, begin, begin, and the difficulties will all disappear." Under other superintendence and in another house the Penny Bank founded by Mary Stanley still flourishes in Westminster, a memorial of her energy, kindliness, and wisdom.

Dean Stanley's marriage with the devoted attendant of the Duchess of Kent, whom the Queen honored with unvaried kindness and friendship, had brought him into constant communication with the court, to which the outward tie had been drawn closer by his appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Closet, Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. He was summoned every year to take part in the services which commemorate at Frogmore the death of the beloved Prince Consort. It was after representing her royal mistress at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in the bitter Russian cold of January, 1874, that Lady Augusta Stanley received the chill from which she never recovered. A long interval of hopes and fears, another year of sad forebodings and farewells, and, on Ash Wednesday, 1876, one of the happiest of earthly unions was severed by her death at Westminster.

"The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light."

For five years Arthur Stanley was left to fulfil his appointed task alone. After a time he was full of interest still, his

mental activity was as great as ever, and he was always full of work. Sometimes when he was in the society of those whose thoughts met his, some of his old animation and cheerfulness returned; for a few months the kindly welcome and friendship shown to him during a visit to the United States almost seemed to make him happy; and he ever gratefully recognized and reciprocated the loving attention with which his home was cared for by his wife's sister and her cousin, who had been more than a sister. But his friends saw him change more and more every year—his hair became gray, his figure became bent, his voice became feeble; and after the death of his dear sister Mary, in the spring of 1880, had loosened another of his closest ties to earth, he seemed to be only waiting for a summons which could not be very far off. In speaking of what he would do in the future, he now always said, "If I am still here," and he looked at places as if for the last time.

On Good Friday he preached upon the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He said he had preached the sermon in the same pulpit at that season ten years before, and he would like to preach it once again. The way in which he said, "once again" sent a thrill of sadness through all who heard it.

On Saturday, July 9th, during one of his sermons on the Beatitudes, he was taken ill in the Abbey, and though there were few who believed in danger till within some hours of the end, all through the week which followed he was being led gently and painlessly to the entrance of the dark valley, and, on July 18th, just before the Abbey clock struck the hour of midnight, surrounded by almost all those he most loved on earth, his spirit passed away.

In speaking of his dear Westminster, the sense of his last words was, "I have labored amid many frailties and with much weakness to make this institution more and more the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

This was the characteristic of his existence; thus, in most loving reverence should he be remembered.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.—No. III. THE ESSAYISTS.

ONE of our national characteristics, we are told, is a love of sermons of all varieties, from sermons in stone to sermons in rhyme. We have no reason, that I can see, to be ashamed of our taste. We make an awkward figure when we disavow or disguise it. The spectacle of a solid John Bull trying to give himself the airs of a graceful, sensitive, pleasure-loving creature, indifferent to the duties of life and content with the spontaneous utterance of emotion, is always ridiculous. We cannot do it—whether it be worth doing or not. We try desperately to be æsthetic, but we can't help laughing at ourselves in the very act; and the only result is that we sometimes substitute painfully immoral for painfully moral sermons. We are just as clumsy as before, and a good deal less natural. I accept the fact without seeking to justify it, and I hold that every Englishman loves a sermon in his heart. We grumble dreadfully, it is true, over the quality of the sermons provided by the official representatives of the art. In this, as in many previous long vacations, there will probably be a lively discussion in the papers as to the causes of the dulness of modern pulpits. I always wonder, for my part, that our hard-worked clergy can turn out so many entertaining and impressive discourses as they actually do.

At present I have nothing to say to the sermon properly so called. There is another kind of sermon, the demand for which is conclusively established by the exuberance of the supply. Few books, I fancy, have been more popular in modern times than certain lay-sermons, composed, as it seems to scoffers, of the very quintessence of commonplace. If such popularity were an adequate test of merit, we should have to reckon among the highest intellectual qualities the power of pouring forth a gentle and continuous maundering about things in general. We swallow with unfailing appetite a feeble dilution of harmless philanthropy mixed with a little stingless satirizing of anything that interrupts the current of complacent optimism. We like to hear a thoroughly comfortable person purring contentedly in his arm-

chair, and declaring that everything must be for the best in a world which has provided him so liberally with buttered rolls and a blazing fire. He hums out a satisfactory little string of platitudes as soothing as the voice of his own kettle singing on the hob. If a man of sterner nature or more daring intellect breaks in with a harsh declaration that there are evils too deep to be remedied by a letter to the *Times*, mocks at our ideal of petty domestic comfort, and even swears that some of our heroes are charlatans and our pet nostrums mere quackery, we are inexpressibly shocked, and unite to hoot him down as a malevolent cynic. He professes, in sober earnest, to disbelieve in us. Obviously he must be a disbeliever in all human virtue; and so, having settled his business, we return to our comfortable philosopher, and lap ourselves in his gentle eulogies of our established conventions. I do not know, indeed, that we change very decidedly for the better when we turn up our noses at a diet of mere milk and water, and stimulate our jaded palate with an infusion of literary bitters. The cynic and the sentimentalist who preach to us by turns in the social essay, often differ very slightly in the intrinsic merit, or even in the substance of their discourses. Respondent and opponent are really on the same side in these little disputations, though they make a great show of deadly antagonism. I have often felt it to be a melancholy reflection that some of the most famous witticisms ever struck out—the saying about the use of language or the definition of gratitude—have been made by what seems to be almost a mechanical device—the inversion of a truism. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the limited range of the human intellect. In fact, it seems that the essay writer has to make his choice between the platitude and the paradox. If he wishes for immediate success he will probably do best by choosing the platitude. One of the great secrets of popularity—though it requires a discreet application—is not to be too much afraid of boring your audience. The most popular of modern writers have acted upon the

principle. You may learn from Dickens that you cannot make your jokes too obvious or repeat them too often; and from Macaulay that you should grudge no labor spent in proving that two and two make four. The public should be treated as a judicious barrister treats a common jury. It applauds most lustily the archer who is quite certain of hitting a haystack at ten paces; not the one who can sometimes split a willow wand at a hundred. Even the hardened essayist feels a little compunction at times. He is conscious that he has been anticipated in the remark that life is uncertain, and doubts whether he can season it with wit enough to get rid of the insipidity. "Of all the vices which degrade the human character," said the youthful Osborne in the essay which Amelia produced to Dobbin, "selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An undue love of self leads to the most monstrous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes both to States and families." Young Osborne succeeded in staggering through two or three sentences more, though he ends, it is true, by dropping into something like tautology. But really, when I consider the difficulty of saying anything, I am half inclined to agree with his tutor's opinion that there was no office in the Bar or the Senate to which the lad might not aspire. How many sermons would reduce themselves to repeating this statement over and over again for the prescribed twenty minutes! And yet some skilful essayists have succeeded in giving a great charm to such remarks; and I rather wonder that among the various selections now so fashionable, some one has not thought of a selection of our best periodical essays. Between the days of Bacon and our own, a sufficient number have been produced to furnish some very interesting volumes.

The essay writer is the lay preacher upon that vague mass of doctrine which we dignify by the name of knowledge of life or of human nature. He has to do with the science in which we all graduate as we grow old, when we try to pack our personal observations into a few sententious aphorisms not quite identical with the old formulæ. It is a strange experience which happens to some peo-

ple to grow old in a day, and to find that some good old saying—"vanity of vanities," for example—which you have been repeating ever since you first left college and gave yourself the airs of a man of the world, has suddenly become a vivid and striking impression of a novel truth, and has all the force of a sudden discovery. In one of Poe's stories, a clever man hides an important document by placing it exactly in the most obvious and conspicuous place in the room. That is the principle, it would sometimes seem, which accounts for the preservation of certain important secrets of life. They are hidden from the uninitiated just because the phrases in which they are couched are so familiar. We fancy, in our youth, that our elders must either be humbugs—which is the pleasantest and most obvious theory—or that they must have some little store of esoteric wisdom which they keep carefully to themselves. The initiated become aware that neither hypothesis is true. Experience teaches some real lessons; but they are taught in the old words. The change required is in the mind of the thinker, not in the symbols of his thought. Worldly wisdom is summed up in the familiar currency which has passed from hand to hand through the centuries; and we find on some catastrophe, or by the gradual process of advancing years, that mystic properties lurk unsuspected in the domestic halfpenny.

The essayist should be able, more or less, to anticipate this change, and make us see what is before our eyes. It is easy enough for the mere hawker of sterile platitudes to imitate his procedure, and to put on airs of superhuman wisdom when retailing the barren *exuviae* of other men's thought. But there are some rare books, in reading which we slowly become aware that we have to do with the man who has done all that can be done in this direction—that is, rediscovered the old discoveries for himself. Chief, beyond rivalry, among all such performances, in our own language at least, is Bacon's "Essays." Like Montaigne, he represents, of course, the mood in which the great aim of the ablest thinkers was precisely to see facts for themselves instead of taking them on trust. And though Bacon has not the delightfu-

egotism or the shrewd humor of his predecessors, and substitutes the tersest method of presenting his thought for the discursive rambling characteristic of the prince of all essayists, the charm of his writing is almost equally due to his unconscious revelation of character. One can imagine a careless reader, indeed, skimming the book in a hurry, and setting down the author as a kind of Polonius—a venerable old person with a plentiful lack of wit and nothing on his tongue but “words, words, words.” In spite of the weighty style, surcharged, as it seems, with thought and experience, we might quote maxim after maxim from its pages with a most suspicious air of Polonius wisdom; and though Polonius, doubtless, had been a wise man in his day, Hamlet clearly took him for an old bore, and dealt with him as we could all wish at moments to deal with bores. “He that is plentiful in expense of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay.” Does it require a “large-browed Verulam,” one of the first “of those that know,” to give us that valuable bit of information? Or—to dip into his pages at random—could we not have guessed for ourselves that if a man “easily pardons and remits offences, it shows”—what?—“that his mind is planted above injuries;” or, again, that “good thoughts are little better than good dreams except they be put in act;” or even that a man “should be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.” “Here be truths,” and set forth as solemnly as if they were calculated to throw a new light upon things in general. But it would be hard to demand even of a Bacon that he should refrain from all that has been said before. And the impression—if it ever crosses the mind of a perverse critic—that Bacon was a bit of a windbag, very rapidly disappears. It would be far less difficult to find pages free from platitudes than to find one in which there is not some condensed saying which makes us acknowledge that the mark has been hit, and the definitive form imposed upon some hazy notion which has been vaguely hovering about the mind, and eluding all our attempts to grasp it. We have not thought just that, but something which clearly ought to have been that. Occasionally, of course, this is

due to the singular power in which Bacon, whatever his other merits or defects, excels all other philosophic writers; the power which springs from a unique combination of the imaginative and speculative faculties, of finding some vivid concrete image to symbolize abstract truths. It is exhibited again in the perverted, but often delightful, ingenuity with which he reads philosophical meanings into old mythological legends, entirely innocent, as a matter of fact, of any such matter; which often makes us fancy that he was a new incarnation of Æsop, able to construct the most felicitous parables at a moment’s notice, to illustrate any conceivable combination of ideas; a power, too, which is connected with his weakness, and helps to explain how he could be at once an almost inspired prophet of a coming scientific era, and yet curiously wanting in genuine aptitude for scientific inquiry. It is, perhaps, the more one-sided and colorless intellect which is best fitted for achievement, though incapable of clothing its ambition in the resplendent hues of Bacon’s imagination.

In the “Essays” the compression of the style keeps this power in subordination. Analogies are suggested in a pregnant sentence, not elaborated and brought forward in the pomp of stately rhetoric. Only, as we become familiar with the book, we become more aware of the richness and versatility of intellect which it implies, and conscious of the extreme difficulty of characterizing it or its author in any compendious phrase. That has hardly been done; or, what is worse, it has been misdone. Readers who do not shrink from Mr. Spedding’s* seven solid volumes may learn to know Bacon; and will admit at least that the picture drawn by that loving hand differs as much from Macaulay’s slapdash blacks and whites as a portrait by a master from the audacious caricature of a contemporary satirist. But Mr. Spedding was characteristically anxious that his readers should draw their own conclusions. He left it to a successor, who has not hitherto appeared, to sum up the total impressions of the

* They may learn as much from the admirable “Evenings with a Reviewer,” which unfortunately remains a privately-printed book, not easy to get sight of.

amazingly versatile and complex character, and to show how inadequately it is represented by simply heaping together a mass of contradictions, and calling them a judgment. Perhaps a thorough study of the "Essays" would be enough by itself to make us really intimate with their author. For we see as we read that Bacon is a typical example of one of the two great races between whom our allegiance is generally divided. He would be despised by the Puritan as worldly, and would retort by equal contempt for the narrow bigotry of Puritanism. You cannot admire him heartily if the objects of your hero-worship are men of the Cromwell or Luther type. The stern imperious man of action, who aims straight at the heart, who is efficient in proportion as he is one-sided, to whom the world presents itself as an internecine struggle between the powers of light and darkness, who can see nothing but eternal truths on one side and damnable lies on the other, who would reform by crushing his opponents to the dust, and regards all scruples that might trammel his energies as so much hollow cant, is undoubtedly an impressive phenomenon. But it is also plain that he must have suppressed half his nature; he has lost in breadth what he has gained in immensity; and the merits of a Bacon depend precisely upon the richness of his mind and the width of his culture. He cannot help sympathizing with all the contemporary currents of thought. He is tempted to injustice only in regard to the systems which seem to imply the stagnation of thought. He hates bigotry, and bigotry alone, but bigotry in every possible phase, even when it is accidentally upon his own side. His sympathies are so wide that he cannot help taking all knowledge for his province. The one lesson which he cannot learn is Goethe's lesson of "renouncing." The whole universe is so interesting that every avenue for thought must be kept open. He is at once a philosopher, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, and an omnivorous student of literature. The widest theorizing and the minutest experiment are equally welcome; he is as much interested in arranging a masque or laying out a garden, as in a political intrigue or a legal reform or a logical

speculation. The weakness of such a man in political life is grossly misinterpreted when it is confounded with the baseness of a servile courtier. It is not that he is without aims, and lofty aims, but that they are complex, far-reaching, and too wide for vulgar comprehension. He cannot join the party of revolution or the party of obstruction, for he desires the equable development of the whole organization. The danger is not that he will defy reason, but that he will succeed in finding reasons for any conceivable course. The world's business, as he well knows, has to be carried on with the help of the stupid and the vile; and he naturally errs on the side of indulgence and compliance, hoping to work men to the furtherance of views of which they are unable to grasp the importance. His tolerance is apt to slide into worldliness, and his sensibility to all manner of impulses makes him vulnerable upon many points, and often takes the form of timidity. The time-serving of the profligate means a desire for personal gratification; the time-serving of a Bacon means too great a readiness to take the world as it is, and to use questionable tools in the pursuit of vast and elevated designs.

The "Essays" reflect these characteristics. They are the thoughts of a philosopher who is not content to accept any commonplace without independent examination; but who is as little disposed to reject an opinion summarily because it has a slightly immoral aspect as to reject a scientific experiment because it contradicts an established theory. We must hear what the vicious man has to say for himself, as well as listen to the virtuous. He shows his tendency in the opening essay. The dearest of all virtues to the philosophic mind is truth, and there is no sincerer lover of such truth than Bacon. But he will not overlook the claims of falsehood. "Truth may, perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that sheweth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." That famous sentence is just one of the sayings which the decorous moralist is apt to denounce or to hide away in dexterous verbiage. Bacon's calm recognition of

the fact is more impressive, and, perhaps, not really less moral. The essay upon "Simulation and Dissimulation" may suggest more qualms to the rigorous. Dissimulation, it is true, is condemned as a "faint kind of policy and wisdom;" it is the "weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers." But this denunciation has to be refined and shaded away. For, in the first place, a habit of secrecy is both "moral and politic." But secrecy implies more; for, "no man can be secret except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy." But if secrecy leads to dissimulation, will not dissimulation imply downright simulation—in plain English, lying? "That," replies Bacon, "I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in rare and great matters." He enumerates their advantages, and their counterbalancing disadvantages; and the summing-up is one of his characteristic sentences. "The best composition and temperature is to love openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy."

How skilfully the claims of morality and policy are blended! How delicately we slide from the virtue of holding our tongues to the advisability of occasional lying! "You old rogue!" exclaims the severe moralist, "your advice is simply—don't lie, unless you can lie to your advantage, and without loss of credit." And yet it really seems, if we follow Mr. Spedding's elaborate investigations, that Bacon lied remarkably little for a statesman—especially for a timid statesman—in an age of elaborate intrigues. I fancy that the student of recent history would admit that the art of dexterous equivocation had not fallen entirely out of use, and is not judged with great severity when an opponent asks an awkward question in Parliament. A cynic might even declare the chief difference to be that we now disavow the principles upon which we really act, and so lie to ourselves as well as to others; whereas Bacon was at least true to himself, and, if forced to adopt a theory of expediency, would not blink the fact. It is this kind of sincerity to which the "Essays" owe part of their charm to

every thoughtful reader. We must not go to them for lofty or romantic morality—for sayings satisfactory to the purist or the enthusiast. We have a morality, rather, which has been refracted through a mind thoroughly imbued with worldly wisdom, and ready to accept the compromises which a man who mixes with his fellows on equal terms must often make with his conscience. He is no hermit to renounce the world, for the world is, after all, a great fact; nor to retire to a desert because the air of cities is tainted by the lungs of his fellows. He accepts the code which is workable, not that which is ideally pure. He loves in all things the true *via media*. He objects to atheism, for religion is politically useful; but he is quite as severe upon superstition, which is apt to generate a more dangerous fanaticism. He considers love to be a kind of excusable weakness, so long as men "sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life;" but he is eloquent and forcible in exalting friendship, without which a man may as well "quit the stage." In this, indeed, Bacon (we will take Mr. Spedding's view of that little affair about Essex) seems to have spoken from his own experience; and in spite of the taint of worldliness, the feeling that there is something tepid in their author's nature, a certain want of cordiality in the grasp of his hand—we feel that the "Essays" have a merit beyond that which belongs to them as genuine records of the observation of life at first hand by a man of vast ability and varied and prolonged experience. They show, too, a marvellously rich and sensitive nature, capable of wide sympathies, with all manner of interests, devoted to a grand and far-reaching ambition, though not sufficiently contemptuous of immediate expediency, and fully appreciative of the really valuable elements in human life. If he has the weaknesses—he has also, in a surpassing degree, the merits—of a true cosmopolitan, or citizen of this world, whose wisdom, if not as childlike as the Christian preacher requires, is most certainly not childish. When we add the literary genius which has coined so many pregnant aphorisms, and stamped even truisms with his own image and superscription, we can understand why the "Essays"

have come home to men's business and bosoms.

It is amusing to compare Bacon with the always delightful Fuller, in regard to whom Coleridge declares that his amazing wit has deprived him of the credit due to his soundness of judgment. The statement does not quite cover the ground. Fuller in the "Holy and Profane State" and Bacon in the "Essays" have each given us a short sermon upon the text "Be angry and sin not." Fuller undoubtedly makes the greatest display of intellectual fireworks. In half a dozen short paragraphs he gets off as many witticisms, good, bad, and inimicable. A man who can't be angry, he says, is like the Caspian Sea, which never ebbs or flows; to be angry on slight cause, is to fire the beacons at the landing of every cockboat; you should beware of doing irrevocable mischief when you are angry, for Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes; he tells us that manna did not corrupt when left over the Sabbath, whereas anger then corrupts most of all; and then we have that irresistible piece of absurdity which so delighted Charles Lamb; we are warned not to take too literally the apostle's direction not to let the sun go down upon our wrath, for "then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of the year, might have a plentiful scope of revenge." Undoubtedly Fuller's astonishing ingenuity in striking out illustrations of this kind, excites, as Coleridge says, our sense of the wonderful. If we read in search of amusement, we are rewarded at every page; we shall never fail to make a bag in beating his coverts; and beyond a doubt we shall bring back as well a healthy liking for the shrewd lively simplicity which has provided them. But it is equally undeniable that Fuller never takes the trouble to distinguish between an illustration which really gives light to our feet and a sudden flash of brilliancy which disappears to leave the obscurity unchanged. He cannot refrain from a ludicrous analogy, which is often all the more amusing just because it is preposterously inapplicable. Here and there we have a really brilliant stroke and then an audacious pun, not perhaps, a play upon words, but a play upon ideas which is quite as

superficial. At bottom we feel that the excellent man has expended his energy, not in "chewing and digesting" the formula which serves him for a text, but in overlaying it with quaint conceits. Bacon gives us no such flashes of wit, though certainly not from inability to supply them; but he says a thing which we remember: "Men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem to be rather above the injury than below it; which is a thing easily done, if a man will give a law to himself in it." The remark is doubtless old enough in substance; but it reveals at once the man who does not allow a truism to run through his mind without weighing or testing it; who has impartially considered the uses of anger and the proper mode of disciplining it; and who can aid us with a judicious hint or two as to the best plan of making others angry, an art of great utility, whatever its morality, in many affairs of life.

The essay, as Bacon understood it, is indeed a trying form of utterance. A man must be very confident of the value of his own meditations upon things in general, and of his capacity for "looking wiser than any man ever really was" before he should venture to adopt his form. I cannot remember any English book deserving to be put in the same class, unless it be Sir Henry Taylor's essays, the "Statesman" and "Notes upon Life," which have the resemblance at least of reflecting, in admirably graceful English, the mellowed wisdom of a cultivated and meditative mind, which has tested commonplaces by the realities of the world and its business. But a few men have thoughts which will bear being presented simply and straightforwardly, and which have specific gravity enough to dispense with adventitious aids. A Frenchman can always season his wisdom with epigram, and coins his reflections into the form of detached *pensées*. But our language or our intellect is too blunt for such jewelry in words. We cannot match Pascal, or Rochefoucauld, or Vauvenargues, or Chamfort. Our modes of expression are lumbering, and seem to have been developed rather in the pulpit than in the rapid interchange of animated conversation. The essay after Bacon did

not crystallize into separate drops of sparkling wit, but became more continuous, less epigrammatic, and easier in its flow. Cowley just tried his hand at the art enough to make us regret that he did not give us more prose and fewer Pindarics. Sir William Temple's essays give an interesting picture of the statesman who has for once realized the dream so often cherished in vain, of a retirement to books and gardens; but the thought is too superficial and the style too slipshod for enduring popularity; and that sturdy, hot-headed, pugnacious, and rather priggish moralist, Jeremy Collier, poured out some hearty, rugged essays, which make us like the man, but feel that he is too much of the pedagogue, brandishing a birch-rod wherewith to whip our sins out of us. The genuine essayist appeared with Steele and Addison and their countless imitators. Some salvage from the vast mass of periodicals which have sunk into the abysses appears upon our shelves in the shape of forty odd volumes, duly annotated and expounded by laborious commentators. It is amusing to glance over the row, from the "Tatler" to the "Looker-on," from the days of Steele to those of Cumberland and Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," and reflect upon the simple-mindedness of our great-grandfathers. Nothing brings back to us more vividly the time of the good old British "gentlewoman;" the contemporary of the admirable Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter, who even contributed short papers to the "Rambler," and regarded the honor as a patent of immortality; who formed Richardson's court, and made tea for Johnson; who wrote letters about the "improvement of the mind," and at times ventured upon a translation of a classical moralist, but inquired with some anxiety whether a knowledge of Latin was consistent with the delicacy of the female sex; and thought it a piece of delicate flattery when a male author condescended to write down to the level of their comprehension. Lady Mary seems to have been the only woman of the century who really felt herself entitled to a claim of intellectual equality; and the feminine author was regarded much in the same way as a modern lady in the hunting-field. It was a question whether she

should be treated with exceptional forbearance, or warned off a pursuit rather too rough for a true womanly occupation. Johnson's famous comparison of the preaching women to the dancing dogs gives the general sentiment. They were not admired for writing well, but for writing at all.

We have changed all this, and there is something pathetic in the tentative and modest approaches of our grandmothers to the pursuits in which their granddaughters have achieved the rights and responsibilities of equal treatment.

But it is necessary to remember, in reading the whole *Spectator* and its successors, that this audience is always in the background. It is literature written by gentlemen for ladies—that is, for persons disposed to sit at gentlemen's feet. Bacon is delivering his thoughts for the guidance of thoughtful aspirants to fame; and Temple is acting the polished statesman in the imagined presence of wits and courtiers. But Steele and Addison make it their express boast that they write for the good of women, who have hitherto been limited to an intellectual diet of decent devotional works or of plays and romances. The *Spectator* is to lie on the table by the side of the morning dish of chocolate; and every writer in a periodical knows how carefully he must bear in mind the audience for which he is catering. The form once fixed was preserved throughout the century with a persistency characteristic of the sheep-like race of authors. Every successor tried to walk in Addison's footsteps. The *World*, as somebody tells us, was the Ulysses' bow in which all the wits of the day tried their strength. The fine gentlemen, like Chesterfield and Walpole, too nice to rub shoulders with the ordinary denizens of Grub Street, ventured into this select arena with the encouragement of some easily dropped mask of anonymity. It is amusing to observe on what easy terms glory was to be won by such achievements. There was the exemplary Mr. Grove, of Taunton, who wrote a paper in the *Spectator*, which, according to Johnson, was "one of the finest pieces in the English language," though I suppose but few of my readers can recollect a word of it, and Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn, who frequented Tom's Coffee House, and was ap-

parently revered by other frequenters on the strength of a compliment from Steele to some contributions never identified. Nay, a certain Mr. Elphinstone, seen in the flesh by Hazlitt, was surrounded for fifty years by a kind of faint halo of literary fame, because he had discharged the humble duty of translating the mottoes to the "Rambler." The fame, indeed, has not been very enduring. We have lost our appetite for this simple food. Very few people, we may suspect, give their days and nights to the study of Addison, any more than a youthful versifier tries to catch the echo of Pope. We are rather disposed to laugh at the classical motto which serves in place of a text, and must have given infinite trouble to some unfortunate scribblers. The gentle raillery of feminine foibles in dress or manners requires to be renewed in every generation with the fashions to which it refers. The novelettes are of that kind of literature which are too much like tracts, insipid to tastes accustomed to the full-blown novel developed in later times. A classical allegory or a so-called Eastern tale has become a puerility like the old-fashioned pastoral. We half regret the days when a man with a taste for fossils or butterflies was called a *virtuoso*, and considered an unflinching butt for easy ridicule; but we are too much under the thumb of the scientific world to reveal our sentiments. And as for the criticism, with its elaborate inanities about the unities and the rules of epic poetry, and the authority of Aristotle and M. Bossu, we look down upon it from the heights of philosophical æsthetics, and rejoice complacently in the infallibility of modern tastes. Were it not for "Sir Roger de Coverley," the old-fashioned essay would be well-nigh forgotten, except by some examiner who wants a bit of pure English to be turned into Latin prose.

Oblivion of this kind is the natural penalty of laboring upon another man's foundations. There is clearly a presumption that the form struck out by Addison would not precisely suit Fielding or Johnson or Goldsmith; and accordingly we read "Tom Jones" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Lives of the Poets" without troubling ourselves to glance at the "Champion" or the "Co-

vent Garden Journal." We make a perfunctory study even of the "Bee" and the "Citizen of the World," and are irreverent about the "Rambler." We may find in them, indeed, abundant traces of Fielding's rough irony and hearty common-sense, and of Goldsmith's delicate humor and felicity of touch; but Goldsmith, when forced to continuous dissertation, has to spin his thread too fine, and Fielding seems to be uncomfortably cramped within the narrow limits of the essay. The "Rambler" should not have a superfluous word said against it; for the very name has become a kind of scarecrow; and yet any one who will skip most of the criticisms and all the amusing passages may suck much profitable and not unpleasing melancholy out of its ponderous pages. It is all the pleasanter for its contrast to the kind of jaunty optimism which most essayists adopt as most congenial to easy-going readers. I like to come upon one of Johnson's solemn utterances of a conviction of the radical wretchedness of life. "The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts, therefore, to decline it wholly are useless and vain; the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side; the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armor which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them." This melancholy monotone of sadness, coming from a brave and much-enduring nature, is impressive, but it must be admitted that it would make rather severe reading at a tea-table — even when presided over by that ornament to her sex, the translator of Epicætetus. And poor Johnson, being painfully sensible that he must not deviate too far from his Addison, makes an elephantine gambol or two with a very wry face; and is only comical by his failure.

I take it, in fact, to be established that within his special and narrow province Addison was unique. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt tried to exalt Steele above his colleague. We can perfectly understand their affection for the chivalrous,

warm-hearted Irishman. When a virtuous person rebukes the extravagance of a thoughtless friend by the broad hint of putting an execution into his house, we naturally take part with the offender. We have a sense that Addison got a little more than his deserts in this world, while Steele got a little less, and we wish to make the balance even. And to some extent this applies in a literary sense. Steele has more warmth and pathos than Addison; he can speak of women without the patronizing tone of his leader, and would hardly, like him, have quoted for their benefit the famous theory of Pericles as to their true glory. And, yet, it does not want any refined criticism to recognize Addison's superiority. Steele's admirers have tried to vindicate for him a share in Sir Roger; but any one who reads the papers in which that memorable character is described, will see that all the really fine touches are contributed by Addison. Steele took one of the most promising incidents, the courtship of the widow, and the paper in which this appears is the furthest below the general level. To have created Sir Roger—the forefather of so many exquisite characters, for surely he is closely related to Parson Adams, and Uncle Toby, and Doctor Primrose, and Colonel Newcome—is Addison's greatest achievement, and the most characteristic of the man. For it is impossible not to feel that some injustice is done to Addison when grave writers like M. Taine, for example, treat him seriously as a novelist or a political theorist, or even as a critic. Judged by any severe standard, his morality and his political dissertations and his critical disquisitions—the immortal papers, for example, upon the Imagination and upon “Paradise Lost”—are puerile enough. With all our love of sermons we can be almost as much bored as M. Taine himself by some of Addison's prosings. The charm of the man is just in the admirable simplicity of which Sir Roger is only an imaginative projection. Addison, it is true, smiles at the knight's little absurdities from the platform of superior scholarship. He feels himself to be on the highest level of the culture of his time—a scholar, a gentleman—fit to sit in council with Somers, or to interpret the speculations of Locke. But at bottom

he is precisely of the same material as the fine old squire with whom he sympathizes. His simplicity is not destroyed by learning to write Latin verses or even by becoming a Secretary of State. Sir Roger does not accept the teaching of his chaplain with more reverence than Addison feels for Tillotson and the admirable Dr. Scott, whose authority has become very faded for us. The squire accepts Baker's chronicle as his sole and infallible authority in all matters of history; but Addison's history would pass muster just as little with Mr. Freeman or Dr. Stubbs. We smile at Sir Roger's satisfaction with the progress of the Church of England when a rigid dissenter eats plentifully of his Christmas plum-porridge; but there is something almost equally simple-minded in Addison's conviction that the prosecutors of Sacheverell had spoken the very last words of political wisdom, and even the good Sir Roger's criticisms of the “Distressed Mother” are not much simpler in substance, though less ambitious in form, than Addison's lectures upon similar topics. Time has put us as much beyond the artist as the artist was beyond his model, and, though he is in part the accomplice, he must also be taken as partly the object of some good-humored ridicule. We cannot sit at his feet as a political teacher; but we see that his politics really mean the spontaneous sympathy of a kindly and generous nature, which receives a painful jar from the sight of bigotry and oppression. His theology, as M. Taine rather superfluously insists, represents the frigid and prosaic type of contemporary divines; but it is only the external covering of that tender sentiment of natural piety to which we owe some of the most exquisite hymns in the language. In short, the occasional pretentiousness of the man, when he wants to deliver *ex cathedra* judgments upon points of criticism and morality, becomes a very venial and rather amusing bit of affectation. It shows only the docility—perhaps rather excessive—with which a gentle and rather timid intellect accepts, at their own valuation, the accepted teachers of his day; and, having put away all thoughts of judging him by an inapplicable standard, we can enjoy him for what he really is without further quali-

fication ; we can delight in the urbanity which is the indication of a childlike nature unspoilt by familiarity with the world ; we can admire equally the tenderness, guided by playful fancy, of the Vision of Mirza, or the legend of Maraton and Yaratilda, and the passages in which he amuses himself with some such trifle as ladies' patches, handling his plaything so dexterously as never to be too ponderous, while somehow preserving, by mere unconscious wit, an air as of amiable wisdom relaxing for a moment from severer thought. Addison's imitators flounder awkwardly enough, for the most part, in attempting to repeat a performance which looks so easy after its execution ; but in truth, the secret, though it may be an open one, is not easily appropriated. You have only to acquire Addison's peculiar nature, his delicacy of perception, his tenderness of nature held in check by excessive sensibility, his generosity of feeling which can never hurry him out of the safe entrenchment of thorough respectability, his intense appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful so long as it is also of good report—you must have, in short, the fine qualities along with the limitations of his character, and then you will spontaneously express, in this kind of lambent humor, the quite, sub-sarcastic playfulness which could gleam out so delightfully when he was alone with a friend, or with his pen, and a bottle of port to give him courage.

Essay-writing, thus understood, is as much one of the lost arts as good letter-writing or good talk. We are too distracted, too hurried. The town about which these essayists are always talking, meant a limited society ; it has now become a vast chaos of distracted atoms, whirled into momentary contact, but not coalescing into permanent groups. A sensitive, reserved Addison would go to his club in the days when a club meant a social gathering instead of an oppressive house of call for 1200 gentlemen, glaring mutual distrust across their newspaper. He has his recognized corner at the coffee-house, where he could listen undisturbed to the gossip of the regular frequenters. He would retire to his lodgings with a chosen friend, and gradually thaw under the influence of his bottle and his pipe of tobacco, till he poured

out his little speculations to his companion, or wrote them down for an audience which he knew as a country parson knows his congregation. He could make little confidential jokes to the public, for the public was only an enlarged circle of friends. At the present day, such a man, for he was a man of taste and reflection, finds society an intolerable bore. He goes into it to be one of a crowd assembled for a moment to be dispersed in a dozen different crowds tomorrow ; he is stuck down at a dinner-table between a couple of strangers, and has not time to break the ice or get beyond the conventional twaddle, unless, indeed, he meets some intrepid talker, who asks him between the soup and the fish whether he believes in the equality of the sexes or the existence of a deity. He is lucky if he can count upon meeting his best friends once in a fortnight. He becomes famous, not to be the cherished companion of the day, but to be mobbed by a crowd. He may become a recluse, nowhere more easily than in London ; but then he can hardly write effective essays upon life ; or he may throw himself into some of the countless "movements" of the day, and will have to be in too deadly earnest for the pleasant interchange of social persiflage with a skilful blending of lively and severe. The little friendly circle of sympathetic hearers is broken up for good or bad, dissolved into fragments and whirled into mad confusion ; and the talker on paper must change his tone as his audience is dispersed. Undoubtedly in some ways the present day is not merely favorable to essay-writing but a very paradise for essayists. Our magazines and journals are full of excellent performances. But their character is radically changed. They are serious discussions of important questions, where a man puts a whole system of philosophy into a dozen pages. Or else they differ from the old-fashioned essay as the address of a mob-orator differs from a speech to an organized assembly. The writer has not in his eye a little coterie of recognized authority, but is competing with countless rivals to catch the ear of that vague and capricious personage, the general reader. Sometimes the general reader likes slow twaddle, and sometimes a spice of scandal ; but he is terribly apt

to take irony for a personal insult, and to mistake delicacy for insipidity. It is true, indeed, that one kind of authority has become more imposing than ever. We are greatly exercised in our minds by the claims of the scientific critic; but that only explains why it is so much easier to write about essay-writing than to write an essay oneself.

Some men, indeed, have enough of the humorist or the philosopher to withdraw from the crush and indulge in very admirable speculations. Essays may be mentioned which, though less popular than some downright twaddle, have a better chance of endurance. But, apart from the most modern performances, some of the very best of English essays came from the school which in some sense continued the old traditions. The "cockneys" of the first quarter of the century, still talked about the "town," as a distinct entity. Charles Lamb's supper parties were probably the last representatives of the old-fashioned club. Lamb, indeed, was the pet of a little clique of familiars, standing apart from the great world—not like Addison, the favorite of a society, including the chief political and social leaders of the day. The cockneys formed only a small and a rather despised section of society; but they had not been swamped and overwhelmed in the crowd. London was not a shifting caravanserai, a vague aggregate of human beings, from which all traces of organic unity had disappeared. Names like Kensington or Hampstead still suggested real places, with oldest inhabitants and local associations, not confusing paraphrases for arbitrary fragments of S. or N. W. The Temple had its old benchers, men who had lived there under the eyes of neighbors, and whose personal characteristics were known as accurately as in any country village. The theatre of Lamb's day was not one among many places of amusement, with only such claims as may be derived from the star of the moment; but a body with imposing historical associations, which could trace back its continuity through a dynasty of managers, from Sheridan to Garrick, and so to Cibber and Betterton, and the companies which exulted in the name of the king's servants. When sitting in the pit, he seemed to be taking the very

place of Steele, and might still listen to the old "artificial comedy," for which we have become too moral or too squeamish. To read Elia's essays is to breathe that atmosphere again; and to see that if Lamb did not write for so definite a circle as the old essayists, he is still representing a class with cherished associations, and a distinctive character. One should be a bit of a cockney fully to enjoy his writing; to be able to reconstruct the picturesque old London with its quaint and grotesque aspects. For Lamb is nowhere more himself than in the humorous pathos with which he dwells upon the rapidly vanishing peculiarities of the old-fashioned world.

Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt may be taken to represent this last phase of the old town life before the town had become a wilderness. They have all written admirable essays, though Hunt's pure taste and graceful style scarcely atone for the want of force or idiosyncrasy. No such criticism could be made against his friends. Lamb was not only the pet of his own clique, but the pet of all subsequent critics. To say anything against him would be to provoke indignant remonstrance. An attack upon him would resemble an insult to a child. Yet I will venture to confess that Lamb has some of the faults from which no favorite of a little circle is ever quite free. He is always on the verge of affectation, and sometimes trespasses beyond the verge. There is a self-consciousness about him which in some moods is provoking. There is a certain bigotry about most humorists (as of a spoiled child) which has become a little tiresome. People have come to talk as if a sense of humor were one of the cardinal virtues. To have it is to be free of a privileged class, possessed of an esoteric system of critical wisdom. To be without it is to be a wretched matter-of-fact utilitarian pedant. The professed humorist considers the rest of mankind as though they were deprived of a faculty, incapable of a relish for the finest literary flavors. Lamb was one of the first representatives of this theory, and is always tacitly warning off the profane vulgar, typified by the prosaic Scotchman who pointed out that his wish to see Burns instead of Burns' son

was impracticable, inasmuch as the poet himself was dead. The pretension is, of course, put forward by Lamb in the most amiable way, but it remains a pretension. Most people are docile enough to accept at his own valuation, or at that of his admirers, any man who claims a special privilege, and think it wise to hold their tongues if they do not perceive it to be fully justified by the facts. But I admit that, after a certain quantity of Lamb, I begin to feel a sympathy for the unimaginative Scotchman. I think that he has something to say for himself. Lamb, for example, was a most exquisite critic of the authors in whom he delighted. Nobody has said such admirable things about the old English dramatists, and a little exaggeration may be forgiven to so genuine a worshipper. But he helped to start the nuisance of "appreciative criticism," which proceeds on the assumptive fancy that it necessarily shows equal insight and geniality to pick up pebbles or real jewels from the rubbish-heaps of time. Lamb certainly is not to be blamed for the extravagance of his followers. But this exaltation of the tastes or fancies of a little coterie has always its dangers, and that is what limits one's affection for Lamb. Nobody can delight too much in the essay upon roast pig—the apologue in which contains as much sound philosophy as fine humor—or in Mrs. Battle's opinions upon whist, or the description of Christ's Hospital, or the old benchers of the Temple, or Oxford in the Long Vacation. Only I cannot get rid of the feeling which besets me when I am ordered to worship the idol of any small sect. Accept their shibboleths, and everything will go pleasantly. The underlying conceit and dogmatism will only turn its pleasanter side toward you, and show itself in tinging the admirable sentiments with a slight affectation. Yet, one wants a little more fresh air, and one does not like to admire upon compulsion. Lamb's manner is inimitably graceful; but it reminds one just a little too much of an ancient beau, retailing his exquisite compliments, and putting his hearers on their best behavior. Perhaps it shows the corruption of human nature, but I should be glad if now and then he could drop his falsetto and come out of his lit-

tle entrenchment of elaborate reserve. I should feel certain that I see the natural man. "I am all over sophisticated," says Lamb, accounting for his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, "with humors, fancies craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chitchat, scandal, jokes, antiquities, and a thousand whimwhams which their simpler taste could do without." There are times when the simpler taste is a pleasant relief to the most skilful dandling of whimwhams; and it is at those times that one revolts not exactly against Lamb, but against the intolerance of true Lamb worshippers.

The reader who is tired of Lamb's delicate confections, and wants a bit of genuine nature, a straightforward uncompromising utterance of antipathy and indignation, need not go far. Hazlitt will serve his turn; and for that reason I can very often read Hazlitt with admiration when Lamb rather palls upon me. If Hazlitt has the weaknesses of a cockney, they take a very different form. He could hardly have been the ideal of any sect which did not enjoy frequent slaps in the face from the object of its worship. He has acquired, to an irritating degree, the temper characteristic of a narrow provincial sect. He has cherished and brooded over the antipathies with which he started, and, from time to time, has added new dislikes and taken up grudges against his old friends. He has not sufficient culture to understand fully the bearings of his own theories; and quarrels with those who should be his allies. He has another characteristic which, to my mind, is less pardonable. He is not only egotistical, which one may forgive, but there is something rather ungentlemanlike about his egotism. There is a rather offensive tone of self-assertion, thickly masked as self-depreciation. I should be slow to say that he was envious, for that is one of the accusations most easily made and least capable of being proved, against any one who takes an independent view of contemporary celebrities; but he has the tone of a man with a grievance; and the grievances are the shocks which his vanity has received from a want of general appreciation. There is something petty in the spirit which takes the world into its confidence upon such matters;

and his want of reticence takes at times a more offensive form. He is one of the earliest "interviewers," and revenges himself upon men who have been more popular than himself by cutting portraits of them as they appeared to him. Altogether he is a man whom it is impossible to regard without a certain distrust; and that, as I fancy, is the true reason for his want of popularity. No literary skill will make average readers take kindly to a man who does not attract by some amiable quality.

In fact, some explanation is needed, for otherwise we could hardly account for the comparative neglect of some of the ablest essays in the language. We may be very fine fellows now, but we cannot write like Hazlitt, says a critic who is more likely than any one to falsify his own assertions. And when I take up one of Hazlitt's volumes of essays, I am very much inclined at times to agree with the assertion. They are apt, it is true, to leave a rather unpleasant flavor upon the palate. There is a certain acidity; a rather petulant putting forward of little crotchets or personal dislikes; the arrogance belonging to all cliquishness is not softened into tacit assumption, but rather dashed in your face. But putting this aside, the nervous vigor of the writing, the tone of strong conviction and passion which vibrates through his phrases, the genuine enthusiasm with which he celebrates the books and pictures which he really loves; the intense enjoyment of the beauties which he really comprehends, has in it something inspiring and contagious. There is at any rate nothing finicking or affected; if he is crotchety, he really believes in his crotchets; if he deals in paradoxes, it is not that he wishes to exhibit his skill, or to insinuate a claim to originality, but that he is a vehement and passionate believer in certain prejudices which have sunk into his mind or become ingrained in his nature. If every essayist is bound to be a dealer in commonplace or in the inverse commonplace which we call a paradox, Hazlitt succeeds in giving them an interest, by a new method. It is not that he is a man of ripened meditative wisdom who has thought over them and tested them for himself; nor a man of delicate sensibility from whose lips they come

with the freshness of perfect simplicity; nor a man of strong sense, who tears away the conventional illusions by which we work ourselves into complacency; not a gentle humorist, who is playing with absurdities and appeals to us to share his enjoyable consciousness of his own nonsense; it is simply that he is a man of marked idiosyncrasy whose feelings are so strong, though confined within narrow channels, that his utterances have always the emphatic ring of true passion. When he talks about one of his favorites, whether Rousseau or Mrs. Inchbald, he has not perhaps much to add to the established criticisms, but he speaks as one who knows the book by heart, who has pored over it like a lover, come to it again and again, relished the little touches which escape the hasty reader, and in writing about it is reviving the old passionate gush of admiration. He cannot make such fine remarks as Lamb; and his judgments are still more personal and dependent upon the accidents of his early studies. But they stimulate still more strongly the illusion that one has only to turn to the original in order to enjoy a similar rapture. Lamb speaks as the epicure; and lets one know that one must be a man of taste to share his fine discrimination. But Hazlitt speaks of his old enjoyments as a traveller might speak of the gush of fresh water which saved him from dying of thirst in the wilderness. The delight seems so spontaneous and natural that we fancy—very erroneously for the most part—that the spring must be as refreshing to our lips as it was to his. We are ashamed after it when we are bored by the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

There is the same kind of charm in the non-critical essays. We share for the moment Hazlitt's enthusiasm for the Indian jugglers, or for Cavanagh, the fives-player, whom he celebrates with an enthusiasm astonishing in pre-athletic days, and which could hardly be rivalled by a boyish idolator of Dr. Grace. We forget all our acquired prejudices to throw ourselves into the sport of the famous prize-fight between the gasman and Bill Neate; and see no incongruity between the pleasure of seeing one side of Mr. Hickman's face dashed into "a red ruin" by a single blow, and of taking a volume of Rousseau's sentimentalism

in your pocket to solace the necessary hours of waiting.

It is the same, again, when Hazlitt comes to deal with the well-worn topics of commonplace essayists. He preaches upon threadbare texts, but they always have for him a strong personal interest. A commonplace maxim occurs to him, not to be calmly considered or to be ornamented with fresh illustrations, but as if it were incarnated in a flesh and blood representative, to be grappled, wrestled with, overthrown and trampled under foot. He talks about the conduct of life to his son, and begins with the proper aphorisms about industry, civility, and so forth, but as he warms to his work, he grows passionate and pours out his own prejudices with the energy of personal conviction. He talks about "effeminacy," about the "fear of death," about the "main chance," about "envy," about "egotism," about "success in life," about "depth and superficiality," and a dozen other equally unpromising subjects. We know too well what dreary and edifying meditations they would suggest to some popular essayists, and how prettily others might play with them. But nothing turns to platitude with Hazlitt; he is always idiosyncratic, racy, vigorous, and intensely eager, not so much to convince you, perhaps, as to get the better of you as presumably an antagonist. He does not address himself to the gentle reader of more popular writers, but to an imaginary opponent always ready to take up the gauntlet and to get the worst of it. Most people rather object to assuming that position, and to be pounded as if it were a matter of course that they were priggish adherents of some objectionable theory. But if you can take him for the nonce on his own terms and enjoy conversation which courts contradiction, you may be sure of a good bout in the intellectual ring. And even his paradoxes are more than mere wanton desire to dazzle. Read, for example, the characteristic essay upon "The Pleasure of Hating," with its perverse vindication of infidelity to our old friends, and

old books, and you feel that Hazlitt, though arguing himself for the moment into a conviction which he cannot seriously hold, has really given utterance to a genuine sentiment which is more impressive than many a volume of average reflection. A more frequent contrast of general sentiment might, indeed, be agreeable. And yet, in spite of the undertone of rather sullen melancholy, we must be hard to please if we are not charmed with the occasional occurrence of such passages as these: "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and flashing ridges, in one of those sequestered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight; when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of a full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by the rustic voices and the rolling choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, like an inhalation of rich distilled perfumes. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness, the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

If the spirit of clique were invariably productive of good essay-writing, we should never be in danger of any deficiency in our supplies. But our modern cliques are so anxious to be cosmopolitan, and on a level with the last new utterance of the accepted prophet, that somehow their disquisitions seem to be wanting in individual flavor. Perhaps we have unknown prophets among us whose works will be valued by our grandchildren. But I will not now venture upon the dangerous ground of contemporary criticism. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD."

BY DUTTON COOK.

WHEN Hamlet told the tragedians of the city that they should suit the action to the word, the word to the action, he seemed to be affording them advice that was at once both sound and simple; yet to effectively combine speech with movement or gesture so that they may "go hand in hand, not one before another," constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of histrionic art. What kind of action is suited to particular words? How much or how little action is permissible? What words are to be accompanied or illustrated by action, and what words may be left to run alone, as it were, and take care of themselves? These are the questions the performer is required to answer for himself. Hamlet can but proffer counsel of a general sort. The modesty of nature is not to be overstepped; the actors are not to mouth their speeches, nor to saw the air too much with their hands; in the very torrent, tempest, and even whirlwind of their passion, they are to acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Yet they are not to be too tame; their own discretion is to be their tutor; the purpose and end of playing being to hold the mirror up to nature, etc. There is danger alike in overdoing and in coming tardy off; in either case the unskilful may be made to laugh, but the judicious will be made to grieve, the "censure of which one" is in the allowance of the players to "overweigh a whole theatre of others."

It is probable that the judicious have been more often made to grieve by overdoing and redundancy of action than by tameness and tardiness of histrionic method. In one of his letters Macready has narrated how his own early manner was marred by excess and exaggeration, and how he became sensible of his errors of this kind. His observation of actual life suggested misgivings; he noted how sparingly and therefore how effectively Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation; a line in Dante taught him the value and dignity of repose; and a theory took form in his mind, presently to obtain practical demonstration of its

correctness when he saw Talma act, "whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study" Macready had been taught to imitate in gesture the action he might be relating, or "to figure out some idea of the images of his speech." A chapter in "Peregrine Pickle" descriptive of Quin's acting as Zanga in *The Revenge* convinced him of the absurdity of accompanying narration by elaborate gesticulation; he applied the criticism to himself in various situations which might have tempted him to like extravagance. Peregrine is supposed to complain of Quin's Zanga as out-Heroding Herod, especially in the scene of the Moor's relating to Isabella how Alonzo's jealousy had been inflamed by the discovery of a letter designedly placed in his path. It seemed to Peregrine that Mr. Quin's action intimately resembled the ridiculous grimacing of a monkey when he delivered Zanga's speech regarding the letter.

He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,
Started, and trembling dropped it on the
ground.

In pronouncing the first two words the actor was said to stoop down and seem to take up something from the stage; he then mimicked the manner of unfolding a letter, and arriving at the simile of an arrow piercing the eye he darted his forefinger toward that organ. At the word "started" he recoiled with great violence, and when he came to "trembling dropped it on the ground," he threw all his limbs into a tremulous emotion and shook the imaginary paper from his hand. The same system of minute gesticulation accompanied further portions of the speech. At the words:

Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguised a sigh or two and puffed them from
him;
Then rubbed his brow and took it up again,
the player's countenance assumed a wild stare, he sighed thrice most piteously as though he were on the point of suffoca-

tion, he scrubbed his forehead, and, bending his body, aped the action of snatching an object from the floor. He continued :

At first he looked as if he meant to read it ;
But, checked by rising fears, he crushed it
thus,

And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Here the performer imitated the confusion and concern of Alonzo, seemed to cast his eyes upon something from which they were immediately withdrawn with horror and precipitation ; then, " shutting his fist with a violent squeeze, as if he intended to make immediate application to Isabella's nose," he rammed it into his own bosom with all the horror and agitation of a thief taken in the act. Mr. Pickle in his character of dramatic critic concludes : " Were the player debarred the use of speech and obliged to act to the eyes only of the audience, this mimicry might be a necessary conveyance of his meaning ; but when he is at liberty to signify his ideas by language, nothing can be more trivial, forced, unnatural, and antic than his superfluous mummery. Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments clothed in the most exquisite expression would appear unanimated and insipid ; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque as is the demeanor of a Tully in the rostrum from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage."

Convinced that his method was founded upon wrong principles, Macready describes the means he adopted to coerce his limbs to perfect stillness the while he exhibited " the wildest emotions of passion." He would lie on the floor or stand straight against a wall or tie bandages about his arms, and while so pinioned or restricted, he would recite the most violent passages of *Othello*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or whatever would require most energy and emotion ; he would speak the most passionate bursts of rage " under the supposed constraint of whispering them in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed," thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling. " I was obliged also," he writes, " to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones

in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression, which was the most difficult of all, to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles, of the face, undisturbed, while intense passion should speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him."

Amateurs and young actors almost invariably incline to exaggeration ; they permit themselves excess of movement and gesture ; their discretion is insufficiently cultivated to be their tutor, and they overact strangely ; they pace the stage wildly and incessantly, they rant, their arms and legs are employed with a sort of graceless and vehement diffuseness. As Mr. G. H. Lewes writes : " All but very great actors are redundant in gesticulation ; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. . . . If actors will study fine models, they will learn that gestures to be effective must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage and not appear ' a guy ' is one of the elementary difficulties of the art, and one which is rarely mastered." Voltaire preparing a young actress to appear in one of his tragedies, tied her hands to her sides with packthread so as to check her tendency toward exuberance of gesticulation. Under this condition of compulsory immobility, she commenced to rehearse, and for some time she bore herself calmly enough ; but at last, completely carried away by her feelings, she burst her bonds and flung up her arms. In some alarm at her seeming neglect of his instructions she began to apologize to the poet ; he smilingly reassured her, however ; the gesticulation was *then* admirable, because it was irrepressible.

Of the elder tragedians variety or abundance of gesture seems not to have been required. The great Mr. Betterton indulged in little movement upon the stage. He had short, fat arms, we are told, " which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach." His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and his waistcoat, while with his right

he "prepared his speech." His actions were few but just. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance; but an actor possessed of "a corpulent body and thick legs with large feet" could hardly be expected to dance. The comedians were allowed to be more mercurial; liveliness of manner and movement almost necessarily accompanied drollery of speech. But to the introduction of pantomimes was ascribed the employment of "a set of mechanical motions, the caricatures of gestures." Theophilus Cibber charged Garrick with a "pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence;" the very accusation Peregrine Pickle brought against Mr. Quin. Cibber credited himself with perception of the actor's merits when he condescended to pursue simple nature. "Yet," the critic continued, "I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his over-fondness for extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twitchings, jerkings of the body, sprawling of the fingers, slapping the breast and pockets, etc." Garrick had been a diligent student of the pantomimical feats, the wonderful mimicry of Rich. "That Garrick," writes Cibber, "before his taste was mature should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue, is not surprising." Macklin's acrimonious account of Garrick's histrionic method ascribes to him excessive movement and gesticulation. "His art in acting consisted in incessantly pawing and hauling the characters about with whom he was concerned in the scene; and where he did not paw or haul the characters, he stalked between them and the audience; and that generally when they were speaking the most important and interesting passage in the scene, which demanded, in propriety, a strict attention. When he spoke himself, he pulled about the character he spoke to and squeezed his hat, hung forward, and stood almost upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage, consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he

acted with." This criticism must be accepted with some allowance for the spirit of detraction which largely animated the author.

It was said of the comedian Woodward that he was Harlequin in every part he played; his great pantomimic experience affected his every impersonation. He was reputed to be, after Rich, "the best teller of a story in dumb show the English stage had ever seen." He acquired in this way an extraordinary habit of suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, of illustrating speech with gesture. If he was required to mention an undertaker, he flapped his hat, pursed his brow, clasped his hands, and with a burlesque solemnity strode across the stage before he spoke; he would mimic the wiping of a glass or the drawing of a cork at the word "waiter," and could not say "mercer" till he had measured off several yards of cloth on the flap of his coat. It is added, however, that he "did these things with such strength of imitation and of humor that, although it was flagrantly wrong, criticism itself could not forbear to laugh."

Goldsmith observing that the English used very little gesture in ordinary conversation, found as a consequence that our players were stiff and formal of deportment, that their action sat uneasily upon them, and that they were obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian might discover proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he entered. But an Englishman could only take his models from the stage itself; he could only imitate nature from an imitation of nature. "I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession," wrote the doctor. "The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking and they are found in great abundance." It would be inexcusable in a comedian to add everything of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he was entirely at liberty. In this way it was open to him to show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humor, and the ex-

actness of his judgment. Goldsmith describes a French actor, while exhibiting an ungovernable rage as the hero of the comedy *l'Avare*, betraying the avariciousness of Harpagon's disposition by stooping suddenly to pick up a pin and quilting it in the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. "Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies and extinguishes one; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it and privately crams it into his pocket." A representation of the *Mock Doctor* was also commended. "Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with a high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense which he would have thought Latin by those who do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and, in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together." If this should be thought dull in the recital, it is urged that "the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation," and that there hardly existed a character in comedy to which a player of real humor could not add strokes of vivacity such as would secure great applause. Instead of this, however, the fine gentlemen of the theatre were wont through a whole part to do nothing but strut and open their snuffboxes; while the pretty fellows sat with their legs crossed, and the clowns pulled up their breeches. These proceedings, the critic concludes, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; "but to see them served up in every scene argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose."

Goldsmith accounted Mademoiselle Clairon the most perfect female figure he had ever seen upon the stage; not that nature had bestowed more personal beauty upon her than upon certain English actresses—there were many, indeed, who possessed as much "statuary grace," by which was meant "elegance unconnected with motion," as she did; but they all fell infinitely short of her when the soul came "to give expression to the limb and animate every feature." Her entrance upon the scene was pro-

nounced to be "excessively engaging." She did not come in glancing round and staring at the audience as though she was reckoning the receipts, or intended to see as well as to be seen. Her eyes were first fixed upon the other persons in the play, then gradually turned "with enchanting diffidence" upon the spectators. Her first words were delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm: "her hands and her tongue never set out together; the one prepared us for the other." She sometimes began with a mute eloquent attitude; but she never advanced all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice." By a simple beginning she gave herself "the power of rising in the passion of the scene." As she proceeded, her every gesture, every look, acquired new violence, till at last transported she filled "the whole vehemence of the part and all the idea of the poet." Her hands were not alternately stretched out and then drawn in again "as with the singing women at Sadler's Wells," but employed with graceful variety; every moment they pleased with new and unexpected eloquence. And further, she did not flourish her hands while the upper part of her arm was motionless, nor had she the ridiculous appearance "as if her elbows were pinned to her hips."

Goldsmith particularly recommends "our rising actresses," of all the cautions to be given them, never to take notice of the audience upon any occasion whatsoever; he could not pardon a lady upon the stage who, when she attracted the admiration of the spectators, turned about to make them a low curtsy for their applause. "Such a figure no longer continues Belvidere, but at once drops into Mrs. Cibber." Let the audience applaud ever so loudly, their praises should pass, "except at the end of the epilogue," with seeming inattention. But the while the critic advised "skilful attention to gestures," he deprecated study of it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, would render their action formal, stiff, and affected. People seldom improved when they had no other model but themselves to copy from. And he records his remembrance of a notable actor "who made great use of his flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures ever seen."

His apartment was hung round with looking-glasses, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; "and I will make bold to say he saw twenty very ugly fellows when he did so."

No doubt the harlequin of the present time, if a less valued and important personage than his exemplar, has preserved certain of the traditions of Rich's harlequin, while various of Rich's postures and gestures which Garrick was said to have imported into stage dialogue may still linger in the theatre. The manners, even the mannerisms, of a popular actor become popular in their turn, and are imitated and adopted by his successors. The admired comedian Robert Wilks had, we are informed, a certain peculiar custom of pulling down his ruffles and rolling his stockings; assuredly a later generation of actors pulled down their ruffles and rolled their stockings precisely after Mr. Wilks's manner, just as there are players of to-day who retain the late Charles Mathews's lively habit of adjusting his side locks, his cravat and his wrist-bands, of putting on and off his gloves, etc., resembling him in those respects, if in none other. Leigh Hunt writes of Lewis, the favorite comedian of eighty or ninety years since, that "he drew on his gloves like a gentleman, and then darted his fingers at the ribs of the character he was talking with in a way that carried with it whatever was suggestive and sparkling and amusing." The stage has known since Lewis's time very much darting of fingers at the ribs of the characters. The elder Mathews's method of expressing the irritability of Sir Fretful Plagiary by taking furious pinches of snuff and by frequent buttoning and unbuttoning of his double-breasted coat is not yet lost to the theatre. Concerning Munden's variety and significance of grimace and gesture Leigh Hunt grows eloquent. "The actor was said to make something out of nothing by his singular "intensity of contemplation." He would play the part of a vagabond loiterer about inn-doors, would look at and for ten minutes together gradually approach from a distance a pot of ale on a table, the while he kept the house in roars of laughter by the intense idea which he dumbly conveyed of

its contents and the not less intense manifestation of his cautious but inflexible resolution to drink it. Hunt further applauds Munden's personation of a credulous old antiquary upon whom a battered beaver has been imposed as "the hat of William Tell," and records how the comedian reverently put the hat on his head, and then solemnly walked to and fro with such an excessive sense of the glory with which he was crowned and the weight of reflected heroism he sustained, elegantly halting now and then to assume the attitude of one drawing a bow, "that the spectator could hardly have been astonished had they seen his hair stand on end and carry the hat aloft with it."

Stage gestures acquire, no doubt, a rather stereotyped character, and those who profess to teach acting are apt to inculcate very conventional forms of histrionic expression. The action that is to accompany the word is subject to many rules and limitations. Charles Dickens, who wrote disrespectfully of the Théâtre Français as an establishment devoted to a dreary classicity—"a kind of tomb where you went as the Eastern people did in the stories to think of your unsuccessful loves and dead relations"—especially condemned the gestures employed even by its leading performers. "Between ourselves, even one's best friends there"—he was thinking of Regnier, perhaps—"are at times very aggravating. One tires of seeing a man, through any number of acts, remembering everything by patting his forehead with the flat of his hand, jerking out sentences by shaking himself and piling them up in pyramids over his head with his right forefinger. And they have a general small-comedy piece," he continues, "where you see two sofas and three little tables, to which a man enters with his hat on, to talk to another man—and in respect of which you know exactly when he will get up from one sofa to sit on the other, and take his hat off one table to put his hat upon the other—which strikes one quite as ludicrously as a good farce."

It is clear that a certain forfeiture of dignity must result from too literal a system of illustrative gesture. Cibber's personation of Wolsey was much ap-

plauded, yet he was strongly censured for the vulgarity of the action with which he embellished the words :

This candle burns not clear ; tis I must snuff it.

Then out it goes.

It seems that with his thumb and forefinger, or with his first and second fingers, he imitated the manner of extinguishing a candle by means of a pair of snuffers. Genest writes : " One must lament that Shakespeare should have used a metaphor so unworthy of him, but surely, the actor should rather endeavor to sink the thing than to bring it peculiarly into notice ;" and he proceeds to record that when Young played Wolsey he folded his arms the while he delivered the passage and slurred the metaphor completely, evincing in this respect better judgment than Kemble, who, although he did not, like Cibber, pretend to ply the snuffers, yet elevated and wrinkled his grand nose and assumed a disgusted expression, as though the departed candle had left behind it an unpleasant odor. Much discussion arose concerning Kemble's action as Hamlet, when, denouncing the slanders he was reading, he tore the page from the book to demonstrate his bad opinion of the satirical rogue the author ; and Macready's waving aloft of a cambric handkerchief by way of expressing Hamlet's intentions to be " idle" may almost be viewed as " the direful spring of woes unnumbered." Edwin Forest derided the proceeding, described it as a *pas de mouchoir*, even hissed it ; and a feeling of enmity was engendered between the two tragedians which so spread and strengthened as to acquire almost the importance of a national conflict, and terminated in the great New York riot of 1849.

" Look you whether he has not turned his color and has tears in his eyes," remarks Polonius of the First Player, and his recitation ; and Hamlet also comments upon the waned visage of the actor, the tears in his eyes, his distracted aspect, broken voice, etc. Tears do not rarely visit the eyes of the players, who are moved to sympathy by their own simulations and are able to force their souls as to their own conceits. It is not so much that they are convinced by the familiar Horatian counsel, *Si vis*

me flere, etc. : a proneness to tears is rather a constitutional faculty or failing which players share with playgoers, novel-readers, auditors of poetry, sermons, speeches, etc. But can the actor discharge the color from his countenance otherwise than prosaically by rubbing the rouge off ? There is extant a description of Betterton's performance of Hamlet which describes the actor, although naturally of a ruddy and sanguine complexion, as turning pale as his own neckcloth instantly upon the appearance of the ghost. " His whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible, so that had his father's ghost actually risen before him he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience that the blood seemed to curdle in their veins likewise," etc. An American critic has left a curious account of the " unique and inimitable method" of the late Junius Brutus Booth, and his extraordinary " control over the vital and involuntary functions." We are informed that the actor could " tremble from head to foot, or tremble in one outstretched arm to the finger-tips while holding it in the firm grasp of the other hand. . . . The veins of his corded and magnificent neck would swell, and the whole throat and face become suffused with crimson in a moment, in the crisis of passion, to be succeeded on the ebb of feeling by an ashy paleness. To throw the blood into the face is a comparatively easy feat for a sanguine man by simply holding the breath ; but for a man of pale complexion to speak passionate and thrilling words pending the suffusion is quite another thing. On the other hand, it must be observed that no amount of merely physical exertion or exercise of voice could bring color into that pale proud intellectual face. . . . In a word, he commanded his own pulses, as well as the pulses of his auditors, with most despotic ease."

From his early practice in pantomime Edmund Kean derived, no doubt, much of the ease and grace of attitude and gesture he displayed as a tragedian. Hazlitt specially commends the actor's impressive and Titanesque postures, yet objects to the gesture he employed as Iago in the last scene of *Othello*, when

he malignantly pointed to the corpses of the Moor's victims. "It is not in the character of the part, which consists in the love of mischief, not as an end, but as a means. Besides, it is not in the text of Shakespeare." When Kean as Richard, in his familiar colloquy with Buckingham, crossed his hands behind his back, certain critics held the action to be "too natural;" while his pugilistic gestures in the concluding scene, though censured by some, were much applauded by others. Hazlitt wrote of him: "He fought like one drunk with wounds, and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power." Dr. Doran has noted certain of the actor's "grand moments," when, at the close of his career, he appeared a pitiable sight: "Genius was not traceable in that bloated face; intellect was all but quenched in those once matchless eyes; . . . he moved only with difficulty, using his sword as a stick." Yet there arose a murmur of approbation at the pause and action of his extended arm when he said—as though consigning all the lowering clouds to the sea—"in the deep bosom of the ocean, *buried!*" The words, "The dogs bark at me as I halt by them," were so suited with action as to elicit a round of applause.

Mr. Gould's essays upon the "Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth" make frequent mention of the "manual eloquence," the appropriate "hand-play" of the tragedian, and his inventiveness in that respect. When as Shylock, replying to Salarino's question touching Antonio's flesh, "What's that good for?" he said, "To bait fish withal," he was wont, in his tamer moods, to employ "a gesture as if holding a fishing-rod." When as Cassius he said of Cæsar, "His coward lips did from their color fly," Booth illustrated the text by a momentary action, as though he were carrying a standard. "The movement was fine as giving edge to the sarcasm," but, the essayist admits, "pointed to a redundancy of action which sometimes appeared in this

great actor's personations, marking the excess in him, however, of those high histrionic powers—keen feeling and shaping imagination." Further, Booth's Cassius was "signalized by one action of characteristic excellence and originality." After the murder of Cæsar, Booth "strode right across the dead body and out of the scene in silent and disdainful triumph." As Iago, when saying:

Such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with,

Booth, while pretending to lay his hand on his heart "to enforce asseveration," tucked away more securely in his doublet the very handkerchief which "with fiendish purpose he intended Cassio *should* wipe his beard with." When he exclaimed, "The Moor; I know his trumpet!" he seemed to imitate the very sound of the instrument; tossed it from his lips with the careless grace of an accomplished musician. When as Othello he declared, "I know not where is that *Promethean* heat," it was as though the adjective had but just occurred to him, and the passage was "accompanied by a wandering and questioning gesture." At the words, "It is the very error of the moon; she comes more near the earth than she was wont," etc., his gesture "seemed to figure the faith of the Chaldean and to bring the moon more near." He slew himself by means of a dagger he had worn concealed in his turban.

The value of action as the ally of words will be very freely admitted by those who remember Mr. Irving as Philip in the Laureate's tragedy of *Queen Mary*, toying with his poniard, and with peculiar significance turning its point toward his interlocutor, the Count de Feria, at the words—

And if you be not secret in this matter—
You understand me there, too?

Feria answers: "Sir, I do." For the action was as intelligible as though the words had been spoken and sentence of death had been passed upon the count for his failure to be secret in the matter.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

SOME ADVANTAGES AND USES OF THE REVISED ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

BY J. S. HOWSON, D.D., DEAN OF CHESTER.

THE readers of this magazine would be surprised if no notice were taken in it of an event so remarkable as the recent publication* of our familiar version of the New Testament in a revised form. It is desirable, too, that general remarks on the subject should be made now, while it is fresh in the public mind. The true appreciation of the merits of this revision will come after careful criticism and use; but the present is the time for words of grateful recognition and welcome.

This finished work might be considered by us under various points of view. We might examine, for instance, the method on which it has proceeded, the principles laid down at the outset, the rules which were imposed upon themselves by the revisers; or we might select some specimens of translation for comparison (they could not be many within our narrow limits) between what is termed our Authorized Version and this modification of it; and such modes of dealing with the subject have been abundantly adopted elsewhere. In the present instance I will deal only with some of the general advantages which will result to us from the work which has been so carefully and completely done. In enumerating such advantages it is evident that I shall also be stating some of the needs which existed for the undertaking. If we have gained advantages in so serious a matter, then it evidently was a duty to seek for such advantages by diligent effort.

It will likewise, I hope, be equally evident that I do not mean to say that there are no defects in this work. In all cases where we are discussing any result of human performance, if we gladly and thankfully speak of merits, it is commonly quite understood that there may be faults also, which it is no part of our plan to mention at the time. It is the more desirable in the case before us, to speak warmly now of merits, because the first public impulse on such an occasion is to criticize unfavorably. It is, I think, in "Guesses at Truth" that the remark is made that every fresh effort

for the general good is apt to be treated as cows treat a new rubbing-post. First they look at it, then they butt at it, and then they use it.

I. Now, first, this auspicious event will give an impulse to Bible study among us. It must have been observed by every one how large a place this subject has occupied in the public press. Nor is this the case in England only. Foreign newspapers at the time of publication showed how widely the importance of this event was felt. Everywhere there has been the consciousness of attention being directed with revived force and interest to the Scriptures of the New Testament.

In the history of the Church there have been epochs when Bible study has seemed to slumber, and epochs when it has revived again with new animation and vigor. Such a revival, for instance, was the fifth century of the Christian era, when Jerome, Chrysostom, and Augustine, with others, did so much in various ways for the knowledge and elucidation of the text and meaning of the Scripture. Such an era of active and vigorous Bible study, as regards our own country, was the seventeenth century. And not as regards our own country only. During the sessions of the Synod of Dort communications took place with the English revisers in the reign of James I.; and from this source some light can be thrown on the history of our Authorized Version—while the modern Dutch Authorized Version may be viewed as through these communications, in a certain sense, co-ordinated with our own. It is natural that, writing on this subject in Chester, I should make this allusion. For Bishop Hall, whom we all revere as one of the most noted and devout Biblical commentators of that day, was at the Synod of Dort; and he was the father of a Bishop of Chester, who records the fact with filial piety in a charming monument on the walls of this cathedral.* Another Bishop of

* He says that he is worthy to be remembered only because he is the son, or rather the shadow, of his father. At the bottom of the

Chester, in a later part of that century, Brian Walton—part of whose tomb in old St. Paul's, London, still remains in new St. Paul's—is for ever illustrious for his Polyglot edition of the Bible. Nor ought it to be forgotten that somewhat later still Matthew Henry, the great Nonconformist commentator, whose writings are a perpetual treasure, lived in Chester, and exercised great influence in the place. Such local illustrations of a general fact have their value. That was a time when a great impulse was given to Bible study; and so it is now once again, and this is a great and obvious advantage.

II. A second advantage might be expressed thus, that an unaccustomed freshness has thus been communicated to our knowledge of the New Testament. It is very incumbent upon us to do our best to secure a perpetual freshness in this knowledge; and it is not altogether easy to do so; and therefore there is ground for real gratitude when we are aided in this way. It is quite true that our chief cause of complaint in this matter is not a jaded familiarity with the New Testament, but rather neglect of its sacred pages, so that many persons have a very slight knowledge of it at all. But still there is an opposite danger, which must be contemplated as, at least, possible, in the direction of our falling into a certain dulness and weariness in regard to that which we know very well. One of our most eminent modern theologians, speaking on this subject not long ago, observed that a very important practical question to put to ourselves is this, "How not to get tired of our English Bibles?" And it may truly be said that a practical answer to this question, available for some considerable time to come, has been given by the appearance of this Revised Version. Quite irrespective of the information furnished to us by the correction of mistakes, by the introduction of right emphasis through the placing of words in their proper order, by making argumentative connection clear, and the like, this revision, speaking generally, will communicate freshness to our study of the New Testament. Many of us are conscious that a kind of ripple has

come in this way over the surface of our Bible knowledge, as if under the influence of a gentle and animating breeze—and this is wholesome for us and encouraging. The words of Burke have been very aptly applied here. If this revision does nothing else for us, it will put people in a mood unusual with them; "it will set them on thinking." I heard the other day of a young lady who related how she had met with this Revised Version, how she had been led to read the New Testament throughout, and how she had found it to be a very interesting book. This sets before us on its grotesque side the good service which this completed work is probably doing in all directions for society, and for religion.

III. We have here already touched a third advantage, which obviously will be viewed everywhere as the most important of all. This is the closer accuracy which English-speaking people at large will now obtain as to the meaning of the New Testament. Without this advantage all others would be a delusion, and almost a loss. It is above all things essential, to quote the words used in the Book of Nehemiah in reference to the recovery of lost Scriptures, that we should be able to "read distinctly and give the sense." This is so evident that I will not dwell upon it in general terms. I will only call attention to the fact that this part of the subject really branches out into three. First, we require accuracy as respects the original Greek text; secondly, accuracy in translating that text; but, in the third place, it is requisite that the English words and phrases which are used in the improved version should be such as are easily understood by our people now.

(1.) As to the original Greek text it is eminently desirable that our people should know in general what we mean when we speak of this subject; and it is a study very easy in its main outlines, and very full of interest for every thoughtful mind. The reader will not expect to be occupied here with remarks on the history, the classification, and the relative value of different manuscripts.* But thus much may be said, that the resources of this kind which we

inscription is a lighted candle, with these words added, "May I be burnt out, if only meanwhile I may shine and give light."

* There will probably be always two schools of critics among us, divided from one another according to the value they attach to the curative MSS. as compared with the uncial.

have within our reach now are far more copious and better understood than they were in the reign of James I., when our Authorized Version was made. The groundwork upon which the Revised Version rests is not any newer groundwork, but really far older than that on which the former work was built. The absolute original text is non-existent; but the ordinary Bible-reader in 1881 is nearer to it than were in 1611 the most erudite divines.

(2.) Next, as regards translation, no one who has not penetrated carefully into the subject can be aware how much obscurity is removed in the reading of the English Bible—and, when absolute obscurity is not in question, how much of additional life and reality is secured—by the more accurate rendering of the original. The benefit of what has been done will be felt especially in three particulars. First, the proper use of tenses will be found to furnish in a multitude of passages both precision and animation. Next, some of the greatest improvements will be found in connection with some of the smallest words. There is much looseness in the Authorized Version as regards the definite and indefinite article; and yet there is no poverty in our language which makes this necessary. Fox said of the difference between Pitt and himself, "I am never at a loss for a word, but he is never at a loss for the word." A language in which such a sentence is possible supplies all that we want for an exact rendering of the Greek in respect to the article. But the most serious part of this section of our subject remains to be mentioned. Much difficulty is caused in our customary version, especially as regards St. Paul's Epistles, by giving different renderings to the same word, in cases where the identity of the word constitutes, in fact, part of the living connection in the course of an illustration or an argument. The Jacobean translators in their Preface, which somehow appears to be very little known, defend this kind of variation on the plea that they do not wish to be exposed to the charge of "some unfair dealing toward many English words." They use in their justification a very amusing comparison. Just as when certain logs of wood among the heathen are made into gods, other logs,

conscious of being equally good, might complain of being neglected, so with words laid aside when other words, not a whit better, are devoted to sacred uses. Few persons really desirous of apprehending the coherence of Scripture will be quite satisfied with such an argument. Let it not, however, for one moment be supposed that any depreciation of the translators of 1611 is here intended. Justly do the new revisers say of the Old Version, "The longer we have been engaged upon it, the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, the music of its cadences, and the felicities of its rhythm."

(3.) When we come to the last particular which was to be considered under this head of accuracy we feel that it would be, indeed, a great misfortune if the old-fashioned grandeur of the Bible language were ever to pass away from us. Just as there is a style of architecture fitting for a church which is not so appropriate for ordinary houses, just as in this case we feel that we ought to have a stateliness and dignity and a venerable reminiscence of the past, which in other cases is not essential, so with the language of the Bible as compared with the language of other books. This principle, however, is not called in question. Without touching it in the slightest degree, we must admit that there are many English words in the Authorized Version, quite correct at the time of their introduction, which have now drifted off to different meanings; and the results have been confusion of thought and actual error in the apprehension of religious truth. It would be easy to give examples, but we are here discussing only general principles, and details have been purposely avoided.

IV. It follows from what has been said that by means of this revision we shall be brought more close to the Apostles' time than before; and this is a point on which we may with propriety lay very great stress. We seem more nearly than we were before within the hearing of the words that were spoken in Galilee and Jerusalem; more nearly within the company of those to whom the parables were addressed; more nearly as if we caught sight of apostles and

their companions on missionary journeys ; more nearly as if we saw St. Paul affixing his signature to the letter after the amanuensis had laid down his pen. The moving on of the ages has brought us back almost to the earliest times. It is incumbent on us to dwell on this thought that we may feel our responsibility as well as our advantage. Our responsibility in the possession of the New Testament in our own tongue is already very great. Henceforth both the blessing and the burden will be greater still.

V. But if in this sense an interval of separation is abridged, the same thing is equally true in another sense still ; and this brings us to the consideration of a fifth advantage. This Revised Version, with its recorded results of modern criticism and scholarship, is brought within the reach of all. No theologian is poorer than he was before ; but many who have no thought of calling themselves theologians are far richer. Hitherto the results of scholarship and criticism have been within the cognizance of a few. Now even those who are very imperfectly educated will acquire a very mature knowledge in the most sacred and precious of all learning. It is a new fulfilment of the Lord's own saying, " To the poor the Gospel is preached," and of the old prophecy, " All shall know me from the least to the greatest." This unrestricted largeness of blessing is one of the glories of Christianity. Truth is the rightful possession of all ; and through what has now been graciously permitted to be done invaluable truth will be diffused more widely than ever before. To the generous heart it is a most welcome fact that some exclusiveness has now been broken down as to the possession of a treasure inestimably good. It is a true happiness to be able to say—even if the language be exaggerated—of our recent revisers what old Fuller said of the translators of his own day : " These, with Jacob, rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life, so that now Rachel's weak women may freely come, both to drink themselves and to water the flocks of their friends at the same."

VI. But, sixthly, in another sense still it may be hoped that this revision of the English New Testament will bring

men nearer to one another than they ever were before. There has been a very wide co-operation in the process. Many interests, so to speak, have been represented in this work ; and its results will be common to all who speak our language, however much in other respects they may be divided and separated. It must be a true benediction to us, who are living at this time, to be brought nearer to each other on such sacred ground than we were before. Surely we may hope that this new passage in the history of the Bible will breed in us some larger charity, will encourage us to overleap some of the lines of our narrowness and formality.

Is it not a most remarkable fact that one of our Convocations—one of those bodies of men, which are among the most thoroughly and rigidly Church of England bodies that can be imagined—should have invited a large number of divines from among various sections of our Presbyterian and Nonconforming brethren to co-operate in this religious task ? And is it not most remarkable, too, that through the space of ten years they should have so labored together in a spirit most earnest and harmonious, that neither in the process nor in the result have they been divided by discord or rivalry, and thus the evil should have been averted of contending English Versions—an evil which was really most imminent, because the time for revision was fully come, and this work might have been undertaken separately by hostile factions ?

Nor must we limit our view of this large blessing to our own side of the Atlantic. The hearty and sustained co-operation of American companies of revisers has been secured throughout the undertaking ; and the publication of this amended version has been simultaneous, there and here. This, too, means more than at first sight appears ; for while here the Church of England is in a very large majority, there her sister Church is in a very small minority. Here among the revisers there has been a preponderance of members of the Church of England as compared with those who are separate from it. There the Episcopalians have of necessity been comparatively few. And yet there has been

no discord ; and what is now the possession of the English-speaking people on this side of the ocean is equally the possession of the English-speaking people on the other. If we look on to the coming ages, we become conscious that the task which has been accomplished represents a vast amount of charity, and opens out a vast prospect of hope ; for, whether we may like it or not, America holds in her enterprising hands many of the keys of the future.

VII. Once more—and this is the last advantage to be named—it is to be hoped that we shall, through the sense of this co-operation and this common benefit, learn to subordinate the Ecclesiastical to the Biblical, the less to the greater, the narrow to the wider. All religious communities are apt to be stiff on their own ecclesiastical ground. It is part of their necessary self-defence. We of the Church of England are apt to be very stiff. But others, who find fault with us, are apt to be very stiff too. It is our duty, however, to remember that there must be a large human element in the ecclesiastical arrangements of every Church community—unless, indeed, we are prepared to claim for one of them infallibility in all details.

And on this side of our subject another tendency is to be carefully borne in mind. There is a disposition among many to take refuge from difficult Biblical questions in adhering to mere ecclesiastical positions. It cannot be a disadvantage to us, if we learn, through increased confidence in the Scriptures, that we are as safe within the Biblical entrenchments constructed by Apostles, as within the ecclesiastical entrenchments which have been constructed by others since at various times and under various circumstances.

Some of our mistakes in such matters may now, it is to be hoped, be put in the way of gradual correction. It can hardly be doubted that we shall, through the possession of this Revised Version, acquire a better sense of proportion in our holding of religious truth. This at least is certain, that in whatever degree we understand the meaning of Holy Scripture, we shall be better able to appreciate our Church differences at their true worth.

It remains now for us, admitting these advantages to the full, and thankfully accepting them, to consider by what methods we are to make use of them. Three great questions here arise for our serious thought. How is the use of this Revised Version related to our public worship, to our education of the young, and to our private study of the Bible ?

(i.) As to the first point much has been written in favor of the view that what we term our Authorized Version is imperative, and exclusively imperative, in the Lessons of our Church of England service ; and great names are to be quoted on this side of the question. I confess I am not yet convinced of the truth of this opinion ; and if a clergyman were to be brought before the courts for publicly reading the lessons from this Revised Version, and thus—which is not in the least degree likely to happen—another trouble were added to the troubles of this kind which have been too abundant already, I do not believe that he would be condemned. It is not, however, I apprehend, so much the question of legality as the question of prudence which we have to consider. Surely it is wise not to be precipitate in this matter, but to wait for the results of mature criticism, and to allow the Revised Version to win its way, as the Authorized Version won its way, upon its merits. There is, however, another aspect of the relation of this revision to public worship, regarding which no doubt need be entertained. The members of our congregations might, with great advantage, bring with them to Church copies of this version, and, following it with their eye while listening to the reader, might “ mark, learn, and inwardly digest ” the differences they observe. It may confidently be predicted that the result would be the obtaining of a large amount of most useful Biblical knowledge, with an ever-increasing interest in the details of Scripture.

(ii.) The relation of this Revised Version to the education of the young is not quite so easy as at first sight appears. I refer not simply to education in schools, but to that best education of the earliest years which is in the hands of mothers at home. Which is to be

the Bible which we teach as authoritative to our children? This is a somewhat serious question. We must expect, perhaps, for a time, an increase of those difficult inquiries which come from infant lips, and which puzzle us quite as much as the speculations of great philosophers. But God will carry His Church through this transition, as He has carried it through other transitions; and I am persuaded that in the end the gain will be far greater than the loss. As to the instruction of older children and the use of the Revised Version in schools, I am not able to see that any great difficulty need be expected. A very large portion of this Revised Version has already been virtually in use before it existed as a whole, in the explanations given by teachers during their Bible lessons—with this difference, however, that such explanation has depended on the knowledge and judgment of separate persons, whereas the complete volume is issued by a body of learned divines acting under grave responsibility. This fresh English New Testament will be invaluable, for a long time to come, as a cheap, convenient, and trustworthy commentary on the Authorized Version; and if in our schools in the end it supersedes that version, it will be because it has superseded it everywhere.

(iii.) Concerning the employment of this revision in our private study of Scripture very little need be said. It is the most obvious duty of all persons to make as full use of it as they can by frequent comparison. In the United States an edition has been published of the two versions in parallel columns; and this might be done with advantage here. But whatever methods are adopted, let us believe that we have in this accomplished work a good gift which God has given to us, and let us be thankful without reserve or fear.

This question of the English Bible, taken in its widest sense, is one of the great questions of human history; and in order to impress this truth upon our minds, and to persuade ourselves to rise

to its true dignity, let us remember that this noble cause of Bible translating, as regards the English tongue, has had its martyr. Most noble causes in human progress have had their martyrs; and so it is here.

I refer, of course, to William Tyndale. He really gave to us our modern English Bible. There are these differences, indeed, between his version and the version which we have been considering—that this has been done by many, that by one man alone; and further, that they who have done this recent good work for us are living in peace among us, and receiving the honor they deserve, whereas Tyndale was strangled.

It is to be hoped that the fund now in process of collection for erecting a statue to Tyndale on a prominent part of the Thames Embankment will receive large accessions this year, not only from our own countrymen, but from American travellers also. I will end, however, now by quoting his noble words in his first preface. We may lawfully imagine that they are addressed to us by the translators of 1611, and the revisers of 1881 likewise: "I have here translated, brethren and sisters, most dear and tenderly beloved in Christ, the New Testament for your spiritual edifying, consolation, and solace, exhorting instantly and beseeching those that are better seen in the tongues than I, and that have higher gifts of grace to interpret the sense of the Scripture and meaning of the Spirit than I, to consider and ponder my labor, and that with the spirit of meekness. And if they perceive in any places that I have not attained the very sense of the tongue, or meaning of the Scripture, or have not given the right English word, that they put to their hands to amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do. For we have not received the gifts of God for ourselves only, or for to hide them; but for to bestow them unto the honoring of God and Christ, and edifying of the congregation, which is the body of Christ."—*Good Words*.

A LEGEND.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

THERE went a widow woman from the outskirts of the city,
Whose lonely sorrow might have moved the stones she trod to pity.

She wandered, weeping through the fields, by God and man forsaken,
Still calling on a little child the reaper Death had taken.

When, lo ! upon a day she met a white-robed train advancing,
And brightly on their golden heads their golden crowns were glancing.

Child Jesus led a happy band of little ones a-maying,
With flowers of spring, and gems of dew, all innocently playing.

Far from the rest the widow sees, and flies to clasp, her treasure ;
“ What ails thee, darling, that thou must not take with these thy pleasure ? ”

“ Oh, mother, little mother mine, behind the rest I tarry,
For see, how heavy with your tears the pitcher I must carry.

“ If you had ceased to weep for me, when Jesus went a-maying,
I should have been amongst the blest, with little Jesus playing.”

July 1.

—The Spectator.

A VOLUME OF FRENCH SOUVENIRS.*

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

MADAME JAUBERT was fortunate enough, and was fully worthy of her fortune, to be intimate with many eminent men and many interesting women. She has been the Egeria of many a talent, she has been the confidante of many an amour, she has known closely much of that which was best in her land and time. A leader of fashion, she has lived in that world of culture and of varied gifts to which fashion is but an outside wrapper ; she belongs of birthright to the aristocracy of intelligence and of manners. The years of enjoyment and of excitement fly quickly past ; then comes the calm time of reminiscences become tender, and of memories become sacred. Happy they who have, as Madame Jaubert has, the enviable gift of recording through literature, and recording with incisive and yet most delicate talent, the recollections of a memorable past. We have to thank her for one of the brightest

and pleasantest books of its sort that exists in the department of *mémoire* and *souvenir*.

The one defect of the book is, that it contains no letters from Madame Jaubert herself. For certainly, Madame Jaubert herself interests us almost more than any one of the fair ladies that she paints so well. Our authoress never seeks to obtrude, or to depict herself, but she yet succeeds in revealing to us a very charming personality, and this revelation is given, in part, by means of reflected lights ; by the allusions to her made by others. She appears clearly for a moment, and then vanishes from our sight. Her art is so subtle that we lose ourselves in its results, and are apt to think too little of the fair artist herself. We guess at her relations to her admirers—every man that knew her was her admirer—but the wise reader does not seek to lessen an illusion by knowing too much. We find ourselves in an atmosphere in which we leave all things to the sweep of a fancy which scorns the ped-

* “Souvenirs de Madame C. Jaubert, Lettres et Correspondances.” Paris : J. Hetzel et Cie., Editeurs.

antry of exactitude, and never seeks to penetrate to the hardness of actual fact. We soon feel in Madame Jaubert's work the presence of a refined reticence and an exquisite discretion. She triumphs in omission as she succeeds in revelation. She does not paint others, or indicate herself, by surface insistence, but rather through an undercurrent of latent suggestion. Madame Jaubert has the art of conveying a meaning without precisely stating it; we know without knowing that we know, and how we know; or even what we know. She speaks of her *rôle d'accompagnateur*; but she accompanies as a good musician accompanies a pupil. She says once, *mais je ne saurais m'expliquer d'avantage*. She is no longer young; but those who read her with an insight which they may catch from her, can do justice to her in her youth. Full of heart and vivacity, witty, tender, intelligent, sympathetic, she has been one to whom men—even such a man as De Musset—could tell everything. So fine was her tact that women confided in her; nay, men, when chasing two hares, could make her a *confidante*, as Esmond did Lady Castlewood when he was in love with Beatrix. Madame Jaubert realizes all Lord Beaconsfield's ideal of the power of women to help men and men's careers. Surrounded by gay, bright, quick-witted—sometimes by shallow and frivolous—men and women, she seems a typical woman of that brilliant society of France in which women have always played so important a part on the *chemin vicinal de l'amour et l'amitié*. For France has its De Lauzun, but not its Sidney; has its sparkling coquettes, but never an Imogen. Among all the personages that fill—but do not crowd—the canvas of Madame Jaubert, two figures stand out distinctly; and they are *l'amante et l'amoureux*. The influence of nationality on manners, on tones of thought, on forms of life, is great as it is obvious; and in nothing is this very different-charactered influence more strongly shown than it is in the relations between the sexes. Madame Jaubert's book transports us emphatically to France. We live among men and women who live among each other in a way that is not ours. In writing for English readers, one may leave England out of the question; but it is curious to con-

trast German sentimentalism and romance with French sentiment and coquetry. Frenchmen are like those old Pagans who took the pleasures of life boldly, and were not restrained by conscience from cultivating and enjoying pleasure to the full.

This book, which is a true picture of French life, contains so much love-making and so little love. The intrigue is ceaseless, the *liaisons* ever changing. It is a life of sustained gallantry, with exaltation, but without strain; there is no hint of the relations of man to woman "when they love their closest and their best." While his passion lasts, the lover may, as a *façon de parler*, speak of eternity while enjoying the fleeting hour, and thinking—if thinking at all—of future intrigues. There is no *ténacité fatigante*. French lovers prove *wie leicht sich's leben lässt*, and their attachment is intense in proportion to a sense of transiency and mutability. There is no question of morals. An actor and actress may play love delightfully, and you are charmed with the illusion; but you know, if you care to think of it, that they are not really in love with each other. French amours, like straw on fire, burn brightly for a brief space, and then the flame ceases of itself. Between French and English women there is the difference that there is between the women of Molière and of Shakespeare. Love in France, in such circles as Madame Jaubert depicts, is an elegant comedy, but it is seldom noble, and never earnest. "A lover may bestride the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air, and yet not fall, so light is vanity." A French lover requires for his vanity a lighter film than gossamer. Olivia asks Viola, "What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, that honor saved may upon asking give?" A French audience would hardly understand Olivia, because a French Olivia would have married Orsino, and taken on Cesario as a lover.

The first portrait in Madame Jaubert's gallery is that of Berryer—the legitimist politician, the able advocate, the admired orator. Berryer is an imposing figure, and shines with a certain sham grandeur. Vehement and impassioned, he is perpetually engaged in some love intrigue. *Ce qui plaît aux femmes dans l'amour, c'est le spectacle de la force vain-*

cue; and Berryer was a man of force and might. Madame Jaubert paints her orator in his country house, in holiday-time, in summer. He is happily married, and brings round him, in his elegant home, a bright circle of celebrities and of beauties. The reigning queen of the hour (also in the house) is a certain Comtesse de T—, who *tenait grande place dans l'existence de Berryer*. It had become, as Madame Berryer explains to Madame Jaubert, *une passion à grand orchestre*. Madame Berryer was her husband's ally and friend. *Un attachement solide succéda entre nous à l'amour*. Berryer could hide nothing from his wife.

Madame Berryer does not interrogate her husband about his affairs of the heart; but, during his sleep, she took hold of his hand, and he confessed everything to a friend *incapable d'abuser*. Time at the Château d'Augerville passed pleasantly in *bonnes causeries, et en promenades, que l'on altérât avec la musique*, and then there was a brilliant drama of coquetry to study and to watch. *En tout il y a de la mode*, observes Madame Berryer; and the Comtesse de T— confides fully in Madame Jaubert.

Berryer had, at one time, an idea of taking holy orders; but, characteristically, *il caressait alors en imagination les succès de la chaire*; and he expected to gain, by mean of eloquence, *une influence persistante sur ce sexe toujours aimé*. He loved music and the theatre, but had no feeling for painting. With constant vivacity, but without effort, Madame Jaubert paints for us, with delicate feminine observation, and in her happy idiom, the great orator, his country life, his house, his guests, his love. She succeeds in giving a reflected impression of the great advocate's eloquence; but she says, happily, *ce n'est pas avec tout le monde que l'on peut être éloquent!*

We come next to the brilliant romantic poet of French youth and love, Alfred de Musset. This is no occasion in which to speak of his writings; it is with the personality of De Musset that we have to do; and the many original letters from the poet which Madame Jaubert's correspondence contains do not tend to increase our love for the man. For his *chère marraine*, Madame Jaubert herself, De Musset avows a warm *sentiment sans nom*; and to her he certainly writes

freely, confidentially, unreservedly. A man so full of egotism must paint himself in his frank letters; and no memoir of De Musset contains a more complete revelation of the man, or of that morbid *Ego* which was unendurable even to its possessor. Like a tall lily with a feeble stem, the poet is made up of height and weakness. His tone is bitter rather than sad. Love plays a great part in his correspondence, but we never feel the beat of a heart or the touch of a conscience. He is sore with excoriated vanity; he quivers petulantly with nervous irritability and with a morbid sensitiveness to ridicule. His letters are full of *plaisanteries*, of malice, and of wit; but they also reveal his pride, timidity, and tormenting self-consciousness. They gleam with a sombre brightness, like that of dead gold. There is a strain of Rousseau in his nature; of that Rousseau of whom it is written, "when the days began to turn the summer was straightway at an end for him; 'my imagination,' he said, 'at once brings winter';" and De Musset says truly of himself—*je ne suis pas tendre, mais je suis excessif*. His life was full of intrigues, but it may be doubted whether he ever felt, or was capable of feeling love. He writes, with contempt, of *cette pauvre Madame Sand*, and speaks of hanging verses, intended for another lady, *sur le tombeau de Rachel*. His passions, while they lasted, were full of feverish excitement, but after a time *la raison se fait entendre*, and he is off with the old love and on with the new. He had vanity, but no pride; and his character is strangely wanting in dignity and self respect. He was not incapable of the baseness of *la vendetta poétique*. He was not a convert to Berryer's maxim, *qu'il faut tendre à s'aimer confortablement*; and all De Musset's amours were strained, morbid, uneasy, fleeting.

Of the Princesse Belgiojoso, Madame Jaubert says, in her epigrammatic way—*Aux yeux de la Princesse, les hommes formaient une seule et vaste catégorie, divisée en trois séries amoureuses—il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être*; and for some time De Musset *le fut*. The well-known lines *Sur une morte* were intended for the Princess, and the publication of such an attack naturally aroused great indignation among the lady's many friends. De

Musset maintained that he thought the lines would be understood only by the Princess; the Princess maintained that she alone never read them—an assertion which elicited an outburst of savage incredulity from the poetic ex-lover. *Sur une morte* appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1842. When his vanity was wounded, De Musset was ruthless toward women, and he describes himself as a man *qui peut se redresser si on lui marche sur la gêne*.

He himself says of *Sur une morte*, that he sincerely regretted his verses. *C'est mal, c'est absurde, non pas de les avoir faits, mais de les avoir imprimés*. On his relations, and his rupture with George Sand, Madame Jaubert throws no new light; indeed, more light was not needed, since the facts are very well known. He drifted apart from *pauvre Paulinette*, while admitting that she was *charmante, pleine d'âme, plus distinguée cent fois que tous ces braillards-là*; and the lady revolted his fine taste by marrying. Of his breach with the Princess he writes, *Ce sera la seconde édition de mon histoire avec Rachel, que j'ai plantée là par mauvaise humeur, sans aucune raison valable; laquelle Rachel s'est piquée, a voulu dire quelle m'avait planté là la première, lequel moi me suis fâché tout rouge, lettres échangées, tapage, crialleries et finalement eau de boudin*. The records of "love" contain, happily, few such confessions. He made a strong caricature of the Princess and let it be shown about at a party at her house; and he did even worse than that. Meeting at her house a certain beautiful Mdle. de C—, he devoted himself ostentatiously to the young lady, danced with her, and made love to her before the jealous eyes of the hostess, whose Italian fervor glowed through French levity. He took it into his head to fall violently in love with Mdle. de C—. He followed his charmer in hot haste to the country. As he never would tell the history of this journey, even to Madame Jaubert, it may with certainty be assumed that his suit was not successful. *Personne n'est plus faible, plus tergiversant, et plus poule mouillée, que votre indécorable filleul*, he writes. *Le serpent n'allait pas en Normandie chercher des pommes*, replies Madame Jaubert; and De Musset exclaims, rapturously, *Je vous défie vous-même d'avoir plus d'esprit que ce*

mot-là. *Dites donc! comme c'est gentil, vous!*

After all these injuries the poet dared to approach the Princess, and to address her in his usual tone; but the justly offended great lady, on her part, *elle lui répondit avec une distraction dont il sentit l'impertinence voulue*. So ends another passion; though De Musset long felt enraged against a woman who returned scorn for his infidelities and insults. He loved her, as he understood love, after the irreparable breach; and perhaps Madame Jaubert, had she seen fit to do so, might have brought princess and poet together in the old relations.

In so far as he was capable of unselfish affection, De Musset probably felt a sincere tenderness for Madame Jaubert, his kind, pitying, sympathizing *confidante*. So far as he himself knows himself, he bares his whole mind to her. His letters to her are in a *mezzo caractère de gaieté et de sentiment*. He was as much attached to her as he could be to any one except himself. Society and women spoiled him; and to his misfortune, his character was enervated by too easy successes.

Everybody will be sensible of a great change when we turn from Alfred De Musset to Pierre Lanfrey. Lanfrey has more "character" than any of Madame Jaubert's other correspondents, and we are in the presence of a virile understanding and a clear will. Lanfrey is proud, self-reliant, energetic, conscious of his own powers, and of working hard in grave labors to unfold them. To him also Madame Jaubert was a *marraine*, and she christened him *Ferocino*—a name which he adopted, and uses playfully as a signature when writing to his witty correspondent. Like all men of fine natures, he was fond of the society of women; but though he loved women, he shrank from marriage. He, too, had his "successes;" but there was method in his madness, and when the air around a passion became oppressive, or threatened his work, he fled from the coming storm. He was never, like De Musset, "passion's slave." There is something staid and earnest about Lanfrey, and it is a little difficult to apply to him De Musset's lines:

"Le père ouvre la porte au matériel époux
Mais toujours l'idéal entre par la fenêtre."

He retained always a pure and noble affection for his old mother.

It would seem that publishers on the other side of the channel are not always considerate or courteous toward authors. *Patience, vertu des âmes!* exclaimed fiery Mirabeau; and Lanfrey had but little patience with discourtesy. He was haughtily intolerant of all the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. He resented an indignity with indignation; and Madame Jaubert records further of him—*le côté commercial lui était antipathique, lui échappait*. When the historian of Napoleon I. was an unknown writer, he sought a publisher for his first volumes; and his adventures are thus characteristically related:

“Depuis quinze jours je fais le métier le plus infernal auquel un homme qui se respecte puisse être soumis: celle de solliciteur. Je sue tout le sang que je tiens de mon père et de vous, sang indépendant et généreux s'il en fut, et qui s'indigne de cette humiliation, nouvelle pour lui. Voici le commerce récréatif auquel je me livre—Je me présente en grande tenue chez un éditeur, c'est à dire la plupart du temps un butor sans instinct ou sans éducation, poli tout juste: puis je déclare l'objet de ma visite. Il regarde ma mine, et comme j'ai l'air beaucoup plus jeune encore que je ne suis, il sourit d'un air obligeant, puis me répond qu'il serait extrêmement flatté de publier mon ouvrage s'il n'imprimait pas dans ce moment même un travail de M— sur le même sujet. Là-dessus je lui tire ma révérence, d'un air aussi impertinent que possible, et lui me reconduit jusqu'à la porte avec de grandes salutations ironiques.”

After several failures, he obtained a good introduction to the publisher Pagnerre, who asked for a little time to consider the manuscript. After allowing twelve days to elapse, Lanfrey calls, and is told that Pagnerre has not yet had time to open the parcel. Lanfrey demands the return of his manuscript.

Eventually, he published the early volumes of his great work at his own risk and expense. The success was enormous and deserved. Thiers said to Lanfrey: *Ah, mon cher! si je vous avais connu quand j'ai écrit mon histoire de Napoléon*. When he died his sixth and last volume wanted fifty pages. In his will he instructs his executors to burn the imperfect manuscript, without even reading it; and his heroic directions were obeyed.

Madame Jaubert tells us that the *salon s'est éteint à la révolution de 1848*; but she continued the fine tradition in her *réunions intimes*; and Lanfrey was one of her honored and favored guests. He was attracted to her *par cette franc-maçonnerie qui existe entre les natures d'élite*; and he intrusts to her all his secret aspirations, his troubles, and his hopes. Jealous of his independence he refused flattering overtures from all parties in France. An honest difference of political opinion made him decline the very advantageous offers of the *Journal des Débats*. He disliked Sainte-Beuve, and held Victor Hugo in contempt; but he had a strange fondness for cats. He would not give up his noon of manhood for a myrtle shade; nor would he lend his talents to any party. He became a power in French literature and politics. Madame Jaubert gives us pretty glimpses of his boyish struggles with the Jesuit fathers—of his first innocent romance of youthful love in Italy. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Lanfrey became a volunteer, a private in the forces of his own department, and suffered cold and hardship, besides being gnawed by a patriotic indignation. Lanfrey became a senator and French ambassador at Berne, and plunged in his last years actively into politics. He died of lung disease at Pau, 16th November, 1877. Madame Jaubert sums the historian up by saying, *Sa religion fut le culte de l'honneur; entre toutes les religions, certes, la plus sévère et la plus exigeante. Avec l'honneur il n'est point d'accommodement!*

We come next to the last, the greatest, and, as respects his latter years, the saddest figure among Madame Jaubert's correspondents and intimates—Heinrich Heine. The German poet settled in Paris, where Madame Jaubert first met him at a ball in 1835. Her instinct was, to doubt his *bonté*, his goodness of heart; nor would it seem in spite of her *bonté* toward him, that this feeling ever wholly disappeared. Of Heine's malice and vindictiveness Madame Jaubert saw many instances. He could also wrap bitterness in rudeness; and Heine lacked French fine tact. *Il n'avait pas toujours dans la conversation la légèreté de touche vraiment française; il ne savait*

pas lâcher au sujet, mais s'y obstinait. He sneered at Victor Cousin as a *faux savant*, dressed up in plumes borrowed from German philosophy. He played cruelly upon the superstitious fears of poor Bellini, the composer; he quarrelled bitterly with Meyerbeer, because the musician once neglected to send him a box at the opera; he called Béranger a *polisson*—and would not retract; he wrote some strong lines about his admiring friend, Madame de K—; and Madame Jaubert tried in vain to obtain the suppression of the more offensive ones. The poet objected, that the verses which Madame Jaubert wished to have excised were always the best! Heine became *eingefleischt* in Paris, but he retained marked traces of his race and of his nationality. There is a more wild wit and mocking wisdom in his letters than in those of Alfred de Musset; but there is something stiff and strained in Heine's efforts at French *badinage* and ethereal levity. Heine's mind was a greater one than that of De Musset; but he is not so French. He was one of the most complex natures that ever existed. His poetical gift is often magical. He has, it is true, a pen which seems guided by Mephistopheles, and he has an ineradicable tendency to begin a statue of Apollo, and to complete it with the lower end of Pan. His character was like his work. He was malicious, sarcastic, depraved, humorous, witty, Pagan. *Pourtant il y a un coin du divin dans l'homme*; and Heine had this corner. *Ses propres malices le divertissaient fort*, says Madame Jaubert; he enjoyed the pain given by the exercise of his cruel wit. And yet he hid tenderly from his old Jewess mother in Hamburg the desperate state of his health!

We see the poet, in Paris, through the keen eyes of Madame Jaubert; and we become intimate with all the facts of his ill-starred marriage. His wife absolutely lives for us in these "Souvenirs." He commenced by relations with a young and pretty *ouvrière* of Paris, one Juliette. They parted for months, owing to Heine's furious, if not groundless jealousy; and then they came together—*lequel des deux avait pardonné?*—and he married her. Madame Heine was pleas-

ure-loving, like a Parisian girl of her class; and her lot as a wife was hard to bear. *Si Juliette n'était pas littéraire, elle avait en revanche un goût prononcé pour l'hippodrome et le théâtre.* One whispered confidence of Heine to Madame Jaubert is admirable—*Elle n'a jamais lu de moi; elle ne sait pas ce que c'est qu'un poète! Cependant j'ai découvert en elle, une vague idée que mon nom est imprimé dans une revue (et parlant plus bas encore) mais elle ne sait pas laquelle.*

There was a wonderful naïveté in the simple Juliette. One day, when Heine seemed likely to die in one of the cruel paroxysms of his terrible disorder, she cried—*Non, Henri, non, tu ne feras pas cela, tu ne mourras pas! tu auras pitié! j'ai déjà perdu mon perroquet ce matin: si tu mourrais, je serais trop malheureuse!*

Surely any sin—any crime even—must have been more than expiated by eight years of such cruel suffering as Heine underwent and bore with the heroism of a martyr! The Holy Office itself could not have devised tortures more terrible or more protracted. Heine's intellect never failed him, and his courage never flagged. It is pitiful to read his grim banter upon his own sad condition: *J'ai dans ce moment un grand succès de moribond. Je mange des cœurs.* Again, *Je ne veux pas être enterré à Passy: le cimetière doit y être bien ennuyeux.* One has not the heart to transcribe any details of his long and horrible sufferings. *Que peut notre art (said Heine's doctor) luttant contre un amour insensé, une jalousie extravagante? . . . le mariage était fatal: il a singulièrement hâté la marche de sa maladie.*

Madame Jaubert remarks to the doctor, *Mais cet homme est vraiment bon!* to which the doctor replied coldly, *Relativement; il faut se souvenir qu'il a l'esprit vindicatif. Sa bonté est restreinte, et gardons-nous de son inimitié.* By adding this opinion Madame Jaubert indorses it. She saw him, for the last time, four days before his death. Actuated by the best intentions, doubtless, some ladies sent l'Abbé Caron to "convert" Heine. The only result was that, beside some other grim pleasantries, he ranks the Roman Catholic religion, *Comme bonne religion d'été, attendu la fraîcheur des églises.*

It is pleasant to think of the pleasure which the constant kindly visits of his "little fairy," of our Madame Jaubert, must have brought to the dreary mat-

tress of the long-dying poet. *La passion*, she says, *qui l'a tué a été inspirée par cette fillette devenue sa femme.*—*Fortnightly Review*.

HOW I FOUND THE DOTTEREL'S NEST.

BY DAVID BRUCE.

WHERE is the schoolboy who has not a strong love for bird-nesting? Or where is the "old boy" either, who, from amid the bustle and dust of a city life, does not look back on the same pursuit with feelings of the keenest pleasure?

How well we remember that long day about the middle of April, with its treacherous glimpses of sunshine, alternating with showers of sleet, when, high up in the wooded glen, where everything was bare and brown, except the mosses and the young ferns, the huge dome-shaped nest of the water ouzel was found, stuck in a cranny of rock, close by the rush of water falling into the big linn.

Or that other day on the purple moor, with its scattered rushy tarns, its stretches of green bracken, its wide view of wooded plain and distant hill, and above, the deep sky with Alpine scenery of snowy cloud, where after long searching the eggs of the golden plover and curlew were first added to the growing collection.

"Though absent long
These forms of beauty have not been to us
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye.
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, we have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet—
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into our purer mind
With tranquil restoration."

But why need I further preface my description of a single day's excursion among the hills by descanting on the beauties of nature? Every one of my readers must have memories of like days, whether undertaken in pursuit of sport or scenery.

I had been staying at Braemar in Aberdeenshire for several days, making excursions to the tops of the highest hills in the vicinity, searching for the summer haunts of the snow-bunting. Two days had been spent wandering over the broad rounded shoulders of Ben Muic Dhui.

Two more days saw me sitting shivering in the "Barren Hollow" which lies between the lofty peak of Cairn Toul and the Braeriach cliffs; while two nights, of three other days, threw their shadows on me, as I nestled in a cranny of rock at the foot of one of the huge crags which rise a thousand feet high from the white pebbled edge of "dark Loch-nagar."

One evening, tired of the long lonely unsuccessful hunt, I bethought me of an old promise my gamekeeper friend, Donald of Loch Callater, had made, that he would guide me over the Glas Maol range into a wild spot said to be frequented by the dotterel. This Glas Maol range was quite a *terra incognita* to me, and even if unsuccessful in finding the nest, I should see new ground, and have a companion for the day.

Allow me, before I start, to give some idea of what the dotterel is. This bird is the most beautiful of our British plovers, and one of the rarest. Two well-known naturalists published, in a recent work on the "Birds of Europe," an account of taking the nest of the dotterel ten years ago. They had a very good knowledge of the different breeding stations of the bird in Scotland, and as the result of their many excursions into its haunts, they state that not more than a dozen pairs can breed in this country.

Here and there among the hills, far from all signs of human habitation, nay, of life itself, are ghastly stretches of dreary bog; where solitude wrapped in a gray mantle of mist holds undisputed reign; spots of dreary death and desolation, wept over by the driving rain, and swept by cold and wintry blasts. In such spots as these the summer haunts of the dotterel must be sought.

But to return. Having quickly decided to go, I threw a telescope over my shoulder, and, stick-gun in hand, set

out. Two hours' hard walking brought me in sight of Donald's hut. This hut or shieling is built near the edge of a dark Highland loch, at the head of a dreary glen, with high hills on all sides. Built of rough gray stones and thatched with heather, it seems part and parcel of the wild moorland on which it is built.

When I entered the kitchen, it was empty and silent, but for the loud monotonous tick of a clock which stood in one corner. The room was almost dark. A peat fire which smouldered in the huge fireplace, now and then flickered into flame, throwing out ruddy gleams of light. The light shone on the low smoke-blackened ceiling, and glanced off the polished stone floor.

On one side the rows of shining plates ranged against the wall on narrow shelves were bathed in the warm color, and on the other the light was reflected from a small square window, through which a patch of gray sky and the dark hill side could be dimly seen.

In the centre of the room stood a wooden table, on which lay an opened book, and a half-finished stocking. This and a child's doll, lying on the floor in front of the fire, were evident signs of recent habitation.

As I stood there, admiring the play of color in the fire-lit room, Donald's wife, who was still awake, welcomed me from a dark recess at the end of the room furthest from the fire, apologized for having retired to bed so early, and saying, as she awoke her husband, that Donald was getting up. This Donald proceeded to do, and coming out of the gloom, in a very sleepy condition, he lit a lamp and asked me to sit down. I took the proffered seat, and then asked him if he could go over the Glas Maol next day. He was afraid not, as there were turnips to be sown. Here the wife, good body, said very quietly from her dark corner, "Don't you think, Donald, you could leave the neeps over for a day and go with Mr. Bruce?" It was settled.

Donald and I talked for about an hour by the peat fire. These Highland peasants are delightfully curious and inquisitive about what is going on outside their own little world, and are most attentive listeners. There is nothing they like better than to have a long day on the

hills with a stranger, if only the stranger be communicative. They dislike going with more than one, as Donald once said to me enant a famous botanist: "I once took Dr. — and a friend of his up Lochnagar; he was a bit withered-up looking body, and took no more notice of me than a blind man does of his dog, but kept on stringing off long nebbed Latin words to his friend, about the bit mosses and plants they gathered."

When our talk was over, Donald took me to the other room where I was to sleep. This was the best room of the house, and was carpeted with soft deer skins. In one corner stood a chest of drawers, on the top of which were two large stuffed birds, and the keeper's small collection of books.

The stuffed birds were both birds of prey. One a beautiful female peregrine, or, as Donald called it, the "blue or real game hawk;" the other, an immature specimen of that rarest of British birds, miscalled the common kite. "When did you shoot the kite, Donald?" I asked. "Well, sir, I shot it one Sunday morning," replied the keeper. "I had on the breeks and was just going to kirk with the wife. I was in the house when I heard the wife cry to me, 'Man Donald, come out and see the muckle birdie!'"

Donald then went on to relate how he ran out and saw the large bird hovering within thirty yards of him. It then sailed slowly round a large field and came back again within shot. This was too much for the sport-loving Donald. With a little bad Gaelic word he said, "Do you that again, and I'll give you something to carry away from Loch Cal-later."

He then ran into the kitchen, and picked his loaded gun off its perch above the door. The bird repeated the same manoeuvre, again came quite close, when Donald, aiming under one of its wings, brought it down quite dead. He carried the dead bird into the kitchen, where he found his wife trying to read the Bible through her tears. "Eh man, Donald," said the good woman, "and could you no have let alane the birdie that was so tame kennin it was the Sabbath?"

Early next morning, after having breakfasted off a delicious salmon,

which Donald had caught that morning at daybreak, in the burn near the shieling, we started for the haunts of the dotterel. As we were sure to have a long and toilsome day, the good wife had amply provided each of us with a large parcel of newly-baked scones and huge slices of salmon.

Donald led the way up the steep hill-side with the elastic step of a born mountaineer. I toiled after him for the first mile or two speechless and breathless, caring for nothing but to keep up with him, and listening to the loud throb of my overtaxed heart.

The path we at first pursued had been famous in time gone by as that by which the smugglers of the district had travelled to dispose of their whisky. When we reached the top of the first hill, we sat down to enable me to regain breath.

What a glorious stretch of wooded plain and lofty mountain lay spread out before us, shining in the early morning sun! In the foreground the steep hill-side, clothed in brown heather and the greenest of bracken, with here and there huge boulders of granite covered with bright-colored mosses. At our feet lay the little lake, one half of which showed like liquid silver, as the sunbeams danced and played on the tiny rippling wavelets. The other end looked dark and dismal from the reflection of the black rocks as they rose in precipices from its margin.

In the middle distance stretched the well-wooded plain in which Braemar stands. An amber-colored stream, fringed with hazel trees and oak copse, wound through it, while on either side were bright cornfields, with a red-roofed farmhouse at intervals.

In the distance rose the mountains, ridge beyond ridge, like huge waves, the lowest covered to their summits by silver-stemmed birches and green larch trees; those higher, with dark pines climbing their sides, and towering above all, the huge, snow-crowned, serrated peaks of Ben Muic Dhuì and Cairn Toul.

The valley below us had once been thickly peopled, and we could still plainly see the grass-grown mounds marking the spots where the huts of the peasantry had stood. But now in the lonely glen, instead of the voices of children at play on the hill sides, nothing is heard but

the bleating of sheep, the shepherd calling in his dog, and in the autumn the sharp report of the breech-loader, as the bonny red grouse falls, scattering its feathers over the purple heather.

But we feel less sad when we think that these vanished Highland peasants or their sons are now prosperous farmers in the "far west," removed from danger of famine and its accompanying miseries. For famine in these glens was of common occurrence. Every hill round about has its tradition or legend. For example that low hill lying over there about four miles to the north-east, is called Cairn Taggart, or the Priest's hill.

The story connected with it is, that one spring the snow remained so long that the inhabitants of the glen, pinched with famine, determined to leave in a body. On this the priest made his way through the snow to the top of Cairn Taggart, where he spent some time in prayer, and saw before he left, like a second Elijah, on the distant horizon, signs of a coming change. On getting down again, almost dead with fatigue and benumbed with cold, he besought the people to remain one more day. They obeyed, and in a few hours the thaw began.

As we walked on the weather changed. A thick mist came rolling down, accompanied by a bitter cold wind, and blotted out everything. Hour after hour we tramped on. I was wondering how Donald kept the right direction, and coming at this moment to what I thought a mere patch of snow, several of which we had crossed, I carelessly stepped on to it, and was about to make another step, when suddenly my arm was grasped, and I was dragged back so violently as to fall. Looking up at Donald I saw he was pale, and trembling violently. In a few seconds, when he had regained his power of articulation, he said, "That was a near shave, sir; another step and you were over the Canlochan Crags." He had gone off the right track, and the patch in front was the narrow rim of snow which clings to the top of the crags for many weeks after most of the snow round about has disappeared.

We sat down, and although I tried to speak lightly of the circumstance, it was not till the application of some brandy

from my flask that Donald regained his wonted color.

These Canlochan crags are huge precipices which form a semicircle of about two miles in extent, and are still much frequented by eagles.

In a few minutes a glimpse of sunshine shone through the mist, and in a short time it was broken up, and sent rolling in eddying masses, reflecting the most brilliant rainbow colors, as it passed away lit up by the bright sun, and disclosing the whole line of cliffs. Suddenly a great black bird rose from the edge of the crags, in a short time another, and following on it a third. Donald whispered "the eagles." I got out the telescope and watched the huge majestic birds soaring round in great circles, up, up, till out of sight to the naked eye. They seemed to rise without any exertion, their broad sail-like wings slightly inclined upward. The birds formed a most fitting adjunct to the wild scene, as they sailed slowly round in spiral flight on almost motionless pinions.

Sail on, ye noble birds, may many winters bleach the rugged brow of Cairn Gorm over which you are floating, and many wintry winds blow the light and feathery snow over these rugged Canlochan Crags, e'er the ruthless hand of man robs you of life or liberty!

As I was, with, let me hope, the pardonable enthusiasm of youth, inwardly apostrophizing the birds in this manner, I heard the practical Donald whisper excitedly, "Eh man, if I had only the rifle instead of this shot gun, I might get one of them. I have tried to shoot one for the last five years, ever since Mr. P—— of Liverpool offered me five guineas for a dead eagle."

Skirting the edge of the cliffs for about a mile, we struck off and began to ascend the rough stony summit of the Glasha, which lay immediately in front of us. Near the top this hill side is covered with rough masses of gray granite, hard, angular, and uncouth. The dismal gray color of the stones is enlivened and relieved, however, by the brilliant yellow and white lichens spreading over their surfaces, and here and there between the stones, patches of dark green moss. The only inhabitant of this dismal wilderness of stones is the ptarmi-

gan. What a hoarse, croaking cry they have as they sit perched on some large block of granite, or fly low down along the hill side with rapid beats of their stiff white wings. One favorite amusement of the ptarmigan is to shoot up suddenly into the air in a slanting direction, and after reaching a considerable height, to sink rapidly down again, almost perpendicularly, with outstretched wings. The male is a gallant fellow, and when perched on a stone will allow you to approach within a few feet of him, but as soon as his mate springs up, away he goes with a complacent croak. Here we found a ptarmigan's nest, with the female sitting on the eggs; she remained on the nest as we stood by, and allowed me to introduce one finger under her, so as to feel the eggs, before she flew off.

As it was now well on in the afternoon, and we had been toiling all day, I asked Donald if we were still far from the dotterel ground, and was relieved by being told we had only one more mile to walk.

After we had descended the other side of the Glasha, I saw at a glance that here at last was ground suitable for the dotterel. Who could paint the desolation of the scene? A thin driving mist obscured the sky and the more distant objects. In front of us ran a long ridge which rose gradually into the broad rounded summit of the Glas Maol. This ridge was not covered with stones, but with a thick layer of gray woolly moss and stunted sedge. Here and there a large, damp, black patch of peat bog. On the right hand lay a steep stony corrie, and on the left the ridge sloped gradually down to the edge of a line of precipices. All was still and silent as the grave, but for the mournful sigh of the northeast wind as it swept gloomily over the cold, dank, dismal waste.

Here we separated in order to beat the ground, Donald keeping along the centre of the ridge, while I, every sense keenly awake, held on about fifty paces to his right. After we had proceeded in this way for some time, I was attracted by the tinkling note of a small bird coming from the edge of the corrie. Surprised at the sound, and thinking it might be the long-looked-for snow-bunting, also a lover of the desolate, I

turned to the right and walked in the direction of the sound. Before I had advanced many paces, I saw a brown bird rise from the middle of a patch of stones, near the edge of the corrie, and go shuffling off, trailing its wings on the ground as if wounded.

At my signal Donald came running up and saw the bird just as it disappeared over the edge. He at once pronounced it to be the dotterel. After a little search I found the eggs, lying in a slight hollow, between two stones. They were rather smaller than the eggs of the lapwing, and marked with large distinct patches of dark brown on a grayish yellow ground. The nest, if nest it could be called, was a mere hollow among the stones, lined with a few pieces of the broken stalks of *carex*. These pieces of sedge might have been placed there by the bird, or merely there by accident, as several stunted plants grew within a few feet.

I shall not attempt to describe our enthusiasm at this moment. While I sat among the stones, Donald, forgetting his Highland sobriety of demeanor, went capering about like a mad goat, alternately congratulating me in English and himself in Gaelic.

It was the first nest of this bird he had seen, although he had been on the outlook for many years, having been repeatedly offered large bribes for the birds and eggs.

Being desirous of again seeing the bird, we ensconced ourselves near the top of a slight eminence, which overlooked the patch of stones, about fifty paces distant. After lying exactly half an hour the dotterel suddenly appeared at some little distance on the other side of the nest.

On account of her similarity in color to the moss-covered ground, it was impossible to make her out except when in motion. Fixing the telescope on her I followed her various manœuvres with ease. These consisted of little runs of two or three yards with lowered head and crouching body. Then a pause for a few seconds, now and then picking up a beetle or grub.

In this way she proceeded, keeping at the same distance from the nest, till she had almost completed half a circle.

Then in the same manner she went toward the nest, till within a few feet, when throwing aside all cunning she raised her head and ran up to it. She seemed to give a sigh of relief as she settled herself down cosily on the yet untouched eggs, and then remained motionless.

There she sat with her shapely head and slender bill turned toward us, and her bright, black eyes glancing in our direction. With the glass I could make out the colors of her plumage to perfection. Her head and back were of a dark brown, each feather having a broad margin of yellow. Above the eyes a strip of pure white, and a broad band of the same color, margined by black, formed a collar round the lower part of her neck, below which the breast was bright red.

I gazed my fill at the bright, beautiful bird sitting motionless among the gray stones. It was the only form of beauty in the wild and weird landscape.

Then we held a council of war as to whether the bird should be shot or not. I was strongly opposed to it, knowing its extreme rarity. Donald, on the other hand, would have the bird. What was the good of it, he asked, rare or not rare, if no one ever saw it? whereas if he had it, he would use some of its feathers to busk hooks with, and I could take the skin down south, and many people would then have the pleasure of seeing it; and he ended by saying, "If you don't shoot the bird, I shall," and he picked up his breech-loader. "In that case I had better do it with the stick gun," I said, "as it won't mark the bird so much."

So with many a qualm of conscience, I crept noiselessly toward the bird. When within a few yards of her I rose—the dotterel rose also—a loud report and the beautiful little creature lay dead among the gray stones. It was melancholy to think as I picked up the dead thing, that this was the outcome of my constant inveighing against the reprehensible habit of shooting our rare indigenous birds.

As we shortly afterward quitted the spot, its loneliness seemed increased twofold. Several hours' hard walking brought us shortly after nightfall to

Donald's hut. After partaking of the good wife's hospitality, I started for my inn at Braemar. It was a wild and stormy night, the hurrying moon showing at intervals through ragged rifts in the driving clouds ; but little recked I, for had not the dotterel's nest been found and taken ?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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BORMUS, A LINUS SONG.

. . . . λίνον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄειδε
 Ἀέπταλέη φωνῇ.—*Il. xviii. 571.*

Down from the lifted cornfield trips
 The child with ripe red-berried lips,
 The radiant mountain boy with eyes
 Blue as wet gentians in the shade,
 His golden hair all wet with heat,
 Limp as the meadow-gold new laid ;
 And as a russet fir-cone brown,
 An earthen pitcher gayly swings
 Upon his little shoulder borne,
 Water to fetch from sunless springs ;
 And while the flowers his bare feet brush
 Loud sings he like a mountain thrush.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

By paths that through sweet hay new mown
 Like hillside brooks come leaping down
 Past silver slabs of morning, where
 The wet crags flash the sunlight back,
 Past the warm runnels in the grass,
 Whose course the purple orchids track,
 And down the shining upland slopes,
 And herby dells all dark with pine,
 Incarnate gladness, leaps the child,
 Still singing like a bird divine,
 His little pattering sunburnt feet
 With bruised meadow spikenard sweet.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

Too soon, ah me, too bitter soon
 He reached the dell unsunned at noon,
 Where in long flutes the water falls
 Into a deep and glimmering pool,
 And struck from out the dripping rocks
 The silver water sparks all cool
 Spangle the chilly cavern-dark
 And clear cut ferns green fringe the gloom,
 And with continous sound the air
 Trembles, and all the still perfume,—
 Here came the child for water chill,
 The sultry reapers' thirst to still.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

"Hither, come hither, thou fair child,"
 Loud sang the water voices wild,
 "Come hither, thou delightful boy,
 And tread our cool translucent floors,
 Where never scorching heats may come,
 Nor ever wintry tempest roars;
 Nor the sharp tooth of envious age
 May fret thy beauty with decay,
 And thou grow sad mid wailful men;
 But in thy deathless spring-time stay,
 Made one with our eternal joy,
 For ever an immortal boy."

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

He dipped his pitcher o'er the brink,
 About it dimpling sunlights wink,
 The smooth rill fills its darkling throat
 With hollow tinklings mounting shrill
 And shriller to its thirsty lip;
 But sweeter, wilder, louder still
 The water voices ringing sing;
 And beckon him, and draw him down
 The cool-armed silver-wristed nymphs,
 His warm lips with cold kisses crown;
 And to their chilly bosoms prest,
 He sinks away in endless rest.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

But still in the warm twilight eves,
 Threading the lone moon-silvered sheaves,
 Or where in fragrant dusky heaps
 The dim-seen hay cool scents emits,
 The boy across the darkening hills
 Bearing his little pitcher flits,
 With feet that light as snowflakes fall,
 Nor, passing, stir the feathered grass;
 And sings a song no man may know,
 Of old forgotten things that pass,
 And Love that endeth in a sigh,
 And beauty only born to die.

Blue cornflowers weep, red poppies sigh,
 For all we love must ever die.

NOTE.—The "Linus Songs" were sung in the harvest-fields, or in the vineyards at vintage. They were of a tender and melancholy character, with a pathetic burthen, in which all joined, beating time with their feet; and seem to have been inspired by some sort of

unconscious sense of sadness over the golden corn laid low and the purpling grapes gathered and crushed. They derive their name from Linus, a beautiful boy brought up among the sheep-folds, and torn to death by wild dogs.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WINTER OF PALE MISFORTUNE."

AT Yoresett House the winter promised to be a winter indeed ; a "winter of pale misfortune." For three days after her conversation with old Mrs. Paley, Judith had maintained silence, while her heart felt as if it were slowly breaking. She had revolved a thousand schemes in her mind. Strange and eerie thoughts had visited her in her desolation. She loved her two sisters with all the love of her intense and powerful nature. She cherished them, and always had done ; she was capable of self-immolation for their sakes. But her reason, which was as strong as her heart (which combination made her what she was), told her that in this case self-immolation would be vain. Rhoda might be left unconscious and happy for the present, but Delphine must know the truth, and that soon. Immolation would be required from her also. Judith shuddered as she thought of it. When her younger sisters casually mentioned Randolph Danesdale's name, and laughed and jested with one another about him, Judith felt as if some one had suddenly dealt her a stab, or a blow which took away her breath.

Was there no help ? she asked herself. Could this sacrifice by no means be avoided ? If *she* kept her lips forever sealed, sacrificed her own future, let them go their way, and took upon herself never to leave, and never to betray that mother who—she resolutely refused, even to herself, to call her mother's deed by any name, repeating, "It was for our sakes, I suppose ; it was out of love for her children, as she thought." Would not that do ? Were Delphine and Rhoda to bear the punishment for a sin which had been committed before they were born ?

More than once a gleam of hope crossed her spirit ; she almost thought that her plan would answer. Then came the argument :

"No. You must not allow this affair to go farther. You must not allow

one of *your* family to enter that of Sir Gabriel Danesdale, whose unstained name and unsullied honor are his pride and delight. You would let your sister marry a man, for you know he wishes to marry her—she all unconscious as well as he of what hung over her. You might resolve never to betray the secret, but you can never be perfectly certain that it will not leak out. Some day Randolph *might* discover the truth—and what might he not in his bitterness do or say ? Besides, it would be wrong ; that is all that concerns you. Do not dally any longer with this chimerical, wicked plan."

She could see no other solution to the question. She closed her eyes—closed her heart, and hardened it against the contemplation of that anguish which was to come ; and after waiting three whole days, she went to Delphine on the afternoon of the fourth, when the girl was upstairs with her painting. Rhoda was out. Mrs. Conisbrough was taking her afternoon rest.

Delphine turned a smiling face to her sister. Of late she had bloomed out more lovely than ever. Neither cold, nor poverty, nor gloomy prospects had had the power to impair her beauty and its development. In her heart she carried a secret joy which was life and light, hope and riches to her. She was going to spend a very happy afternoon. But Judith's presence never disturbed her. She called to her to shut the door, because the wind was cold, and to come and look at her picture, and her voice as she spoke rang clear as a bell.

"Yes," said Judith, "and I have something to say to you which it would not be well for any one to overhear."

She closed the door, and sat down. She trembled and felt faint ; she could not stand. It was one thing, and one that was bad enough, to hear the horrid story from other lips ; it was another—and a ghastly one—to have to tell it with her own, to her innocent sister. To speak to Delphine about such things—to let her see them near—seemed to Judith to be insulting her. But it had

to be done. She gathered up her courage in both hands, as it were, and began.

The conversation was not a long one. It was begun in low tones, which grew even fainter, and more hesitating. When Judith at last rose again from her chair, and looked at Delphine, the latter looked to her former self exactly what a dead girl looks compared with one living—as a lily after a thunderstorm has battered and shattered and laid it low, in comparison with the same flower in the dewy calm of an early summer morning.

The elder girl stood with her white lips, and her fixed eyes, and constrained expression, looking upon the other, waiting for her to utter some word. But none came. Delphine — her face blanched within its frame of waving golden hair, her eyes fixed as if upon some point thousands of miles away, to which something she loved had withdrawn itself—was motionless and silent.

Judith at last stretched out her hands, and exclaimed :

“Delphine, if you do not speak, I shall go mad ! Give me my due—give me the wretched consolation of hearing you say that I could not have done otherwise.”

Delphine smiled slightly, and her gaze came abruptly to earth again. She saw her sister, and said softly :

“Poor Judith ! No. You could have done nothing else. But you don’t expect me to thank you for it, do you ?”

“Delphine !”

“You could have done nothing. But you see you had nothing to lose. I had all the world—all the world.”

She turned away. Judith went out of the room, away to her own chamber—seeing nothing, hearing nothing. She locked herself up, and for the first time giving way, cast herself in an utter abandonment of anguish upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow ; thinking that it would be good for her if she could never see the sun again. If Delphine had known—but she did not know—she never should know. But if she had known—if the story of her sister’s heart for the last fortnight could have been laid bare before her—would she have turned away with a few cold words, as she had done—hugging her

own grief—oblivious that others could have any ?

No. no ! Judith swore to herself, with passionate fervor, her sweet sister could not have been so wrapped, so engrossed in herself. She should not know—it would only add poignancy to the anguish she was obliged to endure. The worst, surely, had been consummated, but she did not dare to think of Delphine alone, upstairs.

The worst, morally considered, was perhaps over, but there were trials yet to come, which were bad to bear. They heard, as in a tiny country town everything is heard, of Aglionby’s departure for Irkford. Then November set in, and the days became shorter, darker, and colder. Mrs. Conisbrough grew more and more fretful and feeble, and still talked sometimes of consulting some other lawyer, or disputing John Aglionby’s will, and held forth on Bernard’s greed and injustice in a manner which used to send Judith flying upstairs to pace about her room with every feeling in a state of the wildest tumult.

It was too cold for Delphine to pursue her work upstairs. The girls had nothing to do ; nothing on which to spend their energies. When the few domestic things were arranged, they had the whole day before them, with absolutely no pressing occupation of any kind. The situation grew hideous and ghastly to Judith. She and her sisters preserved their physical health by means of the regular walks which, so long as it did not actually snow or rain, they took daily. And Delphine had a fitful gaiety which oppressed her sister, while neither long walks, nor arduous work, nor anything else, put the faintest flush into Judith’s cheek, nor called any spontaneous smile to her lips.

She took longer walks than her sisters, went out oftener alone ; penetrated to wilder recesses, more desolate spots than they did. She was, in her stature and her strength, a daughter of the gods, and had always been able to tire out both her sisters, while she herself felt no trace of fatigue. She did not fear the strange and lonely hills ; they had a weird fascination for her, and in this her trouble she was wont often to seek their silent company.

One afternoon, in a wilder and bit-

terer mood than usual, she had gone out, and walking fast and far, had found herself at last on the uppermost ridge of a wild mountain road. From where she stood, she could see on the one hand into Danesdale—her home, dear to her, despite what she had suffered there ; on the other, into grim Swaledale—always dark and wild, but, in this winter weather, savage and desolate beyond description. Just below her, in the mountain-side, were some ghastly holes in the limestone, of the kind known in Yorkshire as “pots”; all were grim-looking apertures, but close to where Judith sat, she saw the jaws of one of them yawning at her ; it was the deepest of all—no one had ever succeeded in fathoming it. Both Rhoda and Delphine disliked this spot, which indeed had a bad name, as being dangerous to traverse after twilight, and haunted furthermore by a “boggart,” who dwelt in this biggest and deepest limestone “pot.” Judith had never feared the place. She sat there now, casting an occasional glance at the ugly hole, with its ragged jaws, and her thoughts gathered in darkness and bitterness.

She had been reading a book—a biography, one out of several volumes lately lent to her by Dr. Lowther. It was the letters and memoirs of a certain great lady, then not long dead. This great lady had been thrown from her earliest youth into the midst of the gay and busy world. She had lived at courts, and for many years her companions had been courtiers. Even that had been a busy life. Even its recital made Judith’s heath throb with envy as she read of it ; but when the narrative went on to relate how this lady met a great statesman, politician, and party-leader, and married him, and how her house became a rendezvous for every kind of noted and illustrious man and woman, and how for the rest of her long career, not a day, scarce an hour, remained unoccupied ; how to the very last the game of politics, that most thrilling and best worth playing of all games, remained open to her, and she continued to be an influence in it—then it was that Judith felt her restless longings grow into a desire to *do*, so intense as to be almost torture. This afternoon, alone on the hill-top, she thought of it, and reflected :

“Some women have that—they have everything, and others have *nothing*. I do not want that. I should be thankful for a very little—for a few hours of daily work that must be done—but I cannot get it. It is not right—it is not just that any one should be doomed to a life like mine. How am I different from others ? I am as much like other women as Shyllock, though a Jew, was like Christians. Yet I have to do without almost everything which other women of my condition have ; and I may not even work like women who are born to labor. This woman, whose life I have read, was a clever woman—a born woman of the world. I am not that, I know, but I have sense enough and more than enough to do some of the plain, rough work of the world, and to do it well, if I had it. And I may not. I may sit here, and I wish I was dead. I may take country walks, and save sixpences, and nourish my mind and soul with wool-work. Oh, what *are* women sent into the world for—women like me, that is ? Not even to ‘suckle fools and chronicle small-beer’ it seems, but to do nothing. To be born, to vegetate through a term of years—to know that there is a great living world somewhere outside your dungeon, and to wish that you were in it. To eat your heart out in weariness ; to consume your youth in bitterness ; to grow sour and envious, and old and wretched, to find all one’s little bit of enthusiasm gradually grow cold. To care only for the warmth of the fire, and the creature comforts that are left—to linger on, growing more tired and more fretful, and then to die. It is worse than that iron room which grew every day narrower, till it closed upon its inmate and crushed him to death—much worse, for that was over in a few weeks ; *this* may last fifty, sixty years. If this is to be my life, I had better read no more. To live that life, and not go mad, one wants an empty head, an ignorant mind, and a contempt for all intelligence, and I am, by some hideous mistake, destitute of all those qualities.”

She smiled in bitter mockery of herself ; she felt a kind of grim contempt for herself. And she looked again toward the mouth of the hole in the hill-side.

She rose up, went up to it, and stood

beside it. A head that was not very steady must have reeled on looking down into the silent blackness of the chasm, from whose subterranean depths strangely tortured pillars of gray rock ascended, clothed near the surface with the most exquisite mosses and ferns, of that delicate beauty only found in limestone growths. A few fronds of hart's-tongue fern were yet green; a few fairy tufts of the cobwebby *Cystopteris fragilis*, and some little plumes of the black maidenhair spleenwort.

"You beautiful little fringes round a sepulchre!" thought Judith. "If I made a step down there, my grave would receive me and hush me to sleep in its arms. No one would ever know. I should rest quietly there; and who could have a finer tomb?"

She looked around again at the wild fells; still, grand, and immovable. From her earliest childhood her imagination had always connected certain images with certain hills. Addlebrough, down below there, at the other side of Danesdale, was like a blacking-brush in some way. Penhill was smiling; it reminded her of sunny days and picnics. Great Whernside, looming dim in the far distance, was like an old bald head of a giant. Great Shunner Fell, at the head of Swaledale, under one of whose mighty sides she even now stood, had always put her in mind of secrets, of death, storm, and darkness; perhaps because of the many tales she had heard of the treacherous river which was one of the streams springing from it. Turning again toward Dalesdale, she saw a tiny corner of Shennamere, peeping out from under the shoulder of a great hill. A faint ray of sunshine touched it. Judith's face changed. Scar Foot was there—and Bernard Aglionby.

"I'm sure his creed never told him to throw himself into a hole when things went wrong with him," she said to herself; and turning her back upon Shunner Fell and the ugly "pot," she walked swiftly homeward.

As she arrived at the door of her home a man in livery rode up with a note. It was one of the Danesdale servants.

Judith took the note from him. He said he had been told not to wait for an answer, and rode away. The note was

directed to Mrs. Conisbrough. Judith took it in and gave it to her mother. She opened it, looked at it, and said:

"It seems like a card of invitation, read it, Rhoda; I haven't my glasses here."

Rhoda read out, in a loud and important voice:

"Sir Gabriel and Miss Danesdale request the pleasure of Mrs. and the Misses Conisbrough's company, on the evening of Thursday, December 31st. Dancing at 8.30.

"R. S. V. P."

"How absurd to send such a thing!" remarked Rhoda, flicking it with her finger. "It is that horrid, spiteful Philippa's doing. I know she hates us, and she knows that none of you can go, so she adds insult to injury in that way."

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" said Judith. "She has simply done her duty in sending the invitation. It is for us to take it or leave it, and of course that means, leave it."

"Of course," echoed Delphine, whose face had flushed, and whose hand trembled so that her work suffered.

"I do wish," observed Mrs. Conisbrough, in a voice of intense irritation, "that I might be allowed to have *some* voice in the regulation of my own affairs. I must say, you all forget yourselves strangely. The invitation is addressed to me, and it is for me to say whether it shall be accepted or not. I intend to go to the ball, and I intend you, Judith and Delphine, to go with me."

"Mother!" broke from both the girls at once.

Mrs. Conisbrough's face was flushed. There was the sanguine hue, the ominous look in her eyes, which, as Judith well knew, betokened very strong internal excitement, and which Dr. Lowther had repeatedly told her was "bad, very bad." She felt it was dangerous to oppose her mother, yet she could not yield without a word, to what appeared to her in her consternation an idea little short of insane. Accordingly, as Mrs. Conisbrough did not answer their first exclamation, Judith pursued gently, yet with determination:

"How can we possibly go?"

"What is there to prevent your going?" asked her mother, trifling nerv-

ously with her teaspoon, and with tightened lips and frowning brows. "We are equal to any of those who will be there, and a great deal superior to some."

"Yes, I know; but the money, mother, in the first place. We can hardly present ourselves in spotted muslins, and I really do not know of any more elegant garments that we possess."

She strove to speak jestingly, but there was a bitter earnest in her words.

"Pray leave that to me. I am not so utterly destitute as you seem to imagine. Of course you will require new dresses, and you will have them."

This information was certainly something unexpected to the girls. Judith, however, advanced her last argument, one which she had been unwilling to use before.

"Mother," she said, "you know we—we are in mourning. Uncle Aglionby will not have been dead three months, and—and—every one will talk."

Mrs. Conisbrough's eyes flashed fire.

"It is for that very reason that I shall make a point of going," she said. "I recognize no claim on my respect in that man's memory. I consider the opportunity is a providential one. Half the county will be at the ball, and they shall know—they shall see for themselves, who it is that has been passed over, in order that an upstart clerk, or shopman, or something, may be raised into the place which ought to have been mine and yours."

"Mother!" exclaimed Judith, in an accent of agony, while the other two girls sat still; Delphine pale again, her eyes fixed on the ground; Rhoda looking from one to the other with a startled expression, this being the first she had known of any dispute between her mother and sisters.

"Be silent!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, turning upon Judith angrily; "and do not add to my troubles by opposing me in this unseemly manner. I intend you to go to the dance, and will hear no further complaints. Please to write to Miss Danesdale, accepting her invitation, and let it go to the post to-morrow. As for your dresses, there is time enough to think about them afterward."

Judith felt that there was no more to be said. She was silent, but her dis-

tress, as she thought of the coming ordeal, only augmented, until the prospect before her filled her with the most inordinate dread. In anticipation she saw the eyes of "half the county" turned upon them as they entered, and upon Bernard Aglionby, who of course would be there too. It was exactly the kind of thing from which every fibre of her nature shrank away in utter distaste which attained almost to horror. The whole exhibition would be useless. It would simply be to make themselves, their poverty, and their disappointment a laughing stock for the prosperous and well-to-do people who had gossiped over them, and what had happened to them—who would, if they had had John Aglionby's money, have received them with open arms as old friends, just as they had already received Bernard as a new one.

And her mother? That was a terror in addition. She knew that Mrs. Conisbrough could not go through such an evening without strong agitation—agitation almost as violent as that which had made her ill at Scar Foot. Suppose anything of the kind happened at Danesdale Castle? The idea was too terrible. It made Judith feel faint in anticipation. But the more she thought of it, the less she could see her way out of it all. She scarcely dared speak to Delphine, who, however, said very little about it. Judith at last asked her almost timidly:

"What is to be done, Del? How are we to escape?"

"We cannot escape," replied Delphine composedly. "The only thing is to let mamma have her own way, and say nothing. The more we oppose her, the worse it will be for us."

She would say no more. After all, thought Judith, it was only natural. She could not expect Delphine to expatiate upon her feelings in advance of the event.

Surely never before was preparation made for a ball by two young and beautiful girls, with less lightness of heart. Everything about it was loathsome to Judith. Her heart rebelled when her mother informed her shortly and decidedly, that out of the small sum of money which she had at different times saved, she intended to get them what she called "proper and suitable dresses,

such as no one could find any fault with."

To Judith's mind it was like throwing so much life-blood away—not for its own sordid sake, but because of what it represented. It would have gone a long way toward helping them to remove from Yoresett, and that was now the goal to which all her thoughts turned. But Mrs. Conisbrough was not to be gainsaid. She ordered the dresses from a fashionable milliner in York, and they arrived about ten days before the ball. The girls looked askance at the box containing the finery. It might have held a bomb, which would explode as soon as it was opened. Mrs. Conisbrough desired them to try their gowns on that night, that she might see how they fitted, and judge of the effect. It was a scene at once painful in the extreme, and yet dashed with a kind of cruel pleasure. Mrs. Conisbrough had herself planned and ordered exactly how the dresses were to be made, and she had a fine natural taste in such matters.

Judith put on her garment without so much as looking at herself in the glass, unheeding all Rhoda's enraptured exclamations. Delphine, as her slender fingers arranged the wreath of dewy leaves upon her corsage felt her heart thrill involuntarily, as she caught a glimpse of her own beauty, and thought of what might have been and what was.

"Now you are ready. Go down and let mamma see!" cried Rhoda, who had been acting as Abigail, in an ecstasy. "Oh, it may be very extravagant, Judith, but surely it is worth paying something for, to be beautifully dressed and look lovely, if only for one evening!"

They went into a bare, big dining-room, where there was less furniture and more room to turn round than in the parlor they usually inhabited. Rhoda lighted all the available lamps and candles, and called to her mother, and Mrs. Conisbrough came to look at her daughters in their ball-dresses, as a happier woman might have done.

Judith's was a long, perfectly plain amber silk, cut square behind and before, with sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder, and with no trimming except a little fine old lace, with which Mrs. Conisbrough had supplied the milliner. It

was a severely simple dress, and in its rich folds and perfect fit it showed off to perfection the beauty of the woman who wore it.

Judith Conisbrough could not help looking like a queen in this brave attire; she could not help moving and glancing like a queen, and would always do so, in whatever garb she was attired, to whatever station of life she were reduced. She stood pale and perfectly still as her mother came in. She *could* not smile; she could not look pleased, or expectant.

The mother caught her breath as her eyes fell upon her eldest girl, and then turned to Delphine, whose dress of silk and gauze was of the purest white, enfolding her like a cloud, and trimmed with knots and wreaths of white heather-bells and small ferns; one little tuft of them nestled low down in her hair.

Delphine looked, as Rhoda had once prophesied unto her that she would, "a vision of beauty." Her face was ever so little flushed, and in her golden eyes there was a light of suppressed excitement.

"Mother, mother! aren't they *lovely*?" cried poor Rhoda, her buoyant paces subdued to a processional sedateness, as she circled slowly about the two radiantly-clad figures.

"Of course they are!" said Mrs. Conisbrough curtly, still biting her lip with repressed agitation, but criticising every frill and every flower with the eyes of a woman and a connoisseur. "I defy any of the girls who will be there to surpass them—if they approach them."

She continued to survey them for some little time, breathing quickly, while Judith still stood motionless, her eye somewhat downcast, wondering wretchedly whether this horrible finery *must* be worn, if this dreadful ordeal was in no way to be avoided?

Raising her eyes, full of sadness, they met those of her mother. Did Mrs. Conisbrough read anything in them? She started suddenly, drew out her handkerchief, and put it to her eyes, exclaiming, brokenly and passionately:

"Why cannot I have this pleasure, like other mothers? Surely I have a right to it?"

A spasm contracted Judith's heart. No—there was the rub. She had no

right to it. It was all a phantom show—all stolen; wrong, from beginning to end. Turning to Delphine, she said, rather abruptly:

"Well I'm going to take my gown off again. Will you come too?"

As they went toward their rooms she thought:

"It cannot be worse. I cannot feel more degraded and ashamed, even at the ball itself."

During the days that passed between this "dress rehearsal," as Rhoda called it, and the ball, Mrs. Conisbrough's health and spirits drooped, but she still maintained her intention of going to Danesdale Castle. Judith said nothing—what could she say? And Delphine was as silent as herself. Once Randolph Danesdale had called. They had been out, and had missed him. Judith was thankful. They had seen nothing of Aglionby, of course. It was understood that he was away from home. It was quite certain that he was away at Christmas time.

Three days before the ball came off, Mrs. Conisbrough was too ill to rise. Judith began to cherish a faint hope that perhaps after all they might be spared the ordeal. She was deceived. Her mother said to her:

"I want you to go to Mrs. Malleeson, and tell her, with my love, that I feel far from well, and would rather not go to the ball, if she would oblige me by chaperoning you and Del. If she can't, I shall go if it kills me."

"Mamma, won't you give it up?" said Judith imploringly. "For my sake, grant me this favor, and I will never oppose you again."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Conisbrough angrily. "Understand, Judith, that I have set my mind on your going to this ball, and go you shall. Why are you thus set upon thwarting all my plans for your benefit? How can a girl like you presume to know better than her mother?"

"Don't cry, mother," said Judith sorrowfully. "I will go to Mrs. Malleeson this afternoon."

She kept her word, and found her friend in.

"My dear Judith! What a pleasant surprise! Come to the fire and let us have a chat. How cold and starved you look!"

Judith responded as well as she could to this friendliness, and presently unfolded her errand, with burning cheeks, and a brief explanation.

Mrs. Malleeson professed herself delighted.

"There is nothing I should like better than to chaperon you and Del. And you know, my dear, I think you take it too much to heart; I do really. Would you deprive your poor mother of all natural feelings, of all pride in her handsome daughters? If I were in her place, I should feel exactly the same."

Judith smiled faintly. Of course Mrs. Malleeson did not understand. How could she? She cheered the girl by her chat; gave her tea, and talked about the ball, and the gossip of the neighborhood.

"It is to be a very brilliant affair. Sir Gabriel intends it for a sort of celebration of his son's return home. It is the first large party they will have had, you know, since Randolph came back."

"Yes, of course."

"What a nice fellow he is! I do so like him!"

"Yes, so do we," said Judith mechanically.

"Oh, and we have become quite friendly with Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot."

"Have you? And do you like him, too?" asked Judith composedly.

"Very much. I couldn't say that to your mother, you know, but I can to you, because you are so good and so reasonable, Judith."

"Oh, Mrs. Malleeson, not at all! The merest simpleton must see that Mr. Bernard Aglionby is not responsible for my granduncle's caprice. So you like him? He has been at Irkford, I hear, visiting the lady he is engaged to."

Judith spoke coolly and tranquilly, crushing out every spark of emotion as she proceeded.

"Yes. Of course he is going to be at the ball; and Miss Vane his *fiancée* is going to be there too."

"Is she?" Judith still spoke with measured calmness. Inwardly she was thinking, "It will be even worse than I expected. But I am glad I came here and got warned in time."

"Yes. Mrs. Bryce, Mr. Aglionby's aunt, is staying at Scar Foot. I think

he said he wanted her to live there till he was married—if she would. She is very nice! And he is bringing Miss Vane just for this ball, and the Hunt Ball on the 3d of January, and in order that she may see the place, Mr. Aglionby says. He let me see her likeness. She must be wonderfully pretty."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Not to compare with Delphine, though," pursued Mrs. Malleson warmly. "But then there are not half a dozen girls in Yorkshire to compare with her. Oh, I quite long for the ball! I am sure Delphine will make a sensation; and so will you, if only you don't alarm all the men by your dignity, dear," she added, putting her hand on Judith's shoulder. "Girls don't go in for dignity now, you know, but for being frank and candid, and knowing everything, and talking with men on their own subjects."

"I'm afraid Delphine and I will be failures then, for we know so few men, and certainly we do not know what their subjects are."

"Oh, I didn't say that men liked it; only that girls do it," laughed Mrs. Malleson, leading Judith to the door. The latter felt that now their doom was sealed.

Mrs. Malleson would not be so kind as to be taken ill before the dance. Judith went home and told her mother of the arrangement she had made, and Mrs. Conisbrough professed herself satisfied with it.

CHAPTER XXV.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

BERNARD AGLIONBY's frame of mind was not a happy one on that evening of the 31st of December; it had been anything but cheerful all day; it waxed drearier and drearier during his ten-mile drive to Danesdale Castle with his aunt, Mrs. Bryce, and Lizzie his betrothed. He had brought Miss Vane from Irkford, and introduced her into the halls of his ancestors, and the presence of his mother's sister, last night. The result, he was obliged to own, had hardly been successful. Miss Vane had done little else but shiver since her arrival. She had failed to make a good impression on Mrs. Bryce, whose home was in London, and who had never met her before. She had treated Mrs. Aveson with a vulgar

haughtiness, which had galled the feelings of the good woman beyond description. But she had been very amiable to Bernard, and had confided to him that she looked upon this ball as the turning-point in her destiny. Perhaps it was; it was not for him to gainsay it. His moodiness arose from mental indecision. He had not got to the stage of absolute confession even to himself, that his engagement was a failure. He would not confess it. Much less had he allowed even the idea distinctly to shape itself in his mind, that he was, to put it mildly, thinking with deep interest of another woman. Yet the savage discontent and irritation which he experienced were due, could he but have known it, to these two very facts: that his engagement was a failure and he was beginning to find it out, and that his thoughts, whenever he allowed them free course, were engrossed with another woman. He felt all the miserable unrest and irritation which accompanies mental transition periods, whether they be of transition from good to bad, or from bad to good.

Thus they were a silent party as they drove along the dark roads. Lizzie was shrouded in her wraps, and was solicitous about her dress, lest it should be crushed. Mrs. Bryce was not a talkative woman. Bernard had never in his life felt less inclined to speak—less inclined for a festivity of any kind, for sociability in any shape.

At last they turned in at the great stone gateway at the foot of the hill, rolled for half a mile up the broad, smooth drive, and stopped under a large awning filled with servants, light, and bustle.

Poor Lizzie (whom I commiserate sincerely in this crisis of her fate) felt, as she entered, as if she had crossed the Rubicon. The fears which she had originally felt for herself had in a great measure subsided. With the enduring of her superfine ball-dress, and the consciousness of her triumphant prettiness, all apprehensions for herself had vanished. With such a frock and such a face one's behavior would naturally adapt itself to that of the very highest circles. All that was needed was to be fine enough; and on that point she had a proud consciousness she had never been known to fail. She felt a little un-

easiness about Bernard. She hoped he would tone down his brusque and abrupt manners. She remembered only too well the terrible solecisms of which he had often been guilty at suburban tea-parties, and his reckless disregard of semi-detached villa conventionalities, and a deep distrust of the probable demeanor of her betrothed took possession of her soul.

Bernard at last found himself with Lizzie on his arm, and Mrs. Bryce by his side, in the large drawing-room, approaching Miss Danesdale and Sir Gabriel.

Lizzie Vane's only experience of balls had been such as had taken place among intimate friends, the Miss Goldings and such as they, and partaken in by the mankind belonging to them. She had a confused idea, as she went up the room on her lover's arm, that this was in some way different from those past balls.

Bernard noticed that she grew very quiet, and even subdued. He could not know that her soul was gradually filling with dismay as she realized that her pink frock (pink was the color selected by Lizzie for this her *début* in fashionable society), whether "the correct thing," as the Irkford milliner had assured her, or not, was certainly unique : and that she found the crowd of well-bred starers oppressive. Bernard performed the introductions necessary. Mrs. Bryce and Miss Danesdale had already exchanged calls. The latter cast one comprehensive glance over Miss Vane, then, taking the trouble to speak in a voice which could be heard, she expressed her regret that she had not been able to call upon her before the ball, because of her only having arrived so immediately before it ; she hoped to have the pleasure later.

"Oh, yes !" murmured Miss Vane, to whom Miss Danesdale appeared a very formidable personage.

Then Bernard led up Randulf and introduced him. Randulf asked if he might have the second dance with her, and, consent having been given, put her name down and departed. Bernard's dancing powers were not of the most brilliant description, but he managed to convey his betrothed safely through the mazes of the first quadrille, and then led her back into the drawing-room. By

this time the greater number of the expected guests had arrived, and Miss Vane was beginning to shake off her first timidity. Ambition began to assert itself in her bosom. She looked very pretty. Her face wore a delicate flush, and her blue eyes had grown more deeply blue ; at the end of the first dance every one had seen her, and every one who did not know her wanted to know who she was. All the women said, "What a wonderful dress ! Do look at that pink frock ! Did you ever behold anything like it ?" All the men agreed about the frock (possibly for the sake of peace), but no outlandishly pink raiment could blind them to the charms of its wearer's face. Soon Lizzie was enjoying what was a veritable triumph for her. Her programme was full, to the last dance. Bernard's name was down for one other, a square, toward the end of the evening. He had told her not to refuse any dances on his account, "because I am such a wretched hand at it, you know," and she had fully acted up to his suggestion. Randulf took her to dance the second dance, a waltz, with him. After a short time Bernard, seeing that Mrs. Bryce had established friendly relations with a distinguished dowager, and was in full flow of conversation with her, left the drawing-room and went to the ball-room. There he stopped for a short time, watching the dancers, noting especially the pink dress and the fleet feet of its wearer. Then he found Philippa Danesdale standing near him, also looking on. (To the last day of his life he remembered every incident and detail of that evening as if they had happened yesterday.)

"You do not dance, Mr. Aglionby ?" inquired Philippa.

"Very badly. I should not like to inflict myself as a partner on any of the ladies here."

"Then will you give me your arm to the drawing-room ? I just came to see that Randulf was doing his duty ; but I know that my guests have not yet all arrived."

Bernard gave her his arm, and they returned to the drawing-room. He remained by her side, conversing with her in the intervals of receiving her guests : by-and-by the music in the ball-room ceased. The drawing-room was at this

time almost empty, and still he stood, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, talking to Philippa, when the first couples began to come in from the dancing-room. Randolph Danesdale, with Lizzie, was the first to enter. Miss Vane was flushed; her hair had got a trifle disordered; she looked excited. She was now so far at her ease that she had begun to talk, and Randolph had been malign enough to draw her out a little. Her voice, with its unmistakably underbred and provincial accent, was heard, upraised; on this vision Bernard's eye rested, till he suddenly awoke to the consciousness of his duties, and going forward, offered Miss Vane his arm.

"You're dreaming, Aglionby," observed Randolph lightly.

"Am I? Very likely."

"I can sympathize," added young Danesdale, "for so am I."

"Of what, or of whom?" asked Aglionby, his more genial smile flitting across his face.

Randolph bent forward to him, having first ascertained that Miss Vane's attention was otherwise occupied, and said in a low voice:

"I'm dreaming of dancing with Delphine Conisbrough. She makes me wait long enough, does she not? The ball hasn't begun for me till—why, there they are!"

"With Del—" Aglionby had just ejaculated, electrified, for he had had no forewarning that any of the Conisbroughs were to be there. His glance followed Randolph's, and he had the sensation of starting violently. In reality he turned rather slowly and deliberately, and looked. His face changed. He bit his lips, and became a shade paler. Every pulse was beating wildly. He was in no state to ask himself what it meant. He watched, as if it had been some dissolving view, and saw how Miss Danesdale, with her prim little smile and her neat little steps, and her unimpeachable etiquette, went forward a little, with outstretched hand, and greeted them. And while she spoke to Mrs. Malleson, Bernard's eyes looked clean over their heads, and met straightly those of Judith Conisbrough. Exactly the same sensation—only far more potent now—as that which had mastered him when he had taken leave of her at her mother's

house seized him—a strong, overwhelming thrill of delight and joy, such as no other being had ever awakened in him. And with it, yet more powerfully than before, he realized that not he alone experienced the sensation. He had the knowledge, intuitive, instinctive, triumphant, that she shared it to the full. He saw how, though she remained calm and composed, her bosom rose and fell with a long, deep inspiration; he saw her eyes change their expression—the shock first, the light that filled them afterward, and—most eloquent, most intoxicating of all—their final sinking before his long gaze. He lived through a thousand changing phases of emotion while he stood still there, looking at her; he realized with passionate delight that it was not only he who found her beautiful, but all others who had eyes to see. None could deny that she was beautiful: her outward form did but express her inner soul. A man behind him murmured to another, and Bernard heard him:

"Jove, what splendid-looking girls! Who are they? Are they from your part of the country too?"

He watched while the two girls shook hands with Miss Danesdale. He saw Randolph go up to them and greet them, and how the first expression of pleasure which had crossed their faces appeared there. Randolph's dream was going to be realized, Bernard reflected, with wild envy. He could arrange things pretty much according to his own pleasure. Delphine had kept him waiting, as he said; so much the oftener would he make her dance with him now that at last she was there.

Then Aglionby became feebly conscious that his arm was somewhat roughly jogged, and that a voice which he seemed to have heard fifty years ago sounded in his ear:

"Bernard, are you dreaming? Here's a lady speaking to you."

With a veritable start this time he came to his senses, and beheld Mrs. Malleson, in black tulle and *gloire de Dijon* roses, holding out a hand to him, and smiling in friendly wise.

"Mrs. Malleson, I—you are late, surely, are you not?"

"We are, I believe, and I am afraid it is my fault. I hope the men are not

all so deeply engaged that the Misses Conisbrough will get no dances."

Here some one came and said to Lizzie that he thought it was their dance. Nothing loth, she suffered herself to be led away.

"That is Miss Vane, I know," observed Mrs. Malleeson. "You must introduce her later. She is wonderfully pretty."

She was in her turn monopolized and led away. Aglionby could not have replied had she remained. If he had never known, or never admitted the truth to himself until now, at last it overwhelmed him. Lizzie Vane beautiful! Lizzie Vane *beloved* by him!

It was like awakening from some ghastly dream, to be confronted by a yet more horrible reality. He mechanically passed his hand over his eyes and shivered. When he looked round again he saw that Judith was standing alone. Philippa was receiving some very late guests. Delphine had been led away, so had Mrs. Malleeson. Several groups were in the room, but both he and Judith were emphatically alone—outside them all. Presently he found himself by her side—as how should he not? There was no one else there, so far as he knew. On a desert island even enemies become reconciled.

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me, Miss Conisbrough."

His voice was low, and there was no smile on his face, any more than there was on hers. With both of them it was far too deadly earnest to permit of smiles or jests.

"It would imply an unpardonably short memory on my part, if I had," she answered very gravely, and looking more majestic than ever. He felt her gloved hand within his, and for a blessed moment or two he forgot Lizzie Vane's very existence. With the actual touch of her hand, with the sound of her pathetic contralto voice, the spell rushed blindingly over him. How had he lived out these weeks since he parted from her? How had he been able to think it all over, as he had done again and again, calmly and without any particular emotion? In one of Terguëneff's novels he relates the story of a Russian peasant woman, whose only and adored son is suddenly killed. A visitor, call-

ing a week or so later, finds the woman, to his surprise, calm, collected, and even cheerful. "Laissez la," observed the husband, "elle est fossilisée!" Now Bernard knew that was exactly what he had been—fossilized; unrealizing what had happened to him. For him as for that peasant woman the day of awakening had dawned.

He allowed his eyes and his voice to tell Judith that in finding her to-night he had found that which he most desired to see. He allowed his eyes and his voice also to question her eyes and her voice, and in their very hesitation, in their reply, in their very trouble, their abashed quietness, he read the answer he wished for. She had not escaped unscathed from the ordeal which had been too much for him. Twice already to-night he had asked her this question, and had heard this answer—merely with look and tone—without any word whatever, and he wanted to ask it again and again, and to have her answer it as often as he asked it. She was standing, so was he. That last long look was hardly over, when he offered her his arm, and said:

"You are not dancing; come to the sofa and sit down."

She complied; mechanically she sat down, and he beside her; he put his arm over the back of the sofa; she was leaning back, and the lace ruffle of her dress just touched his wrist, and the contact made his blood run faster.

"Mrs. Conisbrough is not with you?" he inquired.

"No, she is not well. She made a point of Delphine's and my coming."

Bernard did not ask her for a dance. He felt a sympathetic comprehension of her position. He knew she would have to dance, unless she wished to be remarkable, which he was sure was no part of her scheme. But he knew that it would be against her will—that she would be more grateful to those who did not ask her than to those who did, and he refrained.

"You said," he went on, in the same low tone, "that if we met in society, we might meet as friends. I have not troubled you since you told me that, have I?"

Judith paused, and at last said constrainedly:

"No."

"No. Therefore I claim my reward now. We are in society to-night. It is the time when we are allowed by your own law to be on friendly terms, and I mean to take advantage of the fact. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me take you in to supper?"

Judith, in her simplicity and surprise, was quite bewildered, and felt distracted how to act. Evidently he had not given up, and did not intend to give up, any scrap of a friendly or cousinly privilege which might be open to him. If her secret in the back ground had been less terrible and (to her) tragic, she would have been amused at Aglionby's determination not to be set aside. As it was, she replied at last gently:

"Don't you think there is another lady whom you ought rather to take in to supper?"

He opened his eyes as if not understanding, then remarked:

"Oh, you mean Miss Vane. Do not imagine that I am neglecting her. Her partner at the supper-table is already selected. She told me so herself. She is to dance an 'extra,' I think she called it, before supper, or after, I forget which—but with some man who is to take her in to that repast. Therefore, may I hope for the pleasure? To 'confound the politics' of the assembled multitude, if for no other reason," he added. "They are sure to look for signs of enmity between us, and I should like to disconcert them."

"Very well, if you wish it," said Judith gravely, "and if I must go into supper, as I suppose I must."

"I'm afraid you have not looked forward with any enjoyment to this ball?"

"*Enjoyment?*" echoed Judith drearily; and added, half forgetting the terms she had herself laid down, "Do not think it very strange that Delphine and I should be here. Mamma insisted, and we dared not thwart her. You do not know how unwilling we were, and how it has troubled us."

"I know what it must feel like to you," he said; and was going to say more. He was going to say that though he knew what it had cost her, yet that he was not altogether sorry, since it had brought them together, and she would not allow any other kind of intercourse.

But just at that moment Sir Gabriel, whom Judith had not yet spoken to, arrived upon the scene. Sir Gabriel had received an inkling of the truth from his son, who had had it from Mrs. Malleson. Randolph had hastily confided it to Sir Gabriel:

"I wish you'd pay a little attention to the Misses Conisbrough, sir. They didn't want to come a bit—to meet Aglionby, you know, and not three months since their uncle's death; but their mother made them, and they dared not cross her—so if you wouldn't mind—"

The hint was more than enough for the warm-hearted old gentleman. Despite his real liking for Aglionby, he had never ceased to shake his head over the will, and to think that Mrs. Conisbrough and those girls had been very badly used. He had just had Delphine introduced to him in the ball-room, and now he had made his way to Judith.

"Miss Conisbrough, I'm delighted to see you here! I have just been talking to your sister, who is the loveliest creature I've seen for twenty years and more. I may say that to you, you know. If she doesn't turn some heads to-night, why, they are not the same kind of heads that used to be on men's shoulders in my days."

Judith's face flushed. She smiled a pleased yet nervous smile. Yes, Delphine was all that the good old man called her, and how delightful this sweet incense of justice, not flattery, would have been—how grateful, if—if only—She crushed down a desire to laugh, or cry, she knew not which—an hysterical feeling—and answered Sir Gabriel politely, but, as he thought, a little indifferently. But, remembering his son's words, he stood talking to her for some time, and finally offered her his arm to take her to the ball-room and dance a quadrille with her. Aglionby went with them at the same time. So long as he did not exceed the bounds of politeness, he told himself—so long as his outward conduct could be denominated "friendly"—he shook his head back—he *would* not turn himself into a conventional machine to say, "How do you do?" "Good evening," and no more.

As they entered the ball room, they

were confronted by Miss Vane, more flushed now, more at her ease, and arm-in-arm with a youth who had been introduced to her as Lord Charles Startforth, and who would by his title alone have fulfilled, to her mind, every requisite necessary to the constitution of a "real swell!" She saw Bernard, Sir Gabriel, and Judith enter, and at once inquired of her partner:

"Eh, I say, isn't that Sir Gabriel?"

"That is Sir Gabriel," replied the young gentleman, with *sang froid*. He had found Miss Vane and her provincialisms a source of the most exquisite entertainment.

"I thought so. Ah, there is my beloved with him."

"Your beloved—happy man! Aglionby, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes," said Miss Vane, explaining. "I call him my beloved, you know, because 'Bernard' is too familiar when you're talking to strangers, and 'Mr. Aglionby' sounds stiff, doesn't it?"

"I quite agree with you. Your beloved's aspect just at present is somewhat gloomy."

"My! Yes! He does look as cross as two sticks. But," with sudden animation, "I've seen that girl before who's going to dance with Sir Gabriel. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Conisbrough, of Yoresett."

"Conisbrough—oh, of course! One of those girls who wanted to have Bernard's money," said Miss Vane, tossing her head. "Well, just fancy! only Miss Conisbrough! From her dress, and Sir Gabriel's dancing with her, I thought she must be a *somebody*."

"Miss Conisbrough doesn't go out much, I think," said the young man instinctively speaking with caution, and unable for his own part to resist looking with admiration at the lady in question. "Your 'beloved' seems to know her, though."

While Lizzie was explaining her partner advanced, and suggested to Sir Gabriel that he and Miss Vane would be happy to be their *vis-à-vis*. So it was arranged, and Bernard retired, after forcing a smile in answer to a coquettish nod from his betrothed. After this dance Judith found no lack of partners. She was forced to dance, and Aglionby

saw her led off time after time, and congratulated himself on having secured her promise concerning supper.

As for Delphine, she had not been in the drawing-room after the first five minutes following her arrival. Judith purposely avoided noticing her. She had a vague consciousness that she was dancing a good deal with Randolph Danesdale, and while her reason condemned her heart condoned, and even sympathized with the imprudence. Even she herself, after a time, fell into the spirit of the dance, and began to rejoice in the mere pleasure of the swift rhythmic motion. Though calm and cool outwardly, she was wrought up to a pitch of almost feverish excitement, and, as is often the case with excitement of that kind, she was able distinctly and vividly to note every small circumstance connected with the course of the evening. She remembered her mother's words, "they shall see who it is that has been passed over," and she could not but perceive that both she and her sister attracted a great deal of attention; that men were led up and introduced to them oftener, on the whole, than they were to other girls—that, in fact, they created a sensation—were a success. She supposed, then, that her mother was right. If they had had that "position" which she so coveted for them, they would not be counted nonentities in it.

Judith also saw, with a woman's quickness in such matters, that which poor Bernard never perceived, the fact, namely, that though Lizzie Vane got plenty of partners, and was apparently made much of, yet that many of her partners were laughing at her, and drawing her out, and that they laughed together about her afterward; and lastly—most significant fact of all—that scarce a woman noticed or spoke to her, except Miss Danesdale, who, as hostess, was in a measure obliged to do so.

Gradually she yielded to the spell of the dance, the music, the excitement of it all; to the unspoken prompting within, "Enjoy yourself now, while you may. Let to-morrow take care of itself." Go where she would, dance with whom she would, before the dance was over, sooner or later, once or oftener, as it happened, but inevitably, she met Bernard's

dark eyes, and read what they said to her. When supper-time came, and he led her in and poured out wine for her, and asked her in a low voice if she had ever been to Scar Foot, if she had even walked past it since she had ceased to be his guest, Judith answered, with a vibrating voice :

"No, I could not ; and of my own free will I will not."

He smiled, but said little more during the meal. The supper was served in brilliant fashion in an enormous room, at numbers of smallish round tables. Those who had time and attention to spare for the arrangements said it was a fairy scene, with its evergreens, its hot-house flowers, and delicate ferns and perfumed fountains. Judith and Aglionby saw nothing of that ; they forced some kind of an indifferent conversation, for under the eyes of that crowd, and surrounded by those brilliant lights, anything like confidential behavior was impossible. Now and then they were greeted by shouts of especially loud laughter from another part of the room, elicited by some peculiarly piquant sally of Miss Vane's, which charmed the chorus of men around her, and gave a deeper flush of triumph to her cheeks.

Just as the noise and laughter were at their height, and the fun was becoming faster, Aglionby said to Judith :

"Let us go away. This isn't amusing."

They rose. So did nearly every one else at the same time, but not to go. Some one had said something, which Judith and Aglionby absorbed in themselves had not heard, and a dead silence succeeded to the tumultuous noise. Then a clock was heard striking—a deep-toned stroke, which fell twelve times, and upon the last sound the storm of laughter broke loose, and a tempest of hand-shaking and congratulations broke out.

"A happy new year to you. I wish you a happy new year !"

"Here's to the peaceful interment of the old year, and the joyful beginning of the new one !"

Aglionby looked at Judith. His lips were open, but he paused. No ; he must not wish her a happy new year. He knew he must not ; and he was silent. Many others had now finished

supper. They, too, left the room, and seated themselves, after wandering about a little, in a kind of alcove with a cushioned seat, of which there were many in the hall. Then—for they were as much alone as if not another creature had been near them—Aglionby at once resumed the topic he had been dwelling on all supper-time.

"You have never been near Scar Foot since that day. That means that you are still relentless?" said he, regarding her steadily, but with entreaty in his eyes, and a decided accent of the same kind in his voice.

"It means that I must be—must seem so, at least," she replied dreamily.

"Pardon me, but I cannot see it in that light."

"That means that you do not believe me?"

"No ; I mean that if you would only state your reasons, and tell me the obstacle *you* see to our friendship, that I could demolish it, let it be what it might."

"Oh no, you could not," said Judith, her heart beating with a wild pleasure in thus, as it were, dancing on the edge of a precipice. "You do not know ; it *could* not be swept away."

"And I say it could—it could, Judith, if you would only allow it."

She started slightly, as he spoke her name, and bit her lips ; but she could not summon up her strength of will to rebuke him.

"Why—why do you say such things? What makes you think so?" she asked tremulously.

Aglionby took her fan, and bent toward her, as if fanning her with it ; but while his hand moved regularly and steadily to and fro, he spoke to her with all the earnestness of which he was capable, and with eyes which seemed to burn into hers—yet with a tenderness in his voice which he could not subdue.

"Because you do not trust me. Because you will not believe what to me is so simple and such a matter of course—that no reason you could assert could make me your enemy. Because there is *no* offence I would not condone. Pah ! Condone?—forgive, forget, wipe clean away, to have the goodwill and the friendship of you and yours. *Now* do you understand?"

Judith turned paler; she shut her eyes involuntarily, and drew a long breath. Could it be possible that he suspected—that he had the slightest inkling of her real reason for maintaining the distance between them for which she had stipulated? His words hit home to the very core and eye of her distress. The peril was frightful, imminent, and she had herself attracted it by allowing him to advance thus far, by herself sporting with deadly weapons. He was watching her, with every sense on the alert, and he saw how, unconsciously, her hands clasped; she gave a little silent gasp and start, and there actually did steal into his mind, only to be dismissed again, the wonder, "Can it be that there really is some offence which she deems irreparable?"

"Hush!" she said at last. "It was very wrong of me to allow the subject to be mentioned. And you do not keep your promise. You know that you promised me at Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby—"

"You also promised *me* at Scar Foot, and then demanded your promise back again," said he, resolved that if he had to give way again (and what else could a man do, when a woman appealed to him for mercy?) that she should buy the concession hard.

"I have told you I cannot explain," she said, almost despairingly. "Do you mean to make me go over it all again?" A rush of sudden tears filled her eyes. "Do you mean to make me plead it all a second time?"

"I should like to make you do it—yes. And, at the end of all, I should like to refuse what you ask," he said, with a savage tenderness in his voice.

Judith looked steadily at him for a short time, as if to test whether he was in earnest or not, and then said in a dull, dead voice, "I wish I were dead;" and looked at the ground.

This was more than he could bear.

"Forgive me, Judith!" he whispered. "If you can, forgive me. I will not sin again, but it is hard."

"Yes, it is hard," she replied, more composed, as the terror she had felt on hearing him talk about "offences" and "condonation" began to subside. "It is hard. But making scenes about it will make it none the easier. We have

our duties, both of us—you as a man—"

More peals of laughter, as a noisy group came out of the supper-room—half a dozen young men, and Miss Vane in the midst of them, laughing in no gentle tones, and holding in her hand, high above her head, a flower, toward which one of the said young gentlemen occasionally stretched a hand, amid the loud hilarity of the lady and her companions. The party made their way toward the ball-room, and Miss Vane was heard crying:

"I'm sure I never promised to dance it with you. Here's my programme. Look and see!"

They disappeared.

Judith's face burned. She looked timidly at Aglionby, who was gazing after the group, his face pale, his eyes mocking, his lips sneering. He laughed, not a pleasant laugh.

"We all have our duties, as you most justly remark. Mine is to marry that young lady, and cease to persecute you with my importunities. I see that is what you were thinking. And you are quite right."

"*You* are quite wrong," said Judith.

"What I do think is that you are not behaving kindly to her to allow her to—to—she is so young and inexperienced—and so pretty."

"And you and your sister are so old and wise, and so hideous," he rejoined with a bitter laugh. "That alone is enough to account for your different style of behavior. No. Do not try to palliate it."

"I think you are to blame," Judith persisted. "You have no right to do it—to leave her with all those silly, empty-headed young men. It is not fair. You ought to take—"

"Take her home—and myself too. A good idea. I am sure the carriage will be round by now. But you?"

"Take me to the drawing-room, please. I daresay Mrs. Malleeson will also be ready to go."

He gave her his arm. Mrs. Malleeson was soon found, seated on a sofa, with Delphine beside her, looking a little pale, and exceedingly tired. Bernard wished them good night, and went to the ball-room. He had seen Mrs. Bryce in the drawing-room, and found that

she was quite ready to go. In the dancing-room there was a momentary pause between two dances. Bernard saw Randolph Danesdale promenading with a young lady on his arm, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation. At the farther end of the room he saw that fatal pink dress; heard the same shrill, affected tones, and the chorus of laughter that followed on them. Nothing could have been more distasteful to him in his present mood than to have even to speak to her, after his parting from Judith Conisbrough. But he walked straight up to the group, most of whom he knew slightly by this time, and offering his arm to his betrothed, said gravely:

"Lizzie, I am sorry to break off your amusement, but it is very late; we have ten miles to drive, and Mrs. Bryce is tired, and wishes to go."

"Oh, Aglionby, don't take Miss Vane away! The light of the evening will be gone. Don't look so down, man! Miss Vane, don't let him drag you off in that way. I am down for a dance."

"And I," "And I," cried several voices.

Bernard's face did not relax. He could not unstiffen his features into a smile. He looked directly at Lizzie, as mildly as he could, and repeated that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must ask her to come away.

"Oh, Bernard!" she began, but then something unusual in his expression struck her. A feeling of something like chill alarm crossed her heart. How dignified he looked! How commanding! How different—even she knew—from the feather-brained fops with whom she had even now been jesting and laughing!

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," she said, shrugging her shoulders and

taking his arm. And with a final farewell to her attendants, she went away with her "lover."

"Jove! but that girl is a caution!" observed one of the young men, giving unrestrained flow to his mirth, as Bernard and his betrothed disappeared. "I never had such fun in my life!"

"She'll find it a caution, being married to Aglionby," said a second, looking into the future. "Didn't you see him as he came up to us? Lucifer himself couldn't have looked more deuced stiff."

"Yes—I saw. They don't look exactly as if they were created to run in a pair!" said the first speaker musingly.

"But why on earth does he leave her to herself in such a way?"

"He's been dancing attendance on the eldest Miss Conisbrough all evening, and left this little girl to amuse herself with suitable companions."

"On Miss Conisbrough—why, I thought they were at daggers drawn?"

"Didn't look like it, I assure you. I can't make it out, I confess. Only, on my honor, they were as good-looking a couple as any in the room. Couldn't help noticing them. But look here, St. John—will you take the odds—ten to one—that it doesn't come off?"

"The wedding?—all right. At all—or within a year?"

"Oh, hang a year?—at all. Ten to one that Aglionby and the little dress-maker don't get married at all."

"Yes; but there must be some time fixed. Ten to one that it's broken off within a year."

"In sovs? Done with you!"

Then the band struck up again for one of the last waltzes, and the young men dispersed to find their partners for the same.—*Temple Bar.*

CHERUBINO. A PSYCHOLOGICAL ART FANCY.

BY VERNON LEE.

It is a strange and beautiful fact that whatsoever is touched by genius, no matter how humble in itself, becomes precious and immortal. This wrinkled old woman is merely one of thousands like herself, who have sat and will sit by the great porcelain stove of the Dutch

back shop, their knitting or their Bible on their knees. There is nothing to make her recollected; yet we know her after two centuries, even as if we had seen her alive, because, with a few blurred lines and shadows hastily scratched on his etching plate, it pleased the whim of

Master Rembrandt to portray her. And this little commonplace Frankfort shop-keeper's maiden, in her stiff little cap and starched frill, who should remember her? Yet she is familiar to us all, because she struck the boyish fancy of Goethe. For even as the fact of its once having sparkled on the waistcoat of Mozart makes us treasure up a tarnished brass button, and as the notion of their having been planted by the hand of Michael Angelo made us mourn the cutting down of a clump of sear and rusty old cypresses, so also the fact of having been noticed, noted down by genius with brush, or pen, or chisel, makes into relics men and things which would else have been forgotten; because the stroke of that pen, or brush, or chisel, removes them from the perishable world of reality to the deathless world of fancy. Nay, even the beautiful things, the perfect, physically or morally, of the world, those which called forth admiration and love as long as they existed, Antinous and Mona Lisa, Beatrice and Laura, would now be but a handful of nameless dust, were it not for the artists and poets who have made them live again and for ever; the deeds and sufferings of the Siegfrieds and Cids, of the Desdemonas and Francescas, would have died away had they not been filched out of the world of reality into the world of fiction. And even as the perishable, the humble, the insignificant reality becomes enduring and valuable by the touch of genius, so also in the very world of fiction itself the intellectual creations of one man may be raised to infinitely higher regions by the hand of another, may be transported into the kingdom of another and nobler art, and there be seen more universally and surrounded by a newly acquired radiance. In this manner the tale of Romeo and Juliet, graciously and tenderly narrated by the old Italian story-teller, was transfigured by Shakespeare and enshrined in all the splendors of Elizabethan poetry; the figure of Psyche, delicately graceful in the little romance of Apuleius, reappeared, enlarged and glorified by the hand of Raphael, on the walls of the Farnesina; and thus also our Cherubino, the fanciful and brilliant creature of Beaumarchais, is known to most of us far less in his original shape

than in the vague form woven out of subtle melodies to which Mozart has given the page's name. Mozart has, as it were, taken away Cherubino from Beaumarchais; he has, for the world at large, substituted for the page of the comedy the page of the opera. Beaumarchais could give us clear-spoken words, dialogue and action, a visible and tangible creature, and Mozart could give only a certain arrangement of notes, a certain amount of rhythm and harmony, a vague, speechless, shapeless thing; yet much more than the written words do those notes represent to our fancy the strange and fascinating little figure, the wayward, the amorous, the prankish, the incarnation of childishness, of gallantry, of grace, of fun, and of mischief, the archetype of pages—the page Cherubino. What could music do for Cherubino? of what means could it dispose to reproduce this type, this figure? and how did, how should music have disposed of those means? About this fantastic and brilliant little jackanapes of a page centres a curious question of artistic anomaly, of artistic power, and of artistic duty.

The part of Cherubino, the waywardness, the love, the levity, the audacity, the timidity, the maturity, and immaturity of the page's feelings, are all concentrated by the admirable ingenuity of the Venetian D'Aponte, who arranged Beaumarchais' play for Mozart's music, into one air, the air sung by Cherubino in that very equivocal interview with the Countess and Susanna, so rudely to be broken by the thundering rap of the Count at the door. The air is "*Voi che sapete*"—Cherubino's description, half to the noble and sentimental lady, half to the flippant and laughing waiting-maid, of the curious symptoms, the mysterious hankerings and attractions which the boy has of late begun to experience—symptoms of which he is half ashamed, as calculated to bring down laughter and boxes on the ear, and half proud, mischievously conscious that they make him a personage for all this womankind. Every one has heard "*Voi che sapete*" sung a hundred times by dozens of singers in dozens of fashions, till it has become in the recollection a sort of typical jumble of all these various readings; but we once chanced

to hear a reading of "Voi che sapete" which has remained strangely distinct and separate in our remembrance ; which made that performance of the hackneyed piece remain isolated in our mind, almost as if the air had never before or never since been heard by us. The scene of the performance has remained in our memory as a whole, because the look, the attitude, the face of the performer seemed to form a whole, a unity of expression and character, with the inflexions of the voice and the accentuation of the words. She was standing by the piano ; a Spanish Creole, but, instead of the precocious, overblown magnificence of tropical natures, with a something almost childlike, despite seriousness, something inflexible, unexpanded, unripe about her ; quite small, slender, infinitely slight and delicate ; standing perfectly straight and motionless in her long, tight dress of ashy rose color ; her little dark head with its tight coils of ebony hair perfectly erect ; her great dark violet-circled eyes, with their perfect ellipse of curved eyebrow meeting curved eyelash, black and clear against the pale, ivory-tinted cheek, looking straight before her ; self-unconscious, concentrated, earnest, dignified, with only a faint fluttering smile, to herself, not to the audience, about the mouth. She sang the page's song in a strange voice, sweet and crisp, like a Cremonese violin, with a bloom of youth, scarcely mature yet perfect, like the honey dust of the vine-flower ; sang the piece with an unruffled serenity, with passion, no limpness or languor, but passion restrained, or rather undeveloped ; with at most a scarcely perceptible hesitation and reticence of accent, as of budding youthful emotion ; her voice seeming in some unaccountable manner to move in a higher, subtler stratum of atmosphere, as it dexterously marked, rounded off, kissed away each delicate little phrase. When she had done, she gave a slight bow with her proud little head, half modestly and half contemptuously, as, with her rapid, quiet movement, she resumed her seat ; she probably felt that, despite the applause, her performance did not really please. No one criticized, for there was something that forbade criticism in this solemn little creature ; and every one

applauded, for every one felt that her singing had been admirable. But there was no warmth of admiration, no complete satisfaction ; she had sung with wonderful delicacy, and taste and feeling ; her performance had been exquisitely finished, perfect ; but something familiar, something essential had been missing. She had left out Cherubino ; she had completely forgotten and passed over the page.

How was it ? How could it be that the something which we felt was the nature of the page, the something which even the coarsest, poorest performers had brought out in this piece, had completely disappeared in this wonderfully perfect rendering by this subtle little singer ? Perhaps the rendering had been only materially perfect ; perhaps it was merely the exquisite tone of the voice, the wonderful neatness of execution which had given it an appearance of completeness ; perhaps the real meaning of the music had escaped her ; perhaps there was behind all this perfection of execution only a stolid dulness of nature, to which the genius of Mozart was not perceptible. None of all these possibilities and probabilities ; the chief characteristic of the performance was exactly the sense of perfect musical intuition, of subtle appreciation of every little intonation, the sense that this docile and exquisite physical instrument was being played upon by a keen and unflinching artistic intelligence. The more you thought over it, the more you compared this performance with any other performance of the piece, the more also did you feel convinced that this was the right, the only right reading of the piece ; that this strange, serious little dark creature had given you the whole, the perfection of Mozart's conception ; no, there could be no doubt of it, this and this alone was Mozart's idea of "Voi che sapete." Mozart's idea ? the whole of Mozart's conception ? here, in this delicate, dignified, idyllic performance ? The whole ? Why then, where, if this was the whole of Mozart's conception, where was Cherubino, where was the page ? Why nowhere. Now that the song had been presented to us in its untampered perfection, that the thought of the composer was clear to us — now that we could begin to analyze

the difference between this performance and the performances of other singers—we began to see, vaguely at first and not without doubts of our powers of sight, but to see, and more and more distinctly the longer we looked, that Cherubino was not in Mozart's work, but merely in Beaumarchais. A very singular conclusion to arrive at, but one not to be shirked; Cherubino had passed into the words of Mozart's Italian libretto, he had passed into the dress, the face, the feature, the action of the thousands of performers who had sung the "Marriage of Figaro" on the stage; but he had not passed into Mozart's notes; and because he had not entered into those notes, that subtle and serious little Spaniard, who had seen and understood so well the meaning and beauty of Mozart's music, had known nothing of Cherubino.

Now, after all this discussion respecting his presence and his absence, let us stay awhile and examine into the being of this Cherubino, so familiar and so immediately missed by us; let us look at the page, whom the clever playwright D'Aponte transported, with extraordinary success, out of the French comedy into the Italian opera text. Very familiar to all of us, yet, like the things most familiar, rather vaguely; seen often and in various lights, fluctuating consequently in our memory, as distinguished from the distinct and steadfast image of things seen only once and printed off at a stroke on to our mind. At the first glance, when we see him sitting at the feet of the Countess, singing her his love-songs, he seems a delicate poetic exotic, whose presence takes us quite aback in the midst of the rouged and pigtailed philosophy, the stucco and tinsel sentimentality of the French eighteenth century. In these rooms, all decorated by Boucher and Fragonard, in this society redolent with the theories of Diderot and the jests of Voltaire, this page, this boy, who is almost a girl, with his ribbons, his ballads, his blushes, his guitar, and his rapier, appears like a thing of long past days, or of far distant countries; a belated brother of Shakespeare's Cesario and Fletcher's Bellario, a straggler from the Spain of Lope de Vega, who has followed M. Caron de Beaumarchais, ex-watchmaker

and ex-music master to Mesdames the daughters of Louis XV., from Madrid, and leaped suddenly on to the planks of the *Comédie Française*. . . . a ghost of some mediæval boy page, some little Jehan de Saintré killed crusading with his lady's name on his lips. Or is not Cherubino rather a solitary fore-runner of romanticism, stumbled untimely into this France of Marie Antoinette; some elder brother of Goethe's Mignon . . . nay, perhaps Mignon herself, disguised as or metamorphosed into a boy? . . . But let us look well at him; let him finish his song and raise his audacious eyes; let him rise and be pulled to and fro, bashful with false bashfulness, half covering his mischievous, monkish impudence, while Susanna is mumming him up in petticoats and kerchiefs; let us look at him again now, and we shall see that he is no Jehan de Saintré, no male Mignon, no Viola in boy's clothes, no sweetly pure little romantic figure, but an impertinent, precocious little Lovelace, a serio-comic little jackanapes, sighing and weeping only to giggle and pirouette on his heels the next moment. From the Countess he will run to the gardener's daughter, from her to the waiting maid, to the duenna, to all womankind; he is a professed lady-killer and woman-teaser of thirteen. There is indeed something graceful and romantic in the idea of this pretty child consoling, with his poetical, absurd love, the poor neglected, ill-used lady. But then he has been smuggled in by that dubious Abigail, Susanna; the sentimental, melancholy Countess is amused by dressing him up in woman's clothes; and when, in the midst of the masquerade, the voice of the Count is heard without, the page is huddled away into a closet, his presence is violently denied, and the Countess admits her adored though fickle lord with a curious, conscious, half-guilty embarrassment. We feel vaguely that Shakespeare would never have introduced his boy Ganymede or his page Cesario into that dressing-room of the Countess Almaviva; that the archly jesting Maria would never have dreamed of amusing the Lady Olivia with such mummings; we miss in this proudly sentimental lady, in this sly waiting woman, in this calf-loving dressed up boy the frank and boisterous

merriment of Portia and Nerissa in their escapades and mystifications ; there is in all this too much locking of doors and drawing of curtains, too much whispered giggling, too little audible laughter ; there hangs an indefinable sense of impropriety about the whole scene. No, no, this is no delicate and gracious young creature of the stock of Elizabethan pages, no sweet exotic in the France of 1780 ; this Cherubino is merely a graceful, coquettish little Greuze figure, with an equivocal simplicity, an ogling *naïveté*, a smirking bashfulness, a hidden audacity of corruption ; a creature of Sterne or Marivaux, tricked out in imitation mediæval garb, with the stolen conscious wink of the eye, the would-be childlike snile, tinged with leer, of eighteenth-century gallantry. He is an impertinent, effeminate, fondled, cynical little jackanapes ; the youngest, childish, monkeyish example, at present merely comic and contemptible, of the miserable type of young lovers given to France by the eighteenth century ; the *enfant du siècle*, externally a splendid, brilliant, triumphant success, internally a miserable, broken, unmanned failure ; the child initiated into life by cynicism, the youth educated to love by adultery ; corrupt unripeness ; the most miserable type of demoralization ever brought into literature, the type of Fortunio and Perdican, and of their author Alfred de Musset ; a type which the Elizabethans, with their Claudios and Giovannis, could not have conceived ; which the Spaniards, with their Don Juans and Ludovic Enios, would have despised, they who had brought on to the stage profligacy which bearded death and hell, turning with contempt from profligacy which could be chastized only with the birch. Cherubino is this : his love is no poetic and silly passion for a woman much older than himself, before whom he sinks on his knees as before a goddess ; it is the instinct of the lady-killer, the instinct of adventures, the consciousness in this boy of thirteen that all womankind is his destined prey, his game, his quarry. And womankind instinctively understands and makes the Lovelace of thirteen its darling, its toy, its kitten, its pet monkey, all whose grimacings and coaxings and impertinences may be endured, enjoyed, en-

couraged. He is the graceful, brilliant, apish Ariel or Puck of the society whose Mirandas and Titanias are Julie and Manon Lescaut ; he is the page of the French eighteenth century.

Such is, when we analyze him, the page Cherubino ; looking at him carelessly, with the carelessness of familiarity, these various peculiarities escape our notice ; they merge into each other and into the whole figure. But although we do not perceive them consciously and in detail, we take in, vaguely and unconsciously, their total effect ; we do not analyze Cherubino and classify his qualities, we merely take him in as a general type. And it is this confused and familiar entity which we call the page, and which we expect to have brought home to us as soon as we hear the first notes, as we see the title of "Voi che sapete." It is this entity, this character thus vaguely conceived, which forms for us an essential part of Mozart's music ; and whose absence from that music made us feel as if, despite the greatest musical perfection, Mozart's idea were not completely given to us. Yet, in reality, this psychological combination called Cherubino does not exist in the work of Mozart. It exists only by the side of it. We speak of the "Marriage of Figaro" as Mozart's work ; we are accustomed to think of the Countess, of Figaro, of Susanna, of Cherubino, as belonging to Mozart ; but in reality only one half of the thing we call the "Marriage of Figaro" belongs to Mozart—that half which consists in melodies and harmonies ; and as it happens it is not in that, but in the other half belonging to Beaumarchais and D'Aponte, the half consisting of words and their suggestions of character, of expression and of movement, that really exists either Countess, or Figaro, or Susanna, or Cherubino. Those notes, which alone are Mozart's, and which are nothing more than notes, have been heard by us in the mouths of many women dressed and acting as Beaumarchais's characters ; they have been heard by us associated to the words of Beaumarchais ; they have been heard delivered with the dramatic inflections suggested not by themselves but by those words ; and thus, by mere force of association, of slovenly thought and active

fancy, we are accustomed to consider all these characters as existing in the music of Mozart, as being part and parcel of Mozart's conception ; and when we are presented with those notes, which, to the musician Mozart, were merely notes without those dramatic inflections suggested solely by Beaumarchais's words, when we hear in " *Voi che sapete*" only Mozart's half of the work, we are disappointed and indignant, and cry out that the composer's idea has been imperfectly rendered.

Cherubino, we say, is not in Mozart's half of the work ; he is in the words, not in the music. Is this a fault or a merit ? is it impotence in the art or indifference in the artist ? Could Mozart have given us Cherubino ? and if able, ought he to have given him ? The question is double ; a question of artistic dynamics, and a question of artistic ethics : the question what can art do ; and the question, what art ought to do. The first has been answered by the scientific investigations of our own scientific times ; the second has been answered by the artistic practice of the truly artistic days of music. The questions are strangely linked together, and yet strangely separate ; and woe betide us if we receive the answer to the one question as the answer to the other ; if we let the knowledge of what things are serve us instead of the instinct of what things should do ; if we let scientific analysis step into the place of ethical or æsthetic judgment ; and if, in the domain of art or of morals, we think to substitute a system of alembics and microscopes for that strange intangible mechanism which science tells us does not exist, and which indeed science can never see or clutch—our soul. For science has a singular contempt for all that is without its domain ; it seeks for truth, but when truth baffles and eludes it, science will turn toward falsehood ; it will deny what it cannot prove, and call God himself a brain-phantom because he cannot be vivisected. So, when logic, which can solve only logical propositions, remains without explanation before the dicta of the moral and æsthetic parts of us, it simply denies the existence of such dicta and replaces them by its own formulæ ; if we ask for the aim of things and actions, it tells us

their origin ; if we trustingly ask when we should admire beauty, and love virtue, it drops the rainbow into its crucible to discover its chemical components, and dissects the brain of a saint to examine the shape of its convolutions ; it meets admiration and love with experiment and analysis, and, where we are required to judge, tells us we can only examine. Thus, as in ethics, so also in æsthetics, modern philosophy has given us the means instead of the aim, the analysis instead of the judgment ; let us therefore ask it only how much of human character and emotion music *can* express ; the question how much of it music *ought* to express must be answered by something else ; by that artistic instinct whose composition and mechanism and origin scientific psychology may perhaps some day explain, but whose unformulated, inarticulate, half-unconscious dicta all the scientific and logical formulæ in the world can never replace. As yet, however, we have to deal only with the question how much of human character and emotion music can express, and by what means it does so ; and here modern psychology, or rather the genius of Herbert Spencer, is able to answer us. Why does dance music cheer us, and military music inspire us, and sacred music make us solemn ? A vague sense of the truth made æstheticians answer, for well-nigh two centuries, " by the force of association." Dance music cheers us because we are accustomed to hear it in connection with laughing and quips and cranks ; military music inspires us because we are accustomed to hear it in connection with martial movements and martial sights ; sacred music depresses us because we are accustomed to hear it at moments when we are contemplating our weakness and mortality ; 'tis a mere matter of association. To this easy-going way of disposing of the problem there was an evident and irrefutable objection ; but why should we be accustomed to hear a given sort of music in connection with these various conditions of mind ? Why should dance music, and martial music, and sacred music all have a perfectly distinct character, which forbade, from the very first, their being exchangeable ? If it is a matter of association of ideas, tell us why such

characters could have been kept distinct before the association of ideas could have begun to exist. To this objection there was no reply ; the explanation of musical expression by means of association of ideas seemed utterly hollow ; yet the confused idea of such an association persisted. For it was, after all, the true explanation. If we ask modern psychology the reason of the specific characters of the various sorts of music, we shall again be answered : it is owing to the association of ideas. But the two answers, though apparently identical, are in fact radically different. The habit of association existed, according to the old theory, between various mental conditions and various sorts of music, because the two were usually found in connection ; hence no explanation why, before habit had created the association, there should have been any connection, and, there being no connection, no explanation why the habit and consequently the mental association should ever have been formed. According to the modern theory, on the contrary, the habit of association is not between the various mental conditions and the various styles of music, but between specific mental conditions and specific sounds and movements, which sounds and movements, being employed as the constituent elements of music, give to the musical forms into which they have been artistically arranged that inevitable suggestion of a given mental condition which is due to memory, and become, by repetition during thousands of years, an instinct ingrained in the race and inborn in the individual, a recognition rapid and unconscious, that certain audible movements are the inevitable concomitants of certain moral conditions. The half-unconscious memory become part and parcel of the human mind, that, just as certain mental conditions induce a movement in the muscles which brings tears into the eyes or a knot into the throat, so also certain audible movements are due to the muscular tension resulting from mental buoyancy, and certain others to the muscular relaxation due to mental depression, this half-unconscious memory, this instinct, this inevitable association of ideas, generated long before music existed even in the most rudimentary condition, car-

ried with the various elements of pitch, movement, sonority, and proportion into the musical forms constructed out of these elements, this unconscious association of ideas, this integrated recollection of the inevitable connection between certain sounds and certain passions is the one main cause and explanation of the expressiveness of music. And when to it we have added the conscious perception, due to actual comparison, of the resemblance between certain modes of musical delivery and certain modes of ordinary speaking accentuation, between certain musical movements and certain movements of the body in gesticulation ; when we have completed the instinctive recognition of passion, which makes us cry or jump, we know not why, by the rapidly reasoned recognition of resemblance between the utterance of the art and the utterance of human life, which, when we listen for instance to a recitative, makes us say, " This sentence is absolutely correct in expression," or, " No human being ever said such a thing in such a manner ;" when we have the instinctive perception of passion, and the conscious perception of imitation ; and we have added to these two the power of tone and harmony, neither of them connected in any way with the expression of emotion, but both rendering us, by their nervous stimulant, infinitely more sensitive to its expression ; when we have all this, we have all the elements which the musician can employ to bring home to us a definite state of mind ; all the mysterious unspoken, unwritten words by means of which Mozart can describe to us what Beaumarchais has described in clear, logical, spoken, written words—the page Cherubino.

Now let us see how much of Cherubino can be shown us by these mere musical means. Cherubino is childish, coquetish, sentimental, amorous, timid, audacious, fickle ; he is self-conscious and self-unconscious, passionately troubled in mind, impudently cool in manner ; he is brazen, calm, shy, fluttered ; all these things together. Sometimes in rapid alternation, sometimes all together in the same moment ; and in all this he is perfectly consistent, he is always one and the same creature. How does the playwright contrive to make

us see all this? By means of combinations of words expressing one or more of these various characteristics, by subtle phrases, woven out of different shades of feeling, which glance in iridescent hues like a shot silk, which are both one thing and another; by means also of various emotions cunningly adapted to the exact situation, from the timid sentimentality before the Countess, down to the audacious love-making with the waiting-maid; by means, in short, of a hundred tiny strokes, of words spoken by the page and of the page, by means of dexterously combined views of the boy himself, and of the reflection of the boy in the feelings of those who surround him. Thus far the mere words in the book; but these words in the book suggest a thousand little inflections of voice, looks, gestures, movements, manners of standing and walking, flutter of lips and sparkle of eyes, which exist clear though imaginary in the mind of the reader, and become clearer, visible, audible in the concrete representation of the actor.

Thus Cherubino comes to exist. A phantom of the fancy, a little figure from out of the shadowland of imagination, but present to our mind as is this floor upon which we tread, alive as is this pulse throbbing within us. Ask the musician to give us all this with his mere pitch, and rhythm and harmony and sonority; bid him describe all this in his language. Alas! in the presence of such a piece of work the musician is a mere dumb cripple, stammering unintelligible sounds, tottering through abortive gestures, pointing we know not whither, asking we know not for what. Passionate music? And is not Othello passionate? Coquettish music? and is not Susanna coquettish? Tender music? and is not Orpheus tender? Cool music? and is not Judas Maccabæus cool? Impudent music? And is not the snatch of dance tune of a Parisian grisette impudent? And which of these sorts of music shall fit our Cherubino, be our page? Shall we fuse, in wonderful nameless abomination of nonsense, all these different styles, these different suggestions, or shall, as in a masquerade, this dubious Cherubino, never seen with his own face and habit, appear successively in the musical trappings of

Othello, of Orpheus, of Susanna, of Judas Maccabæus, and of the grisette? Shall we, by means of this fusion, or this succession of musical incongruities, have got one inch nearer to Cherubino? Shall we, in listening to the mere wordless combination of sounds, be able to say, as we should with the book or the actors before us, this is Cherubino? What, then, can music give us, with all its powers of suggestion and feeling, if it cannot give us this? It can give us one thing, not another; it can give us emotion, but it cannot give us the individual whom the emotion possesses. With its determined relations between the audible movement and the psychic movement, it can give us only musical gesture, but never musical portrait; the gesture of composure or of violence, the solemn tread of self-possessed melody, the scuffling of frantically rushing up and down, of throbbing, quivering, gasping, passion-broken musical phrases; it can give us the rhythm which prances and tosses in victory, and the rhythm which droops, and languishes and barely drags itself along for utter despair. All this it can give us, even as the painter can give the ecstatic bound forward of Signorelli's "Calling of the Blessed," or the weary, dreary enfolding in gloomy thought of Michael Angelo's "Jeremiah;" this much which we can only call gesture, and which expresses only one thing, a mood. Let the hopeful heroes of Signorelli, stretching forth impetuous arms toward Paradise, only lose sight of the stately viol-playing angels who guide them, let them suddenly see above them the awful sword of the corseleted Angel of Judgment, and they will sink, and grovel, and writhe, and their now upturned faces will be dragged in the dust; let the trumpet of warfare and triumph shrill in the ear of Michael Angelo's "Jeremiah," and the dreary dream will be shaken off; he will leap up, and the compressed hand-gagged mouth will open with the yell of battle; let only the emotion change, and the whole gesture, the attitude, plastic or musical, must change also; the already existing, finite, definite work will no longer suffice; we must have a new picture, or statue, or piece of music. And in these inexplicit arts of mere suggestion, we cannot say, as in the explicit

art of poetry, this grovelling wretch is a proud and hopeful spirit ; this violent soldier is a vague dreamer ; this Othello who springs on Desdemona like a wild beast, loves her as tenderly as a mother does her child. Unliterary art, plastic or musical, is inexorable ; the man who grovels is no proud man ; the man who falls down to the right and left is no dreamer ; the man whose whole soul is wrath and destruction, is no lover ; the mood is the mood ; art can give only it ; and the general character, the connection between moods, the homogeneous something which pervades every phase of passion, however various, escapes the powers of all save the art which can speak and explain. How then obtain our Cherubino ? our shiftest and most fickle of pages ? How ? Why, by selecting just one of his very many moods, the one which is nearest allied to fickleness and volubility ; the mood which must most commonly be the underlying, the connecting one, the mood into which all his swagger and sentiment sooner or later resolve ; the tone of voice into which his sobs will quickest be lost, the attitude which will soonest replace the defiant strut ; the frame of mind which, though one and indivisible itself, is the nearest to instability—levity.

Let Cherubino sing words of tenderness and passion, of audacity and shyness, to only one sort of music, to light and careless music ; let the jackanapes be for ever before us, giggling and pirouetting in melody and rhythm ; it will not be Cherubino, the whole Cherubino ; it will be only a miserable fragmentary indication of him, but it will be the right indication ; the psychological powers of music do not go far, but thus far they can go. Analysis of the nature of musical expression has shown us how much it may accomplish ; the scientific investigation is at an end, the artistic judgment must begin. Chapelmaster Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, here are your means of musical expression, and here is the thing to be expressed ; on careful examination it appears distinctly that the only way in which, with your melodies, rhythms, and harmonies, you can give us, not a copy, but a faint indicative sketch, something approaching the original as much as four lines traced in the alley sand of your Schloss Mira-

bell Gardens at Salzburg resemble the general aspect of the Mirabell Palace ; that the only way in which you can give us such a distantly approximative . . .

Signor Maestro Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Vice-Chapelmaster of His Most Reverend Highness the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, has meanwhile sat down at his table near his thin-legged spinet, with the birdcage above and the half-emptied beer-glass at his side ; and his pen is going scratch, scratch, scratch as loud as possible.

"The only way in which you can possibly give us such a distantly approximative copy of the page Cherubino as shown" . . . (Scratch, scratch, scratch goes the pen on the rough music paper), "as shown in the words of Beaumarchais and of your librettist D'Aponte, is to compose music of the degree of levity required to express the temper *jackanapes*."

The Chapelmaster Mozart's pen gives an additional triumphant creak as its point bends in the final flourish of the word *finis* ; Chapelmaster Mozart looks up—

"What was that you were saying about jackanapes ? Oh, yes, to be sure, you were saying that literary folks who try to prescribe to musicians are jackanapes, weren't you ? Now, do me the favor, when you go out, just take this to the theatre copyist ; they are waiting in a hurry for Cherubino's song. . . . Yes, that was all very interesting about the jackanapes and all the things music can express. . . . Who would have thought that musical expression is all that ? Lord, Lord, what a fine thing it is to have a reasoning head and know all about the fundamental moods of people's characters ! My dear sir, why don't you print a treatise on the musical interpretation of the jackanapes and send it to the University of Vienna for a prize ? that would be a treatise for you ! Only do be a good creature and take this song at once to the copyist. . . . I assure you I consider you the finest musical philosopher in Christendom."

The blotted, still half wet sheet of note-paper is handed across by Chapelmaster Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. It is the manuscript of "Voi che sapete."

"But, dearest Chapelmaster Mozart, the air which you have just written ap-

pears to be not in the least degree light—it is even extremely sentimental. How can you, with such phrases, express the Cherubino of Beaumarchais?"

"And who, my dear Mr. Music Philosopher, who the deuce told you that I wanted to express the Cherubino of Beaumarchais?"

Chapelmaster Mozart, rising from his table, walks up and down the room with his hands crossed beneath his snuff-colored coat-tails, humming to himself,

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete s' io l' ho nel cor,

and stops before the cage hanging in the window, and twitching the chickweed through the wires, says:

"Twee! twee! isn't that a fine air we have just composed, little canary-bird, eh?"

"Twee! twee!" answers the canary.

Mozart has willed it so; there is no possible appeal against his decision; his artistic sense would not listen to our logic; our arguments could not attain him, for he simply shook from off his feet the dust of logic land, and calmly laughed defiance from the region of artistic form, where he had it all his own way, and into which we poor wretches can never clamber. So here is the page's song irrevocably sentimental; and Mozart has been in his grave ninety years; and we know not why, but we do shrink from calling in Offenbach or Lecoq to rewrite that air in true jackanapsian style. What can be done? There still remains another hope.

For the composer, as we have seen, could give us—as could the painter or the sculptor—only one mood at a time; for he could give us only one homogeneous artistic form. But this artistic form exists so far only in the abstract, in the composer's brain or on the paper. To render it audible we require the performer; on the performer depends the real, absolute presence of the work; or, rather, to the performer is given the task of creating a second work, of applying on to the abstract composition the living inflexions and accentuations of the voice. And here, again, the powers of musical expression, of awaking association by means of sounds or manner of giving out sounds such as we recognize, automatically or consciously, to accompany the emotion that is to be conveyed,

here again these powers are given to the artist to do therewith what he chooses. This second artist, this performer, is not so free indeed as the first artist, the composer; he can no longer choose among the large means of expression the forms of melody and rhythm, the concatenation of musical phrases; but there are still left to him the minor modes of expression, the particular manner of setting forth these musical forms, of treating this rhythm; the notes are there, and their general relations to one another, but on him depends the choice of the relative stress on the notes, of the tightening or slackening of their relations; of the degree of importance to be given to the various phrases. The great outline cartoon is there, but the cunning lights and shades, transitions, abrupt or insensible, from tint to tint, still remain to be filled up. A second choice of mood is left to the singer. And see! here arises a strange complication; the composer having in his work chosen one mood, and the singer another, we obtain in the fusion or juxtaposition of the two, works of the two moods, that very thing we desire, that very shimmer and oscillation of character which the poet could give, that dualism of nature required for Cherubino. What is Cherubino? A sentimental jackanapes. Mozart in his notes has given us the sentiment, and now we can get the levity from the performer—unthought-of combination, in which the very irrational, illogical choice made by the composer will help us. Here are Mozart's phrases, earnest, tender, noble—Mozart's love song fit for a Bellario or a Romeo; now let this be sung quickly, lightly, with perverse musical head-tossing and tripping and ogling, let this passion be gabbed out flippantly, impudently—and then, in this perfect mixture of the noble and ignoble, of emotion and levity, of poetry and prose, we shall have, at last, the page of Beaumarchais. A brilliant combination; a combination which, thus reasoned out, seems so difficult to conceive; yet one which the instinct of half, nay, of nearly all the performers in creation, would suggest. A page? A jackanapes? Sing the music as befits him; giggle and ogle and pirouette, and languish out Mozart's music; a universal

idea, now become part and parcel of tradition ; the only new version possible being to give more or less of the various elements of giggling, ogling, pirouetting, and languishing ; to slightly vary the style of jackanapes.

But no ; another version did remain possible : that strange version given by that strange solemn little Spanish singer, after whose singing of " *Voi che sapete* " we all felt dissatisfied, and asked each other " What has she done with the page ? " That wonderful reading of the piece in which every large outline was so grandly and delicately traced, every transition so subtly graduated or marked, every little ornament made to blossom out beneath the touch of the singular crisp, sweet voice : that reading which left out the page. Was it the blunder of an idealess vocal machine ? or the contradictory eccentricity of a seeker after impossible novelty ? Was it simply the dulness of a sullen, soulless little singer ? Surely not. She was neither an idealess vocal machine, nor a crotchety seeker for new readings, nor a soulless sullen little creature ; she was a power in art. A power, alas ! wasted forever, of little or no profit to others or herself ; a beautiful and delicate artistic plant uprooted just as it was bursting into blossom, and roughly thrown to wither in the sterile dust of common life, while all around the insolent weeds lift up their prosperous tawdry heads. Of this slender little dark creature, with the delicate stern face of the young Augustus, not a soul will ever remember the name. She will not even have enjoyed the cheap triumphs of her art, the applause which endures two seconds, and the stalkless flowers which wither in a day ; the clapping which interrupts the final flourish, the tight-packed nosegays which thump down before the feet, of every fiftieth-rate mediocrity. Yet the artistic power will have been there, though gone to waste in obscurity ; and the singer will have sung, though only for a day, and for that day unnoticed. Nothing can alter that. And nothing can alter the fact that, while the logical heads of all the critics, and the soulless throats of all the singers in Christendom have done their best, and ever will do

their best, to give us a real musical Cherubino, a real sentimental whippersnapper of a page, this utterly unnoticed little singer did persist in leaving out the page most completely and entirely. Why ? Had you asked her, she would have been the last person in the world capable of answering the question. Did she consider the expression of such a person as Cherubino a prostitution of the art ? Had she some theory respecting the propriety of dramatic effects in music ? Not in the very least ; she considered nothing and theorized about nothing : she probably never had such a thing as a thought in the whole course of her existence. She had only an unswerving artistic instinct, a complete incapacity of conceiving the artistically wrong, an imperious unreasoning tendency to do the artistically right. She had read Mozart's air, understood its exquisite proportions, created it afresh in her appreciation, and she sang it in such a way as to make its beauty more real, more complete. She had unconsciously carried out the design of the composer, fulfilled all that could be fulfilled, perfected the mere music of Mozart's air. And as in Mozart's air there was and could be (inasmuch as it was purely beautiful) no page Cherubino, so also in her singing of the air there was none : Mozart had chosen, and she had abided by his choice.

Such is the little circle of fact and argument. We have seen what means the inherent nature of music afforded to composer and performer for the expression of Beaumarchais's Cherubino ; and we have seen the composer, and the performer who was true to the composer, both choose, instead of expressing an equivocal jackanapes, to produce and complete a beautiful work of art. Were they right or were they wrong ? Criticism, analysis, has said all it could, given all its explanations ; artistic feeling only remains to judge, to condemn, or to praise : this one fact remains, that in the work of the great composer we have found only certain lovely patterns made out of sounds ; but in them, or behind them, not a vestige of the page Cherubino.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE MIND'S MIRROR.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

IN very varied fashions has philosophy endeavored at various stages of its career to solve the problem of the face as the mind's mirror, and to gain some clue thereby to the ways and workings of the brain. Often when philosophy was at its worst and vainest, has the problem appeared most certain of solution. From classic ages, onward to the days of Lavater, Gall, and Spurzheim, the wise and occult have regarded their systems of mind-localization as adapted to answer perfectly all the conditions whereby an inquiring race could test their deductions. But as time passed and knowledge advanced, system after system of mind-philosophy has gone by the board, and has been consigned to the limbo of the extinct and non-existent. Now and then the shreds and patches of former years are sought out by the curious to illustrate by comparison the higher and better knowledge of to-day; and occasionally one may trace in the by-paths of latter-day philosophies, details which figured prominently as the sum and substance of forgotten systems and theories of matter and of mind. So that the student of the rise and decline of philosophies learns to recognize the transient in science as that which is rapidly lost and embodied in succeeding knowledge, and the permanent as that which through all succeeding time remains stamped by its own and original individuality. Especially do such remarks apply to the arts which have been employed to find "the mind's construction" in face or head. If Lavater's name and his long list of "temperaments" are things of the far-back past in science, no less dim are the outlines of the extinct science of brain-pans, over which Gall and Spurzheim labored so long and lovingly, but for the name of which the modern student looks in vain in the index of physiological works dealing with the subjects "phrenology" once called its own. Pursued together in out-of-the-way holes and corners, the systems of Lavater and Gall are represented among us to-day chiefly by devotees whose acquaintance with the anatomy

and physiology of the brain is not that of the scientific lecture-room, but that of the philosophers who deal in busts, and to whom a cranium represents an object only to be measured and mapped out into square inches of this quality and half-inches of that. Neglected because of their resting on no scientific basis, the doctrines of phrenology and physiognomy have died as peacefully as the "lunar hoax" or the opposition to the theory of gravitation. And the occasionally prominent revival of their tenets in some quarters, but represents the feeble scintillations which attend the decay and announce the transient survivals of movements whose days are numbered as parts of philosophical systems.

Whatever reasonable deductions and solid advances regarding the functions of brain and mind either "science" tended to evolve, have been long ago incorporated with the swelling tide of knowledge. Phrenology has vanished in the general advance of research regarding the functions of the brain; a region which, apparently without a cloud in the eyes of the confident phrenologist, is even yet unpenetrated in many of its parts by the light of recent experiment and past discoveries. Similarly the science of physiognomy has its modern outcome in the cant phrases and common knowledge with which we mark the face as the index to the emotions, and through which we learn to read the broader phases of the mind's construction. But the knowledge of the face—

as a book

Where men may read strange matters.

has been more fortunate than the science of brain-pans, in respect of its recent revival under new aspects and great authority. From Eusthenes, who "judged men by their features," to Lavater himself, the face was viewed as the mask which hid the mind, but which, as a general rule, corresponded also to the varying moods of that mind, and related itself, as Lavater held, to the general conformation and temperament of the

whole body. So that the acute observer might be supposed to detect the general character of the individual by the conformation of the facial lineaments—crediting a balance of goodness here or a soul of evil there, or sometimes placing his verdict in Colley Cibber's words, "That same face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery." It argues powerfully in favor of the greater reasonableness of the science of faces, over its neighbor-science of crania, that we find even the vestiges of its substance enduring among us still. Of late years the face and its changes have become a new the subject of scientific study, although in a different aspect from that under which Lavater and his compeers regarded it. Now, the physiognomy is viewed, not so much in the light of what it is, as of how it came to assume its present features. Facial movements and "gestic lore" are studied to-day in the light of what they were once, and of their development and progress. Admitting, with Churchill, the broad fact that the face—

by nature's made

An index to the soul,

modern science attempts to show how that index came to be compiled. In a word, we endeavor, through our modern study of physiognomy, to account for how the face came to be the veritable "Dyall of the Affections" which the science of yesterday and that of to-day agree in stamping it.

Regarding the face as the chief centre wherein the emotions and feelings which constitute so much of the individual character are localized, common observation shows us, however, that the mind's index is not limited to, the play of features alone. A shrug of the shoulders may speak as eloquently of disdain as the stereotyped curl of the upper lip and nose. The "attitude" of fear is as expressive as the scared look. The outstretched and extended palms of horror are not less typical than the widely opened eyes and the unclosed lips. Gesture language—the speech of the bodily muscles—is in truth almost as much a part of our habitual method of expression as the muscular play of the face; and the emotions displayed by the countenance gain immeasurably in intensity when aided by the appropriate gestures

which we have come tacitly to recognize as part and parcel of our waking lives. No better portrait of the part which muscular movements play in the enforcement of language and feelings has been drawn than that of Shakespeare's Wolsey. Here the picture teems with acts of gesture, each eloquent in its way, and testifying to the conflicting passions and emotions which surged through the busy brain of Henry's counsellor:—

Some strange commotion

Is in his brain; he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

We thus obtain, from the full consideration of the means which exist for the expression of the emotions, the knowledge that not the face alone, but the common movements of body and limbs, have to be taken into account in the new science of emotional expression which has thus arisen among us. Properly speaking, the modern physiognomy is one of the body as a whole, and not of face alone; and, above all, it is well to bear in mind that the newer aspect of the science deals not merely and casually with this gesture or that, but with the deeper problem of how the gesture came to acquire its meaning and how the "strange postures" of face and form were evolved.

By way of fit preface to such a subject as the expression of the emotions in a scientific sense, we may, firstly, glance at the emotions themselves and at their general relations to the bodily and mental mechanism of which they form the outward sign and symbol. It is well that, primarily, we should entertain some clear idea as to the exact place which the emotions occupy in the list of mental phases and states. Leaving metaphysical definitions as but little fitted to elucidate and aid a popular study, we may feasibly enough define an "emotion" as consisting of the particular changes which peculiar states of mind produce upon the mind and body. Such a definition, simple though it appear to be, really extends as far as any mere definition can in the endeavor to present a broad idea of what "emotions" imply

and mean. By some authors, the "emotion" is interpreted as the mental state which gives rise to the bodily disturbance. But such a mode of treating the term is simply equivalent to an attempt to define the shadow and ignore the substance. Says Dr. Tuke, whose authority in all matters relative to the relation betwixt mind and body we must gratefully acknowledge, "Everyone is conscious of a difference between a purely intellectual operation of the mind and that state of feeling or sentiment which, also internal and mental, is equally removed from (though generally involving) a bodily sensation, whether of pleasure or pain; and which, from its occasioning suffering, is often termed Passion; which likewise, because it moves our very depths, now with delight, now with anguish, is expressively called Emotion—a true commotion of the mind, and not of the mind only, but of the body." And in a footnote, Dr. Tuke is careful to remind us that "it is very certain, however, that our notion of what constitutes an emotion is largely derived from its physical accompaniments, both subjective and objective." That is to say, the nature of the mental act—which is by some authors exclusively named the emotion—may be, and generally is, imperfectly understood by us; and the name is given rather to the obvious effects of the mind's action on the face and body, than to the mental action which is the cause of these visible effects. Such a result is but to be looked for so long as the mental acts are contained and performed within a veritable arcanum of modern science. The emotion renders us conscious "subjectively," or within ourselves, of the mental states which cause the outward postures of body or phases of face. "The modern student," says Mr. Fiske, in a recent volume,* "has learned that consciousness has a background as well as a foreground, that a number of mental processes go on within us of which we cannot always render a full and satisfactory account." And while the source of the common emotions of everyday life is no doubt to be found in the ordinary sensations which originate from our contact with the outer world,

there are other emotions which arise from the "background of consciousness," and which are manifested in us as actively and typically as are the common feelings of the hour which we can plainly enough account for.

To descend from theory to example in this case is an easy task. The blush which has been called into the cheek by a remark made in our hearing, is as fair and simple an illustration of the objective source of emotions as could well be found. The production of the emotion in such a case depends upon the ordinary laws of sensation, through the operation of which we gain our knowledge of the world—nay, of ourselves also. Waves of sound set in vibration by the voice of the speaker, have impinged upon the drum of the ear. Thence converted into a nervous impression or impulse, these sound-waves have travelled along the auditory nerve to the brain. There received as a "sensation"—there appreciated and transformed into "consciousness"—the brain has shown its appreciation of the knowledge conveyed to it by the ear, in the production through the nerve-mechanism of the bloodvessels, of the suffused tint which soon overspreads the face. But this direct production of an emotion by mental action, and from the foreground of consciousness, is opposed in a manner by a second method which may be termed "subjective," by way of distinction from the objective sensation derived from the voice of the speaker, and giving rise to the blush. From the "background of consciousness," wherein Memory may be said to dwell, there may come the remembrance of the occasion which gives rise directly to the blush. Projected into the foreground of consciousness, the subjective sensation may be as vividly present with us in the spirit as when it was felt in the flesh. True to its wonted action, the brain may automatically influence the heart's action, and suffuse the countenance as thoroughly as if the original remark had that moment been made. Ringing in the ears of memory, the subjective sensation may be as powerful as when it was first received from the objective side of life. As has well been remarked, the import and effects of subjective sensations may not be lightly es-

* Darwinism and other Essays: Macmillan, 1879.

timated in the production of various phases of the mental life. "When an exceedingly painful event produces great sorrow, or a critical event great agitation, or an uncertain event great apprehension and anxiety, the mind is undergoing a passion or suffering; there is not an equilibrium between the internal state and the external circumstances; and until the mind is able to reach adequately, either in consequence of a fortunate lessening of the outward pressure, or by a recruiting of its own internal forces, the passion must continue; in other words, the wear and tear of nervous element must go on. Painful emotion is in truth *psychical pain*: and pain here, as elsewhere, is the outcry of suffering organic element—a prayer for deliverance and rest." And again, this author—Dr. Maudsley—speaking of the *rationale* of emotion, which in its graver exhibition may produce derangement of mind, says: "When any great passion causes all the physical and moral troubles which it will cause, what I conceive to happen is, that a physical impression made upon the sense of sight or of hearing is propagated along a physical path (namely, a nerve) to the brain, and arouses a physical commotion in its molecules; that from this centre of commotion the liberated energy is propagated by physical paths to other parts of the brain, and that it is finally discharged outwardly through proper physical paths, either in movements or in modifications of secretion or nutrition (e.g. the influencing of heart and blood-vessels as in blushing). The passion that is felt is the subjective side of the cerebral commotion—its *motion* out from the physical basis, as it were (*e-motion*), into consciousness—and it is only felt as it is felt by virtue of the constitution of the cerebral centres, into which have been wrought the social sympathies of successive ages of men; inheriting the accumulated results of the experiences of countless generations, the centres manifest the kind of function which is embodied in their structure. The molecular commotion of the structure is the liberation of the function; if forefathers have habitually felt, and thought, and done unwisely, the structure will be unstable and its function irregular." So much for the nature of emotion, for the

connection of the emotions with sensation, and for the part which the feelings may play in inducing aberration of mind. In the concluding words of the paragraph just quoted lies the explanation of the production of mind-derangements through a hereditary bias, namely, the perpetuated effects of ill-regulated mental acts. In the same idea, that of continued and transmitted habit, exists the key to the understanding of the origin of emotions. Above all other causes, habit has acted with extreme power and effect in inducing the association not merely of groups of actions expressive of emotions, but also in forming and stereotyping trains of thought and ideas in harmony therewith. On some such plain consideration, the real understanding of many problems of mind may be said to rest; and certainly in the subject before us it is one we cannot afford to lose sight of throughout the brief study in which we are engaged.

Any such study, however limited its range, must devote a few details to the question concerning the seat of the emotions in the chief centre of the nervous system. Of old, the peculiar system of nerves lying along the front of the spine, and called the "sympathetic system," was believed to possess the function of bringing one part of the body into relation with another part. To this system in modern physiology is assigned the chief command of those processes which constitute the "organic life" of higher animals, and which, including such functions as digestion, circulation, etc., proceed under normal circumstances independently of the direct operation of will and mind. Liable to be influenced and modified in many ways by the will and by the nervous acts which compose the waking existence of man, the sympathetic nerves may nevertheless be regarded as the chief and unconscious regulators of those processes on the due performance of which the continuity and safety of life depends. But in the physiology of past days these nerves were credited with the possession of a much more intimate relation to the play of emotions. By some authorities in a past decade of science, the seat of the emotions was referred exclusively to the nerves in question and to the processes which

they regulate. Under the influence of these nerves and of the emotions, argued these theorists, we see the functions of the body gravely affected; and in some 'epigastric centre,' as the chief nerve-mass of this system was termed, the emotions were declared to reside. But in such a theory of the emotions, results were simply mistaken for causes. On the ground that disturbance of the heart's action, or of digestion, occurred as a sign and symptom of emotion, the play of feelings was assigned to the bodily organs, whither in classic ages had been set the "passions" and "humors" residing in spleen, liver, and elsewhere. But in modern science *nous avons changé tout cela*. If we are not thoroughly agreed as to the exact location of the emotions in the brain itself, we at least by common consent regard the central organ of the nervous system as the seat of the feelings which play in divers ways upon the bodily mechanism. Most readers are conversant with the fact that all brains, from those of fishes to those of quadrupeds and man, are built up on one and the same broad type; exhibiting here and there, as we ascend in the scale, greater developments of parts which in lower life were either but feebly developed or otherwise unrepresented at all. To this plain fact, we may add two others which lead toward the understanding of the seat and *locale* of the emotions. In man and his nearest allies, two of the five or six parts of which a typical brain may be said to consist have become immensely developed as compared with the other regions. And it is on this latter account that we familiarly speak of man's brain as consisting of two chief portions—the big brain, or *cerebrum*, filling well-nigh the whole brain-case; and the little brain, or *cerebellum*, which lies toward the hinder part of the head. To these chief parts of the brain we may add—by way of comprehending the emotional localities—the "sensory ganglia," or, as they are collectively termed, the "sensorium." In these latter nerve-masses or ganglia the nerves of special sense—those of sight, hearing, smell, etc.—terminate. Impressions of sight, for instance, received by the eyes, are transferred to the appropriate ganglia in which the act of mind we term "see-

ing" is excited. And so also with hearing and the other senses; the organ of sense being merely the "gateway of knowledge," and the true consciousness in which knowledge resides being thus excited within the brain. Add to these primary details one fact more, namely, that the spinal cord, protected within the safe encasement formed by the backbone, possesses at its upper or brain end a large nervous mass known as the "medulla oblongata," and our anatomical details respecting the nerve-centres may be safely concluded. From the "medulla oblongata" the nerves which in large measure regulate or affect breathing, swallowing, and the heart's action, spring; so that whatever be the importance of the "medulla oblongata" as an independent centre of mind or brain, there can be no question of its high office as a controller of processes on which the very continuance of life itself depends.

In what part of the nerve-centres are the emotions situated—in big brain, little brain, sensorium, or medulla?—is a query which may now be relevantly asked. The ingenuous reader, imbued with a blind faith in the unity of scientific opinion on matters of importance, will be surprised to find that in the archives of physiology very varied replies may be afforded to this question. Opinions backed by the weight of great authority will tell us that "big brain" is the seat of the emotions, intelligence, the will, and of all those higher nerve functions which contribute to form the characteristic mental existence of man. Such a view, say its upholders, is supported more generally and fully by the facts of physiology and zoology, and by those of sanity and insanity, than any other theory of the exact situation of the "mental light." Authority of equally eminent character, however, is opposed to the foregoing view regarding the superiority of the big brain over all other parts of the nervous centres; and in this latter instance our attention is directed to the claims of the "sensorium" as already defined, and as distinguished from the big brain itself, to represent the seat of the emotions. The emotions of the lower animals, we are reminded, bear a relation to the development of these sensory ganglia, rather

than to that of the big brain. Dr. Carpenter, for instance, insists that "it is the *sensorium*, not the cerebrum, with which the will is in most direct relation." Big brain, in the opinion of Carpenter, "is not essential to consciousness;" it is insensible itself to stimuli—that is to say, the brain itself has no sensation or feeling—and it further "is *not* the part of the brain which ministers to what may be called the "outer life" of the animal, but is the instrument exclusively of its "inner life." Impressions of sight are received by the sensory ganglia or masses in relation with the eye; and, adds Carpenter, it would seem probable that *consciousness* of sight only happens when the impression sent from the sensory ganglia to the big brain has returned to these ganglia, and has *reacted* upon these latter as the centres of sight. Thus, according to Dr. Carpenter's theory, we may hold the sensorium to be the true seat of the emotions. Inasmuch as we only become conscious of a sight-impression when it has been transmitted back to the sensory ganglia from the big brain, in like manner we become cognizant of an emotion only when the impression has been returned to the sensorium after being modified in the big brain. The latter supplies the modifying effects, but it is left for the sensory masses of the brain to excite consciousness and to further distribute the emotions through the body. By way of fortifying his position, Dr. Carpenter gives the following case, quoted from Dr. Abercrombie's "Intellectual Powers:"—"In the church of St. Peter at Cologne, the altar-piece is a large and valuable picture by Rubens, representing the martyrdom of the apostle. This picture having been carried away by the French in 1805, to the great regret of the inhabitants, a painter of that city undertook to make a copy of it from recollection; and succeeded in doing so in such a manner, that the most delicate tints of the original are preserved with the most minute accuracy. The original painting has now been restored, but the copy is preserved along with it; and even when they are rigidly compared, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the one from the other." Dr. Abercrombie also relates that Niebuhr, the cele-

brated Danish traveller, when old, blind, and infirm, used to describe to his friends, with marvellous exactitude, the scenes amid which he had passed his early days, remarking "that as he lay in bed, all visible objects shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in the past continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday." Thus, urges Dr. Carpenter, these instances, equally with Hamlet's declaration that he beholds his father in his "mind's eye," are only to be explained as ideational or internal representations of objects once seen. The "background of consciousness" has projected them forward, in other words, into the waking life in the form of subjective sensations.

The same "sensorial state" must have been produced in the case of the painter and in that of Niebuhr as was produced by the original objects each had gazed upon—"that state of the sensorium," says Carpenter, "which was *originally* excited by impressions conveyed to it by the nerves of the *external* senses, being *reproduced* by impressions brought down to it from the cerebrum (or big brain) by the nerves of the *internal* senses." Lastly, it may be added that by a third section of the physiological world the *medulla oblongata*, or in other words the upper segment of the spinal cord, is to be regarded as the seat of the feelings. The late Professor Laycock inclined strongly toward this latter opinion. He held that the changes connected with the receipt and transmission of impressions from the outside world finally ended in the medulla, and there resulted in the development of the higher feelings and sentiments; while ordinary and automatically adapted movements might take place entirely unaccompanied by sensation or consciousness. The medulla in this view is the seat "of all those corporeal actions—cries and facial movements—by which states of consciousness are manifested," and these movements "can be and are manifested automatically." Mr. Herbert Spencer's views refer "all feelings to this same centre, admitting also the co-operation of the other parts of the brain. By itself, the medulla cannot generate emotion," but, adds Mr. Spen-

cer, "it is that out of which emotion is evolved by the co-ordinating actions of the great centres above it." How, by way of conclusion, can we account for the diversity of views thus expressed, and to which side should we lean in our views regarding the seat of the emotions? Probably, as a tentative measure, we may rest most safely by assuming that the production of emotion is a compound act in which not merely the big brain but the sensorium is likewise concerned, as implied by Dr. Carpenter; and further, that through the medulla the effects of the emotions—or the emotions as we behold them in the body—are ultimately evolved. "Much may be said on both sides of the argument," to use Sir Roger de Coverley's phrase. The difficulty has nowhere been more fairly summarized than in Dr. Tuke's declaration that "there are objections to the attempt to dis sever and separately localize the intellectual and the emotional elements, mental states in which they are combined; and yet I cannot but think that such a special relationship between the emotional element and the medulla must be admitted, as shall explain why the passions act upon the muscles and upon the organic functions in a way universally felt to be different from that in which a purely intellectual process acts upon them. On the hypothesis which refers the emotional and intellectual elements equally to the hemispheres (big brain), or which does not at least recognize that the power of expressing emotions is dependent upon the medulla oblongata, it seems to me more difficult to account physiologically for the popular belief of the feelings being located in the heart or breast, and for the sensations at the pit of the stomach; while the recognition, in some form or other, of an anatomical or physiological connection between the medulla oblongata and the emotions, brings the latter into close relation with the ganglionic cells of the pneumogastric (a nerve in part controlling the movements of the heart, of breathing, and swallowing) and with the alleged origin of the sympathetic."

Thus far we have been engaged in the study of the physiology of the emotions, and in the endeavor to comprehend the nature of the feelings from the

nervous side. Our next duty lies in the direction of endeavoring to understand the development of the outward signs of the emotions as displayed not merely in the mind's mirror—the face itself—but in the body at large also. As the emotions are expressed through muscular movements of various kinds—blushing itself being no exception to this rule—our first inquiries may be directed toward ascertaining the exact nature of the relationship between mind and muscle. The ultimate question which awaits solution will resolve itself into the query, "How has this relationship been developed and perfected?" The emotion, as we have seen, may be said to include in its production the outward and visible expression of an idea, and in this light emotional movements not merely express each its particular thought, but correspond to the well-defined mental state which gave origin to the thought. Emotional movements in others are thus capable of exciting similar and corresponding thoughts in ourselves. Nay, even words and language fall into their definite place in the expression of the emotions, simply when viewed as corresponding to ideas. "Speak the word," says Dr. Maudsley, "and the idea of which it is the expression is aroused, though it was not in the mind previously; or put other muscles than those of speech into an attitude which is the normal expression of a certain mental state, and the latter is excited."

Turning to the emotions, we see the marked correspondence between ideas and muscular expression. Language expresses our meaning through "audible muscular expression;" and through "visible muscular expression" the passions hold their outward sway. Bacon's idea of the importance of the study of the expression of the emotions is well known—"the lineaments of the body do disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in general: but the motion of the countenance and parts do not only so, but do further disclose the present humor and state of the mind or will." It is no mystery, but the plainest of inferences, that the play of prominent and oft-repeated emotions may thus come to determine a special configuration of face, which may reappear in after generations in the "types" to

which Lavater and his contemporaries directed so much attention.

For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impressions strong,
says Sir Walter Scott, in describing the features of Bertram; and the poet in such a case but repeats in æsthetic phrase the plain inferences and facts of the science of life.

The muscular acts involved in the production of the most common emotions are not difficult to comprehend, and merely involve an easy anatomical study. My friend Professor Cleland of Glasgow has in a recent paper given an excellent example of this mechanism, and has incidentally shown how attitudes and gestures of body express correlated workings of mind. In the expression of movements of receiving and rejecting—of welcome and repulse—the chief muscles are concerned. The *pectoralis major*, or chief muscle on each side of the breast, is chiefly concerned in the act of embrace and welcome; a second (the *latissimus dorsi*) being employed in the act of rejection—this latter muscle might in fact, as Dr. Cleland remarks, "be called the muscle of rejection," a name which would express its action more accurately as well as more becomingly than that given to it by old anatomists. The two conditions of muscle—contraction and relaxation—under varying circumstances and combinations in different groups of muscles, may be held to be capable of expressing the entire play of human feelings. The explanation of the mechanism of expression consists merely in a knowledge—not as yet possessed by us in perfect fashion—of the various relations which may persist at one and the same moment between separate muscles in a given region, or between groups of these muscles. Look at an anatomical plate—such as may be found in Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy of Expression," enhanced for our present purpose by the addition of a text which has become of classic nature—and mark off therein the eyebrow muscles, called the *orbicularis palpebrarum* and *pyramidalis nasi*. When we speak of the lowering expression foreboding rage and anger, the lineaments are placed in the expressive phase just indicated, by the contraction of the muscles in question. It is the

occipito-frontalis muscle which contracts in the peering look of inquisitiveness or in the hopeful aspect of joy. And when the space betwixt the eyebrows becomes wrinkled, as in the frown of displeasure or in the act of solving a knotty problem, it is the *corrugator* which produces the well-known sign of the mind's trouble. The "grief muscles" of Mr. Darwin are the orbiculars, corrugators, and the pyramidalis of the nose, which act together so as to lower and contract the eyebrows, and which are partially checked in their action by the more powerful action of the central parts of the frontal muscles. These muscles induce an oblique position of the eyebrows, characteristic of grief, and associated with a depression of the corners of the mouth. So, also, we witness correlated muscular action in that most characteristic of expressions, whether seen in man or in lower animals, the action of snarling or defiance, wherein the canine or eye tooth is uncovered by the angle or corner of the mouth being "drawn a little backward, and at the same time a muscle which runs parallel to and near the nose draws up the outer part of the upper lip, and exposes the canine tooth, as in sneering, on this side of the face. The contraction of this muscle," adds Mr. Darwin, "makes a distinct furrow on the cheek, and produces strong wrinkles under the eye, especially at its inner corner." The *orbicularis palpebrarum* above mentioned closes the eyelids in sleep, and in the act of winking it is the upper fibres of this muscle which alone act. On the other hand, in executing the "knowing wink," when the lower eyelid comes into play, the lower fibres of this muscle are put in action. The distension of the nostrils (seen equally well in an over-driven horse and in an offended man, is effected by *levator* and other muscles, while one of these muscles, sending a little slip down to the upper lip, aids us, as just mentioned, in giving labial expression to a sneer.

The mouth, like the eye, is encircled by the fibres of a special muscle (the *orbicularis oris*), which closes the mouth and presses the lips against the teeth, and this expresses the idea of "firm set determination." The mouth is opened by other muscles (*levators* and *depressors*

of the lips), and it is transversely widened by the *zygomatic* muscles, and by the *risorius* muscles, which latter derive their name from the part they play in the expression of laughter. It is interesting, lastly, to note that in man's muscular system we find the remains and rudiments of many muscles of the utmost importance to, and which have a high development in, lower animals. For instance, our ear has at least three small muscles connected with it. These are rarely capable of moving the ear in man, but in such an animal as the horse they attain a great development, and effect those characteristic movements of the ears that constitute such a large part of equine expression. So also with the muscles which close the nostrils in lower animals, these latter being rudimentary in man but very highly developed in such animals as the seals, where necessity arises for closing the nostrils' apertures against the admission of water.

Although it is impossible to lay down any fixed rules on the subject, it may be affirmed as a general result that relaxation of the muscles is as a rule associated with pleasurable states of mind, while violent contraction generally accompanies the painful phases of mental action. The state of dreamy contentment, for instance, best illustrates such a general relaxation of the muscles as accompanies pleasurable emotions. Even in active joy, as in laughing, additional relaxation takes place, accompanied however by contraction of the "*zygomatic muscles*" which draw the corners of the mouth upward and backward.

The mere mechanism of muscular acts is thus not difficult of comprehension, and in connection with this part of our subject it may not be amiss to deal briefly with modes of expression subsidiary to those of the "*mind's index*," such as the movements of the hand and of other regions of the body liable to be affected in a very definite manner in the play of the passions. In the seventeenth century a certain John Bulwer published a curious volume entitled "*Chirologia, or the Natural Language of the Hand*." As the face was named the "*Dyall of the Affections*," so Bulwer applies to the hand "*the Manuall text of Utterance*." "*The gesture of the hand*," according to Bulwer, "many

times gives a hint of our intention, and speaks out a good part of our meaning, before our words, which accompany or follow it, can put themselves into a vocal posture to be understood." Again, this quaint-spoken author remarks that "the lineaments of the body doe disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in generall, but the motions doe not only so, but doe further disclose the present humour and state of the minde and will, for as the tongue speaketh to the ears, so Gesture speaketh to the eye, and therefore a number of such persons whose eyes doe dwell upon the faces and fashions of men, doe well know the advantage of this observatiõ, as being most part of their ability; neither can it bee denied but that it is a great discoverer of dissimulation and great direction of businesse. For, after one manner almost we clappe our hands in joy, wring them in sorrow, advance them in prayer and admiration: shake our head in disdaine, wrinkle our forehead in dislike, criske our nose in anger, blush in shame, and so for the most part of the most subtile motions."

In some subsequent advice given in his "*Philocophus; or the Deafe and Dumbe Man's Friend*," Bulwer asks of his readers, "What though you cannot express your mindes in these verball contrivances of man's invention;" (Bulwer really anticipated the most modern view of the origin of language; "yet you want not speech who have your *whole body* for a Tongue: having a language more naturall and significant, which is common to you with us, to wit, Gesture, the general and universall language of Humane Nature, which, when we would have our speech to have life and efficacy, wee joyne in commission with our wordes, and when wee would speak with most state and gravity, we renounce wordes and use *Nods* and other naturall signes alone." Thus does Bulwer vindicate the eloquence of silent sign-speech, which in its earliest development probably aided very largely in the formation and development of language itself. As the infant's gesture precedes its speech, so in the early phases of man's development the sign-speech probably served as a means of communication ere the principle of imitating natural sounds led to the first be-

ginning of language. Besides the play of the hands, the movements of breathing may be ranked as among the means for the due expression of the emotions. Sir Charles Bell speaks of the "respiratory" group of nerves as highly distinctive of man, and maintains that they were developed to adapt the process and organs of breathing to man's intellectual nature. Such an explanation would, of course, be utterly rejected by the evolutionist, who maintains that the means possessed by man for the expression of the emotions are explicable on utilitarian and allied grounds as having been generated by outward favoring circumstances and perpetuated by habit, or as having arisen from the perpetuation of traits of expression found in lower forms of life. The altered movements of breathing seen in the paroxysms of terror or grief, are more or less secondary effects of the emotions; they are seen equally well in the fear of many quadrupeds; and they hardly fall into the category of direct effects illustrated so markedly by the flitting shadows of the face or by the gesture language of the hands and body. Not the least interesting feature of the present subject exists in the obvious connection between the formation of words expressive of certain strong emotions, and the physical or bodily expression by the face of similar feelings. Reference has already been made to this correspondence, but the topic will bear an additional mention before we pass to consider the probable origin of the modes of emotional expression, by way of summing up the present paper. As already quoted from Dr. Maudsley, the fact of a spoken word relating itself to the idea of which it is the expression, is a well-known feature of our everyday mental existence. Many of our most primitive emotional traits bear to the words whereby we express them the relation of cause to effect. Take as an example the expression "Pooh!" What better explanation of this otherwise meaningless but at the same time expressive term can be afforded, than that it arises from the natural expiratory effort produced by, or at least naturally associated with, the protrusion of the lips in the act of rejecting some undesirable substance. The labial movement of expression gives rise to a

sound which becomes convertible into the term for disgust. The "hiss" of contempt is explicable on similar grounds; and the word "ugly" is by no means the unlikely offspring of that "ugh" which is so plainly associated with the expression of contempt and disgust.

These observations regarding the nature and mechanism of the emotions have already extended to a considerable length, and it now behoves us to summarize them shortly in the question of their development. The subject of the emotions and the origin of the means whereby we express them, like so many other subjects of physiological inquiry, received a decided impetus from the publication of Mr. Darwin's works. His "Expression of the Emotions" has already become well-nigh as classic a work as Sir Charles Bell's treatise; and the query how far Mr. Darwin's views assist us in explaining the origin of the expressions, may best be answered by showing the chief grounds upon which Mr. Darwin's explanations are based. That his views do not overtake all the difficulties of the subject, Mr. Darwin would be the first to admit; but it is equally undeniable that he makes out a strong case for the reception of his views, namely, that inheritance of traits from lower forms of life, together with modifying circumstances—such as the perpetuation of useful habits—acting upon human existence, have been the main causes of the development of expression. On three principles, according to Mr. Darwin, we may account for most of man's gestures and expressions. The first, he terms that of "serviceable associated habits." Under this first head, Mr. Darwin remarks the influence of habit and custom in perpetuating acquired movements, illustrated in the peculiar "step" of horses, and the "setting" and "pointing" of dogs. Even gestures of the most unusual type have been known to be perpetuated in human history. "A boy had the singular habit," says Mr. Darwin, "when pleased, of rapidly moving his fingers parallel to each other; and, when much excited, of raising both hands, with the fingers still moving, to the sides of his face on a level with the eyes; this boy, when almost an old man, could still hardly

resist this trick when much pleased, but from its absurdity concealed it. He had eight children. Of these, a girl, when pleased, at the age of four-and-a-half years, moved her fingers in exactly the same way, and what is still odder, when much excited, she raised both her hands, with her fingers still moving, to the sides of her face, in exactly the same manner as her father had done, and sometimes even still continued to do when alone. I never heard," concludes Mr. Darwin, "of any one excepting this one man and his little daughter who had this strange habit; and certainly imitation was in this instance out of the question." Again, during sound sleep, three generations of a particular family have been known to raise the right arm up to the forehead and then allow it to drop "with a jerk, so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of the nose." Such an act—altogether without known cause—might sometimes be "repeated incessantly for an hour or more," and the person's nose, as was naturally to be expected, gave palpable evidence of the treatment to which it had been subjected. The son of this person married a lady who had never heard of this incident, but in her husband she chronicled the same history as did her mother-in-law. One of this gentleman's daughters has inherited the same peculiarity, modifying the action, so that the palm and not the wrist strikes the nose. In lower animals many such illustrations of truly serviceable habits might be given. The perpetuation of such habits is simply a matter of "reflex nervous action"—as much, indeed, as the unconscious act of drawing back the hand from a burning surface, or of closing the eyes in a sudden flash of light. On this first principle, then, we may explain many forms of expression, as depending upon sensations of varying nature which first led to voluntary movements; and these latter, in turn, and through the ordinary laws of nervous action, have become fixed habits, notwithstanding that they may be perfectly useless to the animal form. In their most typical development, such expressions appear before us as the results of inheritance. No better illustrations of such inherited habits in man could be found than in the numerous acts which accompany furious rage

and vexation, or the fighting attitude in which an opponent is defied without any intention of attack. And on some such principle as the foregoing may we reasonably enough explain the act of uncovering the eye-tooth before alluded to, in the act of snarling or defiance. "This act in man reveals," says Mr. Darwin, "his animal descent; for no one, even if rolling on the ground in a deadly grapple with an enemy, and attempting to bite him, would try to use his canine teeth more than his other teeth. We may readily believe," adds our author, "from our affinity to the anthropomorphous apes, that our male semi-human progenitors possessed great canine teeth, and men are now occasionally born having them of unusually large size, with interspaces in the opposite jaw for their reception."

Mr. Darwin's second principle on which the expression of the emotions and their origin may be accounted for, he terms that of "antithesis." By this term he means to indicate the fact that certain mental states lead to certain definite acts, which, as just explained by the first principle, may be serviceable to the animal—or which may in time lose both their serviceable tendency and their original meaning, as we have also seen. Now, if we suppose that a directly opposite phase of mind to these first mental states is produced, actions may follow which will express the latter and not the original states. These antithetical and antagonistic actions are of no use, but at the same time they may be expressive enough. The dog who approaches an intruder with irate growl, erect head and tail, stiff ears, and a general attitude of attack, on discovering that he has been menacing a friend, at once changes his expression. He fawns upon the supposed antagonist, becomes servile to a degree, and completely reverses his former attitude. Such is an example of the antagonistic nature of certain modes of expression, which are explicable, Mr. Darwin holds, only on the supposition of their antithetical nature. The servile or affectionate movements of the dog are of no direct service to the animal, but represent the mere revulsion of feeling which represents nerve-force or emotion speeding into channels of opposite nature from those

into which in the angry condition they had been directed. The shrugging of man's shoulders may be selected as the best example of the antagonistic methods of expression. Here we confess by sign language our inability to perform an action, or as often exhibit a total indifference to the matter in hand—the polite *comme il vous plaira!* accompanied by this gesture, placing the latter before us in its true significance. As to the origin of the expression, it may perhaps be most clearly explained, as Mr. Darwin holds, by regarding it as the antithetical and passive phase of actions and expressions which had for their object some very active and direct piece of business—most probably that of attack.

The third and last principle used to explain the origin of the emotions is more strictly a matter of pure physiology than the preceding conditions. Mr. Darwin terms this last a principle involving “the direct action of the nervous system.” It acts independently of the will from the first, and is independent to a certain extent of habit likewise. A strong impulse or steady impression sent through the brain causes a correspondingly large expenditure or liberation of nerve force, which escapes by those channels which are first opened for its reception, and thus produces very varied and marked expressions. In such a category we might place the remarkable changes which grief is known to effect in the color of the hair; as for instance where, in a man led forth to execution in India, the hair was seen to undergo a change of color as the culprit walked. Muscular tremor and the quaking of limbs—paralleled by the more severe convulsions from fright of hysterical persons and young children—are forms of expression which cannot be explained save on the idea of nerve-force speeding along the channels, which, through some unknown condition of the nervous system, have been opened for its reception in preference to others. So also the phenomena of blushing illustrate Mr. Darwin's third principle, which might well be termed the diffusion of nerve force, modified by habit, by inheritance, and by personal peculiarities. Here a mental emotion is transferred to the skin-surface, and especially—but not in-

variably—to the face, producing the well-known tinge which Wilkinson, in his “Human Body and its connection with Man,” describes as the “celestial rosy red,” and which he defines as the “proper hue” of love; while “lively Shame blushes and mean Shame looks Earthly.” Carried to an extreme degree, as in the case of the Belgian “stigmatics,” the same emotion produces the bleeding points of the religious devotees, of whom St. Francis himself is the type. The earlier writers on expression contended that blushing was specially designed from the beginning, that—according to one author—“the soul might have sovereign power of displaying in the cheeks the various internal emotions of the moral feelings.” To explain blushing on more reasonable grounds, it is necessary to have recourse to the idea that a sensitive regard for the opinions of others acts primarily on the mind—inducing a play of emotion which, coursing through the nerves regulating the circulation of the face especially, results in the dilatation of the minute blood vessels of the part to which attention has been directed. Concentration of attention on the face lies at the root of the mental act involved in blushing, and that such attention has not escaped the effects of habit and inheritance is the safest of conclusions founded on the common experience of our race.

It remains, finally, to direct attention to the general proofs which the evolution theory, resting the origin of human emotions chiefly upon the idea of our derivation and descent from lower stages of existence, is entitled to produce by way of supporting the latter conclusion. It is very noticeable that the will has, at the most, but little share in the development of the emotions, just as in many cases (*e.g.*, the phenomena of blushing) it is powerless to hinder their expression. Nor have most of the typical modes of expression been newly acquired—that is, they do not appear as our own and original acts—since many traits are exhibited from our earliest years, and may then be as typically represented as in later life. Equally valuable is the evidence which the observation of abnormal phases of the human mind reveals in support of the inherited nature of our chief emotions.

The blind display the typical emotions (*e.g.*, blushing) equally with those who see. Laura Bridgman, the trained deaf-mute, laughed, clapped her hands, and blushed truly by instinct and nature, and not from imitation or instruction. This girl likewise shrugged her shoulders as naturally as her seeing and hearing neighbors, and nodded her head affirmatively and shook it negatively by a similar instinct. Not less remarkable, as testifying to the inherent nature of human expressions, is the experience of the physician who labors among the insane. The idiot will cackle like a goose as his only language, or give vent to monosyllables which are little above the simple cries of the animal world in complexity or meaning. Every act and expression is not originally of the man but of the truly animal. "Whence come the animal traits and instincts in man! . . . Whence come the savage snarl, the destructive disposition, the obscene language, the wild howl, the offensive habits, displayed by some of the insane?" "Are these traits," asks Dr. Maudsley, "really the reappearance of a primitive instinct of animal nature—a faint echo from a far-distant past, testifying to a kinship which man has almost outgrown, or has grown too proud to acknowledge?"

No doubt such animal traits are marks of extreme human degeneracy, but it is no explanation to call them so; degenerations come by law, and are as natural as law can make them. . . . Why should a human being deprived of his reason ever become so brutal in character as some do, unless he has the brute nature within him?" "We may," concludes this eminent authority, "without much difficulty trace savagery in civilization, as we can trace animalism in savagery; and in the degeneration of insanity, in the *unkinding*, so to say, of the human kind, there are exhibited marks denoting the elementary instincts of its composition." These are weighty words; but the grounds on which they are uttered amply justify their conclusions. Turn in which direction we will, we meet with evidences of man's lowly origin—now in a plain proof of his kinship with lower forms, now in a mere suggestion presented in some by-path of nature, showing us a possible connection with humbler grades—and even in the passing flash of emotion which, sweeping across the mirror of the mind, reveals the workings of the soul within, we may find, as in a random thought, a clue to the origin of our race.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

HOW TO EAT BREAD.

BY LOUISA S. BEVINGTON.

AGITATION is the order of the present day. From a number of causes average Englishmen and women show an increasing readiness to rush into public with their convictions. The age has, indeed, been called one of "loud discussion and weak conviction;" but most of the social, sanitary, and other agitations now rife in this country evidence the former characteristic far more clearly than the latter. Hubbub is loud, just because the freedom of the press, together with a certain modern alertness, and liking for information, renders the swift circulation through society of individual enthusiasms an easy matter; but the enthusiasms exist, and there is at bottom a real increase of genuine public-spiritedness animating class on behalf of class, and inciting individuals to devote them-

selves, more and more frequently and heartily, to the help of the community at large.

True, some of the convictions thus ready or even loud of utterance give signs of being weak and tentative at heart; but by far the larger part of them are strong even to dogmatism. Weak or strong, however, the habit of the day is to put conviction to the test of public opinion and public ordeal; to ride one's hobby up and down the Queen's highway, crying its merits, and inviting to follow in its footsteps any one who will. Not a question but has its literature, its meetings, its headquarters, its committee and secretary, and its list of distinguished, or quasi-distinguished, patrons. All this paraphernalia goes far to make the veriest trifle look im-

portant; and among the numberless leagues, societies, and alliances fanned into flower by our modern talkativeness, many *are* trifling and yield no fruit. On the other hand, some of the questions thus agitated are momentous enough; their bearings are vital and permanent, and their roots, whether for good or ill, are profoundly buried in the very life of the community.

Whatever be the drawbacks of the advertising and agitating habit of modern reform, there is certainly this advantage about it:—The many speedily get the benefit of the thoughts of the few touching the rights, wrongs, or duties of all; and their share of responsibility is thus thrust upon lazy or ignorant souls who had otherwise existed as opinionless dead weights. Experiment gets thus a better chance of fair trial, public or private, as the case may be; and, as the law of fit survival holds good in regard to agitations as everywhere else, we may hope that the good secured by the survival and the solidification into permanent social institutions of fit reforms, outweighs the harm incidentally worked by the waste of energy expended in promotion of ephemeral and foolish fusses that have for their end something nobody needs to attain. We do not always know what we want—it does not always occur to us that a good thing to which we have a right lies at our door, waiting for us to take possession of it—until some agitator tells us about it.

The object of the present paper is to draw attention to one such thing.

Among the societies which have sprung into existence, and made rapid way within the past twelve months, is a *League* that believes in brown bread, properly made, and that agitates for its making and baking, and pressing, by example and precept, upon the acceptance of the children of the poor.

The society calls itself the *Bread Reform League*; and its members energetically labor to bring home to the mind of the public the conviction that our ordinary English disposal of bread material is wasteful, and dietetically foolish, owing to the rejection as human food of certain nutritious parts of the wheat.

The contention of bread reformers against bread as at present made is twofold—indeed threefold. They object to

white bread. They object to *ordinary brown bread*. They object, though in less degree, to the "*whole*" *meal brown bread* which has of late years been the nearest approach to the right thing we, in England, have been able to procure.

What the right thing is, it is my purpose to show. But before describing it, and enlarging upon its merits, let us notice the grounds of objection to that wrong thing which, in one of its three forms, was probably upon the reader's breakfast table this morning.

To understand these objections we must have before our mind's eye a notion of what a grain of wheat really is, and its relation to ourselves as an article of food.

I have before me the picture of a magnified section of the grain. I see that all the central and by far the larger part of this section is composed of the cells from which alone white flour is made. Analysts tell us that these cells contain a very large proportion of starch, and a small percentage of the nourishing substance known as gluten. Surrounding this white central portion of each grain of wheat are five layers of other cells. And outside all is the hard skin or "*cortex*"—a woody, fibrous, and even flinty covering, which contains nothing valuable as human food.

But the layers of cells *lying between this hard skin and the central white portion* are rich in materials which go to support life. The inmost layer—that next to the starchy centre—is composed of large cells, chiefly formed of gluten. The remaining layers are full of useful mineral matters.

Properly to sustain human life and health, it is needful that a due proportion of all the materials which exist in each of these parts of the grain respectively, should be taken in food. There are but few articles of diet which contain them all, and in the right proportions; among these are milk, and eggs, and bread made from the whole of the wheaten grain.

The office of each of the constituents of the wheat is definitely known in regard to the support of life. The starch is valuable as a heat producer. The gluten goes to form flesh. The phosphatic salts and other mineral matters go to the formation of bone and teeth, and to the

nourishment of brain and nerves. And bread reformers tell us that the cheapest, the most convenient, and most universally wholesome way of getting the required proportions of these various necessities of life into the system, is to take them in the shape of properly made wheaten bread.

(a) The objection to white bread may now be readily guessed. It contains but a *part* of the needful nutriment, and that part in *too large a proportion*. And the whiter it is, the worse it is in these two respects. Any one who had to live upon it, and upon nothing else, would starve his bones and his brains, and would speedily lapse into ill health. Too large a proportion of starch is retained in the preparing of white flour; a large proportion of muscle- and tissue-formers, and almost all the material for formation of bone and nourishment of nerves and brain, being rejected, and put to other purposes. For some reason or other, we have been for generations wasting a great deal of precious human food. What that reason is we will inquire later.

In the absence of sufficient bone-forming material children become liable to "rickets." The children of our English poor are singularly subject to bone-disorder of this kind, and the fact is largely attributable to the custom of eating bread made exclusively from that white flour which is so deficient in lime and phosphates. For in the case of the poor, the missing requisites of diet are not supplied by the meat, milk, and eggs which, being readily obtainable by the wealthier classes, prevent the insufficiency of white bread from becoming, in their case, obvious. "A very small proportion of phosphate of lime introduced into the dietary of a growing child is capable of making the difference between deformity and development."

(b) Next, what are the objections to ordinary brown bread.

What is brown bread as commonly made? Generally nothing more nor less than white flour, with some of the outer husk—the hard, innutritious coatings of the grain—coarsely ground, and mixed with the flour. It is, as an article of diet, even worse than the pure white bread; for it adds to the negative disadvantages of the latter its own posi-

tive disadvantage. This disadvantage consists in its irritating property, which is owing to the presence of the rough, hard, indigestible husk. Its behavior when eaten is, by its mechanical action, to irritate the alimentary canal, so that the food does not actually remain long enough in the body for what nourishment it contains to be duly absorbed and assimilated. Such bread is thus not only wasteful of its own material, but also of the human life-force and machinery that has to do with it.

(c) The objection to *whole-meal* bread is less than to either of the former kinds. Nothing said against *white* bread applies to it at all. We have in it the precious phosphatic salts in sufficiency, and also gluten and albumen in the full proportion. But the drawbacks of the *brown* bread remain. The *whole-meal* bread contains the flinty cortex, or skin; and, as commonly ground between stones, the harder parts of the grain (including this hardest of all) are left in coarse angular bits. This bread is, though intrinsically richer in nourishing matters, no less irritating than common brown bread; and the nutriment is, therefore, not fully extracted from it by the eater, because its irritating property shortens the time of its digestion, and does not allow the system time enough properly to assimilate it.

This objection to brown bread—whether of the ordinary innutritious kind, or the more modern whole-meal bread—is felt strongly by the working classes, who, without reasoning on the matter, find their way to the right practical conclusion in regard to it. Such persons, never having had the chance of getting a brown bread which is not irritating, and possibly associating this drawback with the *brownness* of the bread, continue to prefer and to buy white bread. And the whiter it is, the more they believe in its excellence as an article of food. Dr. Gilbert, F.R.S., in a letter to the secretary of the Society of Arts, demurs to the introduction of bread made from the whole of the meal partly on this ground. He draws attention to the fact above noted, remarking that navvies and other members of the hard-working class invariably prefer white bread to brown; and he attributes this to the experience of the men,

who find themselves less nourished by brown bread on account of its stimulating quality. There is, of course, further to be considered the comparative unpalatableness of most brown bread. The brown breads hitherto within reach of the poor *have* been unsatisfactory. The "right thing" in bread has as yet had no fair trial.

Let us now definitely describe what that "right thing" is. We are prepared to demand of it that it should combine the digestibility of white bread with the nutritive quality of whole meal bread, while sharing the disadvantages of neither. First as to its nourishing properties.

The *wheat-meal* bread that we desire to see substituted for the only semi-nutritious article now in vogue among the poor is stated to be of such efficiency as food that a shilling's-worth of it will provide an ample meal for nine grown-up persons. Nothing is discarded in preparation of the wheat-meal except the innutritious outmost skin of the grain. The five layers of cells containing the valuable mineral matters before named are all retained.

Next, as to its digestibility. Wheat-meal bread, in common with whole-meal bread, contains not only all the elements necessary for nutrition, but also "cere-*aline*," a substance which operates as a ferment, promoting digestion. Dr. H. C. Bartlett tells us that "within the cellular formation of these skins (or layers) a curious fermentative, albuminous principle is found, which in itself not only affords a most valuable nutritive quality, but has also the effect of rendering the flour of the kernel more easy of conversion into a digestible condition, and materially assists in a rude *panification*, or bread-making, which, however primitive, affords strong and healthy food staple." The superior digestibility, however, of wheat-meal bread over other whole-meal bread depends upon two further characteristics special to itself;—1st, *its freedom from the hard, objectionable, and useless outer skin*; 2d, *the fineness to which the meal composing it is ground*. These two characteristics distinguish it from all other brown breads made in England, and insure its complete wholesomeness. In ordinary brown bread, as in whole-meal bread,

there exist "split chaff, awns, and other bristly processes, besides, in some cases, *débris* of various kinds, and bran-flakes." These matters are what cause the unsuitability of such bread for the ordinary diet of the majority. Wheat-meal bread is made from meal freed from these irritants; the grain having been subjected to a process of scraping, called *decortication*, before being ground.

The other result—the fineness of the ground meal—is obtained by the use of suitable *steel* mills. Only in a steel mill is the fine grinding of the harder parts of the grain possible without damage to the quality of the grain.* Ground in the ordinary way between stones, the branny portions of the grain are necessarily delivered in those large, angular flakes which are the cause of the irritating and indigestible properties alike of common and of whole-meal brown bread. By the use of a well-adapted steel mill the grain is cut or chopped into minute fragments of a granular form. Besides avoiding the evil just noted, this process has a further advantage—the nutritive properties of the grain so treated undergo none of the deterioration which always accompanies the fine crushing of meal between stones. Such fine crushing develops much heat; which heat, in technical phrase, "kills the quality" of the meal, so that it is impossible to make really light bread from it.

Besides this fine, steel-mill grinding, it is especially important that the meal be passed through an 18-mesh sieve, as further security against the retention of any large or angular particles. What will not pass the first time should then be re-ground. This simple but perfect process completely remedies the irritating quality of the meal.

Miss Yates, the earliest agitator in the matter, observed two years ago, when traveling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily, and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well-ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. "The Hindoos of the

* We have even heard of several instances in which housekeepers have been in the habit of buying the grain whole, and grinding it at home for bread-making in an ordinary coffee-mill. But a steel mill it must be.

North-western Province can walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than "chapatties," made of the whole meal, with a little "ghee" or Galam butter." Turkish and Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from 400 to 600 pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetables. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheaten meal. In northern as well as southern climates we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere, the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole meal—wheat, oats, or rye—and the peasantry of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat-food, starve, if not to death, at least into sickness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer.*

White bread *alone* will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subjects of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy, and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, if fed solely on white bread for forty days, would likewise die at the end of that time, remains, of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the (scarcely yet forgotten) forty days' wonder, Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat-meal bread. Not a single piece of

strong evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would *not*; and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food.

Still, it is not a bread diet, as compared with a mixed diet of bread and other nourishing things, that we are here considering, or that the League is advocating. The comparison lies between a diet consisting mainly of white bread and one consisting mainly of wheat-meal bread.

For here lies the only choice in the case of a large number of our countrymen. The poor who inhabit the crowded alleys of our English cities cannot afford good milk, meat, or eggs. They *must* live principally on bread. And whether they know it or not, the question comes nearer to being a matter of life or death to them, what manner of bread it is they eat. Meanwhile, their wan, stunted children, frequent deformity, and early toothlessness witness directly to hardship in the particular form of deficient bone nourishment. In the interests of such, and on the part of those who concern themselves in their life-struggles, the question deserves consideration—Can we, or can we not, expect human beings to live in health and to work—can we, or can we not, expect children to grow and to develop properly—upon diet that starves a dog? The innutrition which causes a dog fed only on white bread to die in six weeks must go some way *toward* killing a human being, similarly fed, in the same period. For canine life is not so fundamentally unlike human life in the matter of physical requirement, that we can rationally expect an identical condition of food to issue in two such opposite effects as death in the one case, and unimpaired vitality in the other.

But not only do bones and teeth indubitably suffer if the mineral matters needed to form them be wanting in the food taken; the nerves and brain suffer likewise. This is to say that the character suffers; the whole universe is at each moment differently presented to consciousness; the whole experience of

* "The yeomen of Elizabeth's who drew their bowstrings to their ears and sent a cloth-yard shaft whistling through a barn door at eighty yards, ate meat about once a week, and lived the rest of the time on whole-meal bread and cheese."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

an individual is from moment to moment hurtfully modified, and reacts in proportionally degenerate tastes, feelings, and conduct, if the conditions of nerve-life be unfavorable. "*No phosphorus, no thought*," said a celebrated German; and, harshly materialistic as the saying appears, there is no escaping that fact of which it is a one-sided expression. Phosphorus is not a synonym for thought—is not thought; nor does thought depend only on phosphorus in the brain for its existence; but thinking does depend in various ways on the healthy condition of the nervous system; and the condition of the nervous system is healthiest when it can absorb a certain due measure of phosphorus. And where *no* phosphorus is supplied, the brain ceases activity entirely. Thought in our estimation will be degraded, or phosphorus elevated, by this indirect relationship, according to the view we take of one or the other; according, that is, to whether our habitual conception of things in such that thought seems to have the dignity of mystery *taken out of* it, or whether phosphorus seems to have the dignity of mystery *put into* it, by the roundabout connection between the two. For my own part, vividly realizing the supreme office of thought in the human world—nay, recognizing in thought the awakening of this unfathomable universe to a sense of its own being—I cannot conceive of its degradation through any association whatever. On the contrary, association with thought (for me) takes all the prose, all the commonplaceness, all the *lifelessness* out of that easily syllabled but evasive "*matter*," concerning which, *unspiritually accepting the senses as sole masters of the situation*, we commonly cheat ourselves by speaking so knowingly. Such association, more deeply considered, should immeasurably enhance the value, interest, and wonder of any and every simpler condition, constituent, and process that contributes, in whatever manner or degree, to the support of consciousness. But, metaphysics apart, the stubborn truth remains. An ill-nourished brain cannot perform its functions efficiently; and its possessor is for the time being so much the less a thinking being. I cannot at this moment, for instance, be thinking that

phosphorus is a mean thing (and the bread reform agitation "a storm in a tea-cup"); but by the help of that mean thing itself, taken into my nervous system in my food (*e.g.* in the wheat-meal bread I ate an hour ago) thus to enable me to decry its dignity. Bread reformers contend that the cheapest way of getting possession of the phosphates our bones and brains thus ask for in spite of us, is to get them in the shape of the best bread we can make—bread which contains them in due and digestible proportions, and which is palatable enough to be accepted, and eventually preferred by all who have once seen its other merits.

At this point a chemical objector puts in the remark—"Granted that all the essential constituents of food, all the materials required for building up human bodies, are present in wheat-meal, it yet remains open to question whether they are present in the right condition for assimilation." We are rightly reminded that it is not enough that bread should be made of the right *stuff*, but that it should, further, be the right *stuff* in the right *state*. Dr. Gilbert, whose letter I have already quoted above, remarks that only "from two-thirds to three-fourths [of the nitrogenous matters in the commonly excluded parts of the meal] exist in the albuminoid condition; and it is as yet *not settled* whether or in what degree the non-albuminoid nitrogenous bodies are of nutritive value." Further, that "*it is quite a question* whether (in bread prepared as the League endeavors to prepare it) the excess of earthy phosphates would not be injurious." Dr. Gilbert does not advance any data to support this misgiving, while he frankly admits that everything is not yet known concerning the chemistry of organic processes. The only arguments in opposition to the attempted reform which we have met with are in this tone of vague demurrer; *à priori* misgivings are made to do duty in absence of observed results disfavoring the reform. Meanwhile all authorities on food and diet are unanimous in its favor. It is chemists alone who treat its desirability as an open question. But a question of physiology cannot fitly be judged from a merely chemical point of view. The facts of life must be taken in evidence,

not merely the suggestions of the laboratory. And, in reply to the supposition of Dr. Gilbert respecting "earthy phosphates," it may be here repeated that in Government institutions where a whole-meal bread has long been used, no injuries from these hypothetical mineral concretions have been experienced.

Meanwhile, it is not a "question," but a fact, that rickets, decay and crumbling of teeth, and the flagging vitality (which so constantly results in excessive demand for alcoholic stimulant) are prevalent exactly when and where, on the bread reformers' theory, we should expect to find them so. It is remarkable that the dental profession, with its large manufacturing interest, has sprung into existence only since the bread in common use has been deprived of lime and phosphatic salts.

It is, indeed, suggested that there are other ways of rendering bread fully nutritious than by utilizing the whole meal in its preparation. In America the plan has been tried of adding phosphoric acid to the white flour. Dr. Graham suggests the introduction of precipitated bone phosphate, and salt. But the substitution of any such artificial mixtures for Nature's own, must necessarily complicate the process of bread-making; besides rendering it more expensive. Added to which, artificial combinations have never the dietetic excellence of natural ones. A writer in the *Lancet* expresses his conviction that no "artificial combinations of the supposed elements of a normal whole meal in arbitrary relations can compare with the natural food of man." The same writer proceeds to say:

There should not be any persistent obstacle to the supply of the complete flour required for making economic bread. The clumsy mills in use will not probably do the work required of them,* but it cannot be impossible to devise a crushing apparatus that shall answer the purpose. In fact, there are many such employed in the trituration of other substances. . . . The people will be only too glad to get whole-meal bread when they can be furnished with an article which does not offend the sight by its needlessly dirty color, and the stomach by its mechanically irritating constituents.

* There may seem at first sight some inconsistency in the joint insistence text: first, that the whole-meal breads in use now, and formerly in various parts of the world, are satisfactory food; and, secondly, that hitherto the modes

of milling have been clumsy and ill-fitted to the delivery of well-ground meal. But the truth, of course, is that, *relatively to white flour*, whole-meal of even imperfect fineness is desirable, while we can render it still more so, and rid it of what faults remain by improving the system of grinding.

It is at this point that we touch upon another and by far the most pronounced objection advanced against the reformed bread. The prediction just quoted concerning the popular welcome awaiting wheat meal bread rightly ground and made, is prospectively denied by many. It is said that the delicacy of its appearance and its supposed superior palatableness will keep for *white* bread its place in the preferences of our poorer classes.

Let us weigh this opinion. The poor undoubtedly now do buy white bread pretty invariably. I was told the other day that a baker had made experiment, and found that such poor persons as he knew would not take whole-meal bread "at a gift." So it is. But surely it need not continue to be. Prejudice is a tough thing to deal with when once it is established; and in this case it has some uneducated common sense as well as custom to back it. Bad brown breads have been justly repudiated; and prejudice, once formed, knows not how to discriminate. Yet the ancestors of these repudiators of nourishing loaves felt no disgust for wheaten meal. Nor, if the people will only try the experiment, will they find their children object to it. Children (whose tastes are no ill criterion of the excellence of diet) generally like the wheat-meal bread very much. The existing class of adult poor are, in this matter, victims of habit, ignorance, and even *fashion*. The question, as one of prejudice, has for an observer of human nature its own interest; and for a believer in the complex development of custom and opinion it affords an apt illustration of the indirect path along which social advance is made. Numerous considerations secondary to the actual fitness of a thing to men's wants influence their appreciation alike of the thing and of their own requirements. The primary office of food is to nourish, as of fire to warm. Yet in England the anomalous fact that deficiently warming and chilly-draught-

of milling have been clumsy and ill-fitted to the delivery of well-ground meal. But the truth, of course, is that, *relatively to white flour*, whole-meal of even imperfect fineness is desirable, while we can render it still more so, and rid it of what faults remain by improving the system of grinding.

producing fireplaces are clung to because they "look so pretty" is paralleled by the further fact that a deficiently nourishing bread is clung to, sometimes even by the half-starved, for the same reason! Although we can hardly expect even the most perfect of wheat-meal bread to look as pretty on the breakfast table as the most perfect of white loaves, still the reformed bread is a great improvement, even in appearance, on the dark, heavy-looking "whole-meal" loaves hitherto made. For the rest, while not wholly disregarding the appearance of a loaf where the other advantages are equal, such a consideration should obviously come last, rather than first, in the reckoning of its merits, since we neither eat nor digest with our eyes.

The stress that is laid on the superior palatableness of white bread, though not quite so far-fetched, is scarcely less ill-considered. Other bread, as I have said, is palatable elsewhere—used to be palatable in England once. White bread came into general use in South Britain, and was changed in the scale of public opinion from the luxury it had hitherto been into a necessary of life *less than a century and a half ago*. It had its opponents at the outset. An essay exists in the British Museum, written by a gentleman of last century, in which the writer goes so far as to say that white bread kills more than the sword! That essayist had strong opinions as to the dietetic foolishness of white bread; but he wrote in vain for his generation. White bread was to have its day. It was not originally adopted, of course, on its dietetic merits, but on account of its delicacy of appearance and flavor.

The palatableness of an article of food is, however, more largely modifiable than many realize. As many things indirectly affect it as can be brought by mental action to bear upon that most direct agency in its formation—habit. Taste can be voluntarily acquired for sympathy's sake, for health's sake, for fashion's sake. It is often involuntarily induced by such habit as was originally enforced by mere necessity. Last year, when in Munich, I observed that the bread always eaten by the Bavarian working classes, and depended upon as the principal household bread of all

classes alike, is a dark-colored, sour, and (to my palate) very nauseous bread, made from rye and flavored with aniseed. Yet several English persons who had been for some years resident in Munich assured me that they had grown thoroughly to like this "black bread," and to eat it by preference. If these loaves tasted to Germans as they tasted to me—or, rather, if the German consciousness stood related to the flavor as mine does—"black bread" would soon cease to be either made or bought unless some advantage about it largely overbalanced its disagreeable appearance and flavor.

A liking is rapidly acquired for an article of food *believed in* as good, pure, and wholesome. Just as the eye may be educated to different appreciation of color or form, and the ear to different taste in music, so can the palate be educated if a sufficient inducement be presented to the mind. A ten-year-old fashion in women's dress is commonly felt to be repulsively ugly, chiefly because the eye has lost the habit of liking it, and the fashion is past for the sake of which the eye originally got into the habit of liking it. Again, people cheerfully go through some suffering in order to acquire a superfluous liking for smoking, olives, the sound of bagpipes, and a variety of other things intrinsically foreign to the uninitiated taste. Inferior reasons, among which mere imitativeness is one, are potent in such cases. But in the case of wholesome bread there exist many *good* reasons for exerting all personal influence toward bringing into play the imitative propensity of average human nature by the institution of a "fashion" for the eating of wheat-meal bread. Thus will be increasingly counterbalanced the deficient palatableness which some allege to be a characteristic of such bread.

The working-classes *will* be difficult to reform in this particular. So much is certain. Quite apart from any conviction of the desirability of a thing, they are essentially prone to run in grooves and to stick to preferences with a blind dogmatism in all matters affecting the habits of daily life. Experiment, as such, has no interest for them. Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks that, "on contrasting different classes in the same

society, it is observable that the least (socially) developed are the most averse to change. Among [such] an improved method is difficult to introduce; and even a *new kind of food is usually disliked*." Taste, however instituted, naturally operates single-handed in the choice of food where there exists no intelligently based desire to alter the habit, and so to educate the taste.

Added to which, the working-classes of England have hitherto had no reason for questioning their own liking for white bread. They see white bread to be eaten by those to whom the price of a loaf is a small concern. They assume that the richer classes, who can eat what they please, eat what is nicest. White bread, though as cheap as brown, is eaten by the eaters of many good things that are not cheap. Something like this constitutes, I suspect, one of the unconscious arguments lying in the white-bread scale of a poor man's preferences.

No one desires wholly to disregard the testimony of the palate. But one need not look far for evidence that it is often worse than a blind guide; prone to vitiation, and easily taught bad habits. To win its plastic co-operation in the cause of a good habit is worth an effort.

Meanwhile, it is by no means universally admitted by persons who have adopted it, that wheat-meal bread is unpalatable. Many prefer it to the most excellent of white bread. Its palatableness depends greatly on its making. Of course, it varies in quality just as other bread does; and one baker's wheat-meal bread is better than another's, just as one baker's white bread is better than another's, just because he is a better baker.*

There remains an argument to be considered which is sometimes carelessly advanced against the appropriation for bread-making purposes of those parts of the grain now used for other purposes. The facts are these: The fine flour required for white bread exists in the

wheat to the extent of 70 to 75 per cent; 25 or, far more commonly, 30 per cent of the strongest nourishment being set aside for the fattening of pigs and the foddering of cattle. In comment on these facts it is loosely said, "What does it matter whether we take a given kind of nourishment in the form of wheat, or whether we take it in the form of meat made from animals that have been fed on the wheat?"

The answer to this is twofold. First, to quote the words of Dr. H. C. Bartlett: "If we saved [that 25 per cent of nutriment in the grain which we commonly throw to our cattle] not only should we be in pocket ourselves, but we should save sufficient to pay for one half the staple food consumed by the whole of the paupers of this kingdom." "This," Dr. Bartlett adds, "is an important socio-economical consideration." Secondly: From our present point of view—that is, concerning ourselves chiefly with the interests of the poor—this turning of wheat into meat which some economists seem disposed to admire, is further wasteful, because it is a roundabout and costly way of achieving an end near at hand. Meat is expensive, to begin with. It wastes enormously in cooking. It contains a very large percentage of mere water, for which one pays in buying it. Sometimes, too, cattle are a dead loss through disease. And, even setting aside all these considerations, the fact remains that the poorest classes, for whom and for whose children we chiefly desire to see the adoption of wheat-meal bread, are precisely the classes who ultimately derive none of this compensating nourishment from the animals fed on the wheat they lose.

To sum up. The *Bread Reform League* has been instituted, and its operations are conducted, mainly with a view to providing the classes who live chiefly on bread with a more nutritive kind of food than they can at present obtain. The reformers maintain, and facts of various orders bear them out in maintaining, that such an article of diet as is required to render children of the poor stronger, and better able to cope with the difficulties of their existence, is found in wheat-meal bread made of the *decorticated and finely ground* whole grain.

* A Winchester farmer, who for years had used and firmly believed in bread made from whole meal, suggested some time since, in a letter to the *Standard*, that, in order to make the meal thoroughly palatable, the wheat grain should be more carefully selected than is commonly done at present. All "heads" and no "tails," he said, should be used: and the faulty grains should be rejected.

They declare that such bread contains a larger number of nutrients, and these in wholesomer proportions, than white bread does, and that more hardship can be sustained, and more labor performed, upon wheat-meal bread alone, than upon white bread alone. No denial is forthcoming from any quarter which invalidates the inference drawn from the fact that the working classes of other countries who live on whole-meal breads, and who require no meat at all, compare favorably with the English bread-feeding class. No one has been able to point out a diseased state of human life corresponding with a whole-meal or wheat-meal eating section of any community, as the prevalence of rickets and of crumbly teeth corresponds with the white-bread-eating section.

1. As to the feebly uttered objections from the laboratory: In the hitherto almost entire absence of consistent dietetic experiment, chemists are obliged to speak in the potential or the subjunctive mood. They consider the question at worst an open one. Meanwhile, no reason is put forward, even by chemists, that fairly favors the eating of unreformed starchy white bread by persons who can get little or nothing *but* bread to eat. Nor are chemists even agreed among themselves in looking coldly upon the especial line reform has taken in the recent efforts at bread reformation; while *physiologists* are unanimous in their approval alike of those efforts and their direction. Against the few scientific voices raised in hypothetical dissent, are heard the firmer tones of our most eminent chemists and physiologists cordially advocating the introduction of wheat-meal bread made as the reformers aim at making it. Professor Huxley has lately given his assent to the principles of the League. Professor Frankland, Professor Ray Lankester, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Church, Sir Thomas Watson, Professor Erasmus Wilson, and Dr. Pavey may also be named as among its warm supporters.

2. We have seen that, in order to prevail upon the needy classes to make experiment of this bread even when brought within easy and general reach, a prejudice has to be overcome, founded partly on the actual objections to common brown bread, and on the prac-

tical identification in the public mind of wheat-meal bread with other breads of a similar color. There being no sound dietetic reasons for the popularity of white bread, example may be brought to bear in the overcoming of this prejudice. One thing is certain. No such forces were at work in the original adoption of white bread as a general article of food among English poor as are now at work to get rid of it as such. Neither a scientific nor a philanthropic impulse caused the crowding out of the old-fashioned meal by white flour. People liked the "look and taste" of white bread; if they could get plenty of milk, meat, and eggs, they missed nothing by its adoption; and be it remembered that milk and meat were much less expensive then than they are now. Such people as did miss anything of health or vitality through being unable, even then, to afford meat and milk, were yet ignorant as to what it was they missed, and as to how cheaply to supply the need. In our day, not only has the use of white bread become among all classes a rooted habit to which the palate gives allegiance, but there is the argument of laziness: "We like very well what we have got, and it saves trouble to go on as we are." A present preference always coaxes the judgment to find it in the right. Taste and habit, however, appear in this case to be alike in the wrong, and the duty is urged upon us of acquiring a new preference and of creating a new fashion by the persevering trial of a new kind of bread.

3. Lastly, as to the economists' argument, that by giving our rejected bran to cattle it is elaborated into a superior human food, we have seen, first, that meat is dear, and is subject to disease, and so that not all the food thus elaborated reaches human eaters after all; while next to none of it reaches the class for whom specially we here concern ourselves. Secondly, that so to argue is like telling a rich man to pay money in travelling fare, in order to go fifty miles round instead of five miles across; which proceeding, though on various accounts it may be worth the rich man's while, does not help the poor man to reach his destination at all, but, on the contrary, condemns him to stay where he is.

The whole matter discussed in this

paper is a practical and perhaps a very prosy one. Yet, for those who believe in health as one of the chiefest props both of virtue and of gladness, the putting of as stout a staff of health in the hand of the poor man as may be, seems no trifling object to aim at. Were the children of the English poor a healthier set of little mortals than those of others, we might let their food alone. But observation refutes the supposition. Sanitary arrangements in general are better in English cities than elsewhere, yet the poor of our alleys are sicklier than those of cities where, with even less regard paid to the purification of air and water, richer breads are in common use.

Argument alone will not settle a practical point of this kind. There must be an array of facts derived from persevering and intelligent experiment, and it is maintained that as yet the bread experiment has not been, in England, sufficiently tried.

I have refrained from giving any of the detailed chemical analyses of wheat; and this on two accounts. The results of analysis are very variously given. Added to which, being myself no chemist, my selection of an authority would be without significance. One point seems, nevertheless, beyond question. The whole meal of the wheat contains 119 grains in the pound of the mineral matters valuable as nourishment, while a pound of white flour contains only 49 grains. The testimony of chemical analysis must, however, not be taken by itself, apart from the observed physiological results in the cases of populations respectively fed on bread of this kind or of that.

If the personal testimony of a "social

unit" be of any value whatever, I may say that I find wheat-meal bread both wholesome and palatable, and that since I have taken it I find it possible comfortably to dispense with meat more than once in the day. I began the use of the bread on the mere ground of giving a struggling reform fair personal trial; and I continue it on grounds of acquired preference.

The present organized attempt at bread-reformation must, like all other agitation movements, prove its fitness to meet an existing requirement, by survival until its task be completed. If rapid growth be any test of vigor and vitality, we may augur well for the future of its cause; for one year ago it had no existence except in the consciousness and conscience of Miss Yates and a few of her friends; whereas now it is a busy and recognized body of activity, having secured the adherence of numerous leading millers and bakers, who are willing to forward its aim by grinding the meal and by selling the bread it recommends.

A writer in the *Corn Trade Journal* remarks that it was not by mere agitation, by conferences and article-writing, that white bread obtained its firm footing in the public favor, but that commercial enterprise mainly effected its adoption; and he suggests that to the same agency the reformers should look for the general introduction of the rival bread. This may be true enough; yet, since the office of the league is purely uncommercial, it devolves upon all who sympathize with its object to endeavor, by use of influence and example to create that demand which shall direct trade interests into the desired channel.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A FALSE START: A MORAL COMEDY.

Harry. I am hungry. Can I live another half-hour on a cup of coffee? Half an hour! I'll stand it somehow. I'll starve myself every morning for Nora's sake. I'll sacrifice myself every hour of the day for Nora's sake. I'll—I wonder where she got this notion of breakfasting in the foreign fashion; as if I hadn't had enough of foreigners and their fashions! I did

think that when I married I should leave all that nonsense with my mother in Paris, and come home and live like a Briton; and eat ham and eggs at nine o'clock, and a muffin—a muffin! Oh, but Nora wishes it, and she shall never know that I don't delight in waiting for my breakfast till twelve o'clock. Clara Roedale would never believe it of me. I always knew that marriage would bring

out the finer parts of my character. I am married, and the finer parts of my character are brought out. Muffin! There's nothing eatable about here! One can't eat coal. A paper-knife! No. By George, there was a biscuit somewhere—yesterday! Yes—there certainly was a biscuit in my greatcoat pocket. I can be cheerful with a biscuit; and Nora shall never know what I suffer for her sake.

(Harry goes in search of the biscuit; and Nora comes in search of her husband.)

Nora. Harry! Harry! Where can he be? Oh, I am famished, and I am glad of it! Harry, it is for your sake that I endure these torments. You shall never have reason to say that you resigned the easy habits of Continental life for the sake of a little girl like me. Your friend Lady Roedale—dear Lady Roedale—shall never be able to say that I put a stop to a single one of your delightful bachelor amusements. You shall smoke everywhere. I will beg and implore you to go to your horrid club. I will teach myself to dote upon your absence. I will learn to like tobacco. I will starve myself every day till noon. I will— Oh, if I could only find the smallest morsel of bread! Half an hour more! no; only six-and-twenty minutes! Courage! That's Harry's step. With him I could go without breakfast forever. Always meet your husband with a smile. That's Clara Roedale's golden rule. I will smile, if I die for it.

H. *(as he comes in.)*. Ah, Nora! Why, what's the matter, dear? What an odd smile you've got!

N. Have I, dear? I was thinking of you.

H. Thanks, Nora; you don't know what an awfully clever dog your Moppet is.

N. Isn't he clever?

H. Fancy his getting a biscuit out of my greatcoat-pocket!

N. Did he really? The clever darling! Are you quite sure?

H. I saw the crumbs on the floor.

N. You speak quite sentimentally about it.

H. Oh yes, it's quite pathetic—this sagacity of dumb animals. Isn't it a lovely morning? I've been round the garden and the meadow.

N. To get an appetite for breakfast?

H. No—that is, I'm hungry enough—I'm not *very* hungry.

N. Of course not. Nineteen minutes and a half!

H. What, dear?

N. Nothing. Is there anything in the paper?

H. I don't know.

N. Haven't you read the paper? I thought that every man began the day by reading the paper.

H. Began the day!

N. Don't you read the papers?

H. I always read my paper after breakfast.

(Here is a pause full of emotion.)

N. Did you remember to order the carriage?

H. Yes, dear.

N. Isn't it a lovely day for the picnic! I am so glad! I do so love tea on the rocks!

H. Tea! Oh! And a muffin!

N. What's the matter, Harry?

H. Nothing, dear. I think I feel it less if I keep moving.

N. You *do* like picnics, don't you, Harry?

H. I'm awfully fond of picnics. *(Walking up and down he murmurs to himself)*—Clara Roedale wouldn't believe it of me. Picnics! Fancy anybody liking a picnic!

N. I think it seems better if I walk about. *(Walking up and down she murmurs to herself)*—He shan't be shut up at home with his dull little wife; he shall have all the social pleasures to which he is accustomed. Harry, dear, were you what they call an ornament of society?

H. I don't know. Was I? Nora!

N. What?

H. Why are we walking up and down like two tigers at the Zoo?

N. Is it a riddle, dear? I will try to guess it later—after breakfast.

H. Breakfast? Breakfast? Yes, that reminds me; it must be nearly breakfast time.

N. Not quite. Are you ready for breakfast?

H. Oh yes—I think so, if you are.

N. You are sure it's not too early for you?

H. Not a bit. But you? Would you like to have it now if it's ready?

N. I really think I should—if you

are quite sure that you would not like it later.

H. I don't think so.

N. (*heroically*). Harry, shall I put it off for half an hour?

H. As you please, dear. (*He sinks into a chair.*)

(*Here is a pause full of emotion.*)

N. If breakfast is ready, it may be spoiled by 'being kept'; and then you wouldn't like it. Shall I go and see if it's ready?

H. Perhaps you like it spoiled.

N. What an idea! (*At the door*)—Oh, how delicious!

H. (*as he joins her*). Isn't it good? Let me go and see if breakfast's ready. (*He goes out*).

N. He was an ornament of society. I know it. Shall I be so wickedly selfish as to deprive society of its most brilliant ornament? The more I dote on a quiet life with Harry, and nobody else, the more I hate outside people, and dressing up, and dancing about; the more I hate those odious picnics with spiders—oh, how afraid I am of a spider!—the more certain I am that it is my duty to pretend to like them all, to dissemble for Harry's sake, and for the sake of society. Yes, Harry, you shall go to a picnic every day, if I die for it. I think I am dying. I feel thin—very, very thin. I think I am going to faint.

(*Here Harry appears leaning in the doorway, pale and faint*).

H. Nora! the cook wants to speak to you.

N. Oh, Harry, is anything the matter?

H. I don't know.

(*She goes out; he sinks into a chair.*)

If I could get something to eat, some breakfast, I could face this picnic. I would go cheerfully to a picnic, even to a picnic. How I used to long for rest! When I chose a little girl in the country, I fancied a sort of ballet life—all cream and roses, and jam, and a cigar under a tree, with sleep about, and—and rest. It was like my abominable selfishness. Nora has never had any fun. Of course Nora would like to have some fun. Of course Nora shall have some fun; and I'll pretend to like it. Fun! Turning round and round in a crowd, and being kicked on the ankles! Eating lobster-

salad and ices at three o'clock in the morning! Talking to a girl about another girl's eyes, and staring into hers! Fun!—the treadmill's a joke to it. And yet all this and more will I go through for the sake of my little Nora—all except that eye business. Nora shall taste the pleasures of society; and I'll pretend to enjoy them; by George, I will enjoy them!

(*When his voice has sunk to the depth of tragic gloom, Nora runs in.*)

N. Breakfast is ready.

H. Ah!

(*They go away lovingly to breakfast. After a while Lady Roedale is shown in by the footman.*)

Lady Roedale. At breakfast, are they? Don't tell them I am here. I can wait. (*The footman goes away.*) It is always easy to wait. Perhaps it will amuse me to take the young couple by surprise. There really is something funny in young married people. They are so delightfully important. I sometimes fancy that I've got what clever people call a sense of humor. I am sure I smile at all these flutterings, and billings and cooings, and solemn calculations about the expense of a nest. The theme's old as Adam, but the variations are endless. I like to see little mistress adjusting her fads to young master's hobbies; I like this much ado about a brace of nothings; I like young couples. One must go in for something. Susan Lorimer breaks her poor head over cracked china: I should puzzle my brain, if I had one, over young couples; they are quite as interesting to the *dilettante*. Certainly I have no reason to like the married state. Ugh! but that's all over long ago. I like to view it from outside. I become absurdly interested in the marriages of Tom, Dick, and Harry—especially Harry. Harry was a very nice boy—devoted to me. There's nothing so good for that sort of boy as a devotion to a steady, sensible woman—a good, solid, middle-aged person. There's no knowing what might have become of Harry if Susan Lorimer had got hold of him before I did. Susan is so theatrical—always in the fourth act of the last French comedy—on the razor's edge. It's fun for her; but it might have been death to Harry. Now I studied him. I understood him. I

saw what he was fit for. I just put him into shape a little; and I married him to the best little girl in the world. I haven't done anything which pleased me so much since I married Claud Huntley to that dear little thing in Rome. Nothing could have turned out better than that. She spoils him, and he is not so amusing since his temper improved; but still it's a great success; and he owes it all to me. I have half a mind to open an office. It's quite interesting to make matches. It's so experimental; there's something quite grand about it: it's patriarchal and biblical; it's like the ark, or fancy poultry.

H. (as he comes in.) Clara! Lady Roedale!

Lady R. Harry, as you horrid boys say, how goes it?

H. As we horrid boys say, it simply walks in. And what on earth brings you here?

Lady R. Reasons are tiresome. You ought to say that you are glad.

H. I'm awfully glad.

Lady R. My doctor recommends the society of young people. I suppose you know that I am antediluvian, and ushered the animals into the ark.

H. How pleased Nora will be! Come and have some breakfast.

Lady R. Thank you. I breakfast in the morning.

H. H'm. I don't.

Lady R. You used to be an absurdly early creature—up with the foolish lark.

P. Ah, yes. But you see Nora likes to breakfast at twelve, and so of course I—

Lady R. Of course you! Oh, Harry, this is profoundly interesting. Do you do just what Nora likes in everything?

H. Yes. You didn't think it of me, did you? You thought all men were selfish, didn't you? Don't you remember telling me that all the men you ever knew—all your admirers, you know—were all selfish—dark and fair, fat and thin, comic and gloomy, the whole lot of 'em—all alike in being selfish?

Lady R. Very likely.

H. Well? Look at me. Whatever turns up, I simply look at it in one way. I ask, What will Nora like? Then I pretend that what she likes is what I like.

Lady R. H'm. You tell fibs?

H. One must, you know.

Lady R. Must one?

H. Little, unselfish sort of fibs, you know. I was in agony for two hours before breakfast, and I enjoyed it. I remembered where there was a biscuit, and Nora's infernal little beast of a dog had eaten it—and I enjoyed that! Now we are off to a picnic—and I mean to enjoy that!

Lady R. My dear Harry, even you must have passed the picnic age—ants and indigestion. But of course you don't mean to say that you are going off to a picnic when I have come to see you?

H. You must come too. You know her. It's your friend Mrs. Lorimer.

Lady R. Susan Lorimer?

H. She is a friend of yours, isn't she?

Lady R. Oh yes. I've known her for ever. She's a most dangerous woman. You must throw her over.

H. But Nora? Nora's wild about this picnic.

Lady R. She's wilder about me. Call her, and we'll see.

(Harry calls her, and she presently comes in.)

N. Lady Roedale! Oh, I am glad. Have you come to stay with us?

Lady R. No, dear; only to spend the day.

N. Oh, I am sorry. How unlucky! Has Harry told you about our engagement?

H. Yes, and I want her to come too—you'd like that, wouldn't you, Nora? I thought I was sure you'd like it.

Lady R. It's impossible. I couldn't go in these things.

H. Why, you look stunning.

N. I am sure that that gown will do perfectly.

Lady R. Thanks, dear. I have passed the age of gowns that "will do perfectly." Don't you think you could throw over Susan Lorimer for me! I am sure nobody can like her better than me.

N. Lady Roedale!

Lady R. Am I too old to be called Clara? Your husband always calls me Clara.

N. Does he?

Lady R. He always was an impertinent boy. Come, my dear, you need

not mind offending Susan Lorimer ; she is sure to abuse you, any way. You can write a line and say that an aged friend has come unexpectedly, and you can't leave her ; and you can stay at home and give the aged friend some luncheon.

N. Well, you see, dear, Harry—the fact is, I am so afraid that he should give up going out and seeing his friends. I should like to stay at home with you, but Harry—

H. Oh, I don't care to go ! I mean—if you *really mean*, Nora, that you'd like to stay at home, I shouldn't mind. I should be awfully glad to stay at home with Clara.

N. Oh, Harry, I thought you were *so* eager to go !

H. Oh yes, yes—of course—I know I said so—but—but, you see—

N. But what, Harry ?

H. Why, you see Clara's coming makes all the difference. But look here ; are you *quite* sure that *you* don't care to go ? Of course if you care to go—if you care the least bit—

N. Oh no. Why should I ? Pray don't consider me.

H. Not consider you ! Why, Nora—

N. (*to Lady Roedale.*) Won't you come up to my room and take your things off ?

Lady R. Then it's all settled. You stay with me. I am sure I am doing you both a very good turn—by saving you from one of Susan Lorimer's picnics.

(*She goes away with Nora ; Harry is left alone and in perplexity.*)

H. What on earth is the matter with Nora ?—"Pray don't consider me." Doesn't she know that I spend every hour of the day in considering her ; that the only thing that I care for is to do everything to please her—to give up everything to her ? doesn't she know—no, by George ! of course she doesn't know. That would spoil it all. I go on the principle of doing everything she likes, and making her think it's what I like ; that's my cunning. Perhaps she really wants to go on this infernal chicken-feet. (*He goes to Nora as she comes in.*) Look here, Nora ! are you sure you'd rather stay at home ?

N. I am quite content. And you ? Your conversion was a little sudden.

H. My conversion !

N. Just before breakfast you were dying to go on this picnic.

H. Was I ? Oh yes, but—but you see, Clara—

N. Yes, I see, Clara. Just because *she* comes, you care for nothing but staying at home with her ; you couldn't bear the idea of staying at home with me.

(*Here Lady Roedale comes in ; but they don't see her.*)

H. Nora ! By George ! Here ! I say ! What shall I say ? I didn't want to go. I never wanted to go on the infernal picnic. I hate 'em.

N. Then you were deceiving me.

H. I pretended to want to go, because you wanted to go.

N. I didn't think I should be deceived so soon.

H. Nora.

N. How can I tell when you are speaking the truth ? No : I believe you are deceiving me now. You did want to go till *she* came, and now you pretend you didn't.

H. Nora, don't ; I say, Nora, don't. On my honor I hate picnics. I was going solely for your sake.

N. That can't be true ; for I was going solely for your sake.

H. Well then, by George, you were deceiving me !

N. Oh, it's too much ! Oh that I should be accused of deceiving my husband ! Stay at home since you prefer it ; stay at home with her—and be agreeable to her ;—don't stop me ! my heart is broken : oh ! oh ! oh !

H. Where are you going ? Nora ! Where are you going ?

N. To the picnic.

(*She goes away without seeing Lady Roedale ; but now Harry sees her.*)

H. Good heavens ! Clara ! What's this ?

Lady R. Nothing.

H. Nothing ?

Lady R. I don't think you understand women.

H. I thought I did.

Lady R. Poor boy ! you never will.

H. What shall I do ?

Lady R. Never tell fibs to your wife.

H. Oh !

Lady R. You have been playing the Jesuit.

H. By George, it's all my fault ! I see it all. Nora's quite right ; she's

the best and sweetest-tempered—but oh, Lady Roedale, I never thought I should see her in a rage. It's awful!

Lady R. Awful! I only wish I could be in a rage with anybody.

H. What?

Lady R. Let me see. It must be at least ten years since I lost my temper. I should like to be angry, just for once.

H. I suppose I don't understand women.

Lady R. And never will.

H. But what am I to do? I must do something. Oh, Clara, don't you see that the happiness of my life is at stake?

Lady R. Oh dear me, you must have been reading novels. Men ought not to read novels; they take them too seriously. Sit down like a good boy and read the paper. Yes, I am going to exert myself for your sake. I shall be back in a few minutes. Now this is almost exciting. It is certainly better than china—or chickens.

(She goes out and leaves Harry alone.)

H. On the next few minutes may depend the happiness of my life. What an awful thing this marriage is! And I went into it as if I were taking a girl down to supper. It's awful! I thought I knew all about Nora; I suppose I knew nothing at all. Good heavens! I wonder what she is! Good heavens! Fancy me wondering what sort of a woman my wife is—my own wife! It's awful! I wonder if any man ever went through such an experience before! I have married a what d'-ye-call-it—a Phoenix—a Pelican; no—those are insurance offices; a sphinx—that's it—a sphinx. Nora is a sphinx! Why did not Clara tell me? She knows all about marriages and such things. She might have told me it wasn't all cake and satin slippers. Is that a gown on the stairs? How my heart beats! I must be a man! I must nerve myself for a terrible scene.

(He nerves himself; the ladies come in chatting and smiling; but Nora's eyes are red.)

M. Then you really think olive-green would be best?

Lady R. Much the best.

N. Harry, dear, Clara thinks olive-green for the dining room. I told her you thought a Japanesy sort of blue.

H. Did I, dear? Blue? Yes, dear—of course; you are so fond of blue, and I—

Lady R. Harry, did you say blue because it is Nora's favorite color? No fibs!

H. Yes.

Lady R. Nora! Is blue your favorite color?

N. I am very fond of a nice blue.

Lady R. Was it your favorite color before you married?

N. Oh yes, really and truly, before that.

Lady R. Before you saw Harry?

N. I—I—I don't remember; I think not.

Lady R. Harry, turn to the light. I thought so. Blue necktie! A Japanesy sort of blue! He always wears blue neckties. Oh, you young people, how profoundly wicked you both are! I can't preach without food. Won't you give me some luncheon?

N. Oh, yes, Clara. Why, you poor dear, I forgot; I never thought of it; we've only just breakfasted.

Lady R. Oh dear! And you breakfast at this preposterous hour to please Harry?

N. I don't mind it; I don't really mind it—much. You see Harry has lived so much abroad, and—

Lady R. That is enough. Harry, do you starve yourself for hours in the morning for Nora's sake?

H. You know; I told you; yes. I thought Nora liked it.

Lady R. Really it's an interesting study. I suppose I ought to print a "royal road to connubial felicity." I wonder if these young people are very good or very bad? They were making a great mess of it till I came.

H. Nora, you are not very angry with me?

N. Oh, Harry dear, I will never tell you anything but the whole truth. It was all my fault.

H. No, no; it was all mine.

Lady R. They are both telling fibs again. May I ask about that luncheon?

N. Oh, I beg your pardon; I am so sorry! Will you have it here?

H. Why, there's the carriage; I never countermanded it. What was I thinking about?

Lady R. Thinking about? You were

probably thinking that the happiness of your life was at stake. Since the carriage is here, suppose we make Harry drive us out of the glare. I should like to have luncheon somewhere in the wood.

N. Oh yes; that will be nice.

H. A picnic!

Lady R. No, no; no picnic! Nora shall send a little note to Susan Lorimer. No picnic, only luncheon in the open air.

H. I don't understand women.

Lady R. And never will. But we have had enough of that little comedy.

H. Comedy! It wasn't very funny to me.

Lady R. It amused me. But enough is as good as a feast—a great deal better than one of Susan Lorimer's picnics.

N. What little comedy do you mean, Clara?

Lady R. Never mind, dear; it's finished, and that's always something. I ring down the curtain on that little comedy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WORRY.

BY DR. J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

WHEN a strong and active mind breaks down suddenly, in the midst of business, it is worn out by worry rather than over-work. Brain-labor may be too severe, or ordinary exercise prolonged until it produces serious exhaustion; but the mere draining of resources, however inexpedient, is not disease, and seldom inflicts permanent injury. A temporary collapse of the mental powers may be caused by excessive or too continuous exertion, just as a surface well may be emptied by pumping it out more rapidly than it is refilled, but the apparatus is not thereby disorganized, and time will remedy the defect. When rest is not followed by recovery, the recuperative faculty itself, an integral part of the intellectual organism, must be impaired or disabled. This is not unfrequently the case when the possessor of a worried and weakened brain in vain seeks refuge from the supposed effects of "over-work" in simple idleness. Something more than exhaustion has occurred, and rest alone will not cure the evil. The faculty of repair is not in a condition to restore the equilibrium between potential energy and kinetic force. Divers hypotheses have been suggested to explain this state of matters. The mind has been compared to a muscle overstrained by a too violent effort, or paralyzed by excessive exertion. The two phenomena have little similarity, and no new light is thrown on the nature of mental collapse, by the comparison. Perhaps a closer parallel might be found in the state

which ensues when the tension of a muscular contraction is so high that spasm passes into rigidity, and molecular disorganization ensues. Meanwhile, however interesting these speculations may prove to the physiologist, they bring no relief to the sufferer. It is easy to see that a worse evil than simply using up his strength too rapidly has befallen him, but no one knows precisely *what* has happened. To cover the enigma, without solving it, "over-work" is taken to mean more than work *over* the normal, in quantity, quality, and time, but no attempt is made to determine how excess, in either or all of these particulars, can bring about the disability and decrepitude we bewail. It is to the investigation of this mystery attention needs to be directed. If it should be possible to ascertain why a mind previously healthy, and still apparently intact, breaks down instantly and thoroughly under a strain not exceptionally great, and, collapse having once occurred, recovery follows tardily and is rarely complete, it will probably be within the scope of common sense to draw some practical conclusions as to the prevention and it may be the cure, of what is in truth becoming a scourge of mental industry, already almost decimating the ranks of the army of progress, in every field of intellectual enterprise at home and abroad.

A certain degree of tension is indispensable to the easy and healthful discharge of mental functions. Like the national instrument of Scotland, the

mind drones wofully and will discourse most dolorous music, unless an expansive and resilient force within supplies the basis of quickly responsive action. No good, great, or enduring work can be safely accomplished by brain-force without a reserve of strength sufficient to give buoyancy to the exercise, and, if I may so say, rhythm to the operations of the mind. Working at high-pressure may be bad, but working at low-pressure is incomparably worse. As a matter of experience, a sense of weariness commonly precedes collapse from "over-work;" not mere bodily or nervous fatigue, but a more or less conscious distaste for the business in hand, or perhaps for some other subject of thought or anxiety which obtrudes itself. It is the offensive or irritating burden that breaks the back. Thoroughly agreeable employment, however engrossing, stimulates the recuperative faculty while it taxes the strength, and the supply of nerve-force seldom falls short of the demand. When a feeling of disgust or weariness is not experienced, this may be because the compelling sense of duty has crushed self out of thought. Nevertheless, if the will is not pleasantly excited, if it rules like a martinet without affection or interest, there is no *verve*, and like a complex piece of machinery working with friction and heated bearings, the mind wears itself away and a break-down ensues. Let us look a little closely at this matter.

The part which "a stock of energy" plays in brain-work can scarcely be exaggerated. Reserves are of high moment everywhere in the animal economy, and the reserve of mental force is in a practical sense more important than any other. It may happen that mere strength of mind carries a body with scarcely a vestige of power in reserve through some crisis of extraordinary difficulty, but the mental exploit is full of danger. The residual air in a lung is the basis of the respiratory process; the sustained tension of the smaller arteries transforms the pulsating current of blood thrown into the system by the heart to a continuous circulation; the equilibrated tonicity of opposing muscles gives stability to the apparatus of motion, and renders specific combinations of movement possible. What is true of the phys-

ical is also true of the mental constitution; the residual force, the tension, the tonicity, of mind, form the basis of intellectual action. It is not necessary to discuss the relations of mind and matter; even if the mental being is no more than a formulated expression of the physical organism, the continuity is so complete that the same laws govern both. For the purposes of the present argument it is sufficient to assert that, without a reserve of energy, healthy brain-work is impossible. Pain, hunger, anxiety, and a sense of mind-weariness, are the warning tokens of exhaustion extending to the reserves. When these indications are disregarded, or destroyed, as they may be, by stupefying drugs, an inordinate use of stimulants, a strong effort of the will, or the 'anæsthetic effect of excessive exhaustion, the consumption of energy goes on unobserved. The feats of intellectual or physical strength, the surprising exploits of special sensation and mind-power performed by individuals under the influence of any condition which suspends the sense of pain, weakness, or fatigue, are explained by the circumstance that unsuspected reserves of power and endurance are placed at the disposal of the will. These resources were there before, but jealously guarded by the sensations. Martyrdom is possible under the influence of an overpowering abstraction. Passion may produce a similar immunity from pain, and give ability to endure even self-inflicted injury. The daily experience of lunatic asylums will abundantly attest the truth of this last assertion.

How does all this bear upon the subject? It seems rather to strengthen the position assailed, by showing that "over-work" may exhaust the reserves, thereby arresting the function, and possibly destroying the integrity, of the mental organism! That is undoubtedly the surface view of the case, and it is the popular explanation of what occurs. To controvert the received hypothesis is the object of the present paper. The argument, opposed to the theory of work itself exhausting the stock of energy, may be simply stated thus: the reserves, physical and mental, are too closely guarded to be invaded by *direct* encroachment. Pain is not suspended by the persistent infliction of injury un-

less the mechanism of sensation is disabled or destroyed. Hunger does not cease until starvation has assailed the seat of nutrition. The sense of extreme weariness is not allayed by increased activity, but the longing for rest may subside, because it has been stifled by some overwhelming influence. The natural safeguards are so well fitted for their task that neither body nor mind is exposed to the peril of serious exhaustion so long as their functions are duly performed. In brief, over-work is *impossible* so long as the effort made is natural. When energy, of any kind, takes a morbid form of action, some force outside itself must be reacting upon it injuriously; and the seat of the injury, so far as the sinister influence on energy is concerned, will be found in close proximity to the sensation which under normal conditions guards the reserve. The use of stimulants in aid of work is, perhaps, one of the commonest forms of collateral influence suspending the warning sense of exhaustion. When the laborious worker, overcome with fatigue, "rouses" himself with alcohol, coffee, tea, or any other agent which may chance to suit him, he does not add a unit of force to his stock of energy, he simply narcotizes the sense of weariness, and, the guard being drugged, he appropriates the reserve. In like manner, when the dreamer and night-watcher, worn out by sleeplessness, employs opium, chloral, or some other poison to produce the semblance of repose, he stupefies the consciousness of unrest, but, except in cases where it is only a *habit* of sleeplessness which has been contracted, and, being interrupted, may be broken by temporary recourse to a perilous artifice, the condition is unrelieved. Not unfrequently the warning sense is stifled by the very intensity of the motive power or impulse. Ambition, zeal, love, sometimes fear, will carry a man beyond the bounds set by nature. No matter what suspends the functions of the guard set at the threshold of the reserve, if the residual stock is touched, two consequences ensue—waste and depreciation. It is important to recognize both of these evils. The former is generally perceived, the latter is commonly overlooked. The reserve, as we have seen, plays a double part in the economy; it

is a stock in abeyance, and it is the base of every present act. Without a reserve of mental energy the mind can no more continue the healthful exercise of its functions, than a flabby muscle without tonicity can respond to the stimulus of strong volition, and lift a heavy weight or strike a heavy blow.

The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is *worry*. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful and even destructive. It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old-fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuit; in fact, a series of vibrations. Mental energy doubtless takes the same form of development. If a disturbing element is introduced by the obtrusion of some independent source of anxiety, or if, out of the business in hand, the mind makes a discord, confusion ensues, and for the time being harmonious action ceases. Working under these conditions in obedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great, and may be lasting. The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and, too often sudden collapse occurs. The point to be made clear is this; over-work is barely possible, and seldom, if ever, happens, while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution, and in the normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken and discord ensues, the

mind is like an engine with the safety valve locked, the steam-gauge falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear; a break-down may occur at any instant. The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not depicted in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe; if he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of nature, which leave it wholly without remedy. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result, and speedily exhausted. The reserve comes into play very early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily arrested. Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger, present in the system, is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand is occasioned by loss of power to appropriate, instead of any diminution of supply. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical nerve or brain disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by on-lookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry," or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.

The first practical inference to be deduced from these considerations is that brain-work in the midst of mental worry is carried on in the face of ceaseless peril. Unfortunately work and worry are so closely connected in daily experience that they cannot be wholly separated. Meanwhile the worry of work—that which grows out of the business in hand—is generally a needless, though not always an avoidable, evil. In a large proportion of instances this description of disorder is due to the lack of education in brain-work. Men and women, with minds capacious and powerful enough, but untrained, attempt feats for which

training is indispensable, and, being unprepared, they fail. The utilitarian policy of the age is gradually eliminating from the educational system many of the special processes by which minds used to be developed. This is, in part at least, why cases of sudden collapse are more numerous now than in years gone by. It is not, as vanity suggests, that the brain-work of to-day is so much greater than that exacted from our predecessors, but we are less well prepared for its performance. The treatment of this form of affection, the break-down from the worry of work, must be preventive; the sole remedy is the reversal of a policy which substitutes results for processes, knowledge for education. It is a serious cause of discomfiture and sorrow in work that so much of the brain-power expended is necessarily devoted to the removal of extraneous causes of worry. Labor is so fatal to life, because it is so difficult to live. The deadly peril of work in the midst of worry must be confronted, because the disturbing cause can only be got rid of by persistent labor. This is the crux of the difficulty, and in the attempt to cure the evil the struggling mind finds its fate involved in a vicious circle of morbid reactions. Nevertheless, it is the fact that work in the teeth of worry is fraught with peril, and whenever it can be avoided it should be, let the sacrifice cost what it may.

The second deduction must be, that there is no excuse for idleness in the pretence of fear of "over-work." There is some reason to apprehend that the attention recently directed to this alleged cause of mental unsoundness has not been free from a mischievous influence on minds only too ready to take refuge in any excuse for inactivity. If the private asylums of the country were searched for the victims of "over-work," they would nearly all be found to have fallen a prey to "worry," or to that degeneracy which results from lack of purpose in life and steady employment. This is a grave assertion, but it points to an evil it is especially needful to expose. Weak minds drift into dementia with wondrous celerity when they are not carried forward to some goal, it matters little what, by the impulse of a strong motive. The bugbear of "over-

work" is, it may be feared, deterring parents and friends from enforcing the need of sedulous industry on the young. The pernicious system of "cram" slays its thousands, because *uneducated*, undeveloped, inelastic intellects are burdened and strained with information adroitly deposited in the memory, as an expert valet packs a portmanteau, with the articles likely to be first wanted on the top. Desultory occupation, mere play with objects of which the true interest is not appreciated, ruins a still larger number; while worry, that bane of brain-work and mental energy, counts its victims by tens of thousands, a holocaust of minds sacrificed to the demon of discord, the foe of happiness, of morality, of success. The enemy takes many shapes and assumes bewildering disguises. Sometimes he comes in like a flood, hurrying everything before him; with heaps of work to be done in less than adequate time. Now the victim is hurried from task to task with a celerity fatal to sanity. Then he is chained like a galley-slave to some uncongenial labor without respite. Again, a buzz of distracting and irritating mental annoyances seem let loose to distress and distract him. Under each

and all of these guises it is *worry* that molests, and, unless he be rescued, will ruin him. Meanwhile, the miseries of "over-work," pure and simple, are few and comparatively insignificant. Those who bewail their infliction most loudly are weak of mind or torpid of brain. Of such lame and maimed mortals we are not now thinking. Their lot may be humiliating or pitiable, as their condition is due to neglect or misfortune; but our concern is with the multitude of strong and able-minded workers who fail at their task. These are the victims not of over-work but of worry, a foe more treacherous and merciless than all besides. The mind-cure for the malady to which "worry" gives rise, and from which so many suffer, is not idleness, or "rest," in the ordinary sense of that term, but orderly and persistent work. The work by which they have been injured has not been excessive, but bad of its kind and badly done. The palsied faculties must be strengthened and incited to healthy nutrition by new activity, at first, perhaps, administered in the form of passive mental movement, and then induced by appropriate stimuli applied to the mind.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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MISS ROSSETTI'S NEW POEMS.*

MISS ROSSETTI'S love of allegory and symbol is, even in these days, a noticeable feature of her poetry. A subtle indirectness is the characteristic of most of our recent verse. We do not quarrel with this—we merely state the fact; for assuredly the allegorical is essentially a poetic mood; indeed, so much so that allegory may easily grow too poetic for prose treatment, as we see, for instance, in Landor's allegory of Love, Sleep, and Death in the "Pentameron," where the very exquisiteness and ravishing loveliness of both matter and form arouse in the reader a certain sense that Prose is attempting work whose requirements are, after all, beyond her. Yet it must be always remembered that in poetic art, as, indeed, in every other art, there are two opposite and mutually antagonistic ways of viewing Nature and

human life—the simply representative or dramatic (the method of Chaucer and Shakespeare), and the subtle or allegoric (the method of Spenser and Shelley). And in most literatures, perhaps, it will be found that one or other of these methods has had its day in turn, and then, after succumbing for a time to its adversary, has revived again.

One of the many proofs of Shakespeare's supreme power, as evidenced by his sonnets, is the way in which he, finding the allegorical fashions of his day antagonistic to his genius, set his foot upon allegory. Compare, for instance, Shakespeare's sonnets with those of Barnfield and others. While the very idea of the sonnet—save, perhaps, in the single instance of Drayton's great sonnet—was almost inseparable from the idea of allegory, Shakespeare's sonnets, rich as they are in figurative language, are for the most part as free from allegorical subtlety of intent—are, indeed,

* A Pageant, and other Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. (Macmillan & Co.)

as direct and purely passionate—as though they were written by Byron, with whom the purely direct method vitalized by Shakespeare, after surviving through the whole of the eighteenth century, culminated perhaps.

In Shelley, however, there appeared a poet as symbolical in his methods, as subtle in intent if not in achievement, and as mystical in temper as though he had been the countryman of Jami instead of the countryman of Shakespeare. Though the Shelleyites, like the Wordsworthians, are all agreed that their "greatest poet of the age" is the only true and genuine "greatest poet of the age," they are all disagreed as to what are the peculiar teaching and temper which cause him to be the greatest poet of the age, and consequently the critical expositions of Shelley are as various of complexion as are the theological and philosophical tenets of the critics. Yet perhaps they have all "missed the word" that unlocks the door. This word is, we think, "Sufism." It is the beautiful allegorical intent underlying all the "shows of things" which Shelley reads in Nature's face whether she smiles or frowns. While Shelley lived, however, his Sufism seems to have influenced no one. And afterward Keats's Shakespearean method of giving direct objective representation, and yet giving it "stained in the dyes" of figurative language, found in Mr. Tennyson a worker as rarely endowed almost as Keats himself; and it was from America, perhaps, that Shelley's allegorical method was brought back to England, for we must never forget Edgar Poe's enormous influence upon our more recent poetry. With the sole exception of Mr. William Morris, it would be difficult to point to any prominent poet later than Mr. Browning on whom the witchery of Poe's methods has not had more or less influence; and this again, joined to the figurativeness of another kind of which Mr. Dante Rossetti's sonnets are so full, has given a character to our later poetry which marks it off very sharply from English poetry of any other period, whether the period be allegorical in temper or realistic. Yet, as we have said, Miss Rossetti in her strong leaning toward the allegorical view of nature and human life is a prominent figure,

even at a time when allegory has taken a place in poetic art such as would have astonished writers like Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron.

This being so, the reader will be prepared to find that the principal poem in this volume is a personification of the months. January, March, July, August, October, December, are supposed to be represented in a half humorous masque by boys; February, April, May, June, September, November, by girls; while the subordinate characters are robin redbreasts, lambs and sheep, nightingale and nestlings. The scene is a large and comfortable room in a cottage with a fire burning on the hearth. January is discovered sitting by the fire, and to him enter in succession all the other months of the year, each one making his or her own appropriate speech. This is how the poem opens:

JAN. Cold the day and cold the drifted snow,
Dim the day until the cold dark night.

[Stirs the fire.

Crackle, sparkle, faggot; embers glow:
Some one may be plodding through the snow
Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.
If no one else should come,
Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome:
Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

Here's butter for my hunch of bread,
And sugar for your crumb;
Here's room upon the hearthrug,
If you'll only come.

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen bright eye,
Where are you loitering?
Wings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,
Come and fetch your crumb
For I'm as glad to see you
As you are glad to come

[Two Robin Redbreasts are seen tapping with their beaks at the lattice, which January opens. The birds flutter in, hop about the floor, and peck up the crumbs and sugar thrown to them. They have scarcely finished their meal, when a knock is heard at the door. January hangs a guard in front of the fire, and opens to February, who appears with a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.

JAN. Good-morrow, sister.

FEB. Brother, joy to you!
I've brought some snowdrops; only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew
And for the pale sun's sake.

[She hands a few of her snowdrops to January, who retires into the background. While February stands arranging the remaining snowdrops in a glass of water on the window-sill, a soft butting and bleating are heard outside. She opens the door, and sees one foremost lamb, with other sheep and lambs bleating and crowding toward her.

FEB. O you, you little wonder, come—come in,
 You wonderful, you woolly soft white lamb :
 You panting mother ewe, come too,
 And lead that tottering twin
 Safe in :
 Bring all your bleating kith and kin,
 Except the horny ram.

[February opens a second door in the background, and the little flock files through into a warm and sheltered compartment out of sight.

The lambkin tottering in its walk
 With just a fleece to wear ;
 The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
 So slender,—
 Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
 Braving the cold for our delight,
 Both white,
 Both tender.

[A rattling of doors and windows branches seen without, tossing violently to and fro.

How the doors rattle, and the branches sway :
 Here's brother March comes whirling on his way
 With winds that eddy and sing :

[She turns the handle of the door, which bursts open, and discloses March hastening up, both hands full of violets and anemones.

FEB. Come, show me what you bring ;
 For I have said my say, fulfilled my day,
 And must away.

MARCH (stopping short on the threshold).

I blow an arouse
 Through the world's wide house
 To quicken the torpid earth :
 Grappling I fling
 Each feeble thing,
 But bring strong life to the birth.
 I wrestle and frown,
 And topple down ;
 I wrench, I rend, I uproot ;
 Yet the violet
 Is born where I set

The sole of my flying foot,
 [Hands violets and anemones to February, who retires into the background.

And in my wake
 Frail wind-flowers quake,
 And the catkins promise fruit.
 I drive ocean ashore
 With rush and roar,
 And he cannot say me nay :
 My harpstrings all
 Are the forests tall,
 Making music when I play.

And as others perforce,
 So I on my course
 Run and needs must run,
 With sap on the mount
 And buds past count
 And rivers and clouds and sun,
 With seasons and breath
 And time and death
 And all that has yet begun.

[Before March has done speaking, a voice is heard approaching accompanied by a twittering of birds. April comes along singing, and stands outside and out of sight to finish her song.

APRIL (outside).

Pretty little three
 Sparrows in a tree,
 Light upon the wing ;
 Though you cannot sing
 You can chirp of Spring :
 Chirp of Spring to me,
 Sparrows, from your tree.

The above extract will show that Miss Rossetti's poetry has lost none of those characteristics which to all readers are pleasing and to some are, no doubt, a source of peculiar and special delight. Her fancy (not cold, like most people's fancy, but warm as the snug cottage room in which the dramatic action takes place), her playfulness, her music (apparently lawless as a bird's song, yet, like the bird's song, obeying a law too subtle to be recognized)—these are all to be found, we think, in the lines given above. Unlike her other allegories, however, this poem seeks to inculcate no distinct moral lesson. As graceful and bewitching as the children for whom it is written, it is also as unconscious as they. All the lesson to be drawn from it is that Nature is beautiful in her every mood and that God is good. Like all beautiful things, in short, it teaches, without any effort and without knowing it, the only lesson of life that is worth learning.

"A Ballad of Boding" is an allegory of the terrible kind to which poems such as Miss Rossetti's "Amor Mundi" belong. The power of allegorical construction is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the allegorical attitude of the mind, resulting in that allegorical material of which most recent poetry is composed, at which we have glanced above. Indeed, it seems to be given to but very few English poets. And it is not a little curious that, although an allegorical conception, based as it is upon an abstract thought, would seem to be

an intellectual rather than a purely poetic movement, we find that poets in whom intellect is, perhaps, the most noticeable characteristic will often fail in allegory. For instance, Mr. James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," which, as we have before remarked, displayed as much intellectual vigor as any poem that has appeared for some time, failed entirely as an allegorical structure; while Miss Rossetti, in whom the gift of pure song is far more noticeable than any other quality, can embody an idea in an allegory with the most absolute ease and success. Of English allegorical poems it may mostly be said that they are either too coarse in the display of the intellectual intent, or there is no distinct and rational intellectual intent to display. From this we may perhaps be driven to infer—first, that the power of rendering allegorically and at the same time beautifully such a moral conception as is embodied in some of Miss Rossetti's poems—such, for instance, as "An Apple Gathering"—is a gift quite peculiar to certain poetic natures, and is quite apart from intellectual strength; and, secondly, that this gift is, in a certain sense, at war with some well-known characteristics of the English mind. Either, as in the case of Phineas Fletcher, the allegory is so ingenious as to be nothing but an idle pedantic game, or, as in Spenser's case, the intellectual core of the allegory is hidden away entirely by that love of detail which is Teutonic rather than Latin. In her sonnets, however, Miss Rossetti is less figurative than in her other poems.

There are some charming sonnets in the volume. As a sonnet writer Miss Rossetti takes a place entirely her own. Yet between her and Mr. Matthew Arnold there is, to be sure, some affinity as regards metrical methods. The quest of each of these sonnet writers seems to be simplicity of diction, and a directness and simplicity of syntax counterbalancing that complexity of rhyme-arrangement which is the characteristic of the contemporary English sonnet as based on the Italian type. Under the heading of "Monna Innominata," Miss Rossetti has given us here a group of sonnets which, although written in the regular form of octave and sestet, run

as fluently and are as free from artificial constriction as though they consisted, like Shakespeare's sonnets, of a simple succession of three quatrains clenched by a couplet. The great virtue of the regular sonnet of octave and sestet is a certain sonority—a potential loftiness and dignity such as no other English rhyme-form can achieve or even approach; while, on the other hand, it is apt to fail in the very quality which is so fascinating in the form adopted by Shakespeare and Drayton—the quality of sweetness. Yet Miss Rossetti has been able in this series to import into the regular form more of the Shakespearean sweetness than can perhaps be found in any other poet, not even excepting Hartley Coleridge. Here is a sonnet whose cadences seem to recall a beloved nightingale note, which will ring in every English ear as long as there are English ears to listen:

"Amor, che ne la mente mi ragiona."—DANTE.

"Amor vien nel bel viso di costei."—PETRARCA.

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to
grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I
weave,
And tread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight.
But since the heart is yours that was mine
own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

The sonnet as a poetic form for the monumentalizing of a single thought or phrase of emotion (a form at once brief, determined, symmetrical, and in good hands musical beyond almost any other) is already high in favor among contemporary poets, judging from the excellent sonnet work which is appearing on all hands just now. The impulse to select for the rendering of single phases of feeling a certain recognized and apparently arbitrary form is born of a natural instinct. This is evidenced by the fact that, even when the rhyme-arrangement, as in the case of the Shakespearean sonnet, discloses no structural law demanding a prescriptive number of lines, the

poet nevertheless chooses to restrict himself to a prearranged number. Moreover, as we saw a week or two ago, even the uneducated peasantry of Italy systematically keep to a recognized form in their simple *rispetti* and *stornelli*. Until, therefore, a more convenient form than the sonnet shall be invented for brief reflective poetry, or for the po-

etry of passion when passion has passed into the non-lyrical stage, there can be no doubt that the English sonnet will grow more and more into favor among poets themselves. But the difficulty is to make the sonnet a popular form; and to this end we cannot do better than recommend poets to study the sonnets of Miss Rossetti.—*The Athenæum*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BACHELOR BLUFF: HIS OPINIONS, SENTIMENTS, AND DISPUTATIONS. By Oliver Bell Bunce. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of those books which one takes up from a curiosity aroused by the title, reads straight through because of the entertainment afforded by the contents, and lays down at the end with a more than half-formed suspicion that there are things in it which will often recur to the memory in serious and meditative moments. In other words, it is a book which, while professedly aiming to amuse, and affording in fact a very rare and delightful kind of amusement, insinuates into the crevices of the receptive mind thoughts and sentiments that are sure to fructify and perpetuate themselves. Before describing the contents of the book, it may be well to explain that its author, Mr. O. B. Bunce, has been for several years past editor of *Appletons' Journal*; and that in the well-known "Editor's Table," which has long been a distinctive feature of that periodical, many of the sentiments and opinions now ascribed to "Bachelor Bluff" have found expression in one or another form. Pointing this out in a brief prefatory note, Mr. Bunce observes truly that, while "there are indisputably numerous old pieces in the patchwork, the fresh combinations make the patterns almost new," and that with a very few exceptions "the material has been rearranged, extended, newly combined, and otherwise considerably altered." To be more specific, that which had previously found utterance in the shape of disconnected and necessarily brief comments upon current events and transient topics of discussion, is here systematized, correlated, and adjusted to an organized and consistent body of opinion.

As introduced to the reader, Bachelor Bluff (sometimes known as Mr. Oracle Bluff, and among scoffers as Old Chatter Bluff) is "a gentleman indisputably fond of talking, and very much inclined to believe that his opinions cover all the law and the facts." Ready to pronounce *ex cathedra* upon any subject that may be broached, his opinions are usually the product of "at least a half-hour's meditation," and he regards it as his special mission "to

expose sophistries, put shams to rout, and establish everything on a level basis of sane reason." Unfortunately, as his creator admits, he is a little deficient in humor; but his greatest fault is a determination always to do the greater part of the talking. "He is the worst listener at his club, or in any circle where he chances to be; but fortunately his listeners are generally good-natured, and gracefully permit him to ramble on, contenting themselves with stimulating his utterances by throwing in remarks whenever there is indication that the conversation will flag."

This latter sentence defines with exactness the plan and structure of the book, which is for the most part a series of dialogues in which Bachelor Bluff does most of the talking, while his interlocutors only interpose sufficiently to "draw him out," or to start him off afresh on a new vein of argument and illustration. The dialogues cover a wide range of topics, and are conducted with a strict regard to the proprieties of time and place. Thus, in his bachelor apartments, Mr. Bluff discusses Domestic Bliss with Mr. Carriway ("who had a weakness for sentiment") and Mr. Auger ("a grave doctor of laws"); in the library, he discusses with a Poet (Mr. Edgar Fawcett) the Theory of Poetry; at the club, he and a Dreamer define their respective Ideals of a House; in the drawing-room, he lectures Miranda on Feminine Tact and Intuitions; on the lawn, of a summer afternoon, he discusses Realism in Art with an Artist; in a country lane, to an impersonal Listener, he discourses of the Country and kindred themes; on the promenade, with a lady, he utters a series of monologues on the Privileges of Women; in the library again, with a Critic, he discusses Modern Fiction; on the train, he exchanges Political Notions with an itinerant Politician; in the laboratory, he displays his quality as an Arithmetician by showing what is involved in the homœopathic theory of Infinitesimal Doses; on a yacht, on a moonlit evening, he denounces Melancholy to Miranda and Oscar; over wine and walnuts, he holds forth on Morals in Literature and Nudity in Art to Mr. Quiver (poet, novelist, essayist, translator of

Baudelaire, and disciple of Swinburne); on the veranda, he discloses to Miranda his views on Dress; at the club, upon a summer evening, lingering over a claret-cup, he discusses Sunday Topics; and finally he reveals to the Chronicler his somewhat contradictory Experiences of Holidays.

Which of these several chapters will be liked best will depend a good deal upon the individual reader's taste and predilections; but they all exhibit in a remarkable degree keenness of insight, breadth of observation, independence of mind, and a style which is at once vivacious and forcible. To our mind, however, their most distinctive characteristic is their dramatic power—the author is always at his best in direct and rapid dialogue. For example, "Meditations in an Art Gallery" are not meditations—have no single attribute or quality of meditations—but take them as rejoinders to an imaginary and possibly dissentient interlocutor, and they are admirable. Judging his faculty by "Bachelor Bluff," we are inclined to suggest that Mr. Bunce should proceed at once to supply us with those bright comedies of character and society for which American literature and the American stage have been waiting so long.

One of the opinions which Bachelor Bluff reiterates most frequently is that art and literature have no possible mission but to increase the pleasures and enhance the joyousness of life—that they should redress the balance of sorrow and sadness that actual life may bring; and certainly, in his own work, the creator of Bachelor Bluff complies with this requirement. To read it gives one a more buoyant feeling, and a greater willingness to fix the attention upon the genial and attractive aspects of human life.

OUR FAMILIAR SONGS AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM. By Helen Kendrick Johnson. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Into this generous and handsomely printed volume, Mrs. Johnson has gathered upward of three hundred of the standard songs of the English-speaking race, classifying them under such heads as "Songs of Reminiscence," "Songs of Home," "Songs of Exile," "Songs of the Sea," "Songs of Nature," "Songs of Sentiment," "Songs of Hopeless Love," "Songs of Happy Love," "Songs of Pleasantry," "Convivial Songs," "Political Songs," "Martial and Patriotic Songs," and "Moral and Religious Songs." In her strikingly graceful preface she says of these songs: "They need no introduction; they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends, whose separate welcomes have encouraged them to drop in all together. They are not popular songs merely, nor old songs exclusively, but well-known songs, of various

times, on almost every theme of human interest. They are the songs we have all sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mother crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, sustained revolutions, honored the king, made presidents, and marked historical epochs." Each song is arranged with piano accompaniment, and preceded by a sketch of the writer and a history of the song itself. The sketches are pleasantly written, embodying much fresh and useful information that could not be easily gotten from the ordinary dictionaries and cyclopædias; and, quite properly, they are more detailed in the cases of the less known authors. In fact too much praise could hardly be bestowed upon either the taste displayed in selecting the songs or upon the discrimination with which they have been arranged and edited. The volume is a large quarto, comprising 663 pages, and in its mechanical features exhibits the customary good taste of its publishers.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

A notice of this story in a recent number of the London *Academy* contains some acute and discriminating observations, which it may be worth while to reproduce: "'A Gentleman of Leisure' is a sketch of New York society, written by an American for Americans. . . . It is intended to describe the habits and customs of the wealthiest, most fashionable, and most exclusive set in New York, especially such members of it as import and imitate English ways. It is very like a book which appeared many years ago, named 'The Upper Ten Thousand,' but gives us details of a much later day. The writer is apparently a sincere nationalist, who deprecates mere exotic fashions, but desires to emphasize a truth, much ignored or doubted in this country, that distinctions of rank and of society are just as prevalent in the United States as in England, if not so sharply defined by any formal or official tables of precedence. There are, of course, many ignorant Englishmen of position who cannot realize this fact, nor understand how such distinctions can exist apart from nobiliary titles and in a commercial society; never remembering that the proudest aristocracy of Europe, apart from the few Roman families which claim consular descent, was that of the untitled and trading Venetian magnificoes; while Berne, Florence, and Genoa point a similar moral; and that, in fact, there is no such enemy of an aristocracy of birth as a peerage is, which can and does give to men

of obscure origin precedence over untitled patricians of the most illustrious descent—such, for example, as the late Charles Waterton, who was of royal lineage by several distinct chains. But when Mr. Fawcett wishes to impress on his readers the great superiority of American women in tone, training, and wit over their British sisters, he would do well not to make his heroine tell a young gentleman at their very first interview how ill her married sister uses her, and how misunderstood she is by inferior surroundings; nor yet give us, as the leading specimen of her 'lightsome drollery, actual wit, and playful felicity,' her following reply to the hero, who asks her to give him only one lump of sugar in his tea: 'Yes, I like a great deal of sugar, so my excess will counteract your deficiency.'"

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. J. MEADOWS COWPER has undertaken to compile a Concordance to the Revised New Testament. The book will be published as soon as possible.

It is stated that Tourgenieff, the great Russian novelist, has tried his hand at writing some children's stories, which may be expected to appear by Christmas.

THE Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have asked Lieut. Conder to get a cast of the Siloam inscription, in plaster of paris, made and sent to England as quickly as possible.

A MEMBER of the Browning Society estimates the total number of lines written by Mr. Browning at about 97,000, something like a fourth less than Shakespeare is calculated to have written.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO are about to issue an Illustrated Universal History, which has been in preparation for some years past. It will be published in serial form, and the first part will very shortly appear.

MR. R. H. SHEPHERD has in the press an entirely new edition (being the fifth), revised and enlarged throughout, of his Bibliography of Ruskin. Only 250 copies of this edition will be printed, and each copy will be numbered.

THE diocesan synod of New South Wales have passed a resolution that the Revised Version of the New Testament be not used until sanctioned by the bishop; but several of the clergy have already adopted its use on their own responsibility.

THE translation by M. Golenischeff of a most interesting Egyptian hieratic papyrus, relating romantic adventures in Punt or Somali, probably in the thirteenth dynasty, will appear shortly. They are as curious as those known

as the "Adventures of Saneha and the Predestined Prince."

THERE has recently been sold in Manchester, for the sum of 6*l.* 15*s.*, a copy of "Three Ways of spending Sunday, by Timothy Sparks," which is one of the earliest and rarest of Dickens's writings. It was purchased by the bookseller who sold it for threepence! It has been resold for 8*l.* 8*s.*

MR. FURNIVALL proposes to follow up his Bibliography of Robert Browning for the Browning Society with a Subject Index to Browning's Works, showing the range of subjects treated, and the opinions expressed on them, in the poet's words. After this will probably be put forth a short Statement of the Story and Purpose of each of Browning's Dramas and Poems.

A FINE example of Spanish patriotism has reached us from a private source. Señor Fernandez Guerra, whose important work on the Ancient Geography of Spain we have already announced as in the press, received from the German Government an offer to purchase it; but, though he is very far from being a rich man, he preferred to present the result of the labor of his life to his own Government, at whose expense the work is now being printed.

PERSIA, it is said, is making considerable progress in the direction of education. Hitherto education in that country has been mostly confined to religious learning; now, however, the nucleus of a university is being formed at Ispahan, colleges being in the course of erection there for the teaching of languages, European as well as Asiatic, and the arts and sciences, mostly under European Supervision.

MISS JANE LEE, the learned daughter of the Archdeacon of Dublin, was charged by her old teacher, Prof. Benfey, before his death, to English the whole of the great Sanskrit epic, the "Māhabhārata, 80,000 lines, as only fragments of it had been translated before. Miss Lee has begun her task. She is also to help Prof. Atkinson in his Old-Irish Dictionary for the Royal Irish Academy; and she will probably contribute papers to the New Shakespeare and the Browning Societies during the ensuing session.

FOR the benefit of autograph collectors, we extract the following prices from a catalogue just issued by the art-publishing firm of Otto August Schultz, of Leipzig. The sums are in marks, of which twenty approximately equal one pound sterling. Martin Luther (600), Lessing (500), Schiller (350), Goethe (250), Melanchthon (225), Oliver Cromwell (220), Goethe's mother and Friedrich August der Starke (200), Kant and Count Egmont (175), Klopstock and Wallenstein (150), Kepler (145)

Byron, Fichte, Poniatowsky, and the Earl of Essex (100), Voltaire (90), Peter the Great and Körner (75), Blücher and Kosciuszko (60), Bürger (50).

A LETTER from the Norwegian dramatist Henrik Ibsen, which has been recently published in a Christiania paper, is exciting much attention in Norway. It suggests that the early "stipendium" allotted by the Government to Ibsen and his brother poet Björnson should be increased, on the ground that they both lose greatly by the absence of a copyright convention between Norway and the other European countries, especially Germany. Their plays can be translated and published or represented by any one who chooses, to their evident pecuniary disadvantage. A copyright convention, he says, is not to be thought of, because, Norway being a poor country, it would simply exclude foreign literature altogether, and so put a sad check upon popular enlightenment. But it is only fair, he argues, that he and his brother dramatist, who thus suffer for their country's good, should be in a measure compensated by the said grateful country. Their present subsidy is 400 dollars a year, which certainly does not seem princely.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.—It is not unusual to hear the expressions, "quick as thought" and "quick as lightning," used as if they were synonymous; but there is a vast difference, comparatively speaking, between them. The electric impulse is practically instantaneous over, say, a mile of wire; but, if we may trust the experiments of Helmholtz and others, the wave of thought requires about a minute to traverse a mile of nerve. An electric shock is felt simultaneously in every part of the body, but the sensations of touch and of pain occupy an appreciable time in making their impressions on the sensorium. The interval between the reception of an impression by the brain, and its perception by that organ, is doubtless, inexpressibly short; but as we can only test the speed of thought by noting the time elapsing between the application of the cause of the thought and the exhibition of some indication of its reception, we find that the time occupied can be measured. Thus Hirsch, by means of a suitable apparatus, found that a touch upon the face was recognized and responded to by a predetermined signal operated by hand in one seventh of a second. There is no doubt some loss in the purely mechanical operation of making the signal; but when the different senses are tested in this manner, and a mean taken of all the experiments, we find not only that the act of thinking is not so rapid as was

imagined, but that the speed varies with different senses. Thus the sense of touch was found to respond in one seventh of a second, that of hearing required one sixth of a second to respond, and when the eye was tested, one fifth of a second was occupied in recognizing the signal. The distances travelled by the nervous impulses in each of these cases, was as nearly as possible the same, and it follows therefore that the recognition of them required more time in some cases than in others. Simple as it may seem, a number of operations must be performed by the brain in receiving and recording the reception of the impression. There is the transmission of the sensation to the brain, its recognition, and then the determining to make the signal, the transmission of the determination to the muscles, and the movement of those muscles. Hirsch showed, as explained above, that less time was required to recognize a touch than a sound, and that it took more time to see than to hear, but the question still remained as to what part of the time occupied was consumed in the act of recognition. Donders, by means of some very ingeniously constructed apparatus, solved the question. He found that the double act of recognizing a sound and giving the response, occupied seventy-five thousandths of a second, of which forty thousandths were occupied in simple recognition, leaving thirty-five thousandths for the act of volition. One twenty-fifth of a second was occupied in judging which was first of two irritants acting upon the same sense; but a slightly longer time was necessary to determine the priority of signals sent by different senses, as those of hearing and seeing. These results were obtained from a man of middle age, the young were slightly quicker; but the average of many experiments showed that the time required for a simple thought was never less than the fortieth of a second. From these experiments we learn that the mind cannot perform more than twenty-four hundred simple acts in a minute, and that the stories we have heard from persons rescued from drowning are simply exaggerations.

SPIDERS OBSTRUCTING THE TELEGRAPH.—One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators, and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dew they become good conductors, and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush users the difficulty remains always a serious one.

SOME EFFECTS OF HEAT AND LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—A curious modification of the normal structure of plant stems has been observed by M. Prillieux on making the temperature of the ground about the plant higher than that of the air above. Beans and pumpkins gave the best results. The seeds were placed in earth in a large dish, in which was inserted part of a brass rod bent at a right angle and having a gas flame applied to its horizontal end. The chamber was moist and cold. The seeds germinated well; but on coming above ground the plants acquired a peculiar shape, they grew but little in length and became unusually thick, the latter growth involving much tension in the surface layers, so that deep rifts before long appeared (mostly transverse) and made further growth impossible. M. Prillieux found the enlargement traceable mainly to an increase, not of the number, but of the volume of cells in the interior (cells of the cortical tissue and the pith). The excessive growth of these cells occurred not only in the cell wall, but in the nucleus, which was often multiplied. The excess of temperature of the ground over the air was about 10 deg. Again, the view adopted by the older botanists that light is either without effect on germination, or has an adverse effect, fails to harmonize with some results lately arrived at by Herr Stebler, in the case of many seeds of agricultural importance, such as varieties of meadow grass (*Poa*), the germination of which he finds to be favored considerably more by light than by heat. Thus, with two groups of 400 seeds each of *Poa memorialis*, in one experiment, there germinated in light 62 per cent., and in darkness 3 per cent. Similarly with *Poa pratensis*—in light 59 per cent., in darkness 7 per cent., and so on. Sunlight being a very variable force difficult of determination, experiments were further made with gaslight, and with the same result—that light favors the germination of certain seeds, especially grasses, and that these germinate either not at all, or very scantily in darkness. The fact was verified by Herr Stebler in quite a series of seeds, *Festuea*, *Cynosurus*, *Alopecurus*, etc. In the case of seeds that germinate quickly and easily, such as clover, beans, or peas, he thinks light is probably not advantageous.

THE INVERTED RETINAL IMAGE.—Any image formed by light-rays focussed by a single convex lens is necessarily inverted, whether in the eye of an animal or in any artificial optical instrument; that this is so in the former case may be proved by the examination of the eye of an albino or pink-eyed animal, through the choroid of which, from the absence of pigment-cells, light can freely travel. If the eye be fixed in the path of a beam of light, and ex-

amined with a lens from behind (the cellular tissue having been stripped from the choroid), the image of external objects will be seen inverted on the retina. To explain the reinversion of the retinal picture by which we are enabled to see things as they really are, is a matter of some difficulty. Some physiologists have attempted to find a solution in the decussation (crossing) of the nerve fibres of the optic commissure, so that the lower part of the image is communicated to the brain as though it were the uppermost, and *vice versa*. Others, more reasonably perhaps, assume that the inverted picture is set right by some unconscious effort at adjustment derived from associated ideas. But, as a matter of fact, it remains to be proved that any process of the kind is necessary—that the inverted image will not do perfectly well for correct vision without any reinversion. For the facts of the case are not that we *look at* an inverted picture of upright objects; it is true that a real image is formed on the retina, but in no sense of the word can we be said to *see* this. It simply excites or stimulates in some way the optic nerve, with the result of setting up molecular disturbance in some parts of the brain, of which molecular disturbance we are conscious, the consciousness taking the form of a *mental* image of the real retinal one. Regarded in this light the difficulty of inverted images very nearly vanishes. At any rate there can be little doubt that its explanation must be sought in some such hypothesis, and not in any special anatomical arrangement of nerve fibres.—*The Oracle*.

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT OF GLACIERS.—MM. Koch and Klocke, who have continued during the summer of 1880 their interesting observations on the motion of the Morteratsch glacier, publish their results in the eighth volume of the Proceedings of the Natural History Society of Freiburg. They have measured each half-hour during a fortnight the motion of a point on the glacier, and this year, as well as during the foregoing year, their results are almost negative, *i.e.*, the motion was so slow, and the advance of their signal-stick was so small and often even negative, that nothing can be inferred until now as to the motion of this glacier. Thus observing, for instance, the advance of their signal each half-hour, on September 11th, from midday to six o'clock in the evening, they find the following figures, in millimètres: 0.5, -0.5, -0.5, 0.5, 0.0, 0.2, -0.2, 0.2, -1.0, 1.3, -1.5, -1.5, the negative figures showing a back movement of the signal. Therefore MM. Koch and Klocke have undertaken a thorough verification of their instruments, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the motion observed cannot be attributed to errors of observation. Besides they

have devised a special arrangement for keeping their signal motionless in the ice; they sink into the ice of the glacier a large copper tube which is filled with ice and salt, and covered by a small hill of ice, and only then they adjust their scale on the tube. This signal remaining firm throughout the day in the ice, the theodolite being also motionless, and the probable errors of observation not exceeding 0.3 millimètre, the small observed motions must be attributed, they suppose, to some cause yet unknown.

BRAIN DEVELOPMENT AND MORAL CHARACTER.—It is not surprising to find the unlearned in things medical unable to understand that brain development, which of course is generally a matter of heredity, determines character. Such, however, is, and must needs be, the fact. Whether the mind is something outside matter which acts through or by the brain, as a musician may use a musical instrument, or whether, as some think, what we call mind is simply brain function, it should be manifest on consideration that upon the quality and conformation of a man's brain must depend his mental capacity; and, consequently, also his characteristics, both intellectual and moral. We are not disposed to urge specialties of development as excuses for conduct, because, given an average degree of intelligence and fairly strong will-power, the individual is clearly responsible for his actions; but it must not be forgotten that his instincts of right or wrong, and the faculty of judgment with which he distinguishes between good and evil, will be acute or dull in proportion as his brain is developed. The mind is in a large sense the character of a man, and as directly dependent on the physical growth of his brain as the speed of a racehorse is dependent on its muscular development. This is not sufficiently recognized, and because it is not we every now and again find silly remarks in print such as the following: "The convolutions of the brain may have something to do with the difference between mediocrity and genius, but at present they are not recognized in the law courts, and it is difficult to see how they can be;" with such weak and wide moral reflections as that "it would be scarcely satisfactory to a pickpocket to have his brains (*sic*) examined, in order to prove to those he left behind that he really could not help being a thief!" And yet the facts are sufficiently plain and simple, so plain and simple that any one should be able to understand them.—*Lancet*.

PERSISTENT SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Naylor, of Edinburgh, Scotland, gives as an explanation of the persistency with which sea-sickness continues in some cases, that the sickness weakens the heart's action, thus keeping up the cerebral anæmia, and this in turn again pro-

duces the sickness—so that prolonged sickness is due to a circuit of causes, the one producing the other, namely: the visional irritation, cerebral anæmia, sickness, weak heart's action. Dr. Naylor says that amyl nitrite usually does good in this ailment, if used at once, because, being an anti-spasmodic, it relieves the spasm of the cerebral vessels, and thus the brain is refilled with blood; but if it fails, then the persistent sickness, by its effect on the contractions of the heart, prevents the brain from getting a sufficient supply of blood, and thus the brain becomes anæmic, not from a spasm of the capillaries, but from an insufficient power of the heart.

A NEW SUBMARINE VESSEL.—A young Roumanian engineer, Trajan Theodoresco, has succeeded in constructing a submarine vessel which puts everything that has gone before in submarine navigation completely in the shade. This boat, up to a certain maximum size and corresponding tonnage, it is said, may be navigated under water for twelve hours at a stretch, at a depth of 100 feet; she may, however, according to the inventor, be lowered to over 300 feet below the surface of the water, and without coming into contact with the atmosphere. On the surface of the water the vessel may be manœuvred under the same conditions as an ordinary steamboat. Her speed, however, is not so great as that of steamers, but greater than that of sailing vessels. The submersion is effected by screws and vertically, either suddenly or successively, and the vessel is raised in the same way. If once under water, sufficient light is supplied to enable those on board to see all obstacles at distances up to 130 feet, and the movements of the boat may be so regulated as to avoid them. The air supplied for the crew is said to last for from twelve to fourteen hours. In case of need, the reservoir containing the air may be refilled, while under water, for another twelve hours, pipes telescoping into each other being directed to the surface for that purpose. The propulsion of the vessel and its submersion are stated to cause no noise. Should all these particulars prove correct, the novel boat will be the most formidable vessel for torpedo warfare. But she may also be turned to more useful purposes. In the Matchin Canal, near Braila, there has lain, since May, 1877, the Lutfi Djelit, which had on board the war chest of the Turkish Danube flotilla, amounting, so report says, to several million piastres. It might be possible to recover that sum by means of the new submarine boat, and if the experiment should prove successful, it would at the same time be profitable.—*Iron*.

THE CAUSE OF BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—An interesting experiment was lately tried at Pitts-

burg, Pa., by Mr. D. T. Lawson, with a view to testing a certain theory as to the cause of boiler explosions; and for this purpose, a boiler of first-rate material and construction was erected. At the time of the experiment, the boiler was three parts full of water, and the dial indicated a pressure of about one half that which the metal was proved to sustain. When all was ready, a full head of steam was turned into the cylinder, with the result that the boiler and all its belongings were blown to fragments. It need hardly be said that the spectators and operators engaged in this curious experiment were safely ensconced in bomb-proof sheds. Mr. Lawson claims that his hypothesis as to the cause of explosions is by this experiment proved to be correct. He argues that the only dangerous element contained within a boiler is superheated water. On a sudden reduction of pressure, such as that which must occur when steam is suddenly let off to the cylinder, a certain quantity of this water is instantaneously converted into steam, taking up seventeen hundred times the space occupied by the water. This sudden expansion operates in precisely the same manner as fired gunpowder; and the boiler, however strong, is bound to give way. Mr. Lawson suggests the construction of a boiler having a central partition to separate the water from the steam. This partition should be furnished with valves, somewhat smaller in the aggregate than the port for admittance of steam to the cylinder, and in this way the release of pressure would be gradual. A boiler built on this principle is shortly to be submitted to the same test as that which burst the one already experimented upon.

A FASTER KIND OF SHIP.—Prof. Raoul Pictet, of Geneva, who has been giving his attention of late to marine architecture, announces, according to the *Times* correspondent, a discovery which, if his anticipations be realized, will effect a revolution in the art of shipbuilding and greatly augment the speed of sea-going and other ships. The discovery consists in a new method of construction and such an arrangement of the keel as will diminish the resistance of the water to the lowest possible point. Vessels built in the fashion devised by Professor Pictet, instead of sinking their prows in the water as their speed increases, will rise out of the water the faster they go, in such a way that the only parts exposed to the friction of the water will be the sides of the hull and the neighborhood of the wheel. In other words, ships thus constructed, instead of pushing their way through the water, will glide over it. According to the professor's calculations, in the accuracy of which he has the fullest confidence, steamers built after his design will attain a speed of from fifty to sixty kilometers the

hour. A model steamer on the principle he has discovered is in course of construction at Geneva. The machinery has been ordered at Winterthur, and when ready the new vessel will make her trial trip on Lake Lemman.

MISCELLANY.

THE PAPAL INCOME.—Speaking politically, and without reference to such purely spiritual functions as a pauper Bishop may unquestionably exercise, as well as a Prince Bishop (though even these can hardly by any possibility be in this age of the world exercised by a universal Bishop), it may be said that the Pope cannot live and perform his functions as such without an income of considerably more than that named by the Italian law. During the years which have elapsed since the Papacy was deprived of its temporal dominion the Pope has been in the receipt of such an income from the voluntary contributions of the faithful. During the pontificate of Pius IX. the sums thus received were very largely in excess of the amount required for the purposes of the Holy See. And there is reason to believe that the See now possesses a certain amount of revenue from funds saved and invested during the period of abundance. But the sums contributed for the same purpose under Leo XIII. have been very much more scanty. It is easy to understand why on many accounts this should have been so. But the general reader will be probably considerably surprised to hear that to these readily understood causes is to be added one far more ominous of future difficulty and danger to the Church—the intentional and plotted action of the Jesuits, with a view to cutting off the supplies from a Pope to whose ideas and policy they are opposed. It is no secret to those who have the means of looking a little behind the scenes, that the great falling off in the amount of Peter's pence since the accession of Leo XIII. has been greatly due to this cause. All this, however, only shows the more clearly that the economic condition of the Papacy is, as things at present stand, in a very high degree precarious. And it does not need any great amount of experience in such matters to be perfectly convinced that the voluntary contributions of the Catholics throughout the world, great as their devotion to the supreme head of their Church may be, do not offer any sufficient guarantee for the economic existence of the hierarchy as at present constituted. Such a guarantee, then, is the condition of the "independence" which the Papacy is demanding with so much not unreasonable, or at least not unintelligible, insistency. But it is right, while pointing out that this money question is the real knot and nucleus of the matter, to guard the reader against supposing

that it is meant to charge the present rulers of the Vatican, and least of all the Holy Father himself, with anything of the nature of grasping avidity or the lust of wealth. Leo XIII. has introduced the strictest economy into every branch of the administration of his household, save the very heavy item of charitable assistance to hardly pressed individuals and churches. The other day his eldest nephew, the son of his brother, was to be married, and the young man applied to his uncle, asking him what he could do for him under the circumstances. The Pope borrowed £1000, which he gave him, telling him that it was absolutely out of his power to do more. Shortly subsequently he made over to his family property to the amount of about £3000, being the entire share of the patrimony which he had inherited from his father, telling them at the same time that they must look for nothing further at his death, for that he possessed nothing! To those who live in a city every part of which is decorated with the magnificence of Borghese, Barberini, Ludovisi, Altieri, Rospigliosi, Corsini, and many other enormous palaces, all built from the spoils of Papal nepotism, the change of times must be striking.—*British Quarterly Review*.

PRESERVING AUTUMN LEAVES.—One of the great fancies of this season has been for autumn leaves, which are used in various methods, the most popular being, perhaps, to dry them flatly and carefully, and take great care to preserve their stalks. When thoroughly dry, they are varnished with "Canada balsam varnish," which gives them a pretty gloss, and also acts as a preservative to them from all insects and moths. After this, they are carefully laid aside for the decoration of the winter dinner-table, and may be most safely preserved in a tin box, with a well-fitting cover. Grasses added to them are very effective, and when dry they may be dyed at home with Judson's dyes. They may be also frosted when dry, by dipping each stalk into a solution of alum, and leaving them to dry upright. With the grasses and leaves may be used the dried everlasting flowers and the prepared moss, but I must warn my readers that no little taste is needed in their arrangement to avoid the least heaviness of effect. I have found that glass vases and stands are the most effective for their arrangement, as the transparency of these increases the wished for lightness and grace. Another way of using the dried leaves is for the ornamentation of tables, blotting-books, or boxes. Old cigar boxes, when painted black, are very favorite articles for decoration; but now we know the value of varnished un-

painted wood, I fancy that many people will prefer the effect of the cigar boxes unpainted, with the unvarnished leaves gummed on, and the box and leaves varnished afterward. If, however, a black ground be especially desired, use "Brunswick black" to stain the wood, or "Brunswick black" and turpentine mixed, to make a rich-looking brown grounding. Then gum on the leaves in a central group, being careful to cut away, with a sharp pair of scissors, all the under parts of the leaves, which will be hidden by others above, as too many thicknesses of leaf will make an uneven surface, and give an ugly appearance to the work when finished.—*Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*.

"THE ART OF LIFE."—We quite agree with a contemporary that "the art of life is very backward." The truth of this remark is illustrated in the, at first sight, curious fact that the great world spends summer in London and winter in the country, that "society" forsakes the Park in the evening at the precise moment when it is becoming delightful, and betakes itself, in quest of enjoyment, to crowded and heated rooms and assemblies, where heat and light and food and close quarters combine to make the most distressing inferno known to the civilized world. There is no room to doubt the accuracy of this reasoning. We fly in the face of Nature in too many of our customs, and, speaking generally, lead lives of flagrant offence against common sense. We all know and feel in our inner consciences that the majority of the maxims and "principles" which govern the usages of life in society are either unreal or fallacious, but we cling to them and affect to obey or act upon them. Nothing short of a politico-social revolution would induce the Legislature to assemble in the dark winter months, or to sit by day instead of night. It would be easier to change the calendar than to put a stop to the giving of dinners and balls and indoor entertainments in the evening. It goes for nothing that men would live longer and lead healthier and happier lives if the entire code of conventional proprieties was revised, and its unwritten but inexorable statutes recast on a rational and natural basis. The physician has the errors and incongruities of social life daily forced on his attention. He does his best to reason his patients out of their most urgently mischievous follies; but for the most part, the words of wisdom falling from his lips light on stony hearts and barren trains. Society has plenty of courage in the main, but its members lack the most virtuous form of valor, the courage to be sensible.—*Lancet*.

IN MEMORIAM—W. H. BIDWELL.

AT Saratoga Springs, on the 11th of September, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, there died WALTER HILLIARD BIDWELL, whose name has so long been associated with this magazine. Such incidents of his life as the public is likely to feel interested in may be briefly outlined. He was born at Farmington, Conn., on the 21st of June, 1798. Of sturdy North of England and Scotch stock, his paternal ancestor emigrated to the Hartford colony many years before the American Revolution; and about the same time his maternal ancestor, Ithamer Pelton, a native of France, came over and settled at Saybrook. His father, William Bidwell, was a farmer. After the usual preparatory studies, the subject of this sketch entered Yale College in 1824, graduating in 1827; but having determined to become a minister, he afterward took a course in theology at the Yale Theological Seminary. In the spring of 1833 he received his license to preach, and in the autumn of the same year was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational church in Medfield, Mass. After a pastorate of four years, the failure of his voice compelled him to abandon the ministry, and for the sake of a milder climate he removed to Philadelphia.

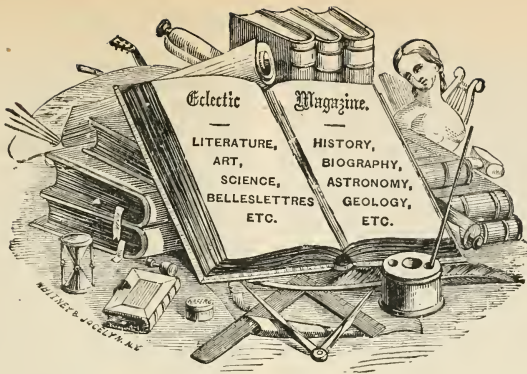
In 1841 he began his long and varied career as an editor with the *American National Preacher*, a monthly publication, which he conducted for about nineteen years in all, and into which he gathered an immense number of sermons by nearly five hundred ministers of all evangelical denominations. In 1843 he became the proprietor and editor of the *New York Evangelist*, a weekly religious journal, which has served and is still serving its generation with ability and zeal, and which he conducted for twelve years. In 1846 he became the proprietor of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, and also about the same time proprietor and conductor of the *American Biblical Repository*, one of the oldest and most celebrated of our religious quarterlies. In 1860 he became publisher and proprietor of the *American Theological Review*, the editorial department being in charge of the late Prof. Henry B. Smith. Two years afterward this work was incorporated with the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, and passed into the hands of the Rev. J. M. Sherwood. Finally, between 1848 and 1854, he published a series of seven valuable missionary maps, of which his brother, the Rev. O. B. Bidwell, was the author.

Next to his labors as editor and publisher,

his visits to foreign lands must necessarily fill the largest space in any record of Mr. Bidwell's life. His first visit was made about 1830, when, on account of the feeble health of his wife, he spent a year in England and France. His next visit was not made until 1849, when he spent four months in travelling through England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Two years later, in the summer of 1851, the year of the first great International Exhibition, he again went abroad, visiting London, Holland, various cities of Germany, and Vienna; returning through Bohemia and Saxon Switzerland, and home by way of Paris and London. In 1853 he made a still more extended tour, including Southern France, many of the historic cities of Spain, Portugal, and a brief excursion to Tangiers. During the next ten years he was completely absorbed in his various literary and business schemes; but in the winter of 1863-64 overwork caused a violent inflammation of the brain which nearly cost him his life, and by the orders of his physicians he again sought relaxation in foreign travel. This time he travelled through England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, Finland, Sweden, and Denmark, returning to New York in restored health to resume his labors, which were now confined to the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*. In 1867 he was appointed by Secretary Seward as Special Commissioner of the United States to visit various points in Western Asia, and spent eight months of continuous travel in Greece, Egypt and Palestine, Syria and Turkey, returning from Constantinople by way of the Black Sea and the Danube.

Toward the close of 1868 Mr. Bidwell withdrew from active editorial work and business responsibility, spending most of his time in alternate travel and repose. Several additional visits were made to England and other parts of Europe, but these were not important enough to require separate or special mention. The closing years of his life were mostly spent with relatives and friends in Ohio, his visits to New York being very brief and infrequent. His death was sudden and unexpected, for, in spite of his patriarchal age, he maintained his remarkable physical vigor almost to the last.

It may be well to state here that Mr. Bidwell's death will make no difference in the conduct of this Magazine, which will remain under the charge of the gentleman who has edited it during the past twelve years.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIV., No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1881.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

"FOUR CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LETTERS."*

BY SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THE life of the Past survives in its letters more than in any other records, and though historians may have taken careful account of one or another of them to supply information and authenticate facts, no history can so reanimate the time of which it writes as the letters themselves. It is well, therefore, that these four centuries should rise before us "in their habit as they lived;" and, ghosts though they be, tell us what it is given to ghosts only to reveal. The magician who brings them before us (Mr. Scoones mentions in his preface "the magic of patience" as the occult art in which he puts his trust) has used his powers with excellent effect, and if in what I have to say about letters I do not avail myself of examples

to be found in his book, it is in deference to the appeal made in his preface, where, admitting that "many a gem must still lurk in dark corners," he invites the assistance of all who may take an interest in his design to bring them to light. His design is mainly, though not minutely, chronological; and it is of course by such a sequence that historical instruction can be best given. But very various are the ways in which human nature can be illustrated by letters, and very vivid the lights they can throw upon it; and if this work should be as successful as it deserves to be, it may be well that it should be followed by one having a different scheme of assortment; consisting, shall we say, of subdivisions, to disclose severally the Political, Ecclesiastical, Military, Diplomatic, Social, and Domestic features of the age in which the letters were written? Or, without reference to one

* "Four Centuries of English Letters." Edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. New York: Harper & Bros.

time or another, shall they be so subdivided as to give us a specific insight into human nature in each of its several moods and passions—melancholy or merry, angry or amorous, self-seeking or patriotic?

If we inquire into human nature as differing in different ages, we find that custom, born of circumstance, can bring into combination elements which, without the evidence of history, and indeed without that kind of evidence which extant letters afford, might have seemed altogether incompatible; and having seen what blind contradictions mankind in servitude to custom has been capable of in the past, we may be led to open our eyes on the present, and strain our sight to discern what there may be in ourselves that future ages will read of with wonder in the letters we leave for their instruction.

What was buccaneering in the sixteenth century? Ferocious, merciless slaughter of men, women, and children, some of them called savages, by Englishmen more savage than they—more savage, if we were to judge according to the sentiments of our own time,* and

* Since the above was written I have read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 26 what follows:—

"A former member of the 9th Surrey Volunteers, whose name out of consideration for his friends we suppress, has been describing the fighting in Basutoland in letters, to which he is not ashamed to attach his name, in the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*. When he left this country he was no doubt a humane product of nineteen centuries of Christian civilization. But for some time past he has been fighting the Basutos in South Africa; and, to judge from his letters, the demoralizing influence of a campaign against a semi-savage tribe has been too much, not merely for his humanity, Christianity, and civilization, but for the elementary ideas of soldierly duty. What other conclusion can be drawn from the following extracts from a letter dated Dipherring, Basutoland, November 21?—

"The niggers have massed an immense army. There are about 30,000 or 40,000 of them, but I hope we shall yet be able to give it them hot, and pay them well for all their cruelties to us. The colonel has given orders for no man to take a prisoner, but to kill at once, and that we are all glad to hear. The other day a nigger came to our camp and pretended to be friendly, but one of our men took up his gun and blew his brains out. He was only five yards from him, and the bullet went clean through his head. The man was brought up for court-martial, but all of us—2500 in num-

yet possibly on some other side of their nature as tender and conscientious as a Nelson or a Collingwood.

The buccaneer Cavendish might be taken to be a fiend by those who read of the horrors he perpetrated in South America; but before we send him back to the region which might be supposed to have given him birth, let us read a few words in a letter he wrote from his death-bed on board ship as he was returning from his last enterprise:

And now to tell you of my greatest griefe, which was the sickness of my deare kinsman John Locke, who by this time was growne in great weakness, by reason hee desired rather quietnesse and contentednesse in our course than such continual disquietnesse which never ceased us. And now by this, what with griefe for him and the continual trouble I endured among such hel-hounds, my spirits were cleane spent; wishing myself upon any desart place in this world, there to die. . . . And now to return to our private matters. I have made my will, wherein I have given special charge that all goods whatsoever belong unto me be delivered unto your hands. For God's sake refuse not to do this last request for mee; I owe little that I know of; therefore it will be the less trouble; but if there be any debt that (of truth) is owing by me, for God's sake see it paid. . . . To use complements of love now at my last breath were frivolous; but know that I left none in England whom I loved halfe so well as yourself; which you in such sort deserved at my hands as I can by no measure requite. . . . I pray you give this copie of my unhappie proceedings in this action to Sir George Carey, and tell him that if I had thought the letter of a dead man acceptable, I would have written unto him. . . . I have now no more to say; but take this last farewell—that you have lost the lovingest friend that was lost by any. . . . I pray forget not Master Carey of Cockington; gratify him with something, for hee used me kindly at my departure.

Was there ever a man steeped in blood and greedy of plunder on the one

ber—said we would lay down our arms if he got punished, so Colonel Clarke told him he was exonerated from all blame, and the announcement was received with great cheers all around the camp.

"When 'an officer and a gentleman' can take part in threatening a mutiny to prevent the punishment of the perpetrator of a cold-blooded murder, and can write home to his parents announcing the delight with which he hailed the order that no quarter was to be given, no further evidence is required as to the brutalizing effect of these native wars."

I had vainly hoped that even wars with savage tribes could not carry us back to the darkness and gnashing of teeth we read of three hundred years ago.

side of the globe, who was more loving and considerate to his friends on the other, as well as careful and just in taking order for the payment of his debts? How are we to account for such a combination? It was the work of custom; and custom was the work of

Circumstance, that unspiritual God
And mis-Creator.

Custom was the amalgam which could thus fuse two souls into one and find a place for them in the same body. No-body in the sixteenth century had learned to regard savages as fellow-creatures, or to care how much they suffered or how many of them had their throats cut.

Such was the state of feeling three hundred years ago. Now it is a bold adventure in speculation to forecast what may be the changes in custom and customary sentiment which shall have taken place three hundred years hence, and what things regarded with indifference or approval now may be condemned by our descendants in the twenty-second century—not so severely, perhaps, nor so confidently, yet in some sort and measure as we condemn what was blindly tolerated by our progenitors in the sixteenth;—bold but not unlawful; and let us get what glimmerings we can from the light of experience, looking back first and then feeling our way forward.

Burning heretics, to which Sir Thomas More, the best and most benevolent of men in his time, saw no objection, had already come to an end with the sixteenth century. Torturing to extort confession, countenanced by one who was before his age in almost all things else, came to an end in the seventeenth. In the eighteenth men who had committed suicide ceased to be buried where four roads meet with a stake driven through them. Early in the nineteenth the pillory and cropping of ears fell into disuse; and, moreover, we were no longer to be drawn and quartered as well as hung. Next the slave trade was abolished, and then slavery. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, prize-fighting, duelling—all came to a not untimely end.

Such is the story of the past. And now for the conjectural outlook.

Vivisection lingers still, but will it linger long? It is maintained by some high authorities and denied by others, that while the animals operated upon cannot always be exempted from torture, the benefit to mankind is such as to make the pain to them of no account. Are moral questions, then, to lose themselves in hypothetical computations of results? It may be for the ultimate benefit of mankind that savage tribes should be exterminated, after the manner of Cavendish the buccaneer, so to make way for races of a higher order of moral and intellectual attributes. It may be that there has been, on a balance of results, a saving of pain to mankind from the murders committed by Burke in Edinburgh some sixty years ago in order to supply bodies, not otherwise to be obtained, for dissection. But murders and massacres have a character of their own independently of ultimate results. Again, it does not seem to be questioned by either party that human pain is infinitely more worthy of consideration than any that can be suffered by animals. Is this altogether beyond a doubt?

Pain in man
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan;
In brutes 'tis purely piteous.

And not only is the discipline of pain often salutary in a spiritual sense to the sufferer; it is still oftener the correlative of moral and spiritual qualities in others—pity, charity, self-sacrifice, devout dependence and prudential forethought—virtues which could not very well get on without it.

But it is argued we might just as well object to field sports as to vivisection; if we indulge in the one, why renounce the other? There is another question to be asked—Why not renounce both? Field sports are said to be "manly." Will our progeny of the twenty-second century call them so? Or will they respond to the very few voices of this century—one of them, however, that of its most illustrious monitor, Wordsworth,* another that of a prose writer who is also likely to instruct more centuries

* He teaches us
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
Hartleap Well.

than one, Mr. Freeman—that exhort us not to connect our amusements with the terror, pain, and death of animals, but rather leave to those who undertake it as a business all necessary hunting and catching and killing of hares and foxes and deer and fish, as we leave the killing of cattle and sheep to the butcher.

There are other amusements of ours that are questionable. Crowds of all classes go to gaze at spectacles, some actually, others seemingly, dangerous; that, for example, of a man fighting with a lion in his cage year after year, till at last the lion triumphs and his tormentor dies a just death; or, it may be, to witness rope dancing and other feats performed by women and children as well as men, the charm consisting chiefly in the danger, or supposed danger, to life or limb. Will our progeny of the twenty-second century take the pleasure which we do in witnessing dangers they do not share?

Once more. In our time a man risks his own life and the life of the horse he rides in steeple-chases, if not from vanity, from mere wantonness and love of excitement—"Non tam præmiis periculorum quàm ipsis periculis lætus."* Will some very didactic personage of a future time presume to say that there are two kinds of courage, the one to be regarded with respect, the other with an opposite feeling; the one the courage of the man who, knowing that his life is a high trust committed to him by the God who gave it is glad to risk it from a sense of duty or in a spirit of generosity; the other the courage of the man who can see no harm in throwing it away? Will he perhaps say that the steeple "which points with silent finger to the skies" in the one case, in the other would, if it dared, point in the opposite direction?

If there are few now living who regard these practices as censurable, it may be well to remember that in the time of Cavendish there were probably few who found much fault with buccaneering, and many to whom it wore the appearance of "manly" enterprise.

In every age wise and excellent men have slipped into the ways of the world, of *their* world, without caring to pick

their steps, and, in the matter of amusement, especially, thrown themselves into the arms of custom;—in the matter of amusement especially, for in this custom is wonderfully seductive—"Le plus agréable guide qu'on puisse choisir pour s'égarer."

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that there are dreams and illusions of reformers in past times to be taken as a warning, bearing in mind that those have not always been the best guides who have aimed at a startling originality, or have fancied themselves possessed of a prophetic vision, or have piqued themselves upon exercising peculiar gifts of discernment in questions of morality and religion; some, for example, renouncing the rites of marriage, others finding themselves under a sacred obligation to go to church naked.

The truth is that there is at all times a strong presumption in favor of general opinion, however it may be found in past times, and in exceptional instances, to have gone astray; and this ought to be felt in all its just force and cogency by anyone who ventures to propound or advocate opinions opposed to those of his own time. Still, changes for the better must have a beginning, and it is not conducive to such changes that discredit should be attached equally to those who call in question the ways of the world from a love of eccentricity and singularity, and to those who desire to look about for coming changes in no spirit of arrogance and with a due measure of self-distrust:

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique Time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to overpeer.*

There are two or three more practices and ways of thinking of less importance, descended from generation to generation, of which the entail may possibly be cut off in less time. Playing at cards or other games for money our descendants may say could have no other *root* than the desire of the one man to put into his own pocket what he can pick out of another's. They may admit that thousands of those who cared for winning the game, cared nothing at all for the money; but, why then, may

* Tacitus, "Hist.," I, 2, 86.

* "Troilus and Cressida."

they ask, mix up the one with the other? The practice is of course wholly innocuous in these cases; but once rooted, it branches off into other growths, and our worthy great-grandchildren may be puzzled to make out how we came to take a distinction between the practice of the ragged boys who play at pitch-and-toss in a slum, and that of the noblemen and gentlemen who make up their betting-books at Tattersall's.

Enough now of forecasts, be they diffident or be they audacious. Let us turn back and listen again to the voice of the Past heard in its letters.

There is a letter dated the 10th of January, 1881, from the Dean of St. Paul's, and a distinguished following of deans, canons, and other clergy, to our Archbishop of Canterbury, in which, with admirable judgment and in an excellent spirit, an appeal is made, among other things, for such an administration of ecclesiastical law by ecclesiastical courts as may afford the best chance of deliverance for the Church out of her present troubles. And here is another, from Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, dated A.D. 1166, to another Archbishop of Canterbury (Thomas à Becket), which sets forth some doctrines concerning the respective limits of secular and ecclesiastical jurisdiction more or less pertinent to the questions now at issue. He states that some things belong to the Church by divine right and some by human; and placing in the first class all the spiritual functions of the priesthood, he proceeds:*

Every priest is in these superior to a king, as a father and pastor over a son and a disciple. If therefore a king has offended against God, he ought to seek (after the example of Theodosius the Great) to be reconciled to Him by the intervention of the priesthood. If priests accuse each other, the judgment of this cause does not belong to the king, but he ought to withdraw and go backward—lest he should behold the nakedness of his father.

He observes, however, that the Church possesses many things by human right alone—mainly such as have been granted to it, not by any precept or law of God, but by the vol-

untary gifts of men, which the zeal of Christians had extended far beyond the limits of the Levitical portion.

He therefore reproves the Archbishop for his arrogance in renouncing the authority of the king's courts in a merely pecuniary cause, and admonishes him to call to mind "that our Lord did not turn to Zaccheus till he came down from the sycamore." But there are things material, and not spiritual, which, nevertheless, the Church holds by divine right; and among these are, "tithes, oblations, and first-fruits, which the Lord has dedicated by an eternal law to the use of His ministers," and over which he denies that "the royal power has any cognizance." The king, however, in his own person, would seem to have some sort of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, inasmuch as, "by virtue of the unction received at his coronation, the king was so sanctified as to be reputed, not only a secular, but an ecclesiastical magistrate."

So it is that the same contentions are handed down from age to age, and that the interpenetration of the secular and ecclesiastical, of the earthly and spiritual, in the Church, are constantly found as difficult to solve and to separate as the more or less analogous interpenetration of the body and mind in man.

But changes of ways from one century to another are more marked in the house and home than in the Church; and it is to letters that we must resort for the only real insight to be obtained of domestic life in the far past. Under this head the "Paston Letters" are of all that remain to us the most instructive.

How were young ladies dealt with, and how were marriages managed in the fifteenth century? If this generation of young ladies have any notion of it, they will rejoice that they were not born to be married four hundred years ago. They know very well that if they have attended to their duty and trained up their parents in the way that they should go, they may choose for themselves, with or without discrimination as the case may be. Neither they nor their parents may have taken the view which I recollect to have heard from Mr. Rogers, that it does not much signify whom one marries, as one is sure to find next

* The original is in Latin. The translation is by Lord Lytton, in his "History of the Reign of Henry II."

morning that it was somebody else ; but though they may not be prepared to go quite this length, yet, from one cause or another, the young in their wilfulness and strength will not seldom act, and the old in their impotence concede, in such sort that they might seem not to stop far short of it. It was otherwise in the last century. Parental rigor in those days could hold its own as firmly as the parish stocks ; and there was but one escape—the flight to Gretna Green, a sanctuary known now only to history. The coolness with which it was sometimes resorted to may be exemplified by a quotation (given to me by a grandson of the parties) from a letter written, not, however, to the parents of the lady (for she was an orphan), but to her guardians, beginning thus :

Gentlemen—Your unnatural behavior to your ward, Miss —, induced her, however reluctantly, to take a journey to Scotland, in which she allowed me the honor of accompanying her.

The slackening of restraint in this century may have better results on the whole than the "unnatural behavior" of the last, but it sometimes leads to impromptu arrangements by young people which may seem not to have been made with a sufficient sense of their seriousness. I have known of a proposal in this century by a young gentleman to a still younger lady who gave this ready reply : "Oh, yes, let us be married. It will be such awful fun." I trust that her somewhat sudden and sanguine expectations were fulfilled. I have no reason to think that they were not. But there is something to be said for taking time on such occasions, and looking before and after.

It was with a different object that Elizabeth Paston sought to be married in the year 1454 ; and it was under circumstances which justified her in desiring that it should be with the least possible delay. The Pastons were a family of high position in Norfolk. Elizabeth was the daughter of Sir William Paston, and a Mr. Scroope, also high born, was a suitor for her hand. But he had not seen her, and seems to have wished to know what she looked like before he finally committed himself. On the other hand, Elizabeth's mother desired

to be assured, by an actual inspection of deeds and documents, of the means possessed by Scroope, and how far they were disposable for a jointure ; and in the meantime she obstinately refused him a sight of her. Hereupon a cousin, Elizabeth Clere, writes to Elizabeth Paston's brother John, and requesting that he will examine certain instruments to be produced by Scroope, "who saith to me is the last in the taylor," she specifies what the sums are which he alleges himself to be able to settle, and thus proceeds :

Therefore, cousin, meseemeth he were good for my cousin your sister, without that ye might get her a better ; and if ye can get a better, I would advise you to labor it in as short time as ye may goodly ; for she was never in so great sorrow as she is now-a-days ; for she may not speak with no man whosever come, ne not may see nor speak with my man, nor with the servants of her mother's, but that she beareth her an hand otherwise than she meaneth ; and she hath since Easter the most part been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice on a day and her head broken in two or three places. Wherefore, cousin, she hath sent to me by Fryar Newton in great counsel, and prayeth me that I would send to you a letter of her heaviness, and pray you to be her good brother, as her trust is in you ; and she said if we may see by his evidence that his children and hers may inherit, and she to have reasonable jointure, she hath heard so much of his birth and his conditions that, an ye will, she will have him, whether her mother will or will not, notwithstanding it is told her his person is simple. . . . Cousin, I pray you burn this letter, that your men nor none other men may see it ; for an my cousin your mother knew that I had sent you this letter she would never love me. No more I write unto you at this time, but Holy Ghost have you in keeping. Written in haste, on St. Peter's Day, by candlelight, 29th June, 1454, by your cousin,
ELIZABETH CLERE.

The negotiation with Scroope was abortive, and Elizabeth Paston was married to Robert Poyning, "whose longe stood cleare."

These are examples of what marriages can be in different ages ; and though of course they are extreme and exceptional cases, they tell us something not wanting in significance when they let us know what *can possibly* happen in one age and *cannot possibly* happen in another.

And if there is something peculiar to mediæval manners and customs in the way in which people may desire to be married, there is something almost

equally so in the way in which they may desire to be buried :

I Louys Clyfforth, fals and traytor to my Lord God and to all the blessed company of heaven, and unworthie to be cleped a Christen man, make and ordeine my testament and my last will in this manere. At the beginning, I most unworthie and Godde's traytor, recomande my wreched and syneful soule hoolly to the grete mercy of the blessed Trinitie, and my wreched careyne to be buried in the ferthest corner of the churchyard in which pariche my wreched soule departeth fro my body. And I prey and charge my survivors and myne executors, as they wollen answere before God, and as all my whole trust in this matere is in hem, that on my stynking careyne be neyther leyed clothe of gold, ne of silke, but a black clothe, and a taper at myne hed and another at my fete, ne stone ne other thing whereby eny man may witt where my stynking careyne liggeth.

17 September, 1404.

"So falls," he might say,—

So falls the standard
Of my prerogative in being a creature.*

Had Sir Lewis de Clifford been born in the nineteenth century, he would hardly have made such a tragic affair of his funeral, any more than the young couple mentioned above, had they been born in the fifteenth, would have made a joke of their marriage. And if marriage in this century is not for the most of us the rising of the curtain upon a farce, neither need death be ushered in with thunder and lightning. Let us rather take it after the manner of Crashaw, in the seventeenth century :

And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends ;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away.

Or if that may seem to make the transition too light and easy, let us see how it was taken by John Sterling :

August 10, 1844.

My dear Carlyle—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words ; merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shut the lids of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Toward me it is still more true than toward England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you ! If I can lend a hand when

THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one-hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

Your wife knows my mind toward her, and will believe it without assertions.

Yours to the last,

JOHN STERLING.

Passing from the comparison of one century with another, I proceed to the letters which exemplify, without reference to times, the different moods of different minds, or different moods changing about in the same mind.

It is an old and familiar observation that humor, and especially humor of the more pregnant kind, is more frequently met with in the melancholy man than in the merry. I see no reason why I should not express it in my own words as well as in another's :

The richest mirth, the richest sadness too,
Stands from a groundwork of its opposite ;
For these extremes upon the way to meet
Take a wide sweep of nature, gathering in
Harvests of sundry seasons.*

It is in Cowper, and in Cowper's letters, that the most memorable example is to be met with. The best letters in the merry mood are too long and perhaps too well known to be eligible for quotation ; the best of all that in which are the verses on the action at law between Nose and Eyes, to determine, according to the decree of the Ear, to which of the two the spectacles belong. But here is a specimen in a small compass :

To Lady Hesketh.

I thank you for the snip of cloth, commonly called a pattern. At present I have two coats and but one back. If at any time hereafter I shall find myself possessed of fewer coats and more backs, it will be of use to me.

There was the one mood. And here is the other in a letter to Haley (July 29, 1792), apologizing for his inconsistency in having accepted an invitation to pay him a visit, and having again and again disappointed him :

The terrors that I have spoken of would appear ridiculous to most but to you they will not ; for you are a reasonable creature, and know well that, to whatever cause it may be owing (whether to constitution or to God's express appointment), *I am hunted by spiritual hounds in the night season.*

There is an element in human nature, the hereditary, which letters might illustrate more conspicuously than they do,

* Ford, "Broken Heart."

* *Edwin the Fair*, act iii. sc. 5.

were it not that men with great gifts are, for the most part, singularly devoid of issue ; and even if there is some one to represent them in the generation next their own (which is the exception), there is generally no one in those succeeding. So it is with Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton, Milton, Pope, Swift, Johnson, Gibbon, Cowper, Macaulay, Mill, Carlyle, Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, Schiller, Pitt, Fox, Brougham, Huskisson, Cromwell, and Bonaparte ; and, as observed by Denham :

Tho' Solomon with a thousand wives
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Some one (Mr. Galton I think) has found an ingenious way of accounting for the early extinction of hereditary *peerages*. A peer can and does marry an heiress ; an heiress is usually an only child ; and the infecundity which she derives from her progeniture she devolves to her progeny. But I am not aware that any explanation has been given, or indeed any notice taken, of the non-existence or early dissolution of lineal descent in the case of the greatest philosophers, authors, politicians, poets, and conquerors of bygone centuries. In our own, however, we have two excellent examples of inherited attributes, in the one case of genius and poetic power descending to the children, in the other of wit descending to the grandchildren (for great gifts, like insanity and the gout, will sometimes skip one generation), the one the case of Coleridge, the other of Sheridan. Hartley Coleridge's inheritance is conspicuous in his poetry (whether in his letters I know not), his sister's in her letters, as well as in her other writings. The wit of the three granddaughters of Sheridan has been radiant in society, though it is Mrs. Norton's only which has been brought out to the world in books, and in them her poetic and other powers are more seen than her wit. Of Lady Dufferin's wit, however, here is a specimen than which a better could not be desired :

Hampton Court, October 22.

My dear Miss Berry—I began a little note the other day to thank you for your kind remembrance of me and your coming so far to see me (which opportunity I was *very* sorry to have missed), but my note in the agitating agonies of packing up disappeared, and I had no

strength of mind to begin another. My mother and I have returned to this place for a few days, in order to make an ineffectual grasp at any remaining property that we may have in the world. Of course you have heard that we were robbed and murdered the other night by a certain soft-spoken cook, who headed a storming party of banditti through my mother's kitchen window ; if not, you will see the full, true, and dreadful particulars in the papers, as we are to be "had up" at the Old Bailey on Monday next for trial. We have seen a great deal of life, and learnt a great deal of the criminal law of England this week—knowledge cheaply purchased at the cost of all my wardrobe and all my mother's plate. We have gone through two examinations in court ; they were very hurrying and very agitating affairs, and I had to kiss either the Bible or the magistrate—I don't recollect which, but *it* smelt of thumbs. The magistrates seemed to take less interest in my clothes than in my mother's spoons—I suppose from some secret *affinity* or *congeniality* which they were conscious of. "*Similis gaudet*"—something—I have lost my Latin with the rest of my property). When I say "*similis*," I don't so much allude to the purity of the metal as to its particular form.

I find that the idea of personal property is a fascinating illusion, for our goods belong in fact to our country, and not to us ; and that the petticoats and stockings which I have fondly imagined mine, are really the petticoats of Great Britain and Ireland. I am now and then indulged with a distant glimpse of my most necessary garments in the hands of different policemen ; but "in this stage of the proceedings" may do no more than wistfully recognize them. Even on such occasions, the words of justice are, "Policeman B 25, produce *your* gowns ;" "Letter A 36, identify *your* lace ;" "Letter C, tie up *your* stockings." All this is harrowing to the feelings ; but one cannot have everything in this life ; we have obtained justice and can easily wait for a change of linen. Hopes are held out to us that at some vague period in the lapse of time we may be allowed a *wear* out of our raiment—at least so much of it as may have resisted the wear and tear of justice ; and my poor mother looks confidently forward to being restored to the bosom of her silver tea-pot. But I don't know ; I begin to look upon all property with a philosophic eye, as unstable in its nature and liable to all sorts of pawnbrokers. Moreover, the police and I have so long had my clothes in common, that I shall never feel at home in them again. To a virtuous mind the idea that Inspector Dowsett examined into all one's hooks and eyes, tapes and buttons, etc., is inexpressibly painful. But I cannot pursue that view of the subject. Let me hope, dear Miss Berry, that you feel for us as we really deserve, and that you wish me well "thro' my clothes," on Monday next. . . . Yours very truly,
HELEN A. DUFFERIN.*

* "Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry, edited by Lady Theresa Lewis," vol. iii. p. 497.

Her name recalls to me a letter from Samuel Rogers, and her answer (shown me some forty years ago); and if there is no wit in it, as the word is commonly used, there is certainly brevity, which, according to Polonius, is "the soul of wit."

Mr. Rogers.—Will you dine with me on Wednesday?

Lady Dufferin.—Won't I?

This is unpublished. That which follows is again from Miss Berry's correspondence:

Engaged, my dear Miss Berry, up to the teeth on Saturday, or should be too happy. It gives me great comfort that you are recovered. I would not have survived you. To precipitate myself from the pulpit of Paul* was the peculiar mode of destruction on which I had resolved. Ever yours, SYDNEY SMITH.

Wit, in virtue of its brevity, and little traits of social intercourse, are more easily produced in letters than what is illustrative of professional life and character. Military and diplomatic correspondences are often interesting in their totality, but the interest is not easily producible in quotations. The context of circumstance is wanting.

The Duke of Wellington's despatches are of course admirable in dealing with military men and measures, but they can only be appreciated by being read in succession. He could appreciate them himself, and avow it with characteristic frankness. The late Lord Aberdeen (from whom I heard it) repeated to the Duke what Lord Brougham had said—that "when one reads those despatches, one sees how it is that there is only one great general in a century." To which the Duke replied, "By God, it is quite true; and when I read them myself I cannot conceive how I can ever have written them."

Of his individual nature, apart from his profession, we know more through the Greville Memoirs than through his despatches; but even in the despatches we find from time to time tokens of his sagacity in the management of men, as well as in the management of campaigns. He writes to an English resident who found himself baffled by a perverse

Spanish *Junta*: "The less authority you claim the more you will have." He is said to have studied Cæsar's Commentaries. Had he studied Tacitus also? For Tacitus speaks of a German leader as "*auctoritate suadendi magis quàm jubendi potestate*?"* There is another little incident, betokening a prudential shrewdness in the exercise of authority (in this instance military authority), which was told me by Mr. Greville (though not to be found in his memoirs, at least as hitherto published) on the authority of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. The army was in retreat, and having to cross a river, the Duke had given orders, the evening before the crossing, that one half should cross by a bridge and the other by a ford some miles further up. Early in the morning the Duke rode up to the ford, but found no troops; and after waiting some time, as none came in sight, he rode back in dismay, thinking he had lost his army. He told Lord Fitzroy how it had happened. His generals of division had met in the morning, and finding that rain had fallen in the night, they had had the audacity to countermand the Duke's orders and pass the whole army over the bridge to the great peril of the rear. Lord Fitzroy expressed his astonishment. "And what did you say, sir?" he asked. "Oh, by God, it was too serious; *I said nothing.*"

In official dealings, the Duke is said to have held with too much firmness any position he had once taken up. I remember a remarkable letter from a rough, grand old general, Sir Lionel Smith, to whom he persisted in refusing certain moneys claimed as prize of war in an Indian city which had been captured. In spite of the evidence produced the Duke chose to believe that the money had been removed before the capture; and Sir Lionel, tired of producing arguments and evidence to no purpose, replied at last with unofficial plain dealing:—"My Lord Duke, *you know in your own mind where the money was.*" The Duke may have been unjust, but he was not ungenerous. Some time afterward the Secretary of State for the Colonies was contemplating the appointment of Sir Lionel to a first-class

* He was Canon of St. Paul's at the date of the letter, Feb. 22, 1837.

* "*Germania*," xi.

government at a critical period, and wrote to the Duke for his opinion of him. The reply was that he was "equal to any situation in which he could be placed."

The letters diplomatic, when exclusively on business, stand as much in need of surroundings as the military. But here and there they are, or were in the last century, in the hands of some diplomatists, descriptive of the life of courts and the characters of sovereigns and statesmen.

The memoir of Hugh Elliot, by his granddaughter, the present Countess of Minto, is full of such descriptions, and no biography can be more brightly expressive of the time and the man; a man "compounded of many simples," gay and gloomy, indolent and energetic, tender and cynical; with no ordinary gifts of understanding, which were from time to time of no use to him. For "Heaven is just," says his biographer; "it gives to some the power of reasoning, and to others that of acting conformably to reason."

When twenty-two years of age Elliot was Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Munich, and when twenty-four at the court of Berlin, in the latter days of Frederick the Great. The relations between Prussia and England were not altogether friendly, and the personal intercourse between Elliot and Frederick was very much the reverse; Frederick indulging in gibes and sneers but little disguised, and Elliot in skilfully equivocal retorts. A respectable minister of Frederick's at the Court of St. James was recalled and replaced by a notoriously "ill-conditioned fellow, merely to spite the English cabinet;" whereupon "What do they say of — in London?" asked Frederick, in a taunting tone. "Digne représentant de votre Majesté," replied Elliot, bowing to the ground. This did not mend matters, and the king would not speak to Elliot at several successive levées. Elliot, highly indignant, was longing for an opportunity to be revenged, when, intelligence having arrived that Hyder Ali had made a successful inroad into the Carnatic, the king asked in a wicked way—"M. Elliot, qui est ce Hyder Ali qui sait si bien arranger vos affaires aux Indes?" "Sire," replied Elliot,

"c'est un vieux despote, qui a beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter."

It was clearly time that Mr. Elliot should exercise elsewhere his peculiar gifts in dealing with despots, old or young, and he was transferred to Copenhagen.

In this position momentous events were awaiting him. In 1788 Sweden was invaded by an army of Danes and Russians, and was rescued by Elliot's prompt and determined interposition. Assuming on his own responsibility powers which he had no time to obtain from his government, he dictated terms of peace to both potentates; and there can be little doubt that, in saving Sweden, he warded off an European war. The language he used was somewhat imperious, till all was over; and when such a tone was no longer essential to his purpose, there is something touching in the tone of deference and dignified humility with which he takes his leave. How often is it that a man's true nature is better seen in what he writes than in what he speaks!*

Gothenburgh, 10th November, 1788.

Sire—At the moment of my departure, deign to accept a few lines, dictated by the strongest feelings of respect, gratitude, and attachment. Forgive, sire, the feelings of humanity. The memory of those moments in which, through an excess of zeal, I failed in respect to your Majesty, causes a flush to rise to my brow, and fills my soul with bitterness. Deign, Sire, to forget my errors, and suffer me, in leaving your kingdom, once more to speak the truth.

I think I foresee the consummation of a defensive alliance which would secure the tranquillity of your Majesty's states and that of the neighboring countries. But one sacrifice is necessary; it is that of the miserable glory which a prince can only attain by the effusion of blood. . . . A warrior king depends for his reputation on the vulgar crowd, and must address himself to prejudice and ignorance to obtain the applause of a day, which the pen of the philosopher and the page of the historian often annul before death comes to enshroud the mortal faculties in the nothingness from which they come. Consult, Sire, the laws of the King of kings, and acknowledge that the God of the universe is a God of peace.

There is a letter from Gustavus, acknowledging that he owes his crown to

* The letter is in French. The translation is Lady Minto's.

Elliot, and there was a lifelong friendship between them.

It is time to come to an end, but I have something to say about letter-writing at large, and something more about despatches, whether military or diplomatic or other.

There are letters, chiefly of the eighteenth century, which might be better called epistles; and many of this century which have been, and more which profess to have been, scribbled. And it is generally, and to a certain extent justly, assumed that the style should be governed by the theme, and by the relations, familiar or other than familiar, between the writer and his correspondent—I say to a certain extent justly; but I think there should be large allowances.

Familiar letters, it is said, to be admired, should be written with ease and fluency. Such letters, for the most part, are not written to be admired; and when read by others than those to whom they were written, as they often are, in volumes of correspondence posthumously published, ease and fluency alone will not make them acceptable. And when they are the letters of literary men, whether or not they may seem to have been fluently written, they will be valued for what does not often lend itself to fluency. Writers who have been occupied all their lives in the moulding and shaping of language, and have a love of it for its own sake, may be expected to write even their familiar letters in the spirit of that love and under the influence of the habits to which it has given birth. They will not, if they are wise, value their language above the thoughts it expresses, or for any admiration it may meet with; should they do so, it will be likely to lose its grace and its charm. But such men, even in the soliloquies of thought, will often occupy and please themselves, for the pleasure's sake only, with casting their thoughts into one form or another of language, and making out, perhaps, in the process, what they are worth and whither they tend. And if they do so in talking to themselves, there is no reason why they should do otherwise in writing to their friends.

There is another class of familiar letters which are more likely to be fluently

written—those which are to express feelings rather than thoughts. But even these, if the writers are literary men, may be found to have more than ordinary merits of form. There are letters written by Southey, in moments of absorbing emotion, which are as perfect in diction as if they had been works of art. In his case the words fell naturally into the mould made for them by habit. With others there may be no mould absolutely established, and yet there may be a habit of moulding and shaping *ad hoc*, which cannot be easily supplanted; and there is no reason why it should; for the process is perhaps not less quieting and soothing than the murmuring twirl of the old woman's spinning-wheel in Wordsworth's sonnet.

Nor is there any reason why letters to friends on ordinary occasions, or on no occasion at all, should not be written in the way which the writer finds most pleasing and amusing to himself, and may believe to be most so to his correspondent. If he should take a fancy, as some men have, to write his letter in verse, we will call it an epistle; if in prose, we may call it a disquisition, a *jeu d'esprit*, or by any other name that may describe it best; but if it is good of its kind there is no fault to be found with it.

So much for letters and epistles, and now³ for despatches. Difficulties arise chiefly in those written in the exercise of authority, and in those written in submission to it. And they are met with most frequently in the language of praise or of blame to be used by superiors, and in that of deference or deprecation by subordinates. Ben Jonson tells us in his "Discoveries" he has discovered that "there is as great a vice in praising and as frequent as in detracting." And if this is true in other ways of life, it is especially expedient in official life that praise should be seen to be merited, and that it should be carefully measured in expression. It will be valued accordingly. And so of censure. It will often be most effective in the language of reserve—the thundercloud without the thunder. And in this form it leaves itself open to controversy. The question in what particular case it can or cannot be fairly so used, is of course a question of moral right

and justice, to which all questions of official expediency should give place.

I have hardly said enough of the thanks due to Mr. Scoones' for the careful execution of his very laborious task. The critical or explanatory head-notes by which the letters are introduced are all that could be desired—clear and judiciously concise. The letters of the earlier ages are of course comparatively few. Mr. Scoones' collection is of English letters only; and almost all the letters written in English in mediæval times are about some business of the moment, and might have borne the Chinese superscription of a "necessary communication;" while from want of use in writing at all, they were probably written with less ease than the letters in Latin by men of more culture. As the centuries proceed the supply is more and more abundant; and the only celebrated writer of the present century, of whose letters no specimen is given, is, I think, Lord Brougham. This may be the gain of a loss, for his was not the sort of mind which appears to most advantage in letters. It wanted "the tender grace of not too much." He once said of Sir Charles Wetherall, what is not altogether inapplicable to himself—that he drove a substantive and four, with two adverbs for outriders. And there were other and more objectionable exuberances which he knew not how to control. Many letters of his have been recently published in Mr. Macvey Napier's correspondence, and if others extant are like them, no one who wishes well to his memory would desire to see them reproduced. Mr. Scoones' collection could very well spare them; for the volumes of correspondence of eminent men published in this century are numerous beyond all precedent; and as the task of editing falls, for the most part, into the hands of this or that near

relative or enthusiastic friend, with a natural tendency to think every word his hero wrote worth reading, they are severally as redundant in material as they are collectively voluminous. There is only one element in which they may be suspected of falling short. The six, eight, or ten volumes of the eminent man's so-called "Correspondence," are his *letters*, and with few exceptions, *not* his correspondence. Now an eminent or gifted man usually corresponds with either other eminent men or other gifted men who are not eminent. The probability is that their letters are often as well worth reading as his own, but the editor will not make room for them by suppressing those of his own that are of inferior interest. If the good are supplanted by the indifferent, this is not the only evil. What the reader wants is generally to look into the life and nature of the man, and this may often be learnt as truly from the letters written to him as from those written by him. What a man is will be reflected in the tone and demeanor of those who have something to say to him; and, moreover, the effect of his own letters will gain by intermixture and variety.

I began by adverting to the lessons learnt from the letters of successive centuries past, in telling us what were the ways of men, outward and inward, and what the aspects of life in each of them. I will end by asking whether the letters of this century disclose any significant changes of tone and temper of mind, not only between it and its predecessors, but between itself in its beginnings and in its approaching end? To one who has lived through it and on whom any changes there may be have crept by slow degrees, they will be less obvious than to others; and it is a question therefore which I will rather ask than attempt to answer.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH POLICE SYSTEMS.

I.

WHICH country has the best police? This is a question that can only be answered when one has arrived at an understanding of what constitutes a

good police. To most foreigners, the ideal police is that of London. In the works of almost every foreign writer who has treated of England, one finds a tribute of admiration to the English-

policeman—"the worthy representative of a free people," as M. Louis Blanc has called him. Garibaldi and the Shah of Persia have joined in expressing their praise of that blue-coated official "who is respected by the people without being feared or hated;" and the Shah's testimony is especially worthy of note, for in the account of his trip to Europe, in 1874, his Majesty finds not a word to say in favor of the French police. The Shah's approbation of Sir Edmund Henderson's force was even pushed to the point of exaggeration, and let us hope that it was with no intentional purpose of hoaxing his subjects that his Majesty wrote, "The constable's truncheon is an emblem before which all men bow; the man who resists it is instantly put to death."

The testimony of foreigners to the merits of our institutions may be allowed its proper weight; but it must not be forgotten that the majority of foreigners who have written about England have been political refugees here, and their praise of our police has been bestowed rather on account of what it does *not* do than what it does. The Continental conspirator, who has fled from justice, or injustice, in his own country, and has found no rest for the sole of his foot in any other state abroad, is delighted, on landing in England, to find himself free from every sort of surveillance. He is not asked to exhibit a passport or papers of identity; he may lodge where he likes, and under any name he pleases, without being required to register his name, profession, and previous dwelling-places, as in free Belgium, or to take out a *permis de séjour*, as in free Switzerland. So long as he avoids breaking the law, he and the police need never come into contact; and the law allows him exactly the same privileges as to a born Briton. He may form political clubs; he may join in political demonstrations, and yell defiance at monarchs and bishops from the pedestal of the column in Trafalgar Square; he may carry a red flag through Hyde Park; set up a Socialist newspaper in Soho; and plaster every hoarding in the capital with proclamations stating his views of things in general, if he can only afford the expense. Even if a foreigner gets into the custody of

the English police for a breach of the common law, he is treated with a fairness unknown in other European lands. No attempt is made to worm a confession out of him by cross-questions; he is, on the contrary, cautioned to hold his tongue. He is taken before a magistrate in a public court, within twenty-four hours after his arrest, and there the police depose against him only such things as they know for certain, not things they suspect or have heard said. Finally, when the foreigner has been discharged from custody he may continue to reside in England on the same conditions as before, instead of being served with an *arrêt d'expulsion*, as happens to all foreigners who get into trouble with the police of Continental countries.

All this is admirable enough; but it results from our political and judicial systems, and the police are entitled to no praise for it. English police officials are not tyrants because the law does not allow them to be so. They do not meddle with the concerns of law-abiding persons because the powers intrusted to them have been circumscribed within a very narrow sphere. Their duty is simply to preserve the peace, and to bring offenders against the law to justice; it is only under very exceptional circumstances that they are allowed to act upon the assumption that a man who has committed no crime should be arrested as a suspicious character who is planning an offence against the law. In fact, they have no right to pry into the affairs of individuals except under warrants issued by magistrates when it is intended to implead those individuals in the courts. Abroad the most respectable man may be called upon to furnish evidence to the police that he is not a criminal; and he may be punished by the courts for "rebellion" if he resists a police official who comes to cross-question, lecture, and annoy him without any warrant.

This is a radical difference which must not be overlooked; for it reduces all comparisons between the English and the Continental police to this mere question: as to whether the English police, as an institution for detecting the perpetrators of crimes and for capturing them when they have fled, is equal to the

police of Continental countries, and in particular to that of France, which is the best of them all?

To this question—a purely professional one—an eminent French writer, M. Maxime Ducamp, gives a decided negative. In his work on Paris,* 3rd vol., p. 130, he says: "I have often heard the English police extolled to the detriment of ours. This is a mere joke, nothing more. The English police, whose services are not even given to the public gratuitously, implicitly recognizes its inferiority, and very often it applies to our police for advice. Scotland Yard writes to our Prefecture: 'In such and such a case what should you do?' and sometimes we are asked such childish questions as whether we do not mark the bodies of our discharged convicts in order to identify them more easily."

M. Maxime Ducamp might have remembered that until 1832 the practice of marking convicts on the shoulder with the letters "T. F." (*Travaux Forcés*) did exist in France, so that the inquiry of the English police was not a childish one; but it was certainly unfortunate, for it proved that Scotland Yard does not keep itself sufficiently conversant with foreign customs. This, however, was before Mr. Howard Vincent had been placed at the head of the new department for Criminal Investigations.

But M. Ducamp has also omitted to take account of the many superior facilities which the police of Paris enjoys, as compared with that of London, for the detection of crime. It is only by giving a full account of the working of the Parisian police system that one can show what those facilities are, and demonstrate to English readers how manifold are the disadvantages under which Scotland Yard works, and how unreasonable it is to expect that it should be as rapid and generally successful in its operations as the Parisian Prefecture. So far as the activity and ingenuity of individual members of the force go, the English are certainly equal to the French; but before the English police, as a whole, could become equal to that of France we should have to alter all

our institutions, and sacrifice a good deal of that personal liberty which we esteem very precious.

It should be added that the French themselves think their police a little too perfect, and it is doubtful whether its present powerful organization will long be suffered to exist. The Municipal Council of Paris have for some time past been making resolute efforts to get the police under their control; and the recent resignation of M. Andrieux, the Prefect, was caused by his utter inability to work harmoniously with a corporation which objected to the enormous powers with which he was armed *ex officio*. The present Prefect, M. Camescasse, will possibly see his powers somewhat curtailed; but considering what the character of the French is, and how much they expect their police to do for them, any changes that may be introduced will probably only be of a temporary character. The Frenchman likes to be governed "paternally." However much he may profess Republican sentiments, personal liberty, such as we understand it, is a thing he cannot conceive; and although he may succeed for a time in disorganizing the Prefecture by well-meant reforms, he must change his nature and his institutions very deeply before he can reduce the police to the position which they hold in England as servants of the public, not its masters.

II.

The police of Paris is under the direction of a Prefect, who is appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and who is required to reside at the Prefecture, which stands on the Quai de l'Horloge, adjoining the Palace of Justice and the Prison of the Conciergerie. He has under his orders a force of nearly 7000 policemen in uniform, 21 officers of the peace, 80 district commissioners of police (*Commissaires*), 500 detectives, and a number of *agents secrets*, or private paid informers, known only to himself and to the two or three principal members of his staff. This staff consists of the directors, sub-directors, and clerks of twelve sections, each of which transacts a special class of business; thus there is the "Bureau des Etrangers," "Bureau de la Sûreté Génér-

* "Paris; ses Organes, ses Fonctions et sa Vie."

rale," "Bureau des Garnis" (for the supervision of hotels and lodging-houses), and so on.

For administrative purposes, Paris is divided into 20 wards (*arrondissements*) and 80 quarters. Each ward has a force of about 325 policemen, commanded by an officer of the peace; and each quarter a police station, managed by a commissaire. The officer of the peace is the captain of the police corps in his ward; he wears a silver-laced uniform and sword, ranks with a captain in the army, and is always a well-educated gentleman, of a status much superior to an English superintendent. He is never chosen from the ranks of the police-sergeants, but is generally selected from what one may call the upper or gentlemen detectives of the Prefecture, or else from among the secretaries and clerks to the directors. His pay amounts to about 200*l.* a year, and he is lodged in the Mairie of his ward, where he is provided with a comfortable suite of apartments with coal and gas free. His duties are to superintend the men of his brigade, to go rounds of inspection in order to see that they are on their beats, and on important occasions, when great crowds have to be kept in order, or when riots have to be suppressed, he takes command of his brigade in the streets. Three times a day he sends reports to the chief of the municipal police at the Prefecture concerning all that has occurred within his ward. In addition to the brigades in the 20 wards, there is a "Brigade Centrale" of 250 men and an officer, who, like the A Division of the London police, form a reserve available for special duty.

As the area and population of Paris are barely equal to half those of London, the 7000 Parisian policemen form a stronger force than the ten thousand and odd who guard the English capital; and we must add to them the gendarmes and Republican guards, who, though under the orders of the Minister of War may really be described as mounted police. The Parisian policeman, who used to be called *sergent de ville*, but is now termed *gardien de la paix*, has nothing to do beyond keeping order in the streets. It is the Republican guards who escort prisoners in the cellular vans

from the jails to the law-courts, and stand by them in the criminal docks; who attend at theatres, casinos, and all places of public amusement; and who line the streets whenever there is any pageant. On the race-courses soldiers are generally pressed into service to keep the course clear, and thus policemen are never diverted from their regular beats and duties. It is considered so important that a policeman should learn to know all the people in the district where he is stationed that a man's beat is scarcely ever changed. The average term of service in the force is fifteen years, and during that time a man will have to walk, daily and nightly, the same set of streets, till he knows the face of every man, woman, and child in the locality. By day, each policeman walks singly; by night they always go in pairs, at least in the populous quarters. Their pay begins at £56 a year, and rises gradually to £80.

Every ward of Paris, as above said, has four quarters, and each quarter has its police-station with a commissaire. The Commissaire de Police is an official having no equivalent in England. He is the *custos morum*, the censor, the executive magistrate of the district where he resides. He is not a justice, for he has no power to pass sentences; but he has unlimited power as to ordering the arrest of persons whom he may regard as suspicious characters; and as arrest in France generally involves three days' detention at least, this puts the liberty of the subject at the commissaire's mercy.

In all their difficulties Frenchmen fly to the Commissaire de Police. If two men quarrel in the streets, the policeman who hears them will propose an adjournment to the commissaire's; if a landlord have to deal with a noisy tenant, if parents are vexed by a troublesome child, the Commissaire de Police is appealed to and mostly settles the grievance by reprimanding the offending party, and asking for his promise that he will not offend again. By such rough and ready informal adjudications, a great many trumpery cases which in London would be carried before magistrates, are settled out of hand. The commissaire makes no charge for his ministrations; and never refuses to ex-

ert his authority to prevent a scandal. A wife will rush to him and say : " My husband has taken to drink of late, and I am tired of expostulating with him—cannot you say something?" and the commissaire will at once send for the husband and remonstrate with him on the error of his ways ; or it will be a husband who will come, saying : " My wife's goings on leave much to be desired, and my patience is beginning to fail me. I wish you would tell her that if this goes on there will be trouble," and the commissaire does tell her. Sometimes the commissaires have extremely delicate cases to deal with. A *grande dame*, with her veil down and looking much agitated, will come and confess that by some indiscretion she has put herself in the power of her maid : " Unless I pay the wretched girl a heavy sum of money by to-morrow she threatens to give my husband a letter which she found in my pocket." The *grande dame* need have no fear. In all cases of this description the commissaire sends for the person who seeks to extort money or to wreak a heartless vengeance, compels him to give up the compromising letter, and brings him, or her, to reason by a thorough lecture, backed by the significant declaration : " Now I promise that if you try to take a mean advantage of the secret that has fallen into your power, I will make you repent it." This is quite enough. The terror inspired by the police is very great. No man or woman cares to make an enemy of the Commissaire de Police, for nobody exactly knows to what point the powers of the police may stretch ; and thus many a scandal which might have borne disastrous fruits is nipped in the bud. If a person seeking to trade on a shameful secret ventures, however, to defy the police, he would very soon find that the commissaire's threats were no brute thunder. He would be sent to the Prisoners' Depôt at the Prefecture, and the commissaire would charge him privately with seeking to extort money. As the examination of prisoners is not held publicly in France, the Juge d'Instruction might keep the man in jail for months without bringing him to trial, and without anybody except the commissaire and the lady

who had been threatened knowing why he was detained. The fact of the lady having been very guilty would not weigh in the least with the Juge d'Instruction, who would feel himself bound to protect the lady's husband from annoyance. The compromising letters which the man had in his possession would be taken from him by force, and he would only be released when he had promised to behave himself. Moreover, his antecedents would be thoroughly sifted, and if any blemish were found in them, the culprit might see himself rated on the police-books as a suspicious character and be ordered to leave Paris instantly on his release.

Whenever a person comes before a commissaire as plaintiff or defendant, the first question put is : " Who are you?" and it may be said that the whole of the French police system turns upon this point of ascertaining correctly who people are. In England it is often quite impossible to find out who a man is. Doubtless, as many as half the criminals who are sent to our prisons have been sentenced under false names. An Englishman may change his name as often as he pleases ; marry, re-marry, enlist in the army, re-enlist, get imprisoned and re-imprisoned, and finally be buried under names not his own without anybody knowing or caring who his parents were. In France it is almost impossible for a native to conceal his identity. When a man is born his name and those of his parents are registered at the Mairie of the Commune where he resides, and the copy of the registry forms his *état civil*, which he is required to show on all the important occurrences of his life. On completing his twentieth year he is obliged to draw at the conscription, and if he fail to appear in his commune for this purpose he is entered as a deserter. Before he can marry he must exhibit his *état civil*, to prove who he is, and to show what is his military status—whether he has been a soldier, or whether he be in the first or second class of the Reserves. Every time a child is born to him in wedlock that child's name is entered upon his *état civil* ; the deaths of his parents are registered there too ; and if the man have incurred any sentence from the

law-courts, that sentence and the particulars of his offence will also stand marked upon his registry to all time.

One can see at a glance what assistance this affords to the police. If a man be arrested, or merely suspected, he must say who he is. Concealment is useless, for the police will not release the man until they have exhausted all means of ascertaining the truth. He may give a false name, or say that he is a foreigner, but the authorities of the place where he professes to have been born will be written to, and if the information he have given be found incorrect he will be liable to six months' imprisonment for being a vagabond; nor will his troubles end there, for the police will take it for granted that he is only concealing his identity because he has committed some great crime, and he will be placed under surveillance till his life becomes so burdensome that he will tell the truth to get a little peace. French criminals of the lower classes scarcely ever try to conceal their identity. In the course of fifty years the Prefecture have had many cases of Englishmen and Americans who gave false names and whose identity could not be discovered because the English and American police could afford no assistance in the matter, but they can only quote one case of a Frenchman who obstinately resisted all endeavors to ascertain what his name was. This wretched man had been arrested for a petty theft, and stated that he was an Italian. This proved to be false; at least it was discovered that no person bearing his name had been born in the commune which he described as his birthplace. He was kept in prison fifteen months, and questioned eighty times by a Juge d'Instruction, but to no purpose, so that he was at last tried for being a thief and vagabond, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. On his release he was treated as a foreigner—that is, he was expelled the country by order of the Prefect of Police, and being conveyed to the frontier between two gendarmes was given up to the Italian authorities as a suspected criminal. The Italian police system being like the French, the vagabond was taken to jail and asked to give an account of

himself. As he persisted in telling palpable untruths about his birthplace he was kept for several months in *durance*, then sentenced to six months for vagabondage, and on the expiration of his term he was sent back to France. This time the French police did not arrest him, but they watched him. The unhappy man seeking for work as a stonemason, soon found employment; but gave his master a name different to that under which he had been sentenced. The police were down upon him at once. Having ascertained that his new name was not his own they got him sentenced again to a year's imprisonment, "*pour usurpation de faux noms*," and upon his discharge they told him plainly that he could expect no peace until he made an avowal of his identity. He was consigned to a "*Dépôt de Mendicité*" or depot for incorrigible vagabonds, and there committed suicide. Who he was has never been ascertained; but the relentless pertinacity with which he was hunted to death shows what a grim duel it is which the French police wages against criminals.

If this unfortunate man had given himself out as an Englishman and had got himself conveyed to Dover, his troubles would have ceased when he touched English soil, for the British police would have had no right to worry him or to ship him back to France. The French authorities complain that the lax laws under which criminals thrive in England cause the Prefecture an infinity of trouble, and keep Paris flooded with adventurers, pickpockets and welshers. Every now and then when some great race, exhibition or public fête is going to take place in Paris, Scotland Yard telegraphs to the Prefecture that divers well-known pickpockets have been seen to start for France. The French police are sometimes quick enough to capture some of these gentlemen when they land at Calais, and order them back by the next boat; but they moan at being put to so much trouble. "Why do not the London detectives collar men whom they know to be pickpockets?" they say. "If *we* so much as suspect a man of earning his living dishonestly we arrest him, question him as to his means

of livelihood, and imprison him as a vagabond again and again until he takes to working honestly for his bread."

Happily there are more honest men than rogues among the crowds of English who daily visit France; but all foreigners who make a stay in the country are more closely watched than they may fancy. A staff of 200 detectives called *inspecteurs des garnis* are exclusively employed in Paris in collecting the names of natives and foreigners who reside in hotels or lodgings. Every landlord of an hotel, or letter of lodgings, is obliged to give up these names and to *report any suspicious circumstance that he may notice in the conduct of his lodgers*. The names are taken to the office of the district commissaire, and thence forwarded, each written on a separate piece of oval card-board, to the Prefecture. Here they are copied into immense ledgers; and then the slips are handed over to the "Division de la Sûreté," where they are all compared with the Black Books in which are entered the names of persons who are "wanted" or who have been expelled the country by order of the Prefect. Agreeably to an old monarchical custom which arose more than a century ago, a special list of "distinguished arrivals" is made out every day and is sent to the King, Emperor, or President for the time being; so that whenever an English peer visits Paris, M. Grévy is duly made acquainted with the fact at breakfast time on the following day. Napoleon III. never failed to read his lists of distinguished strangers, which were made to include all persons bearing titles, and His Majesty used sometimes to set marks against the names of persons whom he wished to be specially watched or honored. To this day the Prefect of Police always pays a personal call on royal princes and eminent foreign statesmen who arrive in Paris, and asks if he can make himself agreeable to them in any way. Princes travelling *incognito* have a detective or two attached to their footsteps, although they may not always be aware of it.

Incessant activity reigns in the "Bureaux des Garnis," "des Etrangers" and "de la Sûreté." There is no rest there on Sundays or feast days, day or night. Every day brings its

thousands of new names which have to be copied, sorted, and classed; and its hundreds of applicants for information. From the police of foreign countries, from the judicial authorities of Paris and the provinces, come requests that such and such a person supposed to be lurking in Paris may be looked for; and private persons are constantly applying for assistance in hunting for missing friends or debtors.

The police will not supply information to private persons unless they be well assured that the purpose for which they want it is a proper one. Faithful to their principle of preventing disorder, they will not help an infuriated creditor to discover a man who owes him money, or an exasperated husband in tracking an absconding wife. If these people have a grievance which the law can remedy, their proper course is to lodge a complaint with the Commissaire de Police of the district where they reside, and this functionary will order researches to be made if he thinks good. But the police will always help parents in discovering runaway sons or daughters who are minors, and even husbands in finding their wives if they can feel sure that these persons are not bent on pursuing vengeance. The immense experience and tact of the higher *employés* of the Prefecture enable them to judge each case on its merits, and to decide when information should be given, and when it should be withheld. Their aim is to render the operation of the police beneficial; and they will do nothing to promote scandal, gratify private grudges, or serve foolish designs.

But out of the mass of information they collect the police are constantly sifting facts to assist them in spying out crime and detecting offenders before these latter have been denounced to them. Some time ago a firm of London jewellers was robbed of jewels to the value of several thousands of pounds. They had reason to believe that the thief, who was a clerk of theirs, had fled to Paris, and they started in pursuit. On arriving at the Prefecture and lodging their complaint, they were astounded at discovering that their clerk and all his stolen property were already in the hands of the police. The thing had happened in this way; the clerk had on

the day of his arrival pawned a good many jewels, not knowing that the *Monts de Piété* are government institutions, and that they daily furnish the police with a list of the persons to whom they have lent money. The officials who examine these lists noticed that a certain A. B. had been very busy pawning jewelry at different loan offices, and a detective was at once sent to his hotel to make inquiries. The clerk was out, but the detective was shown to his room, overhauled his luggage, and found that one of his boxes weighed very heavy. The clerk soon afterwards returned, was ordered to open this box, and on its being found to contain a quantity of valuable trinkets was taken into custody. The London jewelers in their gratitude wanted to present the police with 1200*l.*, but this generous offer was declined; as the Prefecture makes it a point of honour never to accept gratuities. In this matter the English police might well take example.

Everybody knows from reading police reports how easy it is for a thief to dispose of stolen property at an English pawnbroker's. If a man be respectably dressed no pains are taken, as a rule, to ascertain whether the account he gives of himself is a true one. He may call himself by what name he likes; the pawnbroker does not even ask him for a card to show that he is giving his right name and address. In France, on the contrary, stolen property is so difficult to dispose of that men who try to pawn or sell without being conversant with police rules are constantly putting their feet into traps. At the *Monts de Piété* sums up to 15 francs are lent on the mere production of a stamped envelope with a post-mark, bearing the pledger's name and address; but if the loan exceed 15 francs the pledger must exhibit either a passport, his *feuille d'état civil*, his receipt for rent, or else be accompanied by two credible witnesses who can certify to his identity. When a man presents himself at a loan office without being provided with the necessary papers, his pledge is detained and a detective is sent home with him to get the papers. If he cannot produce these he is conducted before a commissaire. The formalities which attend sales are quite as precise. A French tradesman

is forbidden to buy anything whatever of a stranger until he has obtained proof of who he is and where he lives. If the information published on these points is not satisfactory, he must pay the purchase money of the article offered for sale at the residence of the seller, and if the latter declines to let himself be accompanied to his dwelling, the tradesman must carry the article offered for sale to the office of the commissaire. It may be that some of these formalities are occasionally evaded; but this cannot often be the case, for the risks of detection are great, and the penalties for remissness heavy. Every tradesman knows that when a thief is caught the Juge d'Instruction always ends by worming full avowals out of him; therefore by purchasing goods of a stranger a man renders himself liable to the visit of a detective, who may overhaul his books, and finding no entry, or an irregular entry of a certain purchase, may prosecute him as a receiver of stolen goods. Moreover, if a tradesman be once caught evading the law, the police will be sure to keep watch over him afterwards, and will send secret agents to his shop from time to time to offer goods for sale. Woe to him, then, if the chance of making a good bargain tempts him to offend a second time.

The system of laying traps for people is much resorted to by the police; and it entertains a salutary terror among many who are exposed to the temptation of becoming dishonest. Parisian cabmen and omnibus conductors are very particular about carrying to the Prefecture any article that may be left in their vehicles, because they can never be sure but that the person who left the article did so intentionally. The lady who drops a bracelet, the gentleman who forgets a bagful of Napoleons, may be secret agents of the Prefecture; besides, the cabman knows that he has everything to gain by being honest. If the article left in his cab be not claimed within a year and a day it becomes his property; if the owner be forthcoming, the Prefecture takes care that the cabman shall get a suitable reward for his honesty, and it also sets a good mark to his name which may stand him in good stead should he ever commit a little peccadillo deserving punishment. The

cabman who is convicted of dishonesty is deprived of his license for ever.

All persons plying any trade or avocation in the streets of Paris are required to take out a license. In the office of the Prefecture where these documents are delivered, one may see any day the most motley crowd of blind men, beggar women, organ-grinders, mountebanks, coal and water-carriers, shoe-blacks, costermongers, hawkers, newspaper venders, dog and bird-fanciers, and flower-girls. Every one of these people must register his or her name and address, and after inquiries have been made he or she will obtain a license for which no charge is made, but which must be renewed every year. The conditions on which the license has been delivered are legibly set forth in it, and must be strictly adhered to. A blind man is authorized to take his stand on a certain bridge, a crippled old woman may beg under the porch of a certain church, an organ-grinder or mountebank has a beat of so many streets assigned to him, a costermonger may cry his wares only in a specified quarter of the town and so on. Not many weeks since an American, who had dined a little too well, accosted a flower-girl on one of the boulevards, bought a "button-hole" of her, talked with her for a few minutes and soon afterward missed a pocket-book which he had carried in the breast-pocket of his coat, and which contained forty-nine 1000-franc notes. He ran in great consternation to the nearest police-station, where the commissaire advised him to apply at the Prefecture. There the American's complaint was taken down, and the clerk on duty shot a slip of paper down a tube. Ten minutes later an inspector entered saying: "The flower-girl with whom you talked on the Boulevard — must have been a girl named C. D., who lives in the Rue F—— at Montmartre. But she has a lover named G——, who lives in the Rue H——. We have telegraphed to the commissaire of the Montmartre quarter to have the pair arrested. Unless the girl has made very great haste we shall probably find her before morning." The American sat down and waited anxiously for about an hour; then the Inspector returned with a telegram: "*C. D. and G. both arrested. Money*

found on them." The American subsequently discovered that the flower-girl, having stolen his money, had jumped into a cab and driven straight to her lodgings to change her dress. She had then gone in quest of her lover and was about to leave his house with him when the commissaire arrived. The girl had made as much haste as she could; but the police, thanks to their copious registers and to the telegraph wires, had been too quick for her.

It does not follow that because a man has a police-license to hawk, grind an organ, or turn somersaults, his antecedents are immaculate. The police are very good natured in allowing penitent thieves a chance of earning an honest livelihood, and if one of these men applies for a license, he will not only get it, but will be secured against the competition of freebooters on his particular beat. Should he, however, relapse into dishonesty after getting his license, it will be revoked, and he will be expelled from Paris either for a term of years or for the rest of his life. The power of expelling criminals from large cities may be exercised by the police entirely at their discretion. It is a prerogative over which the law courts have no control. By a law passed in 1849 the Prefect of Police may expel from Paris any individual who is a criminal or a disturber of the peace, and the same prerogative is applied to the Commissaire-Centraux (Chiefs of the Police) at Lyons, Marseilles, Lille, and Bordeaux. A person thus expelled *par mesure de salut public*, as the warrant runs, is said to be *en rupture de ban*, if he returns to the city whence he has been ejected, and he becomes liable to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding a year. All foreigners who have been sentenced to imprisonment are expelled immediately after their release, often very much to their surprise; and sometimes, when they return a few years afterward, trusting that their misdeeds have been forgotten, they experience the fresh surprise of being collared, imprisoned again, and ejected for a second time. The police forget nothing. By the help of those formidable ledgers, and those thousands of neatly docketed cardboard boxes in which the records of all criminals are preserved, they can at any time rake up

against a man ugly facts many years old. Many an English pickpocket has discovered this to his cost. At this moment there are six Englishmen and two women who were caught in Paris on the day of the Grand Prix, and who are undergoing thirteen months' imprisonment simply because they presumed on the forgetfulness of the French police. They started for Paris on the day before the race, and a telegram from Scotland Yard heralded their arrival. The police allowed them to go to an hotel in order that they might become chargeable with using false names. As soon as they had entered their aliases on the hotel books they were apprehended, and each got twelve months *pour usurpation*, and one month *pour rupture de ban*. They had all been sentenced in Paris for picking pockets three years ago, but had flattered themselves that by coming back under new names they would avoid detection. It may be remarked, in passing, that what makes Paris such a popular hunting ground for English pickpockets is that Frenchmen are accustomed to carry pretty large sums of money in their pockets. The Frenchman seldom banks; he transacts all his business with cash and paper money; and *he never takes the numbers of his bank-notes*. The power of expulsion, formidable as it is, is not the weightiest of those which the police possesses. A law, whose benefits have been much controverted of late, gives the police absolute authority over women leading notoriously immoral lives. An unfortunate creature who gets into this category is compelled to take out a *carte*, and to submit herself to periodical medical examinations. A set of rules is laid down for her guidance, and if she transgresses these she may be imprisoned for six months without trial under the mere *fiat* of the inspector who reports her case to the prefect. It is only fair to say that the French police use the irresponsible power thus intrusted to them with considerable discrimination; but it is nevertheless a tremendous power which must be fraught with occasional abuses.

III.

It will be seen from all that precedes that the Prefecture de Police is armed *cap-à-pie* for contending against crimi-

nals; but more remains to be said by way of showing how many are the advantages it has over Scotland Yard. Let us take a glance at the building of the Prefecture itself, which holds the Dépôt to which all persons arrested in Paris are brought.

Every police station in the capital has its cells; but three times a day prison vans come round to clear out the inmates and convey them to the Dépôt. The advantage of thus collecting all offenders at one central police station where the staff of detectives can get a sight of them are obvious. The Dépôt contains about 150 cells for the better class of offenders and for very great criminals, and two large halls with airing yards attached. In the first of these are confined the decently dressed and fairly respectable prisoners; in the others all the tattered and dirty vagabonds who have sunk to the most abject depth of poverty.

In both halls the prisoners live in common, sleeping at nights on mattresses laid upon plank beds; and interspersed with them are a number of *moutons* or spy prisoners, whose business it is to set offenders "blabbing." Every day brings a fresh squad of these *moutons*, and their true quality is not known even to the prison warders. They are dressed sometimes as fashionable cracksmen, sometimes as beggars; they pass themselves off for burglars, coiners, or petty thieves, according to the work they may have on hand and which consists in "pumping" certain men. Who are these queer fish? Not regular detectives, but unattached *agents secrets*, forming part of that mysterious host of myrmidons whom the Prefect of Police has at his orders and who are paid by the piece. Many of them must be convicts who earn remission of their sentences and doles of canteen-money by acting as spies. As they are only recompensed when they render effective services, their wits grown terribly keen, and they may generally be trusted to twist criminal novices round their little fingers. When a criminal has remained three days at the Dépôt he is sent to the House of Detention (Mazas) and there he often gets a *mouton* for his cell companion. If this does not suffice to wring the truth out of him the Juge

d'Instruction, or examining magistrate, tries the effect of a little tantalizing and moral torture. The man is forbidden to see his friends or to write to them; he is kept in solitary confinement which may last for months; and he is not allowed to buy any little luxuries with his own money; but once a week the Juge tells him that he shall be allowed to see his friends, to write, smoke, have rations of wine, and eventually obtain a mitigation of his sentence if he tells the truth. So he does tell it at length from sheer weariness. No criminal can hold out long against the system of confinement *au secret* and private examinations. When a man belongs to a gang of malefactors he is always told that his accomplices have confessed and have thrown all the blame upon *him*; this makes him furious, he denies, calls his pals "traitors," gives up their names, tells all he knows about them, and thus throws into the hands of the police a number of scamps who but for his revelations might have remained at large.

Compare with this system the calm, fair, judicial arrangement under which prisoners are examined in England—publicly, and with the aid of counsel if they can afford it. The English prisoner is not even questioned; no hearsay evidence is admitted against him; if it were to transpire that the police had employed a convict to try and wheedle a confession out of him a general clamor of public indignation would arise. But the French prisoner is treated as a dangerous beast against whom all's fair. From the moment when he gets into custody the ingenuity of the police is exercised in discovering who he is, in raking up his antecedents, and in framing a case against him out of his own lips. If he be innocent he may yet linger for months and months in prison, because a Juge d'Instruction is an irresponsible official who may take his own time about discharging him under a *nolle prosequi*. If, on the contrary, the man be guilty, the sentence of the law courts marks him with an indelible stain. Neither time nor repentance can obliterate it. To the end of his life, aye, and after his death, it will remain recorded on the books of the Prefecture and in the registry of his *état civil* in the commune where he was born,

that in such and such a year he was sent to prison for such and such a crime; and the evidence of this conviction will be open to the inspection of any person who applies for his character. It will stand as a permanent reproach to his children, and his children's children. Years after his death an enemy wishing to pain his descendants may copy the shameful entry from the well-kept registers of the communal Mairie and fling it in their faces.

The admirable system of French police therefore has its drawbacks, apart from those which are produced by petty interferences with the liberty of the subject. At an immense cost, by dint of keeping up a staff of secret agents who pervade all classes of society, drawing-rooms as well as workshops, and who draw between them about £120,000 from the Secret Service Fund; by dint of registering, pigeon-holing, inspecting, worrying, bullying; by dint of heaping up arbitrary imprisonments and exiles, and treating whole classes of the community as outlaws to be warred against without respite or mercy, the Prefecture certainly does contrive to capture offenders against the law more surely than can be done in England. But what if this precious system have the result of promoting crime to a huge extent by making men who have once fallen under the ban of the law utterly desperate? It may strike a statistician with admiration to learn that the registers of the Prefecture are so beautifully kept that they contain no less than 28,000 entries of persons bearing the name of Martin who have got into trouble during the present century; but one would like to know what became of these Martins once they had got placed on the police books? How many of them got enrolled in that hopeless class, who cannot find respectable situations because the records of their *état civil* is ineffaceably blotted—who dare not even marry because in producing their *papiers* they must bring their wretched antecedents to light? There must have been many of these Martins, who, persecuted and ashamed, joined the ranks of those terrible revolutionary factions who hate the police with a deadly vindictiveness, and who in times of civil war fly to the Prefecture for the purpose of burning it down.

The Prefecture and all it contained was burned by the Communists in 1871, when thousands and thousands of *dossiers* were destroyed. But the incendiaries forgot that by help of the communal registers most of these records could be recompiled ; and they have been. The 28,000 Martins did not purge their antecedents in the flames. All that they ever did amiss has been rewritten in new books which will stand until the Prefecture shall be burned again.

It is no good sign when the masses of a country loathe the police and regard the burning of its records as a popular task which every revolution is bound to perform ; neither is it a good sign when the roll of criminals swells and swells as it does in France year by year. What should we say to 51 murders and 101 attempted murders committed in London in the course of a twelvemonth ? This was the number of those crimes perpetrated in Paris in the year 1880 ; and no

less than 31 of them were attempts to murder policemen. Crimes of violence have become so frequent in Paris and France that they seem to indicate an epidemic of moral recklessness among the population ; but coupled with other offences they serve at all events to show that a strenuous police system does not do much toward keeping a hot-blooded people quiet and honest. There were 40,351 persons arrested in Paris in 1880, of whom 3216 were foreigners, 36,412 of them were convicted and sentenced, and of this number no less than 13,106 had been convicted before. These figures speak for themselves. They do not compare favorably with the statistics of English crime, and they acquire a gloomy significance when one recollects how many desperate characters were shot down or transported after the Commune, leaving gaps in the criminal ranks, which ought not so soon to have been filled up.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THRAWN JANET.

THE Reverend Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life, without relative or servant or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain ; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. Many young persons, coming to prepare themselves against the season of the Holy Communion, were dreadfully affected by his talk. He had a sermon on 1 Peter 5 : 8, "The devil as a roaring lion," on the Sunday after every seventeenth of August, and he was accustomed to surpass himself upon that text both by the appalling nature of the matter and the terror of his bearing in the pulpit. The children were frightened into fits, and the old looked more than usually oracular, and were, all that day, full of those hints that Hamlet deprecated. The manse itself, where it stood by the

water of Dule among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on the one side, and on the other many cold, moorish hilltops rising toward the sky, had begun, at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry, to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence ; and gudemen sitting at the clachan alehouse shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that uncanny neighborhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule, with a gable to each ; its back was toward the kirktown of Balweary, nearly half a mile away ; in front of it, a bare garden, hedged with thorn, occupied the land between the river and the road. The house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on the one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation

The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the instancy of his unspoken prayers ; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring schoolboys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

This atmosphere of terror, surrounding, as it did, a man of God of spotless character and orthodoxy, was a common cause of wonder and subject of inquiry among the few strangers who were led by chance or business into that unknown, outlying country. But many even of the people of the parish were ignorant of the strange events which had marked the first year of Mr. Soulis's ministrations ; and among those who were better informed, some were naturally reticent and others shy of that particular topic. Now and again, only, one of the older folk would warm into courage over his third tumbler, and recount the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life.

Fifty years syne, when Mr. Soulis cam' first into Ba'weary, he was still a young man—a callant, the folk said—fu' o' book learnin' and grand at the exposition, but, as was natural in sae young a man, wi' nae leevin' experience in religion. The younger sort were greatly taken wi' his gifts and his gab ; but auld, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be sae ill-supplied. It was before the days o' the moderates—weary fa' them ; but ill things are like gude—they baith come bit by bit, a pickle at a time ; and there were folk even then that said the Lord had left the college professors to their ain devices, an' the lads that went to study wi' them wad hae done mair and better sittin' in a peat-bog, like their forbears of the persecution, wi' a Bible under their oxter and a speerit o' prayer in their heart. There was nae doot, onyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been ower lang at the college. He was careful and troubled for mony things besides the ae thing needful. He had a feck o' books wi' him—mair than had ever been seen before in a' that presbytery ; and a sair

wark the carrier had wi' them. For they were a' like to have smooed in the Deil's Hag between this and Kilma-kerlie. They were books o' divinity, to be sure, or so they ca'd them ; but the serious were o' opinion there was little service for sae mony, when the hail o' God's Word could gang in the neuk of a plaid. Then, he wad sit half the day and half the nicht forbye (which was scant decent) writing, nae less ; and first, they were feared he wad read his sermons ; and syne it proved he was writin' a book himsel', which was surely no fittin' for ane of his years an' sma' experience.

Onyway it behoved him to get an auld, decent wife to keep the manse for him an' see to his bit denners ; and he was recommended to an auld limmer—Janet M'Clour, they ca'd her—and sae far left to himsel' as to be ower persuaded. There was mony advised him to the contrar', for Janet was mair than suspekkit by the best folk in Ba'weary. Lang or that, she had had a wean to a dragon ; she hadnae come forrit* for maybe thretty years ; and bairns had seen her mumblin' to hersel' upon Key's Loan in the gloamin', whilk was an unco time an' place for a God-fearin' woman. Howsoever, it was the laird himsel' that had first tauld the minister o' Janet ; and in thae days he wad have gane a far gate to plesure the laird. When folk tauld him that Janet was sib to the deil, it was all superstition by his way of it ; an' when they cast up the Bible to him an' the witch of Endor, he wad threep it doun their thrapples that thir days were a' gane by, and the deil was mercifully restrained.

Weel, when it got about the clachan that Janet M'Clour was to be servant at the manse, the folk were fair mad wi' her an' him thegether ; and some o' the gudewives had nae better to dae than get round her door cheeks and chairge her wi' a' that was ken't again her, frae the sodger's bairn to John Tamson's twa kye. She was nae great speaker ; folk usually let her gang her ain gate, an' she let them gang theirs, wi' neither Fair-gude-een nor Fair-gude-day ; but when she buckled to, she had a tongue

* To come forrit—to offer oneself as a communicant.

to deave the miller. Up she got, an' there wasnae an auld story in Ba'weary but she gart somebody loup for it that day; they couldnae say ae thing but she could say twa to it; till, at the hinder end, the gudewives up and claught haud of her, and clawed the coats off her back, and pu'd her doun the clachan to the water o' Dule, to see if she were a witch or no, soum or droun. The carline skirled till ye could hear her at the Hangin' Shaw, and she focht like ten; there was mony a gudewife bure the mark of her neist day an' mony a lang day after; and just in the hettest o' the collieshangie, wha suld come up (for his sins) but the new minister.

"Women," said he (and he had a grand voice), "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fair wud wi' terror—an' clang to him, an' prayed him, for Christ's sake, save her frae the cummers; an' they, for their pairt, tauld him a' that was ken't, and maybe mair.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, no a word o't. Forbye the bairn," says she, "I've been a decent woman a' my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, His unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Weel, it wad appear that when he askit that, she gave a girn that fairly frichtit them that saw her, an' they could hear her teeth play dirl thegither in her chafts; but there was naething for it but the oe way or the ither; an' Janet lifted up her hand and renounced the devil before them a'.

"Any now," says Mr. Soulis to the gudewives, "home with ye, one and all, and pray to God for His forgiveness."

And he gied Janet his arm, though she had little on her but a sark, and took her up the clachan to her ain door like a leddy of the land; an' her scrieghin' and laughin' as was a scandal to be heard.

There were mony grave folk lang ower their prayers that nicht; but when the morn cam' there was sic a fear fell upon a' Ba'weary that the bairns hid theirsels, and e'en the men folk stood

and keeokit frae their doors. For there was Janet comin' doun the clachan—her or her likeness, nane coud tell—wi' her neck thrawn, and her heid on ae side, like a body that has been hangit, and a girn on her face like an unstreakit corp. By an' by they got used wi' it, and even speered at her to ken what was wrang; but frae that day forth she couldnae speak like a Christian woman, but slavered and played click wi' her teeth like a pair o' shears; and frae that day forth the name o' God cam' never on her lips. Whiles she wad try to say it, but it nichtnae be. Them that kened best said least; but they never gied that 'Thing the name o' Janet M'Clour; for the auld Janet, by their way o't, was in muckle hell that day. But the minister was neither to haud nor to bind; he preached aboot naething but the folk's cruelty that had gi'en her a stroke o' the palsy; he skelpt the bairns that meddled her; and he had her up to the manse that same nicht, and dwalld there a' his lane wi' her under the Hangin' Shaw.

Weel, time gaed by; and the idler sort commenced to think mair lichtly o' that black business. The minister was weel thought o'; he was aye late at the writing, folk wad see his can'le doon by the Dule water after twal' at e'en; and he seemed aye pleased wi' himsel' and upsitten as at first, though a' body could see that he was dwining. As for Janet, she cam' an' she gaed; if she didnae speak muckle afore, it was reason she should speak less then; she meddled naebody, but she was an eldritch thing to see, an' nane wad hae mistrysted wi' her for Ba'weary glebe.

About the end o' July there cam' a spell o' weather, the like o't never was in that country side; it was lown an' het an' heartless; the herds couldnae win up the Black Hill, the bairns were ower weariet to play; an' yet it was gousty too wi' claps o' het wund that rumm'led in the glens, and bits o' shooers that slockened naething. We aye thocht it but to thun'er on the morn; but the morn cam', an' the morn's morning, and it was aye the same uncanny weather, sair on folks and bestial. Of a' that were the waur, nane suffered like Mr. Soulis; he could neither sleep nor eat, he tauld his eld-

ers ; an' when he wasnae writin' at his weary book, he wad be stravagin' ower a' the countryside like a man possessed, when a' body else was blythe to keep caller ben the house.

Abune Hangin' Shaw, in the bield o' the Black Hill, there's a bit enclosed grund wi' an iron yett ; and it seems, in the auld days, that was the kirkyaird o' Ba'weary, and consecrated, by the Papists before the blessed licht shone upon the kingdom. It was a great howff o' Mr. Soulis's, onyway ; there he would sit an' consider his sermons ; and indeed it's a bieldy bit. Weel, as he cam' ower the wast end o' the Black Hill, ae day, he saw first twa, an' syne fower, an' syne seeven corbie craws fleein, round an' round abune the auld kirkyaird. They flew laigh and heavy, an' squawked to ither as they gaed ; and it was clear to Mr. Soulis that something had put them frae their ordinar. He wasnae easy fleyed, an' gaed straucht up to the wa's ; an' what suld he find there but a man, or the appearance of a man, sittin' in the inside upon a grave. He was of a great stature, an' black as hell, and his e'en were singular to see. Mr. Soulis had heard tell o' black men, mony's the time ; but there was something unco aboot this black man that daunted him. Het as he was, he took a kind o' cauld grue in the marrow o' his banes ; but up he spak for a' that, an' says he : " My friend, are you a stranger in this place ? " The black man answered never a word ; he got upon his feet, an' begude to hursle to the wa' on the far side ; but he aye lookit at the minister ; an' the minister stood an' lookit back ; till a' in a meenute, the black man was ower the wa' an' rinnin' for the bield o' the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly kenned why, ran after him ; but he was sair forjaskit wi' his walk an' the het, un hale-some weather ; and rin as he likit, he got nae mair than a gliff o' the black man-amang the birks, till he won down to the foot o' the hillside, an' there he saw him ance mair, gaun, hap, step, an' loup, ower Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis wasnae weel pleased that this fearsome gangrel suld mak' sae free wi' Ba'weary manse ; an' he ran the harder, an' wet shoon, ower the burn, an' up the walk ; but the deil a black

man was there to see. He stepped out upon the road, but there was naeboddy there ; he gaed a' ower the gairden, but na, nae black man. At the hinder end, and a bit feared as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and into the manse ; and there was Janet M'Clour before his e'en, wi' her thrawn craig, and nane sae pleased to see him. And he aye minded sinsyne, when first he set his e'en upon her, he had the same cauld and deidly grue.

" Janet," says he, " have ye seen a black man ? "

" A black man ? " quo she. " Save us a' ! Ye're no wise, minister. There's nae black man in a' Ba'weary. "

But she didnae speak plain, ye maun understand ; but yam-yammered, like a powney wi' the bit in its moo'.

" Weel," says he, " Janet, if there was nae black man, I have spoken with the Accuser of the Brethren. "

And he sat down like ane wi' a fever, an' his teeth chittered in his heid.

" Hoots," says she, " think shame to yoursel', minister ; " an' gied him a drap brandy that she kept aye by her.

Syne Mr. Soulis gaed into his study amang a' his books. It's a lang, laigh, mirk chalmers, perishin' cauld in winter, an' no very dry even in the tap o' the simmer, for the manse stands near the burn. Sae doon he sat, and thoct of a' that had come an' gane since he was in Ba'weary, an' his hame, an' the days when he was a bairn an' ran daffin' on the braes ; and that black man aye ran in his heid like the owercome of a sang. Aye the mair he thoct, the mair he thoct o' the black man. He tried the prayer, an' the words wouldnae come to him ; an' he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could nae mak' nae mair o' that. There was whiles he thoct the black man was at his oxter, an' the swat stood upon him cauld as well-water ; and there was other whiles, when he cam' to himsel' like a christened bairn and minded naething.

The upshot was that he gaed to the window an' stood glowrin' at Dule water. The trees are unco thick, an' the water lies deep an' black under the manse ; an' there was Janet washin' the clae's wi' her coats kilted. She had her back to the minister, an' he, for his pairt, hardly kenned what he was look-

in' at. Syne she turned round, an' shawed her face; Mr. Soulis had the same cauld grue as twice that day afore, an' it was borne in upon him what folk said, that Janet was deid lang syne, an' this was a bogle in her clay-cauld flesh. He drew back a pickle and he scanned her narrowly. She was tramp-trampin' in the claes, croonin' to hersel'; and eh! Gude guide us, but it was a fearsome face. Whiles she sang louder; but there was nae man born o' woman that could tell the words o' her sang; an' whiles she lookit side-lang down, but there was naething there for her to look at. There gaed a scunner through the flesh upon his banes; and that was Heeven's advertisement. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himsel', he said, to think sae ill of a puir, auld afflicted wife that hadnae a freend forbye himsel'; an' he put up a bit prayer for him and her, an' drank a little caller water—for his heart rose against the meat—an' gaed up to his naked bed in the gloaming.

That was a nicht that has never been forgotten in Ba'weary, the nicht o' the seeventeent o' August, seeveteen hun'er an' twal'. It had been het afore, as I hae said, but that nicht it was hetter than ever. The sun gaed doon amang unco-lookin' clouds; it fell as mirk as the pit; no a star, no a breath o' wund; ye couldnae see your han' afore your face, and even the auld folk coost the covers frae their beds and lay pechin' for their breath. Wi' a' that he had upon his mind, it was gey and unlikely Mr. Soulis wad get muckle sleep. He lay an' he tumbled; the gude, caller bed that he got into brunt his very banes; while he slept, an' whiles he waukened; whiles he heard the time o' nicht, and whiles a tyke yowlin' up the muir, as if somebody was deid; whiles he thoct he heard bogles claverin' in his lug, an' whiles he saw spunkies in the room. He behoved, he judged, to be sick; an' sick he was—little he jaloosed the sickness.

At the hinder end, he got a clearness in his mind, sat up in his sark on the bed-side, and fell thinkin' ance mair o' the black man an' Janet. He couldnae weel tell how—maybe it was the cauld to his feet—but it cam' in upon him wi' a spate that there was some connection between thir twa, an' that either or

baith o' them were bogles. And just at that moment, in Janet's room, which was neist to his, there cam' a stramp o' feet as if men were wars'lin', an' then a loud bang; an' then a wund gaed reishling round the fower quarters o' the house; an' then a' was aince mair as seelent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was feared for neither man nor deevil. He got his tinder box, an' lit a can'le, an' made three steps o't ower to Janet's door. It was on the hasp, an' he pushed it open, an' keeked bauldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's ain, an' plenished wi' grand, auld, solid gear, for he had naething else. There was fower-posted bed wi' auld tapestry; and a bra cabinet o' aik, that was fu' o' the minister's divinity books, an' put there to be out o' the gate; an' a wheen duds o' Janet's lyin' here an' there about the floor. But nae Janet could Mr. Soulis see; nor ony sign of a contention. In he gaed (an' there's few that wad hae followed him) an' lookit a' round, an' listened. But there was naethin' to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in a Ba'-weary parish, an' naethin' to be seen but the muckle shadows turnin' round the can'le. An' then a' at aince, the minister's heart played dunt an' stood stock-still; an' a cauld wund blew amang the hairs o' his heid. Whaten a weary sicht was that for the puir man's e'en! For there was Janet hangin' frae a nail beside the auld aik cabinet; her heid aye lay on her shooter, her e'en were steeked, the tongue projeckit frae her mouth, and her heels were twa feet clear abune the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thoct Mr. Soulis; "poor Janet's dead."

He cam' a step nearer to the corp; an' then his heart fair whammed in his inside. For by what cantrip it wad ill-beseem a man to judge, she was hingin' frae a single nail an' by a single wursted thread for darnin' hose.

It's an awfu' thing to be your lane at nicht wi' siccan prodigies o' darkness; but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned an' gaed his ways oot o' that room, and lockit the door ahint him; and step by step, doon the stairs, as heavy as leed; and set doon the can'le on the table at the stairfoot. He couldnae pray, he couldnae think, he was dreep-

in' wi' caul' swat, an' naethin' could he hear but the dunt-dunt-duntin' o' his ain heart. He micht maybe have stood there an hour, or maybe twa, he minded sae little ; when a' o' a sudden, he heard a laigh, uncanny steer upstairs ; a foot gaed to an' fro in the cha'mer whaur the corp was hingin' ; syne the door was opened, though he minded weel that he had lockit it ; an' syne there was a step upon the landin' an' it seemed to him as if the corp was lookin' ower the rail and doon upon him whaur he stood.

He took up the can'le again (for he couldnae want the licht), and as saftly as ever he could gaed straucht oot o' the manse an' to the far end o' the causeway. It was aye pit-mirk ; the flame o' the can'le, when he set it on the grund, brunt steedy and clear as in a room ; naething moved, but the Dule water, seepin' and sabbin' doon the glen, an' yon unhaly footstep that cam' ploddin' doon the stairs inside the manse. He kenned the foot ower weel, for it was Janet's ; and at ilka step that cam' a wee thing nearer, the cauld got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made an' keepit him ; "and O Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers of evil."

By this time the foot was comin' through the passage for the door ; he could hear a hand skirt along the wa', as if the fearsome thing was feelin' for its way. The saughs tossed an' maned together, a lang sigh cam' ower the hills, the flame o' the can'le was blawn aboot ; an' there stood the corp of Thrawn Janet, wi' her grogram goon an' her black mutch, wi' the heid aye upon the shoother, an' the girn still upon the face o't—leevin', ye wad hae said—deid, as Mr. Soulis weel kenned—upon the threshold o' the manse.

It's a strange thing that the saul of man should be that thirled into his perishable body ; but the minister saw that, an' his heart didnae break.

She didnae stand there lang ; she began to move again an' cam' slowly toward Mr. Soulis whaur he stood under the saughs. A' the life o' his body, a' the strength o' his speerit, were glowerin' frae his e'en. It seemed she was gaun to speak, but wanted words, an' made a sign wi' the left hand. 'There cam' a clap o' wund, like a cat's fuff ; oot gaed the can'le, the saughs skrieghed like folk ; an' Mr. Soulis kenned that, live or die, this was the end o't.

"Witch, beldame, devil !" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone—if you be dead, to the grave—if you be damned, to hell."

An' at that moment, the Lord's ain hand out o' the Heevens struck the Horror whaur it stood ; the auld, deid, desecrated corp o' the witchwife, sae lang keepit frae the grave and hursled round by deils, lowed up like a brunstane spunk and fell in ashes to the grund ; the thunder followed, peal on dirling peal, the rairin rain upon the back o' that ; and Mr. Soulis louped through the garden hedge, and ran, wi' skelloch upon skelloch, for the clachan.

That same mornin', John Christie saw the black man pass the Muckle Cairn as it was chappin' six ; before eight he gaed by the change-house at Knockdow ; an' no lang after Sandy M'Lellan saw him gaun linkin' doon the braes frae Kilmakerlie. There's little doubt but it was him that dwalled sae lang in Janet's body ; but he was awa' at last ; and sinsyne the deil has never fashed us in Ba'weary.

But it was a sair dispensation for the minister ; lang, lang he lay ravin' in his bed ; and frae that hour to this, he was the man ye ken the day.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LIFE IN MEDIEVAL VENICE.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

VENICE is known to every one as a city of palaces, of artistic splendor, and of canals, from which all life and glory has long since passed away. What that life and glory were at their height is but

vaguely realized in stories of lavish gayety in domestic life, and of dark mysteries in the autocracy of the Council of Ten. Let us repeople Venice with the assistance of her own chroni-

clers, eye-witnesses of the scenes which passed around them; let us try to see her as she was, the better to value what is left of her.

Before entering upon her inner life and its magnificence, we must first of all introduce ourselves to the Companies of the Stocking, the *della calza* brethren, whose office it was exclusively to make gorgeous with display that life among the lagunes. In 1400, when Michele Steno was elected Doge, Venice was kept in a state of whirling festivity by a band of young men, who gave themselves the title of "Compagni della Calza," from a colored badge they wore on their stocking.* So successful were these young men in arranging ceremonies that the Stocking company rapidly grew into an institution; not only Venetians but also worthy foreigners entered the ranks of gayety, and subsequently ladies too, who wore the badge on one of their long flowing sleeves. The companions divided themselves into numerous groups, the Immortals, the Eternals, the Powerful, and so forth, each with their own especial dress, and, as behoved the leaders of fashionable Venice, they wore garments of surpassing beauty.

At their *réunions* the *coup d'œil* was dazzling; they wore jackets of velvet embroidered with gold, they had bushy cuffs of lace appearing from beneath their sleeves; over their shoulders was cast a mantle of golden cloth, of damask, or of crimson velvet; on their heads they wore black or scarlet caps ornamented at the peak with a rich jewel, which hung down over their right ear; their hair was worn long and flowing, or else plaited with silken threads; on their legs were the tight-fitting stockings of the order; while their pointed shoe was another excuse for the display of diamonds.

The brethren of the Stocking were the embodiment of all that was rich and glorious in ancient Venice. No private feast, no nuptial ceremony, no public or ducal reception was conducted without their assistance; ever ready were they to disperse themselves through the city to organize festivity. Instead of the old mystery plays they introduced gorgeous

representations of old Roman plays, and thereby materially assisted in furthering theatrical enterprise; not even a Church festival was considered well conducted under other supervision than theirs.

When Henry III. of France, and King of Poland, was on his return to Paris to take up the government which had devolved upon him by the death of Catharine de' Medici's two elder sons, he passed through Venice, and the reception given to him by the Queen of the Adriatic is a fair specimen of numerous other displays of a like nature.*

On the Venetian frontier a goodly number of senators and councillors met the king; his gondola was spread with gold brocade, the nobles told off to attend upon him were dressed in flowing robes of silk; sixty halberdiers as guards of honor wore liveries of orange-colored silk, and carried ancient battle-axes.

Four hundred rowers sped the royal craft on its way to the Lido, followed by countless gondolas of the nobility draped in cloth of gold, and resplendent with mirrors and arms. On the Lido was erected a triumphal arch, of which Palladio, the celebrated Vicenzan, had been the architect, and which Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese had painted. The king was lodged in the Foscari palace, adorned for the purpose with everything that was rich in tapestry and gold. But the banquet in the evening was the most striking ceremony. It took place at the Giudecca, just over against the favorite hotel of modern Venice; the royal gondola glided down the Grand Canal, amidst soft sounding music, and at the steps the monarch was received by twelve noblemen, dressed in picturesque mariners' costume, blue satin with scarlet facings, each with a lady in white resting on his arm. Three thousand guests were awaiting the king's advent in the courtyard, resplendent with jewels and gold brocade. To while away the time before the banquet was announced, an acrobat performed gymnastic feasts, for the edification of the guest, and all around was assembled a sparkling fleet of gondolas with their torches and gilded prows, and their

* Della Croce, "Istoria della pubblica e famosa entrata in Venezia del serenissimo Henrico III."

* Tentori, "Saggio sulla Storia di Venezia."

crimson damask coverings floating in the waves, for there were no sumptuary laws in those days, and no restraint on display.

Tables were laid to accommodate the three thousand. For the royal entertainment a curious surprise was prepared. Henry was invited to seat himself at a table made entirely of sugar; the napkins, plates, knives, forks, etc., were all made of that commodity; so good was the deception that the king complacently sat down, but, on taking up his napkin, he found it crumbled beneath his grasp. The plate before the king had upon it the figure of a queen seated on two tigers, which had on their breasts the arms of France and Poland. On the right of the royal seat were two sugar lions with a Pallas and a Justice of like material, while on his left stood a sugar St. Mark and a sugar David, and on the table were spread horses, trees, ships, etc., all of sugar. After the repast 1260 figures of sugar were distributed among the fair sex as a pleasing memorial of the event.

After this episode the king was taken to a more substantial table, and to food of a more substantial character. At the intervals of the courses comedies were acted and poems sung; around the hall were planted rare trees and odorous plants; baskets full of fruit hung from the ceiling, and tame hares, rabbits, and birds were chained among the trees with silken cords. The repast lasted for four hours, and ninety courses passed before the royal eyes; and then at the end of all things a huge pie was opened from which issued birds; and the guests arose to give them chase, the prize for the largest bag being an ostrich egg set in gold. With this began the dancing and revelry of the evening.

These public banquets were imitated extensively in private life. Four to five hundred ducats was an ordinary sum for a Venetian to spend on an entertainment. The art of cooking was carried to a ridiculous excess; into every dish it was deemed necessary to cast some gold dust to give it what they termed "the heart."^{*}

In 1515, shortly after the successful

battle of Marignano, the Venetians prepared to enjoy right well the espousal of Benedetto Grimani with the daughter of Vettor Pisani. The Company of the Stocking as usual undertook the arrangement of the ceremony; they prepared a perfect fleet of gondolas all decked with crimson and gold, to follow the raised barge which bore the bride and bridegroom from the Pisani palace; at the landing stage for the piazza S. Marco was prepared a novelty for water-locked Venice, no less than a cavalcade of richly caparisoned horses which carried the bridal party twice round the square, in which banners and garlands hung from every window.

A hundred ladies laden with jewels accompanied the bride, who was dressed in crimson velvet, to the altar of St. Mark. Torch-bearers, trumpeters, and halberdiers accompanied the procession; the councillors and procurators of the Republic sat in the choir. After the ceremony a grand banquet was given at the Pisani palace at which the Doge, the bride's uncle, was present. The bride prostrated herself weeping at the ducal feet, and implored her uncle's blessing before the gilded gondola bore her and her husband down the Grand Canal to spend their honeymoon in the Contarini Palace.

At these wedding ceremonies the best man, or *Compare dell' anello*, had a weary time of it; his duties were numerous, and the gift expected of him for the bride most expensive. At the Grimani wedding the best man gave the bride an embalmed sable with a chain of solid gold around its neck.*

In the days of old Venetian simplicity a settled time was appointed for the assembling together of the virgins of the town, out of whom each youth selected as his bride the one that pleased him best in the presence of public officials. When the ranks of beauty had been well thinned, a provident legislature enacted that the fair *fiancées* should disburse a sum of money to serve as a dowry for those less gifted by nature to enable them to secure husbands.†

As centuries rolled on, "dower hunting" became a vice among the youths

* Viviani, "Trattato del custodire la Sanità."

* Sanudo.

† Pignoria, "Origini di Padova."

of Venice, to such an extent that special legislation was requisite to keep it in check. A decree of the Senate,* April 9th, 1555, asserts that "the youths no longer give themselves to business in the city, nor to navigation, nor to other laudable industries, putting all their trust in the said excessive doweries." Hence it was found necessary to put a restriction on the same.

The wedding ceremonies in the humbler class were a reflex of the display in which people of a more exalted position indulged. Yet in private life some of the customs, which are in existence even to-day, had their origin. The roughest peasant boy fisherman, if he would woo his Phyllis, must needs deck himself in velvet, and be redolent with perfumes. If the suit was acceptable, both families would meet round a festive board, when the pledge or golden ring was given by the swain to his intended. During the probationary period of engagement numerous and curious gifts were exchanged between the lovers. At Easter time the young man came with a cake (*focaccia*); at Christmas with an almond cake and mustard; on All Saints' Day with sweets called *fava*; on St. Martin's Day with chestnuts; and on the feast of St. Mark with a rose bud, while the bride elect, in exchange for these love tokens, would give him silken sashes, embroidered handkerchiefs, etc. But never were combs allowed, for they savored of witchcraft; nor books or images of the saints, for they caused displeasure; nor scissors, for they were emblematic of evil tongues; nor pins, for there was something about them suggestive of stinging words.† The best man, too, in humble life, was heavily taxed for the honor bestowed upon him. On him devolved the duty of presenting the bride with a box of comfits, a bouquet of artificial flowers, and a purse of money with which to commence her housekeeping, likewise with six bottles of malaga and Cyprus wine, and six of rosolio *liqueur* for the nuptial banquet.‡

We admire greatly the Piazza of St. Mark, its mosaic-faced cathedral, its tame pigeons, and its dazzling cafés,

yet we seldom realize how gay it must have been in the days when tournaments and bull fights were held therein; and a bull-fight in Venice was not the atrocious spectacle it is in Spain. Human life and limbs were never risked; the infuriated animal was held in check by cords attached to its horns, while dogs were let loose upon it to accomplish the end.

But tournaments were the real amusements which rejoiced the hearts of grandeur-loving Venetians. There sat the Doge and Council on a raised platform at the cathedral door; the piazza was adorned with pictures, pavilions, banners and shields. Mounted on horses with shining trappings, the combatants fought in raiment of purple and gold; the prize would be a crown of gold sparkling with gems,* and, says Petrarch, who was present at one in 1364,† "in the management of arms, and in bearing fatigue, the Venetians show that they are as capable by land, as they are invincible by sea."

Everybody knows how the Doge on Ascension Day was wont to wed the Adriatic with a golden ring, in commemoration of a victory gained by the Venetians over some pirates in 997; but an almost more interesting ceremony than this, which took place on Holy Thursday, has long since sunk into oblivion. In 1162, Ulrico, patriarch of Aquileia, organized a great rising of the men of Friuli against Venice, but the patriarch was beaten, and together with twelve priests was taken captive by the queen of the Adriatic. Pope Vitale II. ordered their lives to be spared, but at the same time compelled the patriarch to pay an annual tribute, on Holy Thursday, of a bull and twelve pigs, as perpetual symbols of the patriarch's and his twelve followers' disgrace. Every year, on this day, great festivities were held; bonfires and illuminations anticipated the break of day; the bull and his twelve inferiors were slaughtered before a vast concourse in the piazza, and then, by way of concluding the pantomime, a wooden castle was erected in the Ducal Hall representing the fortifications of Friuli, which the Doge and

* State Archives.

† Alessandrò Caravia, "Canzoni."

‡ Bernoni.

* Morelli, "Operette."

† Petrarch, "Senil, ad Petrum Bononiensem."

Council solemnly demolished before the eyes of admiring spectators.*

Water pursuits formed an essential part in the life of amphibious Venice. Regattas and processions of gondolas took place on a most extravagant scale of magnificence, as we gather from the sumptuary laws, which were passed to suppress the expenditure on them. In earlier days the Venetians dearly loved a game called the "Force of Hercules," a contest which gave rise to wild contention between the inhabitants of *di quà* and *di là* of the Grand Canal; it consisted in two tightly packed pyramids of men erected on flat-bottomed barges, who charged each other with excessive vehemence until one barge load succeeded in dislodging the occupants of the other, and in capturing the craft. They were arranged as follows: on this wooden barge a group of men supported shoulder-high a smaller stage, on which stood another smaller group on whose shoulders a third tier placed themselves, until seven or eight tapering stories were crowned by a boy called the "crest," whose *coup de force* consisted in turning head over heels on the top of the pyramid, and then standing on his head to carry out *in extenso* the tapering summit of a pyramid with his toe.

A similar game was played on wooden bridges thrown across the Grand Canal, without any balustrades; an equal number of combatants charged from either side, and those who retained their footing on the bridge, and reached the opposite side in safety, were accounted victors.†

A curious instance of Venetian aquatic peculiarities existed until quite a recent date, in the small republic of fishermen, who inhabited the district of San Nicolò dei Mendicoli, a remote quarter of Venice near the sea; these fishermen annually elected their *gastaldo*, or Doge, twelve presidents, and one chancellor of their aquatic republic. These functionaries regulated all the fishing laws of Venice, cared for the lives of those who found their vocation in the deep, settled their disputes, and passed judgment among them without any interference from the State; in fact, aristocratic Venice, if provided with fish, cared not

to infringe the liberties of their fish-mongers, always a trouble to every community, and perhaps best governed when allowed to govern themselves.*

It was a grand day for this humble district of Venice, when on May 19th, 1476, the Doge, Andrea Vendramini, paid a visit to the Doge Baldassare Civran, and his fishermen subjects. Banners streamed from their hovels, to welcome the head functionary of the aristocratic State; in the evening the Doge and Signory of Venice entertained at a banquet the *élite* of the fishing community, who brought with them, as a present for the supreme magistrate, one straw hat, one bottle of moscat wine, and some oranges.†

The luxury and grandeur of the costumes worn by Venetian ladies trace their origin entirely to Venetian crusaders and commerce in the East. Before 1071 the Venetians were comparatively simple in their attire; in that year their Doge, Domenico Selvo, married a daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, Constantine Ducas. She brought with her Eastern customs and luxuries, which made deep impression upon her simple-minded contemporaries in Venice; she was wont to wash in scented water, to cover her body with perfumes and rich unguents, and to bathe her face every morning with dew, gathered expressly for her by her slaves.‡ The chroniclers contemptuously speak of the orange water she profusely used, of her perfumed gloves, of her silken vests, and of the gold stick she made use of to convey her food to her mouth, and they attribute to the judgment of God on this excessive luxury, her declining health and early death. Yet could they but have witnessed, a few centuries later, the hold these luxuries would have, not only over the fair ones of Venice, but likewise over the men, they would with reason have quaked for the well-being of their Republic.

The rich dresses of Venetian ladies are well known to us all in the canvases of Titian, Paul Veronese, and others; their flowing sleeves, their jeweled head-dresses, the richness of their silks and satins, and moreover their long-flowing

* Sanudo, "Vita dei Dogi."

† † Gallicoli, "Memorie Venete Antiche."

* State Archives.

† Archives of the College.

‡ Morosini.

trains of which Cristoforo Moro complains thus : " Married women have exceeding long tails to their vestments, which drag along the ground, which thing is diabolical." The extravagance of women in their jewelry and dress brought ruin on many a household, and from the sumptuary laws of later history we gather the extent to which the evil had run. As an instance of female eccentricity in Venice, we may mention the high-heeled boots they wore. Invented originally to keep their dresses out of the mud, these boots grew into such an excessive size, that the soles and heels were frequently over a foot in height, consequently a Venetian lady had great difficulty in locomotion, and required two maid-servants and two men-servants to accompany her on her walks, as a support from falling,* and to prevent this folly and unnecessary expenditure, frequent statutes were passed ; but, says one government decree, " the ladies of Venice pay but little heed to our orders."†

Into their baths these devotees of fashion would throw musk, amber, aloes, myrrh, cedar leaves, lavender, mint, etc. ; their pale cheeks they would rouge with paint, and during the night they would place slices of raw veal, which had been soaked for several hours in milk, over their faces, to dispel the pallor incident on dissipation. In short, hundreds of strange receipts are extant for preparing unguents to make their hands and feet soft, to make their nails rosy, and their skin glossy.‡

In the seclusion of their rooms the Venetian ladies gave much time to music, and to the singing of madrigals ; they took but little exercise except in gondolas, they delighted in chess, and even in this modest pastime their extravagance was unlimited, for richly wrought gold and silver men, set with chalcodon, jasper, and jewels, or of the finest crystal, would alone satisfy their taste.§ Dearly did they love all games of chance, for many authorities tell us that in Venice cards were first invented; *tarocchi* was the favorite game, for which elegantly designed cards were executed

and stamped, as the law demanded, with the senatorial permission. It was not long before the evils of gambling manifested themselves, for a decree of the Council of Ten, in 1506, prohibited games of chance,* the sale of cards and dice, and obliged servants to denounce their masters who had gambling parties in their houses. Yet this must have soon been repealed, for nowhere did gambling go to greater lengths than at Venice in later years ; the *Ridotto* and *Casini* of Venice were far greater hells than even Monaco and Homburg.

For visiting delinquents with condign punishment the Venetian lawgivers are proverbial : assassinations, sacrileges, etc., were common in the by-ways of Venice, and the law saw fit to visit the perpetrators of them with every severity possible. One, Pietro Ramberti,† for killing his maternal aunt and two cousins, was condemned to be placed on a flat-bottomed barge, naked to the waist, and tied to a post. Thus he was conducted the length of the Grand Canal, receiving by the way pinches from red-hot pincers ; at Santa Croce he was put on shore and tied to the tail of a horse for some distance, then his right hand was cut off, and finally he was beheaded between the two columns on the Piazzetta, and his body quartered.

From remote ages there existed in Venice contracts for the purchase of and merchandize in slaves. Cargoes of human flesh reached the Adriatic from Tartary, Russia, Africa, etc., and were sold by public auction at San Giorgio and the Rialto. They were baptized and well treated as a rule, for in wills and contracts we not unfrequently find faithful slaves mentioned, whereas hired servants were never remembered by testators.‡

Aldus Manutius, the celebrated printer, had a small black slave whom the superstitious believed to be an emissary of Satan. To satisfy the curious, one day he said publicly in church, " I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil ; all who think he is not flesh and blood, come and pinch him." Hence, in Venice

* Casola.

† State Archives.

‡ Marinello, " Ornamenti delle Donne."

§ Sanudo.

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* State Archives.

† " Registri dei Giustiziatì."

‡ Cibrario, " Della Schiavitù."

arose the somewhat curious *sobriquet* of the "printer's devil."

Perhaps some of the most interesting glimpses at Venetian inner life are afforded to us in the villas of literary and artistic men. Literature and science were so absorbing, even to the early Venetians, that a law was once in vogue forbidding those who could with counsel or strength assist their country from entering the ranks of science.*

The patricians were wont to meet in each other's houses, in rooms exclusively devoted to these literary gatherings, where everything pleasing to a refined taste was prepared for them. The very floors of these rooms were inlaid with scientific devices; the walls were covered with frescoes or pictures by the best artists. The ceilings depicted a starry hemisphere. Poetry thrived wonderfully at these *réunions*, and after the arrival of Aretino at Venice, in 1527, the poetical talent of Venice reached its height. Aretino, as also other learned men, received a hearty welcome from the Doge; he was fawned upon and thoroughly spoilt by the patricians; consequently, his poetry became mean and time-serving. As an adventurer, he knew where best to plant his flattery; as a poet, he could deck that flattery in most becoming robes. He lived on the Grand Canal, and loved, as he tells us in his letters, to watch the busy life beneath him; he was a constant guest at all the leading houses of Venice, and gave himself up to a life of thorough voluptuousness. "The Aretino" became the nickname of the fastest living *coterie* of Venice, and under his guidance they indulged in many an orgy. Aretino, moreover, was on most intimate terms with Titian and Sansovino; between these three friends a constant round of gayety went on. "When the snowflakes fell, Titian and Aretino in a well-warmed room would sit at table and quaff Trebbian wine, the gift of the wife of Correggio, and they would eat thrushes cooked with laurel and pepper, and hams of Friuli, sent to Aretino by the Count Manfred of Collalto."†

Not a foreigner of celebrity passed through Venice without being welcome at the house of Aretino, and if his con-

stant visitors wearied him he would call a gondola and glide to the quiet abode of Titian in a remote part of the city called Biri, to the loggia of which one ascended by a garden and stairs, and the view from which extended over the poetical lagunes to the distant Alps. Aretino's death was significant of his life; one evening while at table he heard an obscene joke which convulsed him with laughter; he fell from his chair and knocked his head heavily on the floor; this caused his death shortly afterwards.* On the Rialto, hard by the shops of many-colored cloths, and near the desks of the money-changers, was the house of Gentile Bellini, adorned with pictures; an abode of the Muses, which was a favorite *rendezvous* of his fellow artists. Tintoretto, too, was a proverbial *bon vivant*, and dearly loved a jest. At his musical entertainments, patronized by the *élite* of Venice, his daughter Marietta would delight the audience with her songs. The artists of Venice enjoyed full liberty of speech and action; in short they constituted a species of aristocracy by themselves, honored and respected by the whole of Venice. One day a patrician sat for his picture; Tintoretto was the artist; the noble repeatedly impressed on him the necessity of accurately copying the lace and the golden ornaments which hung from his robes. Disgusted at being thus spoken to, Tintoretto at length cast down his brush and said, "Go to Bassano, he will paint you best." Now Bassano was known to all Venice as the most skilful depicter of the animal world. Assuredly the patrician must have felt humbled.

The pedigree of theatrical development is well traced in Venice. Rude mystery plays in the Piazza amused the earlier inhabitants of the lagunes; stages were set up for them wherever a sufficient space was to be found; the creation of Adam and Eve, the Annunciation, and the Crucifixion formed the most favorite subjects, the interludes of which were filled up with the ludicrous scenes of Puncinello, or jocose contests between Pontius Pilate and Judas, which live, say etymologists, to-day in the streets of London, under the name

* State Archives.

† Mazzuchelli.

* Bonghi.

of "Punch and Judy." By the instrumentality of the Stocking brethren a new element was introduced into the theatrical world in the shape of *momaria*, which took place generally after the banquets and weddings in private life—for long they kept exclusively a private nature; at these a poet would recite, with but little scenic display, extravagant and jocose lays about the ancestors of the chief guest or bride. The pleasure-loving rich quickly adopted these *momaria* on every possible occasion, until, in process of time, they found their way into the Piazza* and public places. In 1532, on Holy Thursday, there took place a grand *momaria* in the Piazza of St. Mark. Stage effect was carefully studied, and the accompaniment of music added zest to the performance. Pallas riding on a serpent, holding in one hand a shield and in the other a book, opened the entertainment; she was followed by Justice and his emblems riding on an elephant; next came Concord on a stork, bearing in one hand a sceptre and in the other a sphere. Fourthly, Victory rode in on horseback with a sceptre, a sword, and a shield. Peace came next mounted on a lamb, her sceptre was adorned with olives. Lastly, came Abundance with the usual emblems. Around these allegorical figures of the highest class flitted others of an inferior order; such as Ignorance on an ass, Violence on a serpent, War, Death, and Penury, which last was mounted on a dog with a cornucopia full of straw. The stage represented the temple of Janus, and was adorned with arms and trophies; a mock fight took place between the opposite elements depicted on the stage, until at length Victory, who was dressed as the Queen of the Adriatic, declared herself, and the gates of the temple were shut. Dancing succeeded this entertainment, and the piazza was wild with delight.†

In the private villas of great men, fables, classical plays, and comedies, became common during the early part of the sixteenth century. But it required the exertions of the companies of the Calza to improve the tone of the Venetian stage, so as to suit the tastes of the

populace. Gradually wooden stages on the Piazza gave place to closed-in buildings which could be utilized in winter. Tintoretto painted scenic representations for them in his less ambitious days; Vasari designed the representation for one of Aretino's plays called *Talanta*; and in 1565 one of the Calza companies summoned to Venice Palladio who had just erected his curious little wooden theatre at Vicenza, still an object of curiosity to the traveller who halts at that city; he erected a corresponding one at Venice in the monastery of Santa Maria della Carità; Zuccari painted twelve pictures for it, and it was opened with the representation of a play by Dal Monte, likewise from Vicenza, called *Antigono*.

By the end of that century all the stage components were in working order; music, scenery, comedy and tragedy, so that by the close of the seventeenth century Venice was the owner of no less than eighteen theatres.*

Autumn life in the villas on the mainland was a delightful feature in rich Venetian life. Punctilious in detail, lavish in every luxury, this rural life of a Venetian patrician affords an excellent insight into the character and customs of the dwellers among the lagunes. The *dolce far niente*, proverbially Italian, found its exception in Venice. When taking their *villeggiatura*, the Venetians divided the day, allotting to each hour a separate occupation. At nine in the morning a bell rang and all arose, barbers were in attendance to shave the guests, and when toilettes were completed they all assembled at ten for "café" and a light collation, at which they were joined by the master of the house; an hour's conversation followed; at eleven another bell rang to summon the household to mass.

It was then expected of everybody to retire to his room for study or contemplation until two o'clock, when dinner was announced. Three rooms were generally allotted for this meal, one for soups and vegetables, another for meats, and a third for sweets and fruits.

The chase, walking, and picnics in the neighboring forests occupied the afternoons, and on these excursions

* Mutinelli, "Costume Veneziane."

† Sanudo.

* Galvani.

baskets of food were generally carried by domestics, so that when the guests returned home no further meal was necessary, and all could assemble round the gambling table, or watch the theatrical representations provided for their amusement, without the interruption of another lengthy dinner.*

Thus the wealthy Venetian whiled away his life, a life of constant contact

with everything refined and luxurious, everything artistic to please the eye, everything to gratify the sense. None of this is to be seen now. Venice of to-day, like some lovely shell spurned by the waves, lies stranded on her own Adriatic, inhabited by a race of beings who have crept in upon and utilized the glory left behind by the dead.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

ONE FAITH IN MANY FORMS.

BY M. A. JEVONS.

["What is the Being that is ever near, sometimes felt, never seen; that which has haunted us from childhood with a dream of something surpassingly fair which has never yet been realized; that which sweeps through the soul at times as a desolation, like a blast from the wings of the Angel of Death, leaving us stricken and silent in our loneliness; that which has touched us in our tenderest point, and the flesh has quivered with agony, and our mortal affections have shrivelled up with pain; that which comes to us in aspirations of nobleness and conceptions of superhuman excellence? Shall we say 'It,' or 'He'? What is It? Who is He?"—F. W. ROBERTSON.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."—SHELLEY.]

WHAT is His Name? What name will all express Him—
The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part—
So that all differing tongues may join a worship
Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one—"God is an endless sequence,
Incapable of either break or flaw,
Which we discern but dimly, and in fragments;
God is unchanging Law."

"Nay," saith another, "Law is but His method.
Look back, behind the sequence, to its source!
Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
God is the primal Force."

"Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater;
A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,"
Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
Hath found his soul's best school.

"Law, force, and beauty are but vague abstractions,
Too unconnected with the life of Man,"
One answers; "Man hath neither time nor power
Such mighty thoughts to scan.

"But here upon the earth we find him living,
And though in little time he fail and pass,
And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,
Surely, as ripened grass;

* Longo, "Memorie."

" Yet Man the race—man as he may be—will be,
Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,
Calm, wise, large-hearted, and large-soul'd, will triumph
In self-renouncing might.

" Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,
Life is divinest in its human dress,
And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
And strong desire to bless?"

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,
Wisdom and force; for they are all divine!
But God includes them, as some great cathedral
Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoe'er we apprehend Him,
Surely 'tis God himself we all adore—
Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
Heart of all hearts, and more.

The Spectator.

NOTABLE ASSASSINATIONS.

ASSASSINATION seems of late to have been playing a more than usually terrible part in the world's history. We have been hearing of an inquiry proceeding into what is alleged to have been the murder of the Sultan of Turkey. We have scarcely yet done talking of the dreadful deed which brought to a close the troubled reign of Alexander II. of Russia. Since that tragedy all civilized society has read with painful interest of the precautions which the present Emperor of Russia has thought it necessary to take against the pitiless foes who have threatened his life. Then, again, the whole civilized world has been stirred to indignation by the recent attempt on the life of the American President. And while we write all England is aghast at another illustration of what this murderous spirit is capable of in the discovery of ten "infernal machines" imported into Liverpool, and designed, it is to be feared, for that most diabolical of all methods of assassination—the explosion which scatters death and destruction without the smallest possible reference to even the presumption of offence on the part of the majority of its victims. There can be no doubt that the modern developments and discoveries of science have greatly lengthened and strengthened the arm of the assassin. When, some eight or ten centuries ago, Hassan-

Ben-Sahib planted his Order of "Assassins" in Persia, the dagger and the poison cup were the only means which in a general way were open to him.

The records of history are full of dreadful deeds. Russia, among European nations, has won a bad pre-eminence in the murder of its sovereigns, though it is quite a new thing for the lower orders of the people to be plotting such business. Almost invariably it has been the work of those about the throne. Mr. Carr, in his "Northern Tour," gives a terribly graphic account of the death of the Emperor Paul, which may be taken as a fair representation of the many occurrences of the kind in Russia. We have here no "patriots" issuing proclamations in the name of the people, no public ferment, no excitement or disturbance of any kind outside the palace walls. Such affairs have usually originated in Russia, until recent times, merely in court intrigues for the attainment of place and power. At such a court there are, of course, never wanting some to whom the monarch has made himself disagreeable or dangerous, and a few such spirits were easily banded together for the perpetration of the murder.

The Emperor Paul seems to have been worried by some apprehension of mischance, and took a more than usually affectionate farewell of his wife and

children on the fatal night. He lay down as usual, in his regimentals and boots—who would not be an emperor?—and his guards took up their posts before his chamber door. Silence at length reigned throughout the palace, except when it was disturbed by the pacing of the sentinels or, at a distance, by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights distantly and irregularly gleamed through the windows of the dark, colossal abode. In the dead of night eight or nine conspirators passed the drawbridge and made their way stealthily up the staircase to the emperor's chamber, where by this time the guards had been changed by the contrivance of the assassins—all but one faithful hussar, who had the distinction of always sleeping at the bedroom door of his imperial master in an ante-room. This man it was found impossible to remove by any fair means, and when the conspirators entered the ante-chamber he awoke, challenged them, and was immediately cut down. The noise of this proceeding roused the emperor, who sprang from his couch as the whole party rushed in.

The helpless monarch endeavored to find shelter behind the tables and chairs, and then for a moment he recovered his self-possession and assumed a tone of authority. He told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. The merciless ring closed around him, however, and the wretched emperor begged so piteously for his life, that one of the conspirators relented, and for a moment seemed half inclined to side with the victim. He offered to relinquish the sceptre, and promised that he would give them estates and make them all princes, and then, finding all was vain, he plunged madly for the window, and attempted to break through it, fearfully gashing his hand in his struggles. He was dragged back from the window—which, however, was so high that he would inevitably have been killed had he gone through—and then he seized a chair and fought desperately with it. "We have passed the Rubicon!" exclaimed one of the conspirators; "if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow's sun we shall be his victims!" Thus rallied, the murderers passed a sash round the neck of

the struggling emperor, and in another minute or two all was over, and the conspirators dispersed quietly to their homes.

The most daring and comprehensive plot for assassination known to modern history undoubtedly was that in which "Guy Fawkes" was the prominent figure. That, as we all know, failed; but had Fawkes actually succeeded in firing his mine underneath the Houses of Parliament, it would possibly have been not much more destructive in its effects than Orsini's famous bombs, which are said to have inflicted no less than five hundred wounds, many of them of fatal severity. The shells of these frightful little missiles were made in Birmingham, by a manufacturer to whom the purpose to which they were to be devoted appears to have been unknown. He had a model supplied to him, according to which he was to make six small iron cases of the shape of a pear, the larger end being made heavy, so as to fall foremost when the bomb was thrown from the hand. Each shell was to have on this larger end twenty-five nipples, of a size to fit an ordinary percussion cap. These mysterious little receptacles having been supplied according to order, they were handed over to a Frenchman in London, to be filled with an explosive composition of the most violent character then known to science. The result, so far as the murderous discharge was concerned, was precisely what the conspirators had calculated on, but their intended victim escaped nevertheless. Orsini's attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon III. was made on the 14th of January, 1858, when the monarch and his wife were to go to the opera. Orsini, Pierri, Gomez, and Rudio, armed with the frightful little magazines, placed themselves in a group on the route by which the imperial *cortège* was to sweep along to the opera house. Suddenly three terrific explosions were heard, and as the smoke cleared away the arch-conspirator Orsini was himself found to be among the wounded, but the emperor and empress passed on unhurt to the opera. The imperial carriage had been shattered, one of the horses killed, and two footmen, who had stood immediately behind the emperor, were wound-

ed ; but the intended victim was himself unscathed.

That was the third attempt by "infernal machines," as they were popularly called at the time, to assassinate a ruler in the streets of Paris, and in point of ingenuity and skill in the preparation of the explosive weapon it was considerably in advance of anything that had hitherto been attempted. The first instance of the kind was in December, 1800, and was directed against Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul. He also was expected to be going to the opera, and preparations were made for his destruction in a very similar way, only that, instead of a convenient little bomb that could be easily concealed about the person, the engine of destruction was in this case a barrel of gunpowder, in a cart drawn up by the side of the street. Two conspirators were stationed outside the Tuileries, and they were to run and give warning to the third—St. Regent—who was in charge of the cart, the moment the consul's carriage appeared, so that he might fire the fusee and escape. Napoleon's coachman, however, seems to have outstripped the heralds, and the first intimation of the approach of the equipage that St. Regent received was its appearance a short distance off. The assassin immediately applied a light to the slow match and decamped ; but he was obstructed in his flight by the cavalry forming the consul's advance guard, and was unable to get clear away before an awful explosion took place. The barrel containing the gunpowder was charged also with grape-shot, so packed as to scatter death and destruction in every direction. The stony-hearted wretch who fired the barrel had just before asked a young girl to hold his horse, knowing, of course, that in complying the poor child was dooming herself to destruction. It is said that nothing was ever after found of this young girl but her feet. St. Regent himself was wounded, with fifty-two others ; twenty persons were killed, and the fronts of some forty houses completely wrecked. Napoleon himself escaped without a scratch. The slow match was not quite accurately timed. In giving his account of the occurrence, Napoleon said that he had had a busy day, and had fallen asleep after dinner.

It was only with difficulty that he was aroused and persuaded to go out, "and," he said, "I fell fast asleep again after I was in my carriage. At the moment when the explosion took place I was dreaming of the danger I had undergone some years before in crossing the Tagliamento at midnight by the light of torches during a flood." The explosion awoke him, and he instantly exclaimed to those who were with him, "We are blown up !" and the next moment, perceiving that something had occurred out of dreamland, he gave orders with great promptitude and presence of mind to drive on as fast as possible. It is said that Napoleon owed his life, probably, to the fact that his coachman was tipsy that night, and drove more than usually fast.

That may be said to be the commencement of the era of assassinations by "infernal machines." How it was subsequently improved upon we have shown, and how terribly effective such attempts may sometimes be we have only too recently had proof.

The fact that from amid the fearful destruction of St. Regent's gunpowder barrel the intended victim had emerged uninjured, perhaps suggested to the next would-be assassin of a French ruler that greater precision was necessary, and he set his wits to work and produced something very like a *mitrailleuse*. This ingenious destroyer was Fieschi, who, in 1835 took a front room on the first floor of a house in a thoroughfare of Paris through which Louis Philippe was in the habit of driving or riding occasionally. He determined to make quite sure of his victim, and immediately behind the blind of his window he erected a frightful machine, consisting of twenty-five gun-barrels spread out like the ribs of a fan. These were mounted on a stout frame, with their muzzles pointing down into the road below—not all just in a line, but some a little higher than others, so as to rake the entire width of the road-way, or at any rate as much of it as the king would be likely to cover as he passed along. The gun-barrels were charged with powder, and four balls were rammed into each, while the touch-holes were all connected by a train of powder. It only required a light to be applied to the train, and the

five-and twenty gun-barrels would pour down a murderous torrent of a hundred balls into the road-way beneath. It was the time of commemoration of the king's accession, and a festive procession came sweeping along the Boulevard du Temple, nobody dreaming of murderous plots, when Fieschi drew up his blind and belched down his shower of lead full on the king—so it appeared, at least, for some forty persons fell dead or wounded all around him. The king's horse received a ball in the neck, and Louis himself was slightly grazed on the face by another, but beyond this he escaped injury, as he did on several other occasions when his assassination was attempted. Indeed, Louis almost seems to have borne a charmed life, and must, one would think, have grown accustomed to being shot at. There was Fieschi's attempt in 1835, Alibaud's in 1836; Damiens made another attack in 1840; and in 1846 there were two murderous assaults upon him, one by Le-comte and another by Henri.

One of the most brutal regicides on record was that of Gustavus III. of Sweden, in 1792. Gustavus was a man of unquestionable ability and many kingly virtues, but his character was blemished by a love of ostentation, and he involved himself and his country in financial embarrassments which, whether in private or public life, are pretty sure to lead to mischief. He became unpopular; his nobles conspired against him, and it was resolved that he should die. Captain Ankarström begged to be permitted to carry out the sentence, but two others of the conspirators claimed the distinction of being the assassin of the king. The three therefore drew lots, and the lot fell upon Ankarström, who had not only been a bitter opponent of many of the political measures of Gustavus, but had at one time been imprisoned, and, as he considered, treated with great harshness under an accusation of treason, of which, however, he had been acquitted. He entertained, therefore, a very rancorous feeling toward the doomed monarch, who fell a victim to his hatred in the opera house that he had himself built, and where he was amusing himself in a *bal masque*. Ankarström shot the king with a pistol which he had loaded with broken shot.

The consequence was a wound of a frightfully painful nature, and Gustavus died after a fortnight of the greatest anguish. Ankarström was publicly flogged three times, and then beheaded.

It is noticeable how often the theatre or the way to it has been the scene of assassination. It was in Ford's Theatre, it will be remembered by most of our readers, that Abraham Lincoln succumbed to the pistol of Booth. George III. very narrowly escaped assassination in Drury Lane Theatre in May, 1800, having in the morning of the same day been fired at in Hyde Park. The attack upon him in the theatre was made by a man who stood up in the pit, and, only a short distance from the royal box, fired a pistol at the king in full view of the whole audience. He was of course seized, and proved to be a lunatic. He was placed in confinement, where he remained until his death, more than forty years after.

Generally speaking, our own monarchs have been free from personal attack. Our present gracious Queen, as everybody knows, has been several times alarmed by the semblance of an assault upon her. There was Oxford's attack with a pistol, and which was believed to have contained no shot, and more recently an insane youth presented himself by the Queen's carriage with a useless old weapon, of which he was quickly deprived. But from serious and sane attempts—if such attempts can ever be quite sane—at assassination England's sovereigns of modern times have been freer than almost any Continental rulers. The personal popularity of the kings and queens of England has had much to do with this, no doubt, but it is probably due in a still greater degree to our happier constitution. Even the craziest of politicians can perceive that no material effect on State matters would be produced by the murder of a king or queen who is not a personal ruler.

No doubt it is the personal rulership of Continental monarchs, or at any rate their more direct influence on politics, that has made them so often the mark for the assassin. The German Emperor has been three times attacked—by Oscar Becker in 1861, and more recently by Hüdel and Nobiling. His great Minis-

ter, Prince Bismarck, has not altogether been free from assault. Here in England it has more frequently been the responsible ministers who have aroused the murderous rancor of enemies. The popular Lord Palmerston was once fired at and wounded. Sir Robert Peel's life was on one occasion preserved only by the sacrifice of another who was mistaken for him, and Spencer Percival fell a victim to the revengeful fury of Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. Bellingham, it will be remembered, had a grievance against the Russian Government which he thought the Secretary of State ought to have espoused, and, to the profound grief and exasperation of all England, he met the popular minister in the lobby and shot him, and was hanged for it within a few days; though some thought he must have been insane. Such was the popular excitement, however, that there seems to have been very little disposition abroad to make any inquiry into this question.

This was mercy itself, however, compared with the treatment that Bellingham would certainly have received at other times and in other countries. The miserable fanatic Ravailac, who mortally stabbed Henry IV. of France at the instigation of the Jesuits, it was believed, underwent the most frightful tortures; and just the same ordeal was awarded to Damiens a century and a half later by the peers of France for his attempt to assassinate Louis XV. Belthazar Gerard, who murdered William the Silent at Delft, in Holland, in 1584, was another who underwent terrible punishment. He was a young Spaniard, and it is said that Philip II. of Spain instigated him to the murder. He promised to make this unhappy youth—so it has been affirmed by respectable authorities—a Spanish count, to give him a fine estate, and to confer upon him the order of St. Jago, if he would only take the life of this great foe to the Church of Rome. Gerard accordingly obtained a situation in the household of the Dutch monarch and awaited his opportunity. He concealed himself on the staircase of the palace, and when William passed he rushed out and stabbed him mortally. He of course fled for his life, but was taken before he had quite cleared the

town. He was dragged to prison, and the people expended their despair upon his miserable carcass, torturing him with every form of painful punishment they could think of. He defied their fierce ingenuity, and told them that he would soon be a saint in heaven and would have the first place on the right hand of God. They left him for a night in his pain. In the morning they wrenched him on the rack; they plucked his flesh from him with red-hot pincers; they tortured him to death by inches of unspeakable agony.

We have confined our recollections to modern times, and to a few of the incidents most celebrated among European nations. In Eastern lands, where despotic government prevails, assassination has been far more common. We have no space to refer to the many memorable events of the same kind which darken the pages of ancient history. A huge volume would not contain the records of the violent deaths of kings and rulers, and others in high places. Some of them, such as that of Julius Cæsar, are among the events familiar in every land, through poetry and art as well as history.

In studying this subject there is far more to interest us than the love of what is sensational. A philosophical writer would distinguish between assassinations the result of personal hatred and revenge, or of family intrigue and party plotting. Other instances would be ascribed to political motives, rising at times, as in the old Roman republicans, to a lofty love of liberty. It is curious to observe how some famous assassinations awaken boyish enthusiasm in first reading the classics of ancient Greece and Rome, which are yet not different in motive from what are denounced as base crimes in modern times. Even in regard to less remote periods, there have been apologies for regicide, and arguments to prove "killing no murder." It is important also to note how rarely assassinations achieve their end. To a separate catalogue would be relegated the most atrocious of all murders, those perpetrated under the mask of religion, and for the professed advancement of the cause of truth, peace, and love.—*Leisure Hour.*

HINTS TO DYSPEPTICS.

OF all the ills that flesh is heir to, few are more insidious or distressing than dyspepsia, a disease unhappily so common that it seldom attracts sympathy. It is like toothache in this respect. Because it does not kill exactly, we scarcely give it pity. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that the dyspeptic in nine cases out of ten is the author of his own miseries. Be this as it may, there is no question about the suffering entailed. Once dyspepsia takes hold of a person, it is not to be easily got rid of. The food-fiend, one might almost call it; for many are the men and women, both dead and living, the springs of whose life have been poisoned by this malady.

We have just met with a most valuable little book on the subject, "The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion" (J. & A. Churchill, New Burlington Street), from which we hope to gather a few useful hints that may help the dyspeptic. It is written by the late Dr. Leared, an eminent physician, who had made the subject his study, and in giving us the result of his experience, has left us a legacy of no slight value. He starts with one important simile. He says that "the digestive powers may be compared to the physical strength. Every individual can without inconvenience carry a certain weight, while any addition to it is accompanied by a proportionate sense of oppression. In the same way, what is called indigestion is often simply a result of excess. The amount of food which each man is capable of digesting with ease, has always a limit. The limit bears relation to his age, constitution, state of health, and habits."

The particular causes of dyspepsia are many and various in different subjects. Food is necessary to supply the waste of life; and the more rapid the waste, the greater need for replenishing; thus young people require more food than old. But each person should study what suits his constitution individually; as one person may be able to take an amount of food which would be fatal to another. One fault, however, the author points out with regard to the "relative

amount and distribution of meals" in our country, which we can verify, as we have seen the disastrous results which have followed upon taking a light breakfast of coffee or tea and bread-and-butter, and allowing the stomach to go all day on this light meal—with a still lighter luncheon only—until late dinner in the evening, when solid food has been taken for the first time in the twenty-four hours. Where a light breakfast is eaten, a solid meal is requisite in the middle of the day. When the organs are left too long unemployed, they secrete an excess of mucus, which greatly interferes with digestion. One meal has a direct influence on the next; and a poor breakfast leaves the stomach over-active for dinner. This is the secret of much excess in eating, and arises from the insufficient quantity and bad quality of the gastric juice. The point to bear in mind therefore, is, that not to eat a sufficiency at one meal makes you too hungry for the next; and that when you are too hungry, you are apt to overload the stomach, and give the gastric juices more to do than they have the power to perform.

To eat too often and to eat irregularly, is another source of indigestion. People who dine at uncertain hours, and eat one meal too quickly on the last, must expect the stomach to retaliate in the long run. Another very fruitful source of dyspepsia is imperfect mastication. We remember one old gentleman who used always to warn young people on this point by saying: "Remember you have no teeth in your stomach." Nervous people nearly always eat fast, and as nearly always are the victims of nervous irritability, produced by dyspepsia. We believe that one reason why dinner parties are not so dangerous—digestively speaking—as they ought to be is, that people are compelled, through courtesy, to consume their food slowly and in small quantities each mouthful; thus the quantity consumed is counteracted by the long time used in consumption, which does less violence to the stomach than one plateful of meat flung down unmasticated.

Snuff-taking and smoking produce dyspepsia when the result is waste of saliva. On the other hand, some people find smoking assists digestion if taken in moderation. To sit much in a stooping posture interferes with the stomach's action. Dr. Leared says he has traced "well-marked dyspepsia to sitting immediately after dinner in a low arm-chair, so that the body was curved forward, and the stomach compressed; and that in some trades, the pressure of certain implements upon the pit of the stomach, as in the case of curriers, boot-makers, and weavers, produces severe dyspepsia."

These are a few of the many sources of dyspepsia. Let us now look at some of the symptoms. First among these is flatulency, which is an exaggeration of the naturally gaseous condition of the stomach. Allied to this is fermentation. To show the discomfort produced by this form, it has been proved by experiment that during fermentation an apple will evolve a volume of gas six hundred times its own size!

To follow closely all the varied symptoms of dyspepsia, would here be out of place. It is worth while to notice a few that are curious, and often borne with unconscious of the cause, which may now be referred distinctly to indigestion. One of these is what is known as the "fidgets," a restless state of body, which comes on frequently after dinner, from which there is no relief except by going entirely to rest; and even then it pursues the victim. Another queer symptom is the fancied unnatural size of the limbs or hand. Many can testify to this experience, fancying their hand or leg has grown to a colossal size. All indigestion this. Who would have thought it!

But the most painful form of dyspepsia is that which reacts on the mind, and produces what is so sadly frequent—mental depression. People of nervous temperaments are peculiarly susceptible to this form, which arises in them from the imperfect and distorted impression produced by impure blood upon the delicate organ of the brain. This impurity is owing to indigestion, which poisons the blood that feeds the brain, and gives rise to all manner of gloomy fancies, and the greater evil of hypochondriasis, which, as the author shows, is only dys-

pepsia in another form, the details of which might fill volumes. Among the many perverted fancies, some believe themselves slighted by their friends and the world. Extreme sensitiveness makes others voluntary exiles. Groundless suspicions, irritability, irresolution, are also common symptoms. So are morbid apprehensions and fixed ideas. One curious case in point is quoted of a gentleman whose life was rendered miserable by the constant recurrence in his mind of a particular number, which he believed had some connection with his fate in this world and the next. The fear of lightning was so strong in another gentleman, that it made him ill to mention the subject of electricity.

Surely to escape from such torments were worth a sacrifice, as the monster which sows these evils is to be crushed by those who have courage and self-denial equal to the task. The chief essential is diet; but in attacking this, we attack the one formidable difficulty. Who is equal to continued restraint? or being equal, knows to a nicety what, in his particular case, to eat, drink, and avoid; as, above all, the rule holds good in dyspepsia, that one man's meat may be another man's poison, both as regards quantity and quality. General rules are laid down, to be followed as their assimilation with the constitution indicates. The evil of not supplying the stomach at breakfast with substantial food has been already noticed, and the author is emphatic in pointing out that it is one which needs correction. Good black tea is recommended as a suitable beverage for breakfast, unless coffee is found preferable. But chocolate should not be taken. Cocoa, properly prepared, may be used by those it suits; and in the case where the nervous system is excitable, barley-water or thin gruel may be taken with advantage, where they do not give rise to acidity. Bread eaten by dyspeptics should be of the purest kind, and never new. Brown bread should be avoided by those of delicate mucous membrane. Muffins, hot buttered toast, and all greasy preparations are fatal to dyspeptics. Butter should always be eaten cold and sparingly. The underdone yolk of an egg agrees with most digestions; the white is indigestible.

But to go through the category of what should and should not be eaten, would be tiresome. There are certain cardinal rules to go by, which we give as worth remembering; though unfortunately the majority prefer their pains to privation. How often have we heard it said: "I would rather live a few years less, than give up everything worth living for"; that is, eating! But for those who are in earnest in preferring a happy mind to the pleasures of the table, we would give, through our author, the following hints.

To strive in diet to combine always the greatest nutriment with the least bulk, so that the body may be nourished without giving the digestion too great a weight to carry, as "we live by what we digest, not by what we eat." To attend particularly to mastication. A faulty state of the teeth is one sure source of dyspepsia, and will produce the complaint where it did not exist in the first instance. Artificial teeth should be employed where the natural ones have failed, or the food minced where these cannot be used.

Regularity in the hours of meals cannot be too strongly insisted on. The stomach should not be disappointed when it expects to be replenished. If disappointed, even a diminished amount of food will be taken without appetite, which causes the secretions to injure the stomach, or else impair its muscular action. Any changes in the time of meals should be made gradually.

Of food itself bear in mind that hot meat is more digestible than cold. The flesh of young animals is less easy of digestion than that of full-grown. The flesh of wild animals is more digestible than that of domestic animals. Land-birds are more digestible than water-fowl. And in game, long-killed birds are less digestible than those newly killed. With the exception of sweetbread, the visceral parts of the animal, such as

liver, heart, and kidneys, are indigestible. White-fleshed fish is easier of digestion than red; and fish containing much oil, as the eel and mackerel, are difficult to digest. Shell-fish are out of court altogether.

Dyspeptics should never eat fried food. Broiled, or roast, or boiled, is all that is admissible for them. Hashes, stews, and made dishes produce what is called foul dyspepsia, and are to be eschewed by those who suffer from that form of the malady.

The skin, core, and kernels of fruit should be avoided. The author gives a case of dyspepsia that was greatly aggravated by eating pears. The fruit in its ripest state, he says, contains an abundance of gritty material, which, as it cannot be separated in the mouth, on being swallowed irritates the mucous membrane internally.

We are gradually closing up all the pleasant avenues to the enjoyment of the palate, when we say that other prohibited articles are pastry, sweetmeats of all kinds, and sugar. The courage of resistance has broken down before this last demand, and to rob a poor man of his sugar, is a crime little short of robbing him of his beer. But to fight a foe with his own weapons, one must be as relentless as one's enemy.

The subject of dyspepsia is an inexhaustible one. Look at it as we may, we feel that it is only to be skimmed, or rather hinted at, in these short limits. Still a signpost can indicate the right road to the traveller. If in the present instance we have served in that worthy capacity, by pointing out to dyspeptics the right road to recovery, we shall be glad for their sakes, as well as for that of the late author to whom we have made reference, whose extremely useful work deserves to become a handbook to every one possessing a digestion.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

BY DR. A. H. JAPP.

SOME time ago, when it was reported that a proposal was on foot to transform the Falls of Niagara into a great force

for producing electricity, there were incredulous persons who laughed outright at the idea and chuckled over it as a

fine joke. That was an illustration of the way in which mere magnitude often overwhelms men's minds. Niagara differs not from other waterfalls, save that it is bigger; and the same form of force has been turned to practical account in view of the same end. Not long since we read that two enterprising gentlemen had produced light in their houses by converting into that form the energy of a neighboring waterfall—the one was Sir William Armstrong, at his place near Newcastle, and the other was an intelligent and pushing hotel proprietor in Switzerland. Water may thus practically be converted into light or heat, and the force which thus mysteriously transforms itself, in a more wonderful manner than the genii of any fairy tale, may annihilate distance. The electric current will travel by many paths to many ends; and after all, we but imitate nature in the effort we make to gain perfection in our mastery of each of them. It has been well said by one of the greatest authorities on every point respecting electricity that—

the utilization of the illimitable wasted energy on the earth's surface offers a fine field for the ingenuity of the electrician. The tides of the ocean, the motion of the atmosphere, the rapids of a river, the innumerable waterfalls that are found in every mountainous or hilly country, could be compelled to give up, in the form of electric currents, that energy which gives them existence, and which could thus be employed for providing power, generating heat, or supplying light, away altogether from their source of conversion.

Wherever, in truth, wires can be stretched (says Dr. George Wilson), whether suspended in the air, or buried in the earth, or sunk in the sea, there our wonder-working apparatus may be erected. A few square inches of zinc and copper will produce for us a force which, on the other side of a continent or an ocean, will speak for us, write for us, print for us, keep time for us, watch stars for us, and move all kinds of machinery. No distance will stop its march, for where the force of one battery is spent it can be made to call into action another, or *relay* battery, which will carry on the message, so that if the wires were laid, it might sweep round the globe. Such a network of wires, we may hope, will one day connect the ends of the earth, and, like the great nerves of the human body, unite in living sympathy all the far-scattered children of men.

We think of Emerson's words: "Nature is a great storehouse of forces, and he is the benefactor of his species who shows how the seeming worthless tatters in her rag-shop are not waste, but, prop-

erly used up, are of unspeakable value and power." Think of the centuries, the long millenniums, that have swept over mankind while all this world of serviceable force was practically unknown. The patriarchs, with their nomadic faculties of observation and of meditation, no doubt looked with pious awe, as Mr. Carlyle would have said, at the lightnings that played in lurid zig-zags above them in that eastern sky, and wondered whence they came; but the writer of the Book of Job regarded it as the last possibility of man to tame and to use them for his own purposes; for he asked: "Canst thou *send* lightnings, that they may *go* and *say* unto *thee*, Here we are?"

Yet modern science has tamed the lightnings, and the whole *rationale* of electrical science may be described as a binding or insulating of a mysterious element which no man can describe, and for which no one can fully account. The greatest scientific man is as baffled about it as is the simplest peasant. We know the fact of its existence; and we know certain effects produced by it under certain conditions; but that is all. We live surrounded on every hand by its tokens; we are the slaves of its capricious or sudden outbursts; we are its masters to use and to apply it; and yet in itself it is a mysterious veiled presence which may not be spoken with face to face.

The practical problem with Mrs. Dods was "to find your hare." The practical problem in electricity is, if not to find your force, to keep your current. It ceaselessly aims at flying from you, losing itself in the air, in the earth, becoming diffused, dissipated. The ancient Greeks, by rubbing amber or *electron* (which has left its record very clear to all time in the word electricity) got a kind of current; but they could not catch it properly and tie it to a wire as we now do; and the aim of scientific men has been, and still is, the search for the most effectual means of tying the current to the wire, or finding the most efficient insulators. And as it is throughout the whole world of nature, so it is here. As the old divine eloquently said, "All things are set over against each other and there is nothing single or separate." When you

have once chained your current well enough, by an inevitable law it generates another. One of the greatest discoveries of Faraday—that most patient, imaginative, and self-denying of investigators—was that, if a current of electricity passes from a battery along one wire, it develops a current along another and passive wire stretched near it. When Faraday's wonderful discovery of the generation of a current of electricity in a passive wire stretched near a charged one had led to the discovery of *relays*, new possibilities for telegraphy seemed to be opened on all sides; and these do not seem even yet to have been practically realized even remotely. But to enable the reader to realize even faintly the high point at which telegraphy has now reached, we must take a hurried glance at the development of the system from the beginning. The assertion is certainly fully justified, that the first great step in practical telegraphy was made when the true function of a wire in maintaining a current and producing a signal at the end was clearly grasped. Oddly enough, the first realization of this seems to have fallen to a Scotchman. In the *Scot's Magazine* for 1753 we find record of an "expeditious method of conveying intelligence" described under the initials, C. M. There is some doubt now as to who this C. M. was. Sir David Brewster says that he was a Greenock man named Charles Morrison; others give his name as Charles Marshall. Be that as it may, C. M. had caught a vision of the great goal. He aimed at the complete insulation of the conducting wire and producing a signal at the end of the wire which should be visible and intelligible. He did not attain to the next step of producing many signals by one wire; he used a separate wire for each letter of the alphabet. But the principle in his case was clear—he *telegraphed*.

The little that is known of him may be given in the words of an elderly Scotch lady, who remembered a "very clever man of obscure position who could make lichtnin' write and speak, and who could licht a room wi' coal-reek." It was a considerable time before the idea clearly dawned on electricians that one wire and needle could be made to represent several letters of

the alphabet. When, by slow degrees, the wires and needles had been reduced to the lucky number five, we may say that a great step in the needle-form of telegraphy had been inaugurated. It was by means of one of these five-needle instruments that the capture of the notorious Tawell, the Quaker murderer, was effected, and a quaint incident is told in connection with it which fixes it the more firmly in the memory. In spite of its five needles the instrument could not make the letter "q," and but for the ingenuity of the telegraphist, who spelt the word "Quaker," "Kwaker," the murderer would in all probability have escaped. But five-needle instruments, useful as they proved in those days, are now looked upon by practical telegraphists as odd specimens of antiquity.

It took nearly a whole century from the date of C. M.'s somewhat rude invention to make the next fruitful and definite step. Then it was that Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone introduced what is known as the "double needle" telegraph. On the night of June 25, 1837, it was subjected to trial by wires stretched from Euston Square to Camden Town. At the one end stood Mr. Cooke, at the other Professor Wheatstone. "Never," says one of the inventors, "never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before as when, all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click; and as I spelled the words, I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond all cavil or dispute." The double-needle telegraph held its own with considerable distinction for many years, and even now at many of the smaller post-offices, and on most railways, its "lineal descendant" is to be found in the handy "single-needle" instrument, which is electrically and mechanically just a double-needle cut in two.

The next great step in telegraphy was due to America, which, in these later years, has practically monopolized the inventive faculty in this department of science. The name of Morse has become so associated with his form of instrument, that the one is lost in the other. The principle was electro-magnetic. What may be called the "keep-

er" of the magnet is an armature or horizontal lever carrying a piece of pointed metal or "style," which embosses a mark upon a band of paper carried forward by wheel-work. The system of dots and dashes identified with the name of Morse, or a mere modification of its working, is that now generally in use throughout the world. If Morse, who had abandoned a promising career as an artist for the love of electrical experiment, did not realize the last possibility of his own ingenious invention, he may be said to have laid down the principles of all further development. It has been well said :

The great defect in the original "Morse" instrument, or, as it is commonly called, the "embosser," is the difficulty of reading, unless under certain conditions of light and shade, the embossed marks on the strip of paper, as well as the unpermanent character of the record. This may, however, be said to have been a mere difficulty of detail, overcome by the introduction of the ink-writer—in connection with which it is proper to mention the name of Messrs. Siemens, of London and Berlin. The manipulation and electrical action of this instrument are in all respects the same as those of the "Morse," in fact it is, to all intents and purposes, a "Morse," with the important addition of the ink-writing principle. The lever attached to the armature, which, in the "embosser," holds a style for the indentation of the strip of paper, has, in the case of the ink-writer, a small disk attached to it. This disk rests in a well or trough filled with specially prepared telegraphic ink, and each time the armature is drawn toward the electromagnet, the disk is raised by means of the lever arrangement, and being thus brought into contact with the paper as it is unwound from the instrument, resembling the manner in which the paper is unwound in the new "Walter" printing machine, beautifully distinct marks or signs are made, in place of the somewhat faint indentations produced by the original instrument. These ink-writing instruments are of two kinds, telegraphically described as double and single current ink-writers; the former being used for long distances, where the signalling is more labored and difficult, and the latter for short distances, and generally throughout the metropolis.

The name of Wheatstone soon recurs in the annals of telegraphic invention in connection with his automatic system, of which the distinguishing feature is that the messages are prepared beforehand by being punched out on a strip of paper, somewhat after the manner of the pattern of a Jacquard loom. This done, the slip is simply passed through a machine called the "transmitter" or

"sender," by means of turning a handle for the purpose, when, owing to the electric current being broken or maintained, according to the different perforations in the paper, the message is recorded at the distant station in exactly the same form as by the ordinary Morse instrument. The transmitting process (that is, after the preliminary punching has been accomplished) is of so entirely mechanical a nature, that steam or other power might be applied to the working of the machine, and messages may be sent *ad infinitum* at a speed something like four times as great as that attained under the "hand" system.

Of all the modern inventions in telegraphy, this is at once the most wonderful, the most interesting, and the most useful. By its means the capacity or carrying power of a wire can be increased fourfold, with of course a corresponding increase of staff at both ends; it is tolerably certain that the Post Office could not have coped with the immense increase of traffic which has taken place since its acquisition of the telegraphs, but for the largely extended use which is now made of this description of apparatus, pending the erection of new wires. This invention was only in what might be termed its experimental stage when the Post Office took over the telegraphs—not more than two or three sets of apparatus of this kind being in use by all the companies put together. Now, however, there are some scores at work in the great Central Telegraph Office, and every provincial town of any importance has one or more of these fast-speed appliances.

And Morse, although the principle of his original instrument has been improved upon and adapted, still contrives to maintain his prestige and to perpetuate his fame, by what is called the "Morse sounder," which has been designated the "telephone of symbolic telegraphy;" being at once cheaper to make, to work, and to maintain than the printing-machine of the early days of Post Office telegraphy. And speaking of sound telegraphs recalls the "Bell" instrument of Sir Charles Bright, which may be said to have accompanied the double-needle instrument into honorable retirement. In this interesting form of telegraph two bells of different pitch

were fixed on a frame sufficiently apart to admit the head of the operator, who, with a bell close up to each ear, interpreted the sounds as they were given out with almost lightning rapidity.

The Morse sounder is practically the Morse instrument. But inasmuch as the principal part of a recording instrument is that connected with the unwinding and marking the paper, the sounder may be said to be the mere skeleton of the printer. The clock-work is altogether dispensed with, and the apparatus may be said to resolve itself into a pair of coils, and an armature, the stroke of which, as it is attracted by the electric current, creates the sound from which the signals are interpreted. In fact, it is little more than an electro-magnet, which may almost be carried in the waistcoat pocket, while the Morse recorder, or printer, can hardly be accommodated in a smaller space than eighteen inches square. *Difference* of sound in the bell instrument has been substituted by *duration* of sound in the Morse sounder; and just as a stroke on the left-hand bell indicated the "dot" of the Morse alphabet, or the letter "E," so a momentary click of the armature is similarly interpreted on the sounder, while a more decided click would represent the "dash" of the Morse alphabet, or the letter "T."

The Post Office erred on the side of caution in regard to duplicate, adopting the view so strongly held by the leading telegraph companies that some kind of record or other was necessary to the accurate transmission and decipherment of the messages. But lately experience has told in favor of "sound reading."

Another interesting and ingenious form of telegraphy is to be seen in the "Hughes" type-printing instrument, which delivers its message in bold Roman characters, and which, although discarded by the Post Office, is extensively used by the Submarine Telegraph Company, and on the Continent.

It would be entirely beyond our scope to enter into any elaborate account of the telegraph galleries at the central office in London. Here we see most of the more recent instruments in active work. "Direct writers," which can deliver with ease forty messages an hour, duplex and quadruplex instruments, and single needles for shorter distances. The rapidity with which the ribbon-like bands of printed messages which faithfully preserve record are thrown out is truly astonishing. While we listen to the hurried click-click which would to a stranger soon become altogether confusing, our attention is directed to some

"sound" instruments, which demand the greatest nicety and tact in their treatment.

Here, too, we see all round the sides of the great gallery the receiving and despatching boxes of the pneumatic tube system, through which, as we have seen, messages are blown with the speed of lightning. What would perhaps prove as interesting to the general visitor, who cannot profess to grasp all the details about electrical systems, currents, needles, and insulators, is the composite character of the staff here, and the air of energy, industry, and enthusiasm which everywhere prevails. Great prominence is given to female labor. There are over 700 female clerks in this department of the public service, and, judging from appearances, they could hardly be more happily employed. "The whole world," said Mr. Scudamore, "is the country of the telegraphist. Sitting at one end of a wire, no matter what its length, he converses as easily with the clerk at the other end as if he were in the same room with him. Strange as it may seem, he knows by the way in which the clerk at the other end of the wire does his work, whether he is passionate or sulky, cheerful or dull, sanguine or phlegmatic, ill-natured or good-natured. He soon forms an acquaintance with him, chats with him in the intervals of work, and becomes as much his companion as if he were working face to face with him."

And there is a story told by Mr. Scudamore of a clerk in London who formed an attachment for, and finally married, a clerk in Berlin with whom he worked; a relation which, we understand, has since then been repeated with varying attendant circumstances.

It is indeed not a little surprising to find that electricity, under some circumstances, may be superseded by air. To create a vacuum in a pipe or tube is merely a mechanical process, accomplished in an instant by a powerful steam engine; and for short distances, especially within great cities, it has been found a greater saving of time to use such tubes for the despatch of the actual written message than to re-telegraph them from a general centre. The pneumatic tubes in London extend to some twenty-one miles; and the following

very admirable description of the system has been written by one who has given much study to the subject :

Twenty miles of pneumatic tubes are terminated in graceful curves at what is called the "tube-board," which runs along the entire length of the central gallery, and at each of the thirty tubes thus represented is stationed a smart boy-attendant. Each tube is fitted with an elaborate and costly brass apparatus for regulating the pressure and vacuum to be applied to it, and with an electric bell for signalling purposes. The "carrier," in which the messages are inclosed for transmission, is a round tube-like box made of gutta percha, and covered with several coatings of felt, so as to make it nicely fit the pipe through which it has to travel. The messages are rolled up tightly and placed inside the carrier, either singly or in half-dozens, as the pressure of business requires. The carrier is inserted in the mouth of the tube, pressure is turned on by the attendant, and away it goes, round the curve which takes it up nearly to the roof of the gallery, down through the flooring to the level of Newgate Street, until, speeding its way along busy thoroughfare and quiet court or alley, it reaches its point of destination, where it will probably ascend to the top of the building in which the office is situated, apparently for no other purpose than to descend again into the basement and project itself under the very nose of the messenger boy whose duty it is to "uncork" the messages and run with them to their final destination. The operation takes longer to describe than most carriers occupy in travelling from St. Martin's-le-Grand to their destination ; and we need scarcely point out that by simply reversing the process—*i.e.*, by exhausting instead of charging the tubes—carriers are drawn or sucked inward, as easily and quickly as they are blown or puffed outward.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that practical telegraphists realize more and more that the increase of cheap telegraphy between various parts of London is more likely to lie in the extension of the tubes than otherwise. "Pneumatic telegrams" which could be sent closed as a letter and delivered as they are received would certainly be found of great value, lending themselves to a large class of correspondents who do not care to commit their secrets to telegraph clerks, however skilfully contracted and disguised or transferred to imperfect cipher. So long ago as the sitting of the Commission on Telegraphs in 1876, we find that this topic was made prominent. Mr. R. W. Johnston, on being asked the question : "Have you at all considered any form by which telegrams might be sent to the public without any loss of facilities, and in a

cheaper mode to the Post Office ?" answered :

I have been considering that in London, at all events, for the purpose of a cheap local telegraph rate, the pneumatic system might be largely extended ; my impression is now, and has been for some time, that London will never be properly served, telegraphically, until the pneumatic system is very considerably extended. I think that at Charing Cross, for example, to which point we have two large tubes of considerable capacity now going, we ought to have a sub-central pneumatic station, with tubes laid to the House of Commons, which would also include an important office in Parliament Street, and likewise that in Westminster Hall, and also to Piccadilly, which would include an important office in Piccadilly Circus, and probably also an office in Regent Street ; and by these means I think that cheap local telegraphy might be secured. The cost, no doubt, would be considerable at first, but the advantage as regards a system of communication of this kind is, that the cost of laying down, at all events, is final, because there is practically no limit to the "life" of a pneumatic tube, and we know that underground wires deteriorate almost as much as over-house wires.

Is it not likely that a large expenditure may have to be incurred in the metropolis in putting down underground wires instead of over-house wires ?—I do not know that the expenditure in the area which I contemplate for the pneumatic tube system would be as great as the expense in other parts of London, but no doubt it would be considerable.

And again, in answer to the following question : "Do you mean this pneumatic tube to be applied simply for sending telegraphic forms, or for sending pneumatic letters also ?" he said :

I can readily conceive of a system whereby a telegram can be written—say in an office in the city—and put in an envelope instead of writing the name of the addressee inside the message, and the envelope would be stamped with the proper payment of the telegram, and sent through the tube and delivered, without any clerical expense whatever.

Further question :

By that system of pneumatic letters, would you not save a great amount of clerical labor and clerical charges ?—Yes ; a very great deal.

And might not the expenditure upon those tubes, although the capital might be considerable, be repaid by saving the cost of clerks and other persons ?—I should say so.

Have you been considering, also, the question of sending a less amount of words in ordinary telegrams throughout the country ?—I have been considering, as a corollary of the proposal made by me in a report which, I think, has been printed and laid before the Committee, that we should abandon the system of getting the sender's address in the form as an address, and adopt the practice which prevails upon the Continent, and also, as it would

appear from Colonel Robinson's evidence, in India, and simply require the signature ; if we have the address, let it be put upon the form as a mere record, and not for any purpose of signalling.

But, supposing the sender desires his address to be sent, do you not think that a little extra payment might be made so that the address might be sent?—Yes ; I think so.

Will you hand in that form you suggest?—I will.

According to this form, the signature of the sender is at the end, and the space between is divided into two parts ; the address upon the left, if it is not to be telegraphed, is not paid for ; whereas, if the sender wishes his address to be telegraphed, it is placed upon the right-hand side?—Yes ; it is placed upon the right-hand side, and if the sender wishes it to be sent it must be paid for.

Do you think that form would practically give to the public all the facilities which they now possess and be a great gain to the Post Office?—Yes ; I do. I am quite satisfied that our present system encourages the senders of many telegrams to run to waste with regard to their addresses.

When you speak of the direct advantage likely to arise from the adoption of that plan, are you referring to a direct increase of revenue or in the way of liberating the wires?—Not so much in direct revenue as in liberating the wires ; there would be some direct revenue of course.

The pneumatic system has been for some years in use in Manchester and Birmingham, and was recently extended to other four of the principal English towns ; and has now a length of tube at its command exactly ten times greater than what existed ten years ago. London alone, as we have seen, has upward of 37,000 yards, or more than twenty-one miles, of leaden pipes buried beneath its streets, through which open telegrams are being sucked at all hours of the day and night, which seems astonishing ; and yet practical men say that the system should in London be very largely extended.

Other countries have availed themselves of the golden opportunities which the evidence given before our Commission suggested ; and we regret that, as regards " pneumatic letters" (*télégramme fermée*), we in England are precisely in the same position as before. We read as follows in a recent article on the subject, and we may well be sorry at the losses and failures on our own part which it points out :

Whether the German Post Office officials have been studying a report intended for our own postal authorities we do not know, but it

would appear that the pneumatic letter system, or " blow-post," as it is characteristically termed, is in operation in Berlin at this moment, and is in course of being considerably extended. The system, when complete, will comprise twenty-six kilometres of tubing and fifteen stations. The tubes will be of wrought iron, having a bore of sixty-five millimetres, and they will lie about one metre below the surface of the ground. Wrought-iron tubes are the exception in our pneumatic system, the method generally adopted being a leaden tube inclosed in a cast-iron pipe. We are, of course, unable to pronounce upon the merits of the two systems, although it would appear, on the face of the matter, that the freedom from corrosion, and the smoother surface afforded by such a workable metal as lead, are all in favor of an easier and more rapid working. The exhausting machines and apparatus required for working the Berlin system are situated at four of the fifteen stations. Both compressed and rarefied air, or a combination of the two, are employed in propelling the " carriers," or boxes, into which the telegrams, or letters, are placed, and steam-engines of about twelve-horse power are used in condensing and rarefying the air. Each of the four main stations has two engines, which drive a compressing and an exhausting apparatus, and large containers, or reservoirs, are used for the condensed and rarefied air. The tension of the condensed air is about three atmospheres, and that of the rarefied about thirty-five millimetres of mercury ; and the former, heated to 45 degrees C. by the act of compression, is cooled in the reservoirs, which are surrounded with water. The letters and cards which have to be forwarded are of a prescribed size, twenty being the complement assigned to each " carrier." From ten to fifteen carriers are packed and forwarded at a time—a sort of pneumatic " train," in fact ; and behind the last " vehicle" is placed a box with a leather ruffle, in order to secure the best closure of the tube. The velocity of the carriers averages 1000 metres per minute, and a train is despatched every quarter of an hour, each of the two circuits or routes into which the system is divided being traversed in twenty minutes, including stoppages. The entire cost of this novel and apparently complete system is estimated at 1,250,000 marks ; and it is always well to remember, in speaking of the cost of a pneumatic system, as compared with that of an ordinary telegraph, that the outlay is as nearly final as possible, there being practically no limit to the " life" of a pneumatic tube, especially if it be constructed of lead and protected from external injury by an outer coating of iron. A " blow-post" letter appears to cost 3*d.* in Berlin, or about one-fourth of the cost of a telegram, and the average time of delivery in any quarter of the city is stated to be one hour. Admitting our own Metropolitan telegraphic system to be perfect as far as it goes, it is perfectly clear, from the report of the Select Committee already referred to, that a cheaper rate than 1*s.* for local telegrams is not to be hoped for so long as the costly machinery of wires, instruments, and clerks, is maintained

for telegraphing over distances readily compassable by the pneumatic system. What strikes us, on reading an account of the Berlin system, is that these pneumatic tubes afford an opportunity of combining the postal and telegraph services, in such a way as to confer a *maximum* benefit on the public at a *minimum* of cost. At all events, it will hardly be doubted that what is necessary and possible in Berlin is more necessary, and should be equally possible, in London; and it would seem to be positive economy to replace the wires, which are now happily being removed from housetops in all directions, by leaden tubes to be filled with air, which costs next to nothing, rather than by iron pipes full of a costly and perishable combination of copper and gutta serena.

With regard to the general question of reduction of telegraphic rates, the Commission say in their report :

In declining at present to make any recommendation for a general reduction to a sixpenny rate for short messages or for local traffic, the Committee are guided by the present condition of the telegraph service of the State. When the clerks in the office have become accustomed to the management of their own instruments, and when, by a more enlightened system of training, they have an intelligent, instead of an empirical, knowledge of the work they have to perform, the Committee do not doubt that there will be a large increase in the capacity of wires and instruments to transmit more messages than at present. Constant improvements in instruments are being made, and it is difficult to place a limit to the future capabilities of telegraphic operations. Automatic telegraphy, if the work be continuous, gives a greatly increased capacity to a wire, and by a proper combination of this system with hand-worked instruments, the capacity for work of the various offices will be considerably augmented, but at present they might break down under any enlarged strain of work, produced by a sudden development of the system. It is due, however, to the Post Office authorities, to say that they are constantly improving their telegraphic capacities for work, and that even now messages are transmitted with an efficiency and regularity which, a few years ago, would have been deemed impossible.

One great point should always be borne in mind, that the postal telegraph system differs from a purely commercial undertaking in this, that as it was taken over by the State primarily for the convenience of the public, all increase of traffic which can be brought about without loss to the revenue adds to the national value of the system. Moreover, as the existing wires and staff are capable of undertaking a considerably increased traffic, and as it is impossible either to maintain or get rid of superfluous wires and operatives without heavy expense and loss, the desirability of developing the telegraphic traffic of the country up to the full capacity of the system seems to your Committee to admit of no dispute.

Mr. Fawcett, when waited on by a

deputation whose object was to urge a reduction of telegraph rates, practically retreated under shadow of the Treasury. With his views of political economy and progress, he must have felt certain forms of official restriction somewhat painful; for there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of truth in the passage which we shall now venture to quote :

Those who oppose the introduction of sixpenny telegrams on Mr. Fawcett's plan are reduced to this argument. They object to the reform because they insist on the telegraph department earning more than three and a half per cent on its capital. Such a contention, however, is untenable, even on Mr. Fawcett's own showing. At the beginning of his speech we find him arguing that it would be unjust to tax the people *en masse*, so that some of them might get cheaper telegrams—in other words, unjust that the telegraph department should work at a loss for the benefit of those rich enough to use it. Surely by parity of reasoning it is also unjust to compel it to earn a higher profit than that necessary to make it pay expenses, for that must mean the imposition of a tax on the senders of telegrams for the benefit of those who send none.

And again, with quite as effective argument :

Mr. Fawcett seemed to think that his hearers might be disappointed at the effects of the contemplated experiment upon the national revenue. But, whatever might be the immediate result of the reduction, it is perfectly certain that the loss involved by the sixpenny rate would be very soon made good. Moreover, admitting that the item of expense cannot be lost sight of, it is not, in such a matter as this, of paramount importance. The requirements of the country are the first thing which the government have to consider. If the argument of the purse had triumphed, we should, as Mr. Fawcett's analogy hinted, never have had the penny postage system. That reform entailed for thirty-three years a loss of revenue. The two cases are not, of course, completely parallel. The necessity of sixpenny telegrams can hardly be compared with the necessity which existed half a century ago for the institution devised by the philanthropic genius of Sir Rowland Hill. Yet if it can be shown that the demand is as pressing and as general as the memorial of the Society of Arts stated, a tolerably conclusive case will have been made out for the concession.

If the recent serious difficulty with the telegraphists should at length induce Mr. Fawcett to consider the adoption of the mechanical, in place of the electrical, method of conveying telegrams over short distances, and especially in London, it will not have

arisen in vain, so far as the interests of the telegraphing public are concerned.

Having proceeded thus far, we shall now glance briefly at some of the statistical and monetary aspects of the subject. The extent of telegraph lines in Great Britain is, proportionately to its size, greater than that of any other European State. The length of the electric wires of France is 35,000 miles, of Russia 31,000, of Austria 29,000, and of Germany 28,000, while that of the United Kingdom is 25,000. The average number of telegraphic messages sent in Great Britain is more than double that of any of the nations just named. In France the annual rate is one message to every five persons, in Austria one to every seven, in Italy one to every six, in Russia one to every twenty-two, in Germany not quite one for every two inhabitants. In Great Britain and Ireland the number of telegrams sent every year is equal to that of the entire population.

Twenty-two years ago the number of miles of telegraph in Great Britain was 3000; at the time of the transfer of the system to the Post Office there were in existence 15,203 miles of telegraphic line, and 59,250 miles of wire. There are at the present moment more than 20,000 miles of line, and nearly 110,000 miles of wire; while the number of instruments, which stood at the time of the transfer below 2000, has been increased to upward of 8000. The combined companies forwarded among them some six millions of telegrams, and their revenue would be somewhere about half a million sterling. In the first year after the transfer of the system to the Post Office, the number of messages had risen to very nearly ten millions; in 1871, more than twelve and a half millions of messages had been forwarded; in 1872 the number had risen to close upon fifteen millions; while for the financial year ending March 31, 1874, the number cannot be very far short of eighteen millions. The total estimated revenue for the year is £1,220,000, and there is every reason to believe that the estimate will be more than realized. Thus, the number of messages was tripled in four years, and the revenue considerably more than doubled—the difference of proportion between the increase in the number of messages and

the increase in the revenue representing the gain to the British public by the transaction.

And the following figures will suffice to show how well the telegraphs pay, and how unfair it is that the public should be the losers because of the involvements of past and present, and of multifarious departments. The gross receipts from the telegraphs in 1876 were £1,287,000, while the outlay for working expenses, renewals, etc., was £1,090,000, which shows a profit realized of £197,000. We refer to the year 1876, because it was the year in which that important Select Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Dr. Lyon Playfair, inquired into the telegraph system of the country. Passing on to the year which closed on March 31st, 1880, we find that the gross receipts had increased to no less a sum than £1,471,000, but that the working and other expenses have not increased in anything like the same ratio, owing to great economy having been introduced into the service and in consequence of improvements in the means of telegraphing. This largely increased revenue was obtained at a comparatively slight addition of cost. The working expenses had only increased from £1,090,000 in 1876 to £1,117,000 in the year 1879-1880, so that the profit for the last financial year was £356,000. The profit during the last four years has increased from £197,000 to £354,000. The result becomes the more satisfactory when we turn to the capital account. This increase of profits of nearly £160,000 was obtained with a comparatively small addition to the capital account of about £1,000,000. During the year 1880 the progress went on in an increasing ratio, for, comparing the receipts from telegrams for the first three months with the corresponding three months of the previous year, there is an increase in the receipts amounting to £80,000.

Another way of gauging the increase may be found. The total number of telegraphists employed by the companies was about 2500, of whom less than 500 were women; and to this number fall to be added nearly 1500 message boys, making a total of some 4000 persons. The Post Office employs nearly 6000 telegraphists, of whom more than 1500

are women, while the number of message boys exceeds 4600—outnumbering the whole staff under the companies. It thus appears that in all considerably more than 10,000 persons are employed in the telegraph work of the United Kingdom, not reckoning the “irregulars” and supernumeraries.

The great point, as we would earnestly urge, is that the question of profit is not the *first* question that ought to be considered in dealing with the development of the telegraph system. The

public service should be primarily studied. This thoroughly accomplished, the rest is but a matter of time. In no instance has the liberal and enterprising spirit been in the long run disappointed in dealing with such affairs; and at the present moment when discontent prevails among telegraphists, and “strikes” are even threatening, the most politic as well as the most profitable method of dealing with the whole difficulty may lie in the boldest and most generous spirit.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS AS THEY ARE.

BY EDWARD A. THOMAS.

Two articles upon the Mormon question have recently appeared in the *North American Review*. Neither contains a full statement of the case. The first one, presenting the side of the Gentiles, or anti-Mormon, was written by C. C. Goodwin, editor of the leading Gentile paper in Utah. It is very brief. The writer has been a resident of that Territory for too short a time to understand fully the condition of affairs. The other article is the production of George Q. Cannon, one of the “Twelve Apostles,” and first counsellor to John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church. It gives in favor of polygamy the stale arguments with which the American people have been familiar for the past forty years. As the *North American Review* is extensively read in Great Britain, and as the Mormon missionaries are now active in nearly every portion of the British Empire, I have thought that a full statement of the situation in Utah might be interesting to English readers. Having for many years resided in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, both as a practising lawyer and as a United States or Federal judge, I have had unusual facilities for studying the problem which is daily assuming proportions of great magnitude in the American Republic.

Glorious and decisive was the action of the American nation in the suppression of one of the “twin relics of barbarism.” The other is still permitted to overshadow a large section of this free and beautiful land. The result having

been accomplished as to the first, many even of its former advocates marvel that it was allowed to exist for so long a period. Very few are to be found who under any circumstances would advocate its restoration. Years hence the American people will be astonished that the other relic was tolerated by the various administrations of the nineteenth century. Of these twins the one that has been destroyed and the one that remains possessed many attributes in common. The most conspicuous of them is an exceedingly aggressive policy. Slavery was not content to remain within its original limits. Polygamy declines to be restricted by the boundaries of the great Territory of Utah. At the death of Brigham Young it was believed that the Mormon Church had received a severe blow. Its speedy downfall was predicted. Divided into many factions, each urging the claims of some favorite apostle to occupy the place of the departed prophet, the hierarchy was, indeed, in extreme danger of falling to pieces. But wise counsels prevailed. More was to be feared from the Gentiles than from the Saints. Several apostles were induced to postpone for a time their ambitious projects. John Taylor was chosen to the vacant presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Oppressed by old age and other infirmities, his election was nearly unanimous. To the conclave that selected him self-preservation and the retention of power formed the most important sub-

jects for consideration. Changes were taking place in Utah. It was found necessary to inaugurate a more guarded policy than that pursued by Brigham Young. The construction of railroads, by which troops could be rapidly massed, and the establishment of a strong military post near Salt Lake City, had during the lifetime of that famous leader rendered possible the publication of a Gentile paper, and the *Salt Lake Tribune*, the successor, we believe, of one or more feeblar enterprises, soon attained distinction as one of the most able and fearless journals of the West. For a long time, however, its editors and employes lived as if they were in a state of siege, and when at night they returned to their homes each found it necessary to carry a loaded revolver in his hand ready for immediate use, and to walk in the middle of the street to prevent surprise and assassination. The rich mines of Utah attracted many Gentiles. The railroads brought to the country numerous explorers, tourists, and men of business. The young Mormons learned with admiration that there was a great world east of the Wahsatch Range, and grew restive under the sway of the Saints. Then, shadowed by the lofty mountains of Zion, arose the school-houses and churches of a different faith, and to a certain extent, though very limited indeed, freedom of speech and of the press was a recognized fact. Then many Mormons, doubting after sad experience the divine origin of their Church, and suffering under the exactions of the priesthood, renounced the doctrines of Joseph Smith, refused to pay further tithings, and gloried in the excommunication which of course speedily followed. For the first time since the day of their baptism into that faith they felt that there was a power in the land beyond that of the Mormon Church, which could afford them some protection. Many of these apostates, however, met with a terrible fate.

The late prophet was revered by the mass of the people as the Moses who had led them up out of the land of Egypt. They would suffer more from him than from any other living man. He had ruled the Mormon Church with a rod of iron. Many believed in him so

implicitly, and others were so terrified by the acts of his Band of Danites, that even during the latter part of his life, in the time of schools, of railroads, and of newspapers, they feared to oppose his will, and scrupulously obeyed his commands. When he was gone the people could not regard his successor with the same fear and veneration. The leaders in the Church perceived that they had no light task to perform. A new programme must be defined. Then was encased in a soft kid glove the iron hand which swayed the sceptre of superstition, priestcraft, lust, and blood atonement. Then the Mormons entered upon the rôle of a meek and persecuted people. Instead of the bitter denunciations and profane curses of Brigham Young, a fit type of brute force, we have the gentle pleadings of George Q. Cannon, the most oily and subtle of their leaders, and the best exponent of their recently adopted policy. He asks that to the people of Utah shall be given "a fair chance." He, foreign born, unnaturalized, an alien living as a polygamist in open defiance of the laws of the United States, asks that to the people whom he represents, and who, according to his own admission, are mostly felons, be given this chance. In other words, he does not intercede for justice. That is not at all what he desires. He does not seek for mercy, for that is only shown to the penitent who promises to amend his ways. The fair chance which he craves is that the Mormon people should be let alone to commit whatever crimes they choose in open defiance of American institutions. The astute Mr. Cannon is certainly not overcome by modesty. But he as chief counsellor of President Taylor finds himself in something of a quandary. With the disturbing elements which have more recently entered into the Church, his course is not one to be easily pursued. If the Church stands still, it is lost. The new policy, however disagreeable, had of necessity to be adopted. The saints hope, nevertheless, in the good time coming to receive ample compensation for the humiliations they must suffer. That good time, in their estimation, will arrive when Utah acquires statehood—when every Federal official shall be

driven from the land, and when each office in the new State shall be filled by a polygamous Mormon.

The system of proselytizing is now carried on with more skill and energy than ever. Numerous missionaries are sent from every conference to Great Britain, Scandinavia, Australia, and the Southern States. As the converts pour into Utah, new colonies are planted in every adjoining State and Territory. If, like a tree that has been girdled, their institutions were gradually dying out, it might be unadvisable to proceed to extreme measures. Such, however, is not the case. As the advocates of slavery attempted to extend it over the great South-west and West, so the leaders of Mormonism are endeavoring to obtain a foothold in every valley and plain of what is termed the Pacific Slope. How easily slavery could have been disposed of at the time of the Revolution, and how readily can polygamy now be suppressed if our people will give the subject their earnest attention and the cause of right their hearty support.

It is, I admit, quite easy to make charges and to pass censures, but in reference to polygamy and other equally vicious tenets of the Mormon faith, facts exist which can be completely and readily proved. In passing judgment upon these facts, justice requires us not to forget that the people who are asking for a "fair chance" are not of that class who having repented seek forgiveness for the past, but to those who, still rebellious and persistent in evil, crave immunity for their offences in the future.

Polygamy has arisen to a position of the highest importance in the discussion of Mormon affairs. The reason for this is that our laws punish a man for what he does, and not for what he believes. Its practice is no more reprehensible than are other deeds of these self-termed saints, but it furnishes to the unbeliever a more conspicuous point of attack. Comparisons have frequently been made between the faith of Moslem and that of Mormon. Such comparisons are unjust to the character of Mohammed. When he began to preach in Arabia, that country was sunk in the lowest depths of idolatry. Its people were given to many abominable vices, among which was that of sacrificing their children to idols. He

raised the Arabians to the worship of the one omnipotent Being, and established a religion which, though it contained many errors, led to the overthrow of the effete Christianity of the East, and spread the purer light of its philosophy over portions of three continents. Its followers founded a magnificent sovereignty in Western Asia, and carried a splendid civilization to the most remote valleys of Portugal and Spain. Under their sway arts and sciences, poetry and chivalry, flourished side by side. Universities arose which through the Dark Ages preserved the light of knowledge, and which enrolled among their students nobles and princes of the Christian faith. When Mohammed began his career as a prophet he found polygamy, except among the Christians, an established custom throughout all Asia. He merely left it as he found it, after imposing restrictions upon its practice. He saw its evils, but did not think it politic to uproot them.

The founder of Mormonism, on the other hand, began by preaching the gospel of lust and of blood atonement in a country where there is indeed no established religion, but where Christianity, free and untrammelled by the connection of Church and State, exists in its purest form, where the masses of the people are more enlightened than in any other portion of the world, and where freedom and civilization are effectually united. There, combining the barbarism of the East with the superstition of the Middle Ages, he began to build up his Church. Did he advance one noble sentiment or one original suggestion that might increase the happiness of his fellow-beings, or induce them to lead purer and better lives? His teachings, and the result of those teachings, sufficiently answer the question.

Among the religions regarded as false by the majority of Americans to-day, we find good and evil strangely blended. To Confucius, notwithstanding the fallacy of many of his doctrines, is attributed the first enunciation of the golden rule. Zoroaster taught a pure and sublime theology to his disciples, the Fire Worshipers of Persia. Gautama, or Buddha, inculcated exalted sentiments of benevolence and moral duty, and condemned the doctrine of caste, which has

proved so injurious to the welfare of the Hindoos. Greece, with her polytheism, has given to the world Homer and Aristotle, Socrates and Plato. Catholic Europe, though yet showing the scars of the Spanish Inquisition, glories in the names of Dante and of Michel Angelo, of Pascal and of Fénelon. But what has Mormonism, with her fifty years of existence and hundreds of thousands of converts, to offer as blessings to the world? With confidence I challenge its priesthood to point to one generous sentiment, to one exalted idea, of which it can justly claim the origin, or to produce one man who has been of any especial benefit, morally or intellectually, to his fellows. But I am asking for an impossibility. As well might we seek for mountain glens and fertile valleys in the desert of Sahara as to expect the Mormons to reply to such a challenge. To them a well-filled harem and a herd of fat cattle are the highest objects of aspiration.

Laws are enacted by the Mormons rather for the encouragement of licentiousness than for the prevention of vice. We find no acts in their statute-books to prohibit seduction or to punish bastardy. Some time since, when I first attended the district court at Ogden, Utah, it was presided over, as in similar tribunals, by a Federal judge, but proceeded under the laws of the Territory. An elder of the church was indicted and arraigned for criminality with his own daughter. He pleaded guilty, and received a sentence of twenty years. Familiar with the general form of indictments, I thought it remarkable that the one in this case charged the crime of rape instead of that of incest. Judge of my astonishment when I was informed by the United States attorney that no statute against that offence was in force there, and that as far as the laws affected the matter, a man might cohabit with his daughter, sister, or other near female relative without fear of punishment. The statute-books of the Territory speak for themselves. In the instance just referred to no conviction could have been had but for the fact that the elder's daughter was under twelve years of age.

The priesthood are efficiently organized. The highest dignity is the President of the Church. Next in rank

are his two counsellors; then follow the "Twelve Apostles," and the presidents of the various "Stakes in Zion." Each of the latter has also two counsellors. Afterward, in order, are the bishops and their counsellors, the high priests, the elders, and the Members of the Seventies. All may preach and baptize; but the higher dignitaries possess numerous other powers. All but the President and Apostles can be ordered on foreign missions. With few exceptions the priests practice polygamy to the full extent of their means. They wear no garb to distinguish themselves from the other members of the Church. They are nearly all engaged in trade or in agricultural pursuits. Their position affords rare facilities for the accumulation of wealth. The tithing passes through their hands. They succeed admirably in business. They are generally the directors of the different Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institutes, and most of the local officers, as members of the legislature and judges of probate, are selected from their order. Aware, by secret methods, of all things of importance that are taking place throughout Utah and other regions where members of their Church are located, they also keep well informed as to the private history and domestic relations of all such members. They are permitted to interfere with the business relations and most private affairs, not only of all laymen, but of every priest of inferior rank to themselves. They never fail to enforce their privileges, when by so doing they can gratify their disposition to meddle, add to their store of wealth, or satiate their desire for revenge.

They urge the practice of polygamy on all their followers, and especially upon young men of talents, influence, and independence of character. This they do not only to justify their own conduct, but to forge the chains more strongly around others. For if a man has children by polygamous wives, he must either declare them illegitimate or else remain in the Mormon Church, and obsequiously obey the dictates of his spiritual leaders. If such an one should apostatize, the Church would no longer protect him in his infraction of the laws, and a Mormon jury would require but little evidence to induce it to find an

apostate guilty of bigamy. Hence the rule is, "Once a polygamist, always a polygamist." I know, from their own admissions, of many Mormons who would apostatize but for the difficulties mentioned. This doctrine of plural marriages, as they term it, is preached very mildly in foreign lands. The convert drinks at first of the new milk of their gospel. Far different doctrines are inculcated when once they have him secure in Utah.

Upon coming face to face with Mormonism as it really exists, many are surprised and shocked. Some renounce the faith at once. Others, with less courage, submit, but so ungraciously as to attract the evil eye of the priesthood. Nevertheless most of the converts learn to swallow every doctrine however rank, and to appreciate the flavor of such as are most highly seasoned. When the missionaries abroad, in Sweden for instance, have collected a number of converts, they take them to the seaboard, where a ship provided by the Church is awaiting them. If possessed of money, they are persuaded to give it to the missionaries for safe keeping. The latter promise to return it as soon as they reach Zion. But happy is the poor emigrant if he ever sees any portion of it again. He is charged enormously for everything furnished by the Church. Unable to procure supplies elsewhere, he must submit. When he reaches Utah and calls for his money, he is put off first upon one pretext and then upon another. Clothing, seed-corn, and old ploughs are delivered to him at high rates. At last, that he may receive any benefit at all from his funds, he accepts at an exorbitant price a few acres of church land. Unless gifted, however, with a full share of shrewdness, he will never see the clothing, the land, nor the seed-corn. If, on the other hand, the emigrant is poor, his passage money and railroad fare are paid with a great show of benevolence by the Church, but he enters Utah to find himself borne down with debt, ruled by numerous masters, the veriest serf on the face of the earth.

When trains loaded with emigrants reach Salt Lake City, the apostles and other dignitaries of the Mormon Church, men sleek and opulent, gather to receive them and to select for their own harems

fairer and more youthful inmates. Until this object is accomplished, other brethren must remain in the background and gaze in silence. Some time since one of the Twelve cast his odious glances upon a girl from Denmark. He was nearly sixty, she not over eighteen. The desires of the great apostle were intimated to her by a Danish bishop. She acknowledged that the union with so high a dignitary of the Church would confer great honor upon her, but confessed that a young countryman of hers had won her affections during the voyage, and that she had promised to marry him upon the following day. She supposed that that statement would settle the matter. She was told, however, that she must not resist the wishes of one of the anointed in Israel. She remained firm. The expectant bridegroom was next interviewed by the bishop, but with no better success. Great surprise was expressed by the priesthood at such contumacy. The will of one of the Twelve was not to be gainsaid. That night the maiden was forced into his harem. The next morning her lover, the victim of the Danites, was found alive but mutilated in a glen of the Wahsatch Mountains.

Many inquiries are made about Mormon harems and the homes of polygamists. They differ materially according to the rank and wealth of the proprietor. Brigham Young kept the oldest of his wives at the Zion House, and erected a neat villa for each younger and particular favorite. One of the apostles, in a different city, kept nine wives in one large house; but each wife has separate apartments opening upon the lawn which surrounds the house. The entire building is inclosed by a high wall to keep out the gaze of the wicked world. In another city, the first counsellor for that state has three pretty cottages side by side and a wife in each cottage. Many of the poorer saints, desirous of "living up to their privileges" as inculcated by the priesthood, have several wives in one hovel, and that hovel with but one room. That room serves, of course, as kitchen and bedroom, dining-room and parlor. But even Mormons prefer harmony in their own household, and as rapidly as their means will permit they provide a separate house, or at least a distinct apartment, for each wife. When

this has been accomplished by a prosperous Saint, he lives with each one for a week at a time until he has made the circuit, when he commences anew. Nothing is known in polygamous families of the inestimable blessings of home. I mean home in strictly the American sense. Each child looks to its mother alone for advice and sympathy. Many men do not know their own children, and it requires a very wise son to know his own father. Recently a bishop was passing along the streets of one of the cities of Utah, when he found several boys quarrelling and disturbing the peace. "It is a shame," he exclaimed in righteous indignation, "that children should be left to grow up in this manner. Who is your father?" "We belong to Bishop S—" was the reply, "so you had better let us alone." And then it dawned upon him that they were his own children.

The offspring of the first wife regard the children of the others as illegitimate. They look upon the later wives as women who have robbed the first one of her husband's affections, and as no better than prostitutes. The second wife by a plural marriage revenges herself by flaunting in the face of the lawful wife the fact that the younger enjoys a much higher degree of the husband's favor. Neither does harmony prevail among the later accessions themselves to the harem. The youngest, and generally the favorite of their common lord, is looked upon by all the others with malicious envy. When they live in separate houses, the head of the family can generally maintain discipline; but when they meet frequently, abusive language, hair-pulling, and the use of rods and fists are the result, and the old wife who has outlived her usefulness is coolly given up by the husband to the malice and cruelty of the others. Mr. Cannon claims that the Mormons are building up the kingdom of God on earth, but does not explain the way in which it is being done. Residents of Utah can learn for themselves. Casual visitors, on the other hand, especially men of distinction, are received by the Mormon leaders with great consideration. They are fêted and flattered. The iniquities of the Mormon system are concealed effectually from their view. Many of them re-

turn to the East believing that they know all about Utah, and that the Mormons are not such bad fellows after all.

Mr. Cannon speaks of chastity. It is conceded that the Mormons promptly resent all interference with their domestic relations by a Gentile. In their opinion, death cannot sufficiently punish one who attempts even to marry a girl destined for the harem of a Saint. I further admit that there are a number of the first wives of the Mormons who are as pure and devoted as any woman in America. But human nature and animal passions exist in Utah as in New York; and where every law of the land tends to shield licentiousness and to degrade female virtues, how can the sanctity of the marriage tie or the purity of the gentler sex be maintained at the exalted standard which prevails in other portions of our country? I have already referred to the absence in Utah of laws for the prevention of different crimes. I further find that, until very recently, the statute-books contained acts relative to divorce that were sufficient to disgrace any civilized people. One of its provisions permitted a non-resident of the Territory to procure a divorce within a very few days after commencement of the suit, provided that the plaintiff swore that it was his or her intention to become at some future day a resident of Utah. Thus in many cases divorces were granted to parties neither of whom had ever been for a moment within the boundaries of that Territory. This statute continued in force until it was so universally condemned and denounced by courts throughout the United States, as to convince the hierarchy that it was well to have it repealed. But even as the law now stands, a person who is a resident of Utah can obtain a divorce on the slightest pretext, and the courts are compelled to grant numerous decrees. The priesthood are also authorized by the rules of the Church to annul marriages, and as most of those contracted there are void under the laws of the United States, a divorce by the priests answers the purpose as well, and saves time if not expense.

Seduction is common in Utah. As the result becomes manifest, the girl is saved from open shame by being made

the third or fourth wife of her seducer. He may soon tire of her, and procure a divorce. She will enter another harem as the wife of another polygamist. By these methods of procedure one woman may, at the age of forty, have had several so-called husbands, all of whom are at that time alive. But the worst feature of the custom is that a woman hitherto strictly virtuous is frequently divorced, and compelled by the usages of the country and by the necessities of life to follow the same course. How can virtue and refined sensibilities be promoted by such usages?

When the Mormon leaders are opposed directly by facts which they cannot deny, they say, "There may be some objections to our system; but we are not troubled with the great social evil as you are in the States. Our methods promote virtue, and are vastly superior to yours." But does the fact that vice is secretly indulged in here furnish any reason why in a different form it should be tolerated in Utah. Pleading the crimes of another has always been held but a poor defence for one's own transgressions. But even this weak apology of the Saints is, unfortunately for them, not sustained by facts. It is well known in Utah that no ties of marriage or of friendship restrained Brigham Young, even with his immense harem, no matter who might be the object, in the gratification of his desires. Indeed, the wives as well as the sisters and daughters of the faithful believed that they were honored by the embraces of their prophet. It is notorious in Salt Lake City that the infamous houses there are largely supported by polygamists.

The bishops, while they possess the power, encourage but never restrain the practice of polygamy. They intermeddle in such affairs, however, as in all others affecting the business and the domestic relations of every Mormon. They dictate as to the education of children, the trades to be learned by the boys, the fashions to be adopted by the girls, the manner in which the older members shall conduct their business, and even as to the locality in which they must reside. If any one resists this interference, he will be sent on a foreign mission, be openly censured at the tabernacle, or cut off from the

Church and handed over to the buffetings of Satan. I know of an instance where a prominent polygamist was excommunicated because he would not follow the advice of certain Mormon lawyers, given in their interests, but directly adverse to his own. When cut off from the Church one is termed an apostate; and the Saints, unwilling to wait until the archfiend can receive what has been assigned to him by an authority so high, commence a series of persecutions remarkable for their ingenuity and malice. Their victim is subjected to loss of property, insults, assaults, and not unfrequently to a violent death.

Mr. Cannon asserts, somewhat adroitly, that the juries of Utah have been prompt in punishing bigamy. He means bigamy among Gentiles and apostates, not polygamy among his own people. I do not recall any instance of the kind, but have no doubt that they would gladly punish any who, outside of the pale of their Church, attempted "to live up to the privileges" which they alone are entitled to enjoy. It would present to them a rare occasion for exhibiting their abhorrence of such criminal acts.

Two Mormons have been convicted in Utah for bigamy, as defined by the statutes of the United States. As that people did not think proper to pass any act prohibiting the offence, Congress found it necessary to interpose its high authority, and enacted a law for the benefit of the Territories, and of Utah in particular. It has, however, availed but little; while the laws for selecting juries remain as they are at present, very few convictions can be obtained for polygamy. The attorneys for the United States, whatever their energy and ability, labor mostly in vain. As well might the Grand Sanhedrim at Jerusalem have been urged to punish Annas and Caiaphas for their course preceding the crucifixion, as could a Mormon jury be requested to render a verdict of guilty against a brother polygamist. Of the two cases mentioned where convictions have been won, the first was that of Reynolds. He was, with the tacit consent of the Church, found guilty in order that a test case might be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. The other was that of Miles, who, to

evinced his especial contempt for the laws of the country to which he had very recently sworn allegiance, married, according to the Mormon form, three women in one day. He was tried before a jury which, by mere chance, contained a large proportion of Gentiles and disaffected Mormons. Both cases were appealed, first to the Supreme Court of Utah, where the judgments of the District Courts were affirmed. They were then taken by the defendants to the Supreme Court of the United States. That court, in the case of Reynolds, held that the law enacted by Congress to prohibit bigamy in the Territories was not unconstitutional, and directed that the judgment should be affirmed and enforced. Consequently Reynolds is now serving out his term in the penitentiary. When this decision was announced it was amusing to see what profound jurists the Territory of Utah contained. Unsparing criticism, censure, and abuse were bestowed upon the highest court in the land. It was composed exclusively, according to Mormon authority, of bigoted, corrupt, or timid judges, who utterly ignored constitutional law. The Mormon press contended that as the doctrine of polygamy formed one of the tenets of their holy religion, the Constitution of the United States guaranteed them the right to practise it. I was at that time frequently asked by what authority Congress could interfere with the practice of any religious rites. I replied that the Constitution protected one in his belief, but not in criminal acts the result of that belief, and suggested that if the descendants of the Aztecs, some of whom may now be found not far from the southern boundaries of Utah, should persist in practising the former rites of their religion by offering human sacrifices to the sun, no civilized and Christian people could object to the trial and execution of the Aztec priests for murder; that it would rather be their duty to see the law rigidly enforced, and that no one would attempt to question the constitutionality of the law under which such proceedings could be conducted. The same might be said in reference to Brahmins, who, coming to this country, should attempt upon the death of one of their number to practise the rites of Suttee. Poly-

gamy as well as murder being a felony, these were parallel cases.

In the matter of Miles which has been referred to, the Supreme Court of the United States reversed the judgment of the lower court, and ordered a new trial on the ground that improper evidence had been admitted upon the trial of the cause. This case presents another question for the consideration of Congress. The rules of evidence should be somewhat modified by that body. After a man has been indicted for the marriage of more wives than the statute permits, the prosecuting attorney finds it very difficult to convict him even before an impartial jury, for the reason that no records are kept of plural marriages; the priests who perform them refuse point-blank to testify, or adroitly evade the questions; the defendant declines to answer on the ground that he may criminate himself; and the evidence of the wives cannot be admitted as long as they testify that they are his wives and there is no proof to the contrary. Though the courts do not recognize all of them, the difficulty is to ascertain which is the lawful wife.

Cordially agreeing with most of the statements contained in Judge Goodwin's article, which appeared in the March number of the *North American Review*, I know that he errs as to the position of the Hebrew race in Utah, whom he mentions as belonging to an old nation of polygamists. I am convinced from personal observation that there are in that Territory no citizens who comply more strictly with the letter and spirit of the national laws, who more consistently and unflinchingly oppose the doctrines of the Mormon faith than the descendants of Israel. On one occasion, long prior to the appearance of Judge Goodwin's article, when asked what we thought of that Territory, we replied that it was a strange country, "where a native American is a foreigner and a Jew is a Gentile."

Among the many evils besides polygamy which result from the teaching of the Mormon leaders, are ignorance, superstition, priestly tyranny, financial exactions, and blood atonement. The first leads to the second, and the second opens the way to the third. Brigham Young was opposed to the education of

the masses, well aware that it would interfere with his terrible power. As times have changed, however, the priesthood deem it politic to establish a few schools. These are conducted in such a manner that no conscientious Gentile can permit his children to attend them. Mormon works only are used as text books. The doctrine of plural marriages is inculcated in them while the children are very young, and hatred to the Government of the United States is carefully instilled at the same time. Were any one disposed to question my statements in this particular, the recent diabolical rejoicings of the Mormon people over the atrocious and detestable attempt of Guiteau upon the life of President Garfield would furnish sufficient evidence of the hostile sentiment of the masses of Utah to all things purely free and strictly American.

Some curiosity exists as to the politics of the Saints. During the last election every Mormon paper, and ninety-nine hundredths of the Mormon people, favored the election of General Hancock; but in making this statement there is no intention to reflect upon that splendid soldier or upon the great party that supported him. The Mormons, like the Irishman of the story, are against the government; and as the Republican party has had control of that for the past twenty years, they are naturally opposed to that party also.

To one who has resided for a length of time in Utah or its vicinity, many of the statements of Mr. Cannon are, to say the least, amusing. He denies that the priesthood interferes with politics in the other Territories. The fact is that in Idaho the Church holds the balance of power, and consequently at every election a delegate to Congress is returned who has been duly approved by the conclave at Salt Lake City. In 1874 there was a spirited contest in Wyoming at the biennial election for delegate. The Mormons, who cast several hundred votes in the western part of the Territory, favored on personal grounds the candidate of the Republicans, and pledged themselves to vote for him *en masse*; but prior to the election orders came from the hierarchy at Salt Lake City that the vote of the Church must be given to the nominee of the Demo-

cratic party. It was done; it elected him; and the Mormons did not hesitate to explain why they had voted contrary to the promises which they had given.

In the same Territory some two years since the Republican candidate was less objectionable to the priesthood than the Democratic one. Bishop Musser was sent into Wyoming to see that the faithful obeyed the mandates sent out from Zion. By his adroit management of political affairs he so effectually belied his name that the latter candidate met with an overwhelming defeat. Yet Mr. Cannon affirms that his Church does not interfere with elections and political affairs in the other Territories. Mr. Cannon further states that the Mormons are liberal in their views regarding the Gentiles, that they do not exclude them from office, and that the latter can carry on business in Utah under as favorable auspices as the Saints themselves. I do not believe that Mr. Cannon can point to an instance where his people have chosen for office a single man among the well-qualified Gentiles of Utah. We can point to a case, and the only one of the kind, in which the Mormons have had an opportunity of taking action and of showing a generous spirit. In a county where the Churchmen were in a minority an estimable Gentile was duly elected to the Legislature of Utah. He was, however, excluded from a seat in that body for the sole reason that he was not in communion with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Business affairs in Utah are conducted on the same exclusive system. In many instances Mormons are prohibited from purchasing goods from outsiders. The Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institutes of each county monopolize all kinds of trade. The Saints are forbidden except in extreme cases to retain any but Mormon lawyers. This rule keeps all matters within the Church, and enables the shrewd and opulent to make large exactions from the ignorant and poor. Instead of concurring with the statements of Mr. Cannon, we feel that we are fully justified in saying that to-day ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Gentiles of Utah are convinced that they could not continue to reside in that Territory with either comfort or

safety if Federal protection were withdrawn and a State Government inaugurated.

Mr. Cannon barely refers to the question of blood atonement, and attempts to explain it as a very simple matter; but all the old residents of Utah are aware that the term possesses a very different signification from the one given by this astute defender of the abominations of the East. The doctrine of blood atonement was one by which Brigham Young assumed the authority, without trial, to put to death any refractory member of the Mormon Church. He taught that by such expiation the transgressors would finally attain to a happy immortality. But we can scarcely suppose from the very free manner in which he exercised this power, that he was influenced more by the interest he felt in the future welfare of his followers, than by a base desire to gratify his own feelings of hatred and revenge. Mr. Cannon passes completely by the atrocities of the Morrisite carnage (of which the Mormons themselves do not deny that they were the sole cause), and partially admits that some emigrants were killed by a party composed of both whites and Indians in the massacre of Mountain Meadows, but insists that Brigham Young was not implicated in that affair. The Pope of Rome may not have instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Brigham Young may not have directly commanded the massacre at Mountain Meadows. But the former ordered Te Deums to be chanted in the capital of the pontiffs when he heard of the slaughter of the Huguenots, and the latter did not hesitate to appoint the chief actors in the tragedy at Mountain Meadows to high positions in Church and State, and did not blush to receive from their blood-stained hands the plunder obtained from their victims. The Catholic Church has been held accountable for one massacre, and the Mormon Church will be for the other.

John D. Lee was tried and executed for the crime. But no Mormon jury would have dared to render a verdict of guilty in such a case without the sanction of the head of the Church. The prosecution was anxious to procure at all hazards the conviction of so prominent a criminal. The hierarchy, alarm-

ed by the intractable disposition of Lee, fearful that he would betray the secrets of the Church, wearied with his importunate appeals for protection, and desirous of showing to the world that it was ready to deliver into the hands of justice so famous a member of their body, entered apparently into some agreement with the prosecution for the United States in accordance with which their holy religion was to be exempt from attack and contumely, and John D. Lee was to be delivered as a scapegoat to the executioner. This is the only reasonable explanation that can be given of the mysterious proceedings which took place in Southern Utah at the time of the trial and execution of Lee, whose atrocious crimes were the natural outgrowth of his superstition.

Mr. Cannon does not appear to be any happier in his other attempts at explanation. His article is evidently written for eastern and not for western readers. The latter are too well informed upon the subject to suit his purposes. He endeavors to prove that Mormonism is purely of American growth and is not hostile to American institutions. In support of this proposition he tells us how many apostles and bishops are natives of this country. It is not the question where a man was born, but what he thinks and does, by which we are to know whether he is a loyal and law-abiding citizen of this country. John Taylor, the President of the Mormon Church, is an Englishman; his first counsellor, Mr. Cannon, late delegate to Congress, and the most influential man in the Church, is a native of the same country. I conceive, however, that the American Mormons have by their shrewdness and thrift procured for themselves most of the high places in the hierarchy and the lion's share of the revenues of the Church. The mass of the people, however, the ignorant dupes and victims, are mostly natives of Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany. The American leaders in the Church are to be regarded as renegades who have renounced their first faith and nationality, and sworn allegiance to a foreign power. No man was more bitterly hostile to the institutions of this great Republic than Brigham Young; upon every occasion he uttered denun-

ciations and curses against its people, its principles, and its laws ; and he was born in the ever loyal State of Vermont.

Little better does Mr. Cannon succeed when he attempts to make his readers believe that the Mormon is a Christian Church. Even after a long residence in Utah it is very difficult for any one to tell what its real tenets are. The masses believe portions of the Bible, all of the Book of Mormon, everything that they hear read from the Church organ, the *Deseret News*, the sermons of the priesthood, and each doctrine, however absurd, which their spiritual leaders may tell them is necessary to salvation. Many of the dignitaries of the Church are openly charged with pantheism and atheism. Some lean far toward the teachings of Buddha. Others maintain that the spirit of every man will become a separate and distinct deity, while many regard the Creator as a being within the limits of their comprehension, and who, like man, exists in a material form. One of their most intelligent elders, who had probably never heard, however, of Gautama or the Nirvana, told me that he did not believe that after death his soul would enjoy a separate existence, but that it would at once return to the Godhead and become merged with it. During last autumn Mr. Cannon himself made some statements at the dedication of a school-house, or more properly a Mormon temple, in Ogden City, which were decidedly startling. The Church papers touched upon the subject very delicately. A gentleman connected with one of the leading papers in Omaha, a paper noted for its friendliness to the Mormons, was present. Meeting me soon after he said, "I am what you would call a free-thinker, but am really a Buddhist. Judge W—— asked me to go around and hear Mr. Cannon. I did so. I was exceedingly pleased with his remarks. I should call him a pronounced Buddhist. I told Judge W—— that I had never heard any doctrine that suited me better, and if that was the belief of the Mormons I would be ready, but for polygamy, to join them at once." A man in this country has the privilege of believing what he likes. That is conceded as a matter of course. We have therefore merely stated the above to

show what credit should be given to Mr. Cannon's assertions, that his is a Christian Church.

At the late election in Utah, Allen G. Campbell was the candidate of the Liberal or Gentile party, and George Q. Cannon that of the "People's" or Mormon party, for delegate to Congress. The question of Republicanism or Democracy did not enter into the contest. The Mormon officers returned a majority in favor of Mr. Cannon. Mr. Campbell contested the case on the grounds—first, that Mr. Cannon was foreign born, and had never been naturalized ; second, that as a polygamist he was yet further disqualified from sitting in the National Councils. After a full hearing of the matter, Governor Murray awarded a certificate of election to Mr. Campbell. Those anxious to procure choice expressions of vilification will find them in the Church papers of that period. Mr. Cannon then gave notice that he would contest the seat in the House of Representatives. Mr. Adams, the clerk of that body, has since assumed the duties of the house, has refused to recognize the certificate given to Mr. Campbell, and pays Mr. Cannon just as if he had been regularly certified by the Governor of Utah. Mr. Adams evidently proceeds upon the hypothesis that two wrongs make a right, for adopting his own theory of the case he has completely stultified himself. If Governor Murray erred in going behind the returns of the Utah official, the course of Mr. Adams has certainly been equally erroneous in going behind the Governor's certificate. He had no more authority to review and set aside the action of the chief magistrate of Utah than that officer had to ignore the returns of the officers of election for the Territory. But the Mormons have always possessed a mysterious influence in Washington. When the House of Representatives next assembles, the merits of the case will, we hope, be finally decided. The law-abiding people, the true Americans of that Territory, the Gentiles, as they are termed by their opponents, are, with good reason, desirous of being represented in Congress by one of their own number, and not by a polygamous alien, who cares no more for the true interests of

Utah than Pontius Pilate did for those of Palestine. Good laws are even to a greater extent than usual necessary to the welfare of the Territory. The Gentiles do not, as Mr. Cannon does, wish to evade and disobey such laws. Neither do they desire any special legislation in their behalf. They merely ask that Utah shall be as free a country as Montana, and that the laws of the United States shall have the same force there as they do in all other States and Territories; and that if the statutes, as they now are, do not clothe the executive with sufficient authority to carry out the general laws, such statutes should be so amended as to provide in an ample manner the means for enforcing them.

The Constitution of the United States in effect prohibits the enactment of laws which make a distinction in the rights of persons. The laws of this country provide that every voter shall be at least twenty-one years of age and a citizen of the United States either by birth or naturalization. To become naturalized it is necessary to prove a continuous residence in this country for five years, and that the first papers were issued two years prior to the application for the second and final ones. But the Legislature of Utah has enacted that all women and girls, of whatever age or nationality, shall be regarded as of full age as soon as they are married, and that a female of foreign birth shall be considered as a citizen of the United States and of Utah, without taking any other steps whatever to become naturalized, upon her marriage with a citizen of this country. The literal effect of this law is, that any girl, though she is but twelve years of age, may arrive in Utah directly from Europe in the morning of an election, become the twelfth wife of a Mormon, deposit her ballot during the day, and afterward enjoy all the privileges of a citizen of this country. Such circumstances are of the most frequent occurrence in that Territory. Of course the benefits derived from the law inure to the polygamous lord; but that fact does not render the situation any less galling to the Gentiles. An effort has been made to have this law pronounced, as it undoubtedly is, unconstitutional by the Federal courts

of the Territory; but the judges are frequently changed, and some of them do not appear anxious to grapple with this question of what is and what is not constitutional. No decision in the matter has yet been arrived at.

The responsibility for the condition of affairs in Utah rests, to some extent, on prior administrations; still more upon former members of Congress; but chiefly upon the people themselves of the United States. They have too closely imitated the church of Laodicea. When they once resolve that the laws of their country shall be supreme in Utah, and that an American citizen shall enjoy the same freedom there that he enjoys in Dacotah, Congress will promptly enact the requisite statutes, and the executive will as readily enforce them. Many excellent bills have been heretofore introduced into Congress for terminating the difficulties in Utah; but by some mysterious means they have been completely suppressed, or else so garbled as to deprive them of most of their value.

Until very recently every elector was compelled, if he voted at all, to cast an open ballot, or what amounted to the same thing. His ballot was numbered, and the number set opposite his name in the poll-books. Thus the priesthood knew precisely how every Mormon voted, and, unless prepared openly to apostatize, each one had of necessity to vote for the Church candidate. A bill, providing that elections in that Territory should be conducted in the same manner as elsewhere, was brought before Congress, but was dropped upon the representation that the Legislature of Utah was about to pass a similar bill. The Mormons had, when they learned that Congress proposed to act in the matter, prepared a new law to suit themselves. It was a trifle better than the old one, yet it still left the control of elections completely in the hands of the Church. The Mormons passed it, hoping thereby to prevent Congress from enacting a just law upon the subject, and in this they have thus far succeeded.

As Mr. Cannon says, "Give Utah a fair chance." Give her a free ballot, upright and impartial juries, and a law under which a polygamist, as well as any

other criminal, can be convicted upon circumstantial evidence, and the last of the Twin Relics of Barbarism will speedily meet its doom. The matter

rests with the American people ; it is they who are responsible for the present condition of affairs.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

V.

THE TWO SERVANTS.

I HAVE assumed throughout these papers, that everybody knew what Fiction meant ; as Mr. Mill assumed in his "Political Economy," that everybody knew what wealth meant. The assumption was convenient to Mr. Mill, and persisted in ; but, for my own part, I am not in the habit of talking, even so long as I have done in this instance, without making sure that the reader knows what I am talking about ; and it is high time that we should be agreed upon the primary notion of what a Fiction is.

A feigned, fictitious, artificial, supernatural, put-together-out-of-one's-head, thing. All this it must be to begin with. The best type of it being the most practically fictile—a Greek vase. A thing which has two sides to be seen, two handles to be carried by, and a bottom to stand on, and a top to be poured out of, this, every right fiction *is*, whatever else it may be. Planned rigorously, rounded smoothly, balanced symmetrically, handled handily, lipped softly for pouring out oil and wine. Painted daintily at last with images of eternal things—

For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair.

Quite a different thing from a "cast"—this work of clay in the hands of the potter, as it seemed good to the potter to make it. Very interesting a cast from life may perhaps be ; more interesting to some people, perhaps, a cast from death ;—most modern novels are like specimens from Lyme Regis, impressions of skeletons in mud.

"Planned rigorously"—I press the conditions again one by one—it must be, as ever Memphian labyrinth or Norman fortress. Intricacy full of delicate

surprise ; covered way in secrecy of accurate purposes, not a stone useless, nor a word nor an incident thrown away.

"Rounded smoothly"—the wheel of fortune revolving with it in unfelt swiftness ; like the world, its story rising like the dawn, closing like the sunset, with its own sweet light for every hour.

"Balanced symmetrically"—having its two sides clearly separate, its war of good and evil rightly divided. Its figures moving in majestic law of light and shade.

"Handled handily"—so that, being careful and gentle, you can take easy grasp of it and all that it contains ; a thing given into your hand thenceforth to have and to hold. Comprehensible, not a mass that both your arms cannot get round ; tenable, not a confused pebble heap of which you can only lift one pebble at a time.

"Lipped softly"—full of kindness and comfort ; the Keats line indeed the perpetual message of it—"For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair." All beautiful fiction is of the Madonna, whether the Virgin of Athens or of Judah—Pan-Athenaic always.

And all foul fiction is *leze majesté* to the Madonna and to womanhood. For indeed the great fiction of every human life is the shaping of its love, with due prudence, due imagination, due persistence and perfection, from the beginning of its story to the end ; for every human soul, its Palladium. And it follows that all right imaginative work is beautiful, which is a practical and brief law concerning it. All frightful things are either foolish, or sick, visits of frenzy, or pollutions of plague.

Taking thus the Greek vase at its best time, for the symbol of fair fiction : of foul, you may find in the great entrance-room of the Louvre, filled with the luxurious *orfèvrerie* of the sixteenth

century, types perfect and innumerable: Satyrs carved in serpentine, Gorgons platted in gold, Furies with eyes of ruby, Scyllas with scales of pearl; infinitely worthless toil, infinitely witless wickedness; pleasure satiated into idiocy, passion provoked into madness, no object of thought, or sight, or fancy, but horror, mutilation, distortion, corruption, agony of war, insolence of disgrace, and misery of death.

It is true that the ease with which a serpent, or something that will be understood for one, can be chased or wrought in metal; and the small workmanly skill required to image a satyr's hoof and horns, as compared to that needed for a human foot or forehead, have greatly influenced the choice of subject by incompetent smiths; and in like manner, the prevalence of such vicious or ugly story in the mass of modern literature is not so much a sign of the lasciviousness of the age, as of its stupidity, though each react on the other, and the vapor of the sulphurous pool becomes at last so diffused in the atmosphere of our cities, that whom it cannot corrupt, it will at least stultify.

Yesterday, the last of August, came to me from the Fine Art Society, a series of twenty black and white scrabbles* of which I am informed in an eloquent preface that the author was a Michael Angelo of the glebe, and that his shepherds and his herdswomen are akin in dignity and grandeur to the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine.

Glancing through the series of these stupendous productions, I find one peculiarly characteristic and expressive of modern picture-making and novel-writing—called "Hauling," or more definitely, "Paysan rentrant du Fumier," which represents a man's back, or at least the back of his waistcoat and trousers and hat, in full light, and a small blot where his face should be, with a small scratch where its nose should be, elongated into one representing a chink of timber in the background.

Examining the volume further, in the hope of discovering trace of reasonable motive for the publication of these

works by the society, I perceive that this Michael Angelo of the glebe had indeed natural faculty of no mean order in him, and that the woful history of his life contains very curious lessons respecting the modern conditions of Imagination and Art.

I find in the first place, that he was a Breton peasant; his grandmother's godson, baptized in good hope, and

christened Jean, after his father, and François after the Saint of Assisi, his godmother's patron. It was under her care and guidance and those of his uncle, the Abbé Charles, that he was reared; and the dignified and laborious earnestness of these governors of his was a chief influence in his life, and a distinguishing feature in his character. The Millet family led an existence almost patriarchal in its unalterable simplicity and diligence; and the boy grew up in an environment of toil, sincerity and devoutness. He was fostered upon the Bible, and the great book of nature. . . . When he woke, it was to the lowing of cattle and the song of birds; he was at play all day, among "the sights and sounds of the open landscape"; and he slept with the murmur of the spinning-wheel in his ears, and the memory of the evening prayer in his heart. . . . He learned Latin from the parish priest, and from his uncle Charles; and he soon came to be a student of Virgil, and while yet young in his teens began to follow his father out into the fields, and thenceforward, as became the eldest boy in a large family, worked hard at grafting and ploughing, sowing and reaping, scything and shearing and planting, and all the many duties of husbandmen. Meanwhile, he had taken to drawing, . . . copied everything he saw, and produced not only studies but compositions also; until at last his father was moved to take him away from farming, and have him taught painting.

Now all this is related concerning the lad's early life by the prefatory and commenting author, as if expecting the general reader to admit that there had been some advantage for him in this manner of education:—that simplicity and devoutness are wholesome states of mind; that parish curés and uncle Abbés are not betrayers or devourers of youthful innocence—that there is profitable reading in the Bible—and something agreeably soothing—if no otherwise useful, in the sound of evening prayer. I may observe also in passing, that his education, thus far, is precisely what for the last ten years, I have been describing as the most desirable for all persons intending to lead an honest and Christian life: (my recommendation that peasants should learn Latin having been,

* "Jean François Millet." Twenty Etchings and Woodcuts reproduced in Facsimile, and Biographical Notice by William Ernest Henley. London, 1881.

some four or five years ago, the subject of much merriment in the pages of *Judy* and other such nurses of divine wisdom in the public mind). It however having been determined by the boy's father that he should be a painter, and that art being unknown to the Abbé Charles and the village Curé (in which manner of ignorance, if the infallible pope did but know it, he and his *now* artless shepherds stand at a fatal disadvantage in the world, as compared with monks who could illuminate with color as well as word)—the simple young soul is sent for the exalting and finishing of its artistic faculties to Paris.

"Wherein," observes my prefatory author, "the romantic movement was in the full tide of prosperity."

Hugo had written "*Notre Dame*," and Musset had published "*Rolla*" and the "*Nuits*;" Balzac the "*Lys dans la Vallée*;" Gautier the "*Comédie de la Mort*;" Georges Sand "*Léone Léonie*;" and a score of wild and eloquent novels more; and under the instruction of these romantic authors, his landlady, to whom he had entrusted the few francs he possessed, to dole out to him as he needed, fell in love with him, and finding he could not, or would not, respond to her advances, confiscated the whole deposit, and left him penniless. The preface goes on to tell us how, not feeling himself in harmony with these forms of Romanticism, he takes to the study of the Infinite and Michael Angelo; how he learned to paint the Heroic Nude; how he mixed up for imitation the manners of Rubens, Ribera, Mantegna, and Correggio; how he struggled all his life with neglect, and endured with his family every agony of poverty; owed his butcher and his grocer, was exposed to endless worry and annoyance from writs and executions; and when first his grandmother died, and then his mother, for neither deathbed was able to raise the money that would have carried him from Barbizon to Gruchy.

The work now laid before the public by the Fine Art Society is to be considered, therefore—whatever its merits or defects may be—as an expression of the influence of the Infinite and Michael Angelo on a mind innocently prepared for their reception. And in another place I may take occasion to point out

the peculiar adaptability of modern etching to the expression of the Infinite, by the multitude of scratches it can put on a surface without representing anything in particular; and to illustration of the majesty of Michael Angelo by preference of the backs and legs of people to their faces.

But I refer to the book in this paper, partly indeed because my mind is full of its sorrow, and I may not be able to find another opportunity of saying so; but chiefly, because the author of the preface has summed the principal authors of depraved Fiction in a single sentence; and I want the reader to ask himself why, among all the forms of the picturesque which were suggested by this body of literary leaders, none were acceptable by, none helpful to, the mind of a youth trained in purity and faith.

He will find, if he reflect, that it is not in romantic, or any other healthy aim, that the school detaches itself from those called sometimes by recent writers "classical;" but first by Infidelity, and an absence of the religious element so total that at last it passes into the hatred of priesthood which has become characteristic of Republicanism; and secondly by the taint and leprosy of animal passion idealized as a governing power of humanity, or at least used as the chief element of interest in the conduct of its histories. It is with the *sin* of Master Anthony that Georges Sand (who is the best of them) overshadows the entire course of a novel meant to recommend simplicity of life—and by the weakness of Consuelo that the same authoress thinks it natural to set off the splendor of the most exalted musical genius.

I am not able to judge of the degree of moral purpose, or conviction, with which any of the novelists wrote. But I am able to say with certainty that, whatever their purpose, their method is mistaken, and that no good is ever done to society by the pictorial representation of its diseases.

All healthy and helpful literature sets simple bars between right and wrong; assumes the possibility, in men and women, of having healthy minds in healthy bodies, and loses no time in the diagnosis of fever or dyspepsia in either; least of all in the particular kind of

fever which signifies the ungoverned excess of any appetite or passion. The "dulness" which many modern readers inevitably feel, and some modern block-heads think it creditable to allege, in Scott, consists not a little in his absolute purity from every loathsome element or excitement of the lower passions; so that people who live habitually in Satyric or hircine conditions of thought find him as insipid as they would a picture of Angelico's. The accurate and trenchant separation between him and the common railroad-station novelist is that, in his total method of conception, only lofty character is worth describing at all; and it becomes interesting, not by its faults, but by the difficulties and accidents of the fortune through which it passes; while in the railway novel, interest is obtained with the vulgar reader for the vilest character, because the author describes carefully to his recognition the blotches, burrs and pimples in which the paltry nature resembles his own. The "Mill on the Floss" is perhaps the most striking instance extant of this study of cutaneous disease. There is not a single person in the book of the smallest importance to anybody in the world but themselves, or whose qualities deserved so much as a line of printer's type in their description. There is no girl alive, fairly clever, half educated, and unluckily related, whose life has not at least as much in it as Maggie's, to be described and to be pitied. Tom is a clumsy and cruel lout, with the making of better things in him (and the same may be said of nearly every Englishman at present smoking and elbowing his way through the ugly world his blunders have contributed to the making of); while the rest of the characters are simply the sweepings-out of a Pentonville omnibus.*

And it is very necessary that we should distinguish this essentially cockney literature, developed only in the London suburbs, and feeding the demand

of the rows of similar brick houses, which branch in devouring cancer round every manufacturing town—from the really romantic literature of France. Georges Sand is often immoral; but she is always beautiful, and in the characteristic novel I have named, "*Le Pêché de Mons. Antoine*," the five principal characters, the old Cavalier Marquis—the Carpenter—M. de Chateaubrun—Gilberte—and the really passionate and generous lover, are all as heroic and radiantly ideal as Scott's Colonel Manering, Catherine Seyton, and Roland Graeme; while the landscape is rich and true with the emotion of years of life passed in glens of Norman granite and beside bays of Italian sea. But in the English cockney school, which consummates itself in George Eliot, the personages are picked up from behind the counter and out of the gutter; and the landscape, by excursion train to Gravesend, with return ticket for the city road.

But the second reason for the dulness of Scott to the uneducated or mis-educated reader lies far deeper, and its analysis is related to the most subtle questions in the Arts of Design.

The mixed gaiety and gloom in the plan of any modern novel fairly clever in the make of it, may be likened, almost with precision, to the patchwork of a harlequin's dress, well spangled; a pretty thing enough, if the human form beneath it be graceful and active. Few personages on the stage are more delightful to me than a good harlequin; also, if I chance to have nothing better to do, I can still read my Georges Sand or Alfred de Musset with much contentment, if only the story end well.

But we must not dress Cordelia or Rosalind in robes of triangular patches, covered with spangles, by way of making the *coup d'ail* of them less dull; and so the story-telling of Scott is like the robe of the Sistine Zipporah—embroidered only on the edges with gold and blue, and the embroidery involving a legend written in mystic letters.

And the interest and joy which he intends his reader to find in his tale, are in taking up the golden thread here and there in its intended recurrence—and following, as it rises again and again, his melody through the disciplined and unaccented march of the fugue.

* I am sorry to find that my former allusion to the boating expedition in this novel has been misconstrued by a young authoress of promise into disparagement of her own work; not supposing it possible that I could only have been forced to look at George Eliot's by a friend's imperfect account of it.

Thus the entire charm and meaning of the story of the Monastery depend on the degree of sympathy with which we compare the first and last incidents of the appearance of a character, whom perhaps not one in twenty readers would remember as belonging to the *dramatis personæ*—Stawarth Bolton.

Childless, he assures safety in the first scene of the opening tale to the widow of Glendenning and her two children—the elder boy challenging him at the moment, “I will war on thee to the death, when I can draw my father’s sword.” In virtually the last scene, the grown youth, now in command of a small company of spearmen in the Regent Murray’s service, is on foot, in the first pause after the battle of Ken-naquhair, beside the dead bodies of Julian Avenel and Christie, and the dying Catherine.*

Glendenning forgot for a moment his own situation and duties, and was first recalled to them by a trampling of horse, and the cry of St. George for England, which the English soldiers still continued to use. His handful of men, for most of the stragglers had waited for Murray’s coming up, remained on horseback, holding their lances upright, having no command either to submit or resist.

“There stands our captain,” said one of them, as a strong party of English came up, the vanguard of Foster’s troop.

“Your captain! with his sword sheathed, and on foot in the presence of his enemy? a raw soldier, I warrant him,” said the English leader. “So! ho! young man, is your dream out, and will you now answer me if you will fight or fly?”

“Neither,” answered Halbert Glendenning, with great tranquillity.

“Then throw down thy sword and yield thee,” answered the Englishman.

“Not till I can help myself no otherwise,” said Halbert, with the same moderation of tone and manner.

“Art thou for thine own hand, friend, or to whom dost thou owe service?” demanded the English captain.

“To the noble Earl of Murray.”

“Then thou servest,” said the Southron, “the most disloyal nobleman who breathes—false both to England and Scotland.”

“Thou liest,” said Glendenning, regardless of all consequences.

“Ha! art thou so hot now, and wert so cold but a minute since? I lie, do I? Wilt thou do battle with me on that quarrel?”

* I am ashamed to exemplify the miserable work of “review” by mangling and mumbling this noble closing chapter of the “Monastery,” but I cannot show the web of work without unweaving it.

“With one to one, one to two, or two to five, as you list,” said Halbert Glendenning; “grant me but a fair field.”

“That thou shalt have. Stand back, my mates,” said the brave Englishman. “If I fall, give him fair play, and let him go free with his people.”

“Long life to the noble captain!” cried the soldiers, as impatient to see the duel as if it had been a bull-baiting.

“He will have a short life of it, though,” said the sergeant, “if he, an old man of sixty, is to fight for any reason, or for no reason, with every man he meets, and especially the young fellows he might be father to. And here comes the warden, besides, to see the sword-play.”

In fact, Sir John Foster came up with a considerable body of his horsemen, just as his captain, whose age rendered him unequal to the combat with so strong and active a youth as Glendenning, lost his sword.*

“Take it up for shame, old Stawarth Bolton,” said the English warden; “and thou, young man, get you gone to your own friends, and loiter not here.”

Notwithstanding this peremptory order, Halbert Glendenning could not help stopping to cast a look upon the unfortunate Catherine, who lay insensible of the danger and of the trampling of so many horses around her—insensible, as the second glance assured him, of all and for ever. Glendenning almost rejoiced when he saw that the last misery of life was over, and that the hoofs of the war-horses, among which he was compelled to leave her, could only injure and deface a senseless corpse. He caught the infant from her arms, half ashamed of the shout of laughter which rose on all sides, at seeing an armed man in such a situation assume such an unwonted and inconvenient burden.

“Shoulder your infant!” cried a harque-busier.

“Port your infant!” said a pikeman.

“Peace, ye brutes!” said Stawarth Bolton, “and respect humanity in others, if you have none yourselves. I pardon the lad having done some discredit to my gray hairs, when I see him take care of that helpless creature, which ye would have trampled upon as if ye had been littered of bitch-wolves, not born of women.”

The infant thus saved is the heir of Avenel, and the intricacy and fateful bearing of every incident and word in the scene, knitting into one central moment all the clues to the plot of two romances, as the rich boss of a Gothic vault gathers the shaft mouldings of it, can only be felt by an entirely attentive reader; just as (to follow out the likeness on Scott’s own ground) the willow wreaths changed to stone of Melrose tracery can only be caught in their plighting by the keenest eyes. The

* With ludicrously fatal retouch in the later edition, “was deprived of” his sword.

meshes are again gathered by the master's own hand when the child now in Halbert's arms, twenty years hence, stoops over him to unlace his helmet, as the fallen knight lies senseless on the field of Carberry Hill.*

But there is another, and a still more hidden method in Scott's designing of story, in which, taking extreme pains, he counts on much sympathy from the reader, and can assuredly find none in a modern student. The moral purpose of the whole, which he asserted in the preface to the first edition of "Waverley" was involved always with the minutest study of the effects of true and false religion on the conduct; which subject being always touched with his utmost lightness of hand and steadiness of art, and founded on a knowledge of the Scotch character and the human heart, such as no other living man possessed, his purpose often escapes first observation as completely as the inner feelings of living people do; and I am myself amazed, as I take any single piece of his work up for examination, to find how many of its points I had before missed or disregarded.

The groups of personages whose conduct in the Scott romance is definitely affected by religious conviction, may be arranged broadly, as those of the actual world, under these following heads:

1. The lowest group consists of persons who, believing in the general truths of evangelical religion, accommodate them to their passions, and are capable, by gradual increase in depravity, of any crime or violence. I am not going to include these in our present study. Trumbull (Redgauntlet), Trusty Tomkyns (Woodstock), Burley (Old Mortality), are three of the principal types.

2. The next rank above these consists of men who believe firmly and truly enough to be restrained from any conduct which they clearly recognize as criminal, but whose natural selfishness renders them incapable of understanding the morality of the Bible above a certain point; and whose imperfect powers of thought leave them liable in many directions to the warpings of self-interest or of small temptations.

Fairservice. Blattergowl. Kettle-drummle. Gifted Gilfillan.

3. The third order consists of men naturally just and honest, but with little sympathy and much pride, in whom their religion, while in the depth of it supporting their best virtues, brings out on the surface all their worst faults, and makes them censorious, tiresome, and often fearfully mischievous.

Richie Moniplies. Davie Deans. Mause Hedrigg.

4. The enthusiastic type, leading to missionary effort, often to martyrdom.

Warden, in Monastery. Colonel Gardiner. Ephraim Macbriar. Joshua Geddes.

5. Highest type, fulfilling daily duty; always gentle, entirely firm, the comfort and strength of all around them; merciful to every human fault, and submissive without anger to every human oppression.

Rachel Geddes. Jeanie Deans. Bes-sie Maclure, in "Old Mortality"—the queen of all.

In the present paper, I ask the reader's patience only with my fulfilment of a promise long since made, to mark the opposition of the effects of an entirely similar religious faith in two men of inferior position, representing in perfectness the commonest types in Scotland of the second and third order of religionists here distinguished, Andrew Fair-service (Rob Roy), and Richie Moniplies (Nigel.)

The names of both the men imply deceitfulness of one kind or another—Fairservice, as serving fairly only in pretence; Moniplies, as having many windings, turns, and ways of escape. Scott's names are themselves so Moniplied that they need as much following out as Shakespeare's; and as their roots are pure Scotch, and few people have a good Scottish glossary beside them, or would use it if they had, the novels are usually read without any turning of the first keys to them. I did not myself know till very lately the root of Dandie Dinmont's name—"Dinmont," a two-year-old sheep; still less that of Moniplies, which I had been always content to take Master George Heriot's rendering of: "This fellow is not ill-named—he has more plies than one in his cloak." (Nigel ii. 72). In its first

* Again I am obliged, by review necessity, to omit half the points of the scene.

sense, it is the Scotch word for tripe, Moniplies being a butcher's son.

Cunning, then, they both are, in a high degree—but Fairservice only for himself, Moniplies for himself and his friend; or, in grave business, even for his friend first. But it is one of Scott's first principles of moral law that cunning never shall succeed, unless definitely employed *against an enemy* by a person whose essential character is wholly frank and true; as by Roland against Lady Lochleven, or Mysie Happer against Dan of the Howlet-hirst; but consistent cunning in the character always fails: Scott allows no Ulyssean hero.

Therefore, the cunning of Fairservice fails always, and totally; but that of Moniplies precisely according to the degree of its selfishness: wholly, in the affair of the petition—"I am sure I had a' the right and a' the risk," i. 73)—partially, in that of the carcanet. This he himself at last recognizes with complacency:—

"I think you might have left me," said Nigel, in their parting scene (i. 286), "to act according to my own judgment."

"Mickle better not," answered Richie; "mickle better not. We are a' frail creatures, and can judge better for ilk ither than in our own cases. And for me—even myself—I have always observed myself to be much more prudent in what I have done in your lordship's behalf, than even in what I have been able to transact for my own interest—whilk last, I have, indeed, always postponed, as in duty I ought."

"I do believe thou hast," answered Lord Nigel, "having ever found thee true and faithful."

And his final success is entirely owing to his courage and fidelity, not to his cunning.

To this subtlety both the men join considerable power of penetration into the weaknesses of character; but Fairservice only sees the surface-failings, and has no respect for any kind of nobleness; while Richie watches the gradual lowering of his master's character and reputation with earnest sorrow.

"My lord," said Richie, "to be round with you, the grace of God is better than gold pieces, and, if they were my last words," he said, raising his voice, "I would say you are misled, and are forsaking the paths your honorable father trode in; and what is more, you are going—still under correction—to the devil with a dishclout, for ye are laughed at by them that lead you into these disordered bypaths" (i. 282).

In the third place, note that the penetration of Moniplies—though, as aforesaid, more into faults than virtues—being yet founded on the truth of his own nature is undecivable. No rogue can escape him for an instant; and he sees through all the machinations of Lord Glenvarloch's enemies from the first; while Fairservice, shrewd enough in detecting the follies of good people, is quite helpless before knaves, and is deceived three times over by his own chosen friends—first by the lawyer's clerk, Touthope (ii. 21), then by the hypocrite Mac Vittie, and finally by his true blue Presbyterian friend Laurie.

In these first elements of character the men are thus broadly distinguished; but in the next, requiring analysis, the differences are much more subtle. Both of them have, in nearly equal degree, the peculiar love of doing or saying what is provoking, by an exact contrariety to the wishes of the person they are dealing with, which is a fault inherent in the rough side of uneducated Scottish character; but in Andrew, the habit is checked by his self-interest, so that it is only behind his master's back that we hear his opinion of him; and only when he has lost his temper that the inherent provocativeness comes out—(see the dark ride into Scotland).

On the contrary, Moniplies never speaks but in praise of his *absent* master; but exults in mortifying him in direct colloquy; yet never indulges this amiable disposition except with a really kind purpose, and entirely knowing what he is about. Fairservice, on the other hand, gradually falls into an unconscious fatality of varied blunder and provocation; and at last causes the entire catastrophe of the story by bringing in the candles when he has been ordered to stay downstairs.

We have next to remember that with Scott, Truth and Courage are one. He somewhat overvalued *animal* courage—holding it the basis of all other virtue—in his own words, "Without courage there can be no truth, and without truth no virtue." He would, however sometimes allow his villains to possess the basis, without the superstructure, and thus Rashleigh, Dalgarno, Balfour, Varney, and other men of that stamp are to be carefully distinguished from

his erring *heroes*, Marmion, Bertram, Christie of the Clinthill, or Nanty Ewart, in whom loyalty is always the real strength of the character, and the faults of life are owing to temporary passion or evil fate. Scott differs in this standard of heroism materially from Byron, in whose eyes mere courage, with strong affections, are enough for admiration: while Bertram, and even Marmion, though loyal to his country, are meant only to be pitied—not honored. But neither Scott nor Byron will ever allow any grain of mercy to a coward; and the final difference, therefore, between Fairservice and Moniplies, which decides their fate in Scott's hands, is that between their courage and cowardice. Fairservice is driven out at the kitchen door, never to be heard of more, while Richie rises into Sir Richie of Castle-Collop—the reader may perhaps at the moment think by too careless grace on the king's part; which, indeed, Scott in some measure meant; but the grotesqueness and often evasiveness of Richie's common manner make us forget how surely his bitter word is backed by his ready blow, when need is. His first introduction to us (i. 33), is because his quick temper overcomes his caution—

"I thought to mysel', 'Ye are owre mony for me to mell with; but let me catch ye in Barford's Park, or at the fit of the vennel, I could gar some of ye sing another sang.' Sae, ae auld hirpling deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way and offer me a pig, as he said, just to pit my Scotch ointment in, and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil couped owre amang his ain pigs, and damaged a score of them. And then the reird * raise"—

while in the close of the events (ii. 365), he wins his wife by a piece of hand-to-hand fighting, of the value of which his cool and stern estimate, in answer to the gay Templar, is one of the great sentences marking Scott's undercurrent of two feelings about war, in spite of his love of its heroism.

* "Reirde, rerde, Anglo-Saxon reord, lingua, sermo, clamor, shouting" (Douglas glossary). No Scottish sentence in the Scott novels should be passed without examining every word in it, his dialect, as already noticed, being always pure and classic in the highest degree, and his meaning always the fuller, the further it is traced.

"Bravo, Richie," cried Lowestoffe, "why, man, there lies Sin struck down like an ox, and Iniquity's throat cut like a calf."

"I know not why you should upbraid me with my upbringing, Master Lowestoffe," answered Richie with great composure; "but I can tell you, the shambles is not a bad place for training one to this work."

These then being the radical conditions of native character in the two men, wholly irrespective of their religious persuasion, we have to note what form their Presbyterian faith takes in each, and what effect it has on their consciences.

In Richie, it has little to do; his conscience being, in the deep of it, frank and clear. His religion commands him nothing which he is not at once ready to do, or has not habitually done; and it forbids him nothing which he is unwilling to forego. He pleads no pardon from it for known faults; he seeks no evasions in the letter of it for violations of its spirit. We are scarcely therefore aware of its vital power in him, unless at moments of very grave feeling and its necessary expression.

"Wherefore, as the letter will not avail you with him to whom it is directed, you may believe that Heaven hath sent it to me, who have a special regard for the writer—have besides, as much mercy and honesty within me as man can weel mak' his bread with, and am willing to aid any distressed creature, that is my friend's friend."

So, again, in the deep feeling which rebukes his master's careless ruin of the poor apprentice—

"I say, then, as I am a true man, when I saw that puir creature come through the ha' at that ordinary, whilk is accurst (Heaven forgive me for swearing) of God and man, with his teeth set, and his hands clenched, and his bonnet drawn over his brows. . . ." He stopped a moment, and looked fixedly in his master's face.

—and again in saving the poor lad himself when he takes the street to his last destruction "with burning heart and bloodshot eye":

"Why do you stop my way?" he said fiercely.

"Because it is a bad one, Master Jenkin," said Richie. "Nay, never start about it, man; you see you are known. Alack-a-day! that an honest man's son should live to start at hearing himself called by his own name."

"I pray you in good fashion to let me go," said Jenkin. "I am in the humor to be dangerous to myself, or to any one."

"I will abide the risk," said the Scot, "if you will but come with me. You are the very

lad in the world whom I most wished to meet." *

"And you," answered Vincent, "or any of your beggarly countrymen, are the last sight I should ever wish to see. You Scots are ever fair and false."

"As to our poverty, friend," replied Richie, "that is as Heaven pleases; but, touching our falsity, I'll prove to you that a Scotsman bears as leal and true a heart to his friend as ever beat in an English doublet."

In these, and other such passages, it will be felt that I have done Richie some injustice in classing him among the religionists who have little sympathy! For all real distress, his compassion is instant; but his doctrinal religion becomes immediately to him a cause of failure in charity.

"Yon divine has another air from powerful Master Rollock, and Mess David Black of North Leith, and sic like. Alack-a-day, wha can ken, if it please your lordship, whether sic prayers as the Southrons read out of their auld blethering black mess-book there, may not be as powerful to invite fiends, as a right red-hot prayer warm from the heart may be powerful to drive them away; even as the evil spirit was driven by the smell of the fish's liver from the bridal chamber of Sara, the daughter of Raguel!"

The scene in which this speech occurs is one of Scott's most finished pieces, showing with supreme art how far the weakness of Richie's superstitious formality is increased by his being at the time partially drunk!

It is on the other hand to be noted to his credit, for an earnest and searching Bible-reader, that he quotes the Apocrypha. Not so gifted Gilfillan,—

"But if your honor had consider the case of Tobit—"

"Tobit!" exclaimed Gilfillan with great heat; "Tobit and his dog baith are altogether heathenish and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a papist would draw them into question. I doubt I hae been mista'en in you, friend."

Gilfillan and Fairservice are exactly alike, and both are distinguished from Moniplies in their scornfully exclusive

* The reader must observe that in quoting Scott for illustration of particular points I am obliged sometimes to alter the succession and omit much of the context of the pieces I want, for Scott never lets you see his hand, nor get at his points without remembering and comparing far-away pieces carefully. To collect the evidence of any one phase of character, is like pulling up the detached roots of a creeper.

dogmatism, which is indeed the distinctive plague-spot of the lower evangelical sect everywhere, and the worst blight of the narrow natures, capable of its zealous profession. In Blattergowl, on the contrary, as his name implies, the *doctrinal* teaching has become mere Blather, Blatter, or patter—a string of commonplaces spoken habitually in performance of his clerical function, but with no personal or sectarian interest on them on his part.

"He said fine things on the duty o' resignation to the will of God—that did he;" but his own mind is fixed under ordinary circumstances only on the income and privilege of his position. Scott however indicates this without severity as one of the weaknesses of an established church, to the general principle of which, as to all other established and monarchic law, he is wholly submissive, and usually affectionate (see the description of Colonel Mannerings's Edinburgh Sunday), so that Blattergowl, *out of the pulpit*, does not fail in his serious pastoral duty, but gives real comfort by his presence and exhortation in the cottage of the Mucklebackits.

On the other hand, to all kinds of Independents and Nonconformists (unless of the Roderick Dhu type) Scott is adverse with all his powers; and accordingly, Andrew and Gilfillan are much more sternly and scornfully drawn than Blattergowl.

In all the three, however, the reader must not for an instant suspect what is commonly called "hypocrisy." Their religion is no assumed mask or advanced pretence. It is in all, a confirmed and intimate faith, mischievous by its error, in proportion to its sincerity (compare Ariadne Florentina, page 75, paragraph 87), and although by his cowardice, petty larceny,* and low cunning, Fairservice is absolutely separated into a different class of men from Moniplies—in his fixed religious principle and primary conception of moral conduct, he is exactly like him. Thus when, in an agony of terror, he speaks for once to his master with entire sincerity, one might for a moment think it was a lecture by Moniplies to Nigel.

* Note the "wee business of my ain," i. 213.

"O, Maister Frank, a' your uncle's follies and your cousin's fliskies, were nothing to this ! Drink clean cap-out, like Sir Hildebrand ; begin the blessed morning with brandy-taps like Squire Percy ; rin wud among the lasses like Squire John ; gamble like Richard : win souls to the Pope and the deevil, like Rashleigh ; rive, rant, *break the Sabbath*, and do the Pope's bidding, like them a' put thegither—but merciful Providence ! tak' care o' your young bluid, and gang na near Rob Roy."

I said one might for a moment think it was a Moniplies' lecture to Nigel. But not for two moments, if we indeed can think at all. We could not find a passage more concentrated in expression of Andrew's total character ; nor more characteristic of Scott in the calculated precision and deliberate appliance of every word.

Observe first, Richie's rebuke, quoted above, fastens Nigel's mind instantly on the *nobleness* of his father. But Andrew's to Frank fastens as instantly on the *follies* of his uncle and cousins.

Secondly, the sum of Andrew's lesson is—"do anything that is rascally, if only you save your skin." But Richie's is summed in "The grace of God is better than gold pieces."

Thirdly, Richie takes little note of creeds, except when he is drunk ; but looks to conduct always ; while Andrew clinches his catalogue of wrong with "doing the pope's bidding," and Sabbath-breaking ; these definitions of the unpardonable being the worst absurdity of all Scotch wickedness to this hour—everything being forgiven to people who go to church on Sunday, and curse the pope. Scott never loses sight of this marvellous plague-spot of Presbyterian religion, and the last words of Andrew Fairservice are :

"The villain Laurie, to betray an auld friend that sang aff the same psalm-book wi' him *every Sabbath* for twenty years."

and the tragedy of these last words of his, and of his expulsion from his former happy home—"a jargonelle pear-tree at one end of the cottage, a rivulet and flower plot of a rood in extent in front, a kitchen-garden behind, and a paddock for a cow" (viii. 6, of the 1830 edition) can only be understood by the reading of the chapter he quotes on that last Sabbath evening he passes in it—the 5th of Nehemiah.

For—and I must again and again

point out this to the modern reader, who, living in a world of affectation, suspects "hypocrisy" in every creature he sees—the very plague of this lower evangelical piety is that it is *not* hypocrisy ; that Andrew and Laurie *do* both expect to get the grace of God by singing psalms on Sunday, whatever rascality they practise during the week. In the modern popular drama of *School*,* the only religious figure is a dirty and malicious usher who appears first reading Hervey's "Meditations," and throws away the book as soon as he is out of sight of the company. But when Andrew is found by Frank "perched up like a statue by a range of beehives in an attitude of devout contemplation, with one eye watching the motions of the little irritable citizens, and the other fixed on a book of devotion," you will please observe, suspicious reader, that the devout gardener has no expectation whatever of Frank's approach, nor has he any design upon him, nor is he reading or attitudinizing for effect of any kind on any person. He is following his own ordinary customs, and his book of devotion has been already so well used that "much attrition had deprived it of its corners, and worn it into an oval shape ;" its attractiveness to Andrew being twofold—the first, that it contains doctrine to his mind ; the second, that such sound doctrine is set forth under figures properly belonging to his craft. "I was e'en taking a spell o' worthy Mess John Quackleben's 'Flower of a Sweet Savour sown on the Middenstead of this World' " (note in passing Scott's easy, instant, exquisite invention of the name of author and title of book) ; and it is a question of very curious interest how far these sweet "spells" in Quackleben, and the like religious exercises of a nature compatible with worldly business (compare Luckie Macleary, with "eyes employed on Boston's

* Its "hero" is a tall youth with handsome calves to his legs, who shoots a bull with a fowling-piece, eats a large lunch, thinks it witty to call Othello a "nigger," and, having nothing to live on, and being capable of doing nothing for his living, establishes himself in lunches and cigars forever, by marrying a girl with a fortune. The heroine is an amiable governess, who, for the general encouragement of virtue in governesses, is rewarded by marrying a lord.

'Crook in the Lot,' while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning"—"Waverley," i., 112)—do indeed modify in Scotland the national character for the better or the worse; or, not materially altering, do at least solemnize and confirm it in what good it may be capable of. My own Scottish nurse, described in "Fors Clavigera" for April, 1873, page 13, would, I doubt not, have been as faithful and affectionate without her little library of Puritan theology; nor were her minor faults, so far as I could see, abated by its exhortations; but I cannot but believe that her uncomplaining endurance of most painful disease, and steadiness of temper under not unfrequent misapprehension by those whom she best loved and served, were in great degree aided by so much of Christian faith and hope as she had succeeded in obtaining, with little talk about it.

I knew however in my earlier days a right old Covenanter in my Scottish

aunt's house, of whom, with Mause Hedrigg and David Deans, I may be able perhaps to speak further in my next paper. But I can only now write carefully of what bears on my immediate work; and must ask the reader's indulgence for the hasty throwing together of materials intended, before my illness last spring, to have been far more thoroughly handled. The friends who are fearful for my reputation as an "écrivain" will perhaps kindly recollect that a sentence of "Modern Painters" was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in every word for perhaps an hour—perhaps a forenoon—before it was passed for the printer. I rarely now fix my mind on a sentence, or a thought, for five minutes in the quiet of morning, but a telegram comes announcing that somebody or other will do themselves the pleasure of calling at eleven o'clock, and that there's two shillings to pay.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

—♦♦♦—

TO A ROSE.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

LOVELY child of sunny summer—

Pinn'd adroitly on my breast—

Whence art thou a prized new-comer?

How art thou my bosom guest?

Nursling of the sultry weather,

Born of sunlight and the show'rs,

Wherefore meet we thus together

In this busy world of ours?

Speak! away with hesitation!

Tell me all about you *now*.

(In familiar conversation

We dismiss the "thee" and "thou.")

Tell me, I repeat, the story

Of the days you deemed so bright,

Ere you came to cast a glory

On this button-hole to-night.

Ne'er was I a blind believer

In the charms of country life.

Dearer much to me the fever

Of our city's hum and strife.

Yet your pastoral confessions

Might be welcome to mine ear.

Breathe your innocent impressions

While the breath is left you, dear.

Brought on earth to perish only,
 Blooming only to decay,
 Were you not, I ask you, lonely,
 Living lots of miles away?
 Friends you had, who all adored you,
 Full of gay and giddy chat;
 Still their tittle-tattle bored you,
 And their jokes fell very flat.

Was it not a dull employment,
 Idly waving on your stalk?
 Would it not have been enjoyment
 Getting off to take a walk?
 Not for all the gems or metals
 All the mines on earth can give,
 With an earwig in my petals
 E'en an instant I could live.

Clover, buttercups, or daisies
 (Hidden far from vulgar view),
 Though they reap not half your praises,
 Lead a better life than *you*.
 Daisies, buttercups, or clover—
 Hermits of the hills or vales—
 Never, when their time is over,
 Come to die in swallow-tails.

Yet one comfort you may cherish,
 Though it will not last you long?
 Happy flow'r, 'tis yours to perish
 'Mid the tumult of the throng.
 Hark! although my gold repeater
 Marks the advent of the morn—
 Mirthful song in rugged metre
 Gayly on the breeze is borne.

You and I have been together,
 Dining up at Eaton Square.
 Pretty creature, tell me whether
 All was not "quite utter" there.
 Meats were never more delicious,
 Wines with ours could never vie.
 Well as any one could wish us
 Have we feasted, you and I.

To the Op'ra next I took you,
 Just in time to catch one act.
 ('Tis not oft the poet, look you,
 Could have done so—that's a fact.)
 Then to cards and conversation
 At the club we settled down.
 There's a round of dissipation!
 Aren't you glad you came to town?

Belgravia Magazine.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXVI.

RANDULF.

THE ball had been kept up until morning, if not till daylight. When people began to stroll in to the very late breakfast at Danesdale Castle not a lady was to be seen among them, save one intrepid damsel, equally renowned for her prowess in the chase, and her unwearying fleetness in the ball-room.

As she appeared in hat and habit, she was greeted with something like applause, which was renewed when she announced that she had every intention of sharing the day's run. Sir Gabriel, in his pink (for no ball would have caused him to be absent at the meet), gallantly placed her beside himself, and apologized for his daughter's absence.

"Philippa has no 'go' left in her after these stirs," he remarked, "and a day's hunting takes her a week to get over; but I'm glad to see that you are less delicate, my dear."

"We shall not have many ladies, I think," said she, smiling, and looking round upon the thinned ranks of the veterans.

Here the door opened, just as breakfast was nearly over, and Sir Gabriel paused in astonishment in the midst of his meal.

"What, Ran? You!" he ejaculated, as his son entered equipped, he also, for riding to hounds. "The last thing I should have expected. If any one had asked me I should have said you were safe in bed till lunch-time."

"You would have been wrong, it seems," replied Randolph, on whom the exertions of the previous evening appeared to have had worse effects than they had upon Miss Bird, the bright-looking girl who was going to ride.

Miss Bird was an heiress; the same pretty girl with whom Randolph had been walking about the ball-room the night before, when Aglionby had come to call Lizzie away.

Randulf himself looked pale, and almost haggard, and was listless and drawling beyond his wont. Sir Gabriel

eyed him over, and his genial face brightened. Of course it was bad form to display fondness for your relations in the presence of others. Every Englishman knows that, and Sir Gabriel as well as any of them; but it was always with difficulty that he refrained from smiling with joy every time his eyes met those of his "lad." He looked also more kindly than ever upon Miss Bird, who was a favorite of his, more especially when Randolph carried his cup of tea round the table and dropped into the vacant place by her side.

The meet took place at a certain park a couple of miles from Danesdale Castle, and soon after breakfast a procession of six—Miss Bird, Sir Gabriel, his son and three other men who were of their party—set off for it. It was a still, cloudy day, with a gray sky and lowering clouds, which, however, were pretty high, for all the hilltops were clear.

That was a long and memorable run in the annals of Danesdale fox-hunting—"a very devil of a fox!" as Sir Gabriel said, which led them a cruel and complicated chase over some of the roughest country in the district. Sir Gabriel, as will easily be understood, was a keen sportsman himself, and had been a little disappointed with Randolph's apparent indifference to fox, or any other, hunting. He had put it down to his long sojourn abroad with people who, according to Sir Gabriel's ideas, knew no more about hunting than a London street-Arab does, who has never stepped on anything but flags in his life. He had always trusted that the boy would mend of such outlandish indifference, and he certainly had no cause to complain of his lack of spirit to-day.

Sir Gabriel was lost in amazement. He could not understand the lad. Randolph's face—the pale face which he had brought with him into the breakfast-room—never flushed in the least; his eyebrows met in a straight line across his forehead. He seemed to look neither to right nor to left, but urged his horse relentlessly at every chance of a leap, big or little, but the uglier and the

bigger the better it seemed, till his father, watching him, began to feel less puzzled than indignant. A good day's run, Sir Gabriel would have argued, was a good day's run; but to drive your horse wilfully and wantonly at fences which might have been piled by Satan himself, and at gaps constructed apparently on the most hideous of man-and-horse-trap principles, went against all the baronet's traditions! for all his life he had been very "merciful to his beast," holding his horse in almost as much respect as himself. He had always credited Randulf with the same feelings, and his conduct this day was bewildering, to say the least of it.

As Sir Gabriel and Miss Bird happened to be running almost neck and neck through a sloping field—the chase nearly at an end, the fox in full view at last, with the hounds in mad eagerness at his heels—suddenly a horseman flew past them, making straight for a most hideous-looking bit of fence, on the other side of which was the bed of a beck, full of loose stones, and in which the water in this winter season rushed along, both broad and deep.

All day long a feeling of uneasiness had possessed Sir Gabriel; this put the climax to it. Forgetting the glorious finish, now so near, he pulled his horse up short, crying:

"Good God! Is he mad?"

Miss Bird also wondered if he were mad, but put her own horse, without stopping, at a more reasonable-looking gap, considerably to the left side of the fence Randulf was taking.

Two seconds of horrible suspense, and—yes, his horse landed lightly and safely at the other side. Sir Gabriel wiped the sweat from his brow, and caring nothing for the "finish" or anything else, rode limply on to where, not Randulf, but another, was presenting the brush to the amiable Miss Bird.

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by riding at a fence like that, and frightening me out of my senses?" growled Sir Gabriel, at his son's elbow. The latter looked round, with the same white, pallid face, and far-off eyes, which the father had already noticed, and which had filled him with vague and nameless alarm. Randulf passed his hand across his eyes and said:

"What did you say?"

"What ails you, lad? What is the matter with you?" asked poor Sir Gabriel, his brown cheek turning ashy pale, and a feeling of sickly dread creeping over his heart.

"What ails me? Oh, nothing that I know of," replied Randulf, with blank indifference; and then suddenly heaving such a sigh as comes only from the depths of a sick heart.

The laughter, and jesting, and joyous bustle of the finish were sounding all round them. No one took much notice of the two figures apart, apparently earnestly conversing. Neither Sir Gabriel nor Randulf was given to displaying his feelings openly in public, but Randulf knew, as well as if some one were constantly shouting it aloud from the house-tops, that his father worshipped him—that he was the light of his eyes and the joy of his life, and that to give him any real joy he would have sacrificed most things dear to him. And Sir Gabriel knew that his worship was not wasted upon any idol of clay or wood—that it fell gratefully into a heart which could appreciate and understand it. During the last month it had occasionally crossed his mind that Randulf was a little absent—somewhat more listless and indifferent than usual; but the baronet had himself been unusually busied with magisterial and other concerns, and had scarcely had time to remark the subtle change. Of one thing he was now certain, that Randulf, as he saw him now, was a changed man from what he had been four-and-twenty hours ago. The poor old man felt hopelessly distressed. He knew not how to force the truth from a man who looked at him and said nothing ailed him, when it was patent to the meanest comprehension that, on the contrary, something very serious ailed him. He sat on his horse, looking wistfully into Randulf's face. The groups were dispersing. The young man, at last looking up, seemed to read what was passing in his father's mind, and said:

"I have something to say to you. Could we manage to ride home alone? How will Miss Bird do?"

Sir Gabriel's face brightened quickly. If Randulf had "something to say" to him, no doubt that communication

would quickly put to rights all these shadowy disquietudes which troubled him.

"I'll arrange for Miss Bird to be escorted," he said; and, turning round, he requested the man who had already presented her with the brush to see her safely to Danesdale Castle, as a matter of business obliged him and Randulf to ride home by Scar Foot. The youth yielded a joyful assent, and went off rejoicing in charge of his "fair." Sir Gabriel and Randulf, with a general "Good-afternoon" to the rest of the party, turned their horses' heads in a southerly direction. Scar Foot was a little distance away, further south, and then there were ten miles to ride to Danesdale Castle.

They soon found themselves in a deep lane, beneath the gray clouded afternoon sky of New Year's Day. Behind them, Addleborough reared his bleak, blunt summit, and the other fells around looked sullen under the sullen sky. It was Randulf who had proposed the ride, but still he did not speak, till Sir Gabriel asked, in a voice which he strove to make indifferent:

"What did you make of the dance last night, Randulf? Philippa informed me before she went to bed that it had been a success."

"A success, was it?" said Randulf indifferently. "I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. I don't know anything about it."

"What did you think of Aglionby's intended?" pursued Sir Gabriel.

"Miss Vane? Pooh! She may be his *intended*; it will never go any further."

"I should hope not, I'm sure. What a mistake for a man of that calibre to make! It shows what soft spots there are in the strongest heads."

Silence again for a short time, until Sir Gabriel, resolutely plunging into a serious topic, said:

"Well, surely there were lots of nice girls there. Did none of them strike your fancy?"

"Surely I've seen most of them before."

"Well, I'll tell you which girl I like the best of the lot. I wish you could see her in the light I should like, Randulf."

"And which was she?" asked Ran-

dulf, with a sudden appearance of animation and eagerness.

"Evelyn Bird."

"Oh!" There was profound indifference in Randulf's tone. Sir Gabriel went on steadily.

"It is time, without any jesting, that you began to think about marrying. I've thought about it often lately. An only son is in a different position from—"

Randulf looked drearily around him. They were passing the back of Scar Foot just now, and the profoundest silence seemed to reign there. Slowly their horses mounted the slope of the road which was for Randulf, and for one or two others, haunted with the memories that do not die. The lake lay below them, looking dull and dismal—the ice with which it had been covered turning rapidly to slush in the thaw-wind—its wall of naked fells uncheered by even a ray of sunshine. Randulf remembered certain other rides he had taken along this road, and walks too which he had had there. He glanced toward his father, and in that kindly face he read trouble and perturbation: he knew that that brave old head was filled with plans for his happiness, his welfare—with schemes for securing gladness to him long after those white hairs should be laid low. Yet it was long before he could summon up words in which to answer his father's last remark. At last he said:

"I know what you mean, sir: I wish I could gratify you, but you must not expect me to marry yet."

Deep disappointment fell like a cloud over Sir Gabriel's face, as he said:

"Boy, boy! was that what you brought me out here to tell me?"

"Partly; not altogether. It was because I wanted to be alone with you, and make a clean breast of it."

He paused. "A clean breast of it?" Vague visions of dread floated through Sir Gabriel's mind—dreams of foreign adventuresses who entrapped innocent youth into marriages which were a curse and a clog to them all their days. Was his boy, of whom he was so proud, going to unfold some such history to him now? Randulf's next words somewhat relieved him:

"I know you wish me to marry, and

I know the sort of girl you would like me to marry, but surely you would not have denied me some tether—some free choice of my own?"

"Bless the lad! Of course not. Every Englishman chooses his own wife, and with the example before me of old John, and the results of his severity—"

"Just so," said Randulf, with rather a wan smile. "I've had something on my mind for a good while now. I wanted to marry too. My only doubt was, what you would say to the girl I wanted to have, and I had fully meant to talk it all over with you, and tell you all about it, before I did anything." Randulf raised his eyes full to his father's anxious face. "I wanted to marry Delphine Conisbrough."

"Good Lord!" broke involuntarily from Sir Gabriel.

"You don't know her much, I think. I was not going to do anything rashly. For though I love her—better than my life—I knew that whoever I married, you must have a great deal to say in the matter—as it is right you should. I intended to get you to see her, to learn to know her a little better, before you said anything, one way or another. You would have consented to my wish—most certainly you would have consented. I heard what you said about her last night, to her sister—about some men's heads being turned by her beauty. Ah, it's not only her beauty—it is everything. But if it were only that, you cannot deny that she surpassed all the women there, in looks?"

He turned to his father with a sort of challenge in his voice and eyes.

"Well, who wants to deny it?" said Sir Gabriel. "I own I was enchanted with her, and, as you say, not only with her beauty. But you must remember, my boy, that you have to think not only—"

"I know, I know," said Randulf, with a little laugh, not of the gayest description. "I had to think that if she had been one of this abominable old Aglionby's heiresses it would have been the most suitable thing in the world. But she just missed it—and of course a miss is as good as a mile. She was not so worthy of a wealthy young Admirable Crichton like me, in her poverty, as she might have been *with* the money and the

acres. Bah!" He set his teeth, choking back a kind of sob of indignant passion at the picture his own fancy had conjured up, so that Sir Gabriel became very grave, realizing that it was more than a mere flirtation or a passing fancy. "I tell you she would have honored any man by becoming his wife. But that's not to the point. I had duties toward you—toward the best father a fellow ever had—and I knew it, and was resolved to have it out with you."

"And suppose I had refused?"

"But you would have seen her, as I wished?"

"Naturally. But I might still have refused, finally. What did you propose to do in that case?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me. I didn't *propose* to do anything—only I felt that if she would be my wife, my wife she should be, against all the world."

"Well?" said Sir Gabriel, with a sigh; "and what next?"

"The next is, that last night I lost my head the moment I saw her. From the instant she came into the room, I knew nothing, except that she was there. It was not of my own will that I left her side for an instant. She sent me away many times, and told me to attend to what she called my duties. Well—there's no good in describing it all. I don't know what I may have done, or said, or looked like; a man doesn't know, when he's off his head like that. But she took the alarm, and asked me to take her back to Mrs. Malleson. She got up, and wanted to go out of the room. We were alone, in my study—"

"The deuce you were!" said Sir Gabriel, in displeasure.

"Yes, I know it was all wrong. I had no business to take her there. I had no business to do anything that I did. I can't exactly remember what I had said, but I saw her turn red and white, and then she started up, and said, 'You must not say those things to me. Take me to Mrs. Malleson, please, Mr. Danesdale.' I begged her to wait a moment. She said no, if I would not take her she would go alone. I said she should not go yet, and I set my back against the door, and told her she should not leave that room till she had promised to be my wife."

"Well?" was all his father said, but he watched askance his son's face.

He could not understand it all. Randulf did not tell his tale by any means joyously. His words came from between his clenched teeth; his brow wore a dark frown, and his nostrils quivered now and then.

"If I had done wrong," Randulf went on, "I got my punishment pretty quickly, for she sat down again and looked at me, and said as composedly as possible, 'No, that can never be.' I had expected a different answer—yes, by—I had!" he said passionately. "I could have sworn from a thousand signs that she loved me, and she is no silly prude—pure-minded women never are prudes. And it was not coquetry. She could not coquet with a man in such a case. I felt as if she had shot me when she said that. There was a scene. I don't deny it. I forgot you—I forgot everything except that I loved her. I couldn't take her answer—I would not. I begged her to tell me why she could not be my wife. First she made some objections about you; she said I had done wrong to ask her in that way. What would Sir Gabriel say? She reminded me that I was an only son"—he laughed again. "I put all that aside. I told her it was no question of fathers and mothers and only sons, or of anything else, except the success or failure of our two lives. I said that I loved her and she loved me; she gathered herself up, as it were, and said coldly, 'No, you are mistaken. Now will you let me go?' Oh, sir, I ought to have let her go, I know. But I felt quite beside myself when I heard her say that. I refused to believe her. I repeated that it was not true—that I knew she loved me—"

"You did wrong," said Sir Gabriel sternly and coldly; "and I cannot understand how a gentleman—"

"Don't say that to me!" said Randulf, looking at him with so haggard a face, lips that twitched so ominously, that his father became silent. "I cannot understand it now. I must have been mad. I'm concealing nothing from you. I went on telling her that I knew she loved me, and that she should never perjure herself while I could prevent it. I reminded her of this thing

and that thing that she had said and done, and I asked her what they all meant, if not that she loved me. But I came to my senses at last, for I saw that she looked frightened—"

"And it required *that* to bring you to your senses—shame on you!" said his father, very angrily indeed.

"Yes, it required that," replied Randulf, without noticing his father's tone. "But when I did come to myself again, I humbly asked her pardon. I threw the door wide open, and said I would take her to Mrs. Malleeson, or anywhere that she liked to go. I made her look at me, and I told her, 'When I know you married to another man, then I will believe you do not love me, but not till then.'"

"And what did she say?"

Randulf turned his white face toward his father, and said, with a kind of wrathful triumph:

"She said *nothing*—she looked away. She took my arm, and we got into the drawing-room somehow; and she sat down beside Mrs. Malleeson—ah, poor child!—with a white face, and a look in her eyes like you see in a bird's eyes when you've just shot it, and you pick it up and look at it. I heard Mrs. Malleeson say that she looked cold; and she shivered a little, and said yes, she was, rather, and very tired. I said nothing; I think I bowed to her and came away. . . . But I've seen nothing, nothing since but her eyes and her face, and herself creeping up to Mrs. Malleeson. And if I see it much longer I shall go mad," said Randulf, drawing a long, sobbing breath. "Right before my eyes it has been ever since, so that I couldn't sleep. It looked at me out of my glass while I dressed, till I flung a handkerchief over it. It was just before my eyes in the field all the morning. Why do you suppose I rode as I did?—not for the pleasure of catching a fox, but because *her face* was there before me, in its misery, just out of my reach, and I felt as if I must catch her, and kiss some life back into her eyes and her lips, or break my neck. And it's there now—there, just before me."

He shuddered and drew his hand across his eyes. Sir Gabriel was too disturbed to reply at once; too much

astonished and, as it were, paralyzed at the discovery of this fiery drama which had been going on under his very eyes without knowing it, to speak. Yet he heard Randolph say darkly, half to himself :

"My poor little Delphine! What have they done to her? What have they said to her, that she should turn and stab herself and me in this way?"

Sir Gabriel was still silent, trying in vain to make what he called "sense" out of the story. When Randolph had first mentioned Delphine's name, his father's feeling had been one of strong disapproval. Lovely as she was, and charming, she had had neither the training, the position, nor the acquaintance with the world and society which he would have wished for in a girl who was not only to be Randolph's bride, but, some time, Lady Danesdale. Be it said for Sir Gabriel that by this time he had forgotten that, and considered only the deeper issues—his son's future happiness—the question of his joy or sorrow. He at last looked up, meaning to ask another question or two; he met Randolph's eyes, dull and clouded, now that his narrative was over, looking at him rather appealingly. Prudent questions, conventional doubts, were forgotten.

"My poor lad, I wish I could help you!"

"Ah, I knew *you* would understand," said Randolph. "But no one can help me now—except time. If she had consented, then your help would have been everything; now it is nothing."

"Suppose I saw her?" suggested Sir Gabriel. "Perhaps I could induce her to state her objection. It may be a shadow, after all. Girls do make important things out of such very trifles."

"It was no shadow—to her, at any rate. It was some reason which she feels must outweigh all others. I tell you she looked like one stricken to death. It is when I think of her look, and of her fate, shut up there—horrible! With every joy cut off, and in such poverty—"

"They ought not to be in poverty, though, if Aglionby's feelings—"

"Do not misjudge Aglionby. He has been repulsed too. He would give

his right hand to help them—they are his kinswomen, as he says. Every advance he attempts is repelled. He is in despair about it."

"That's very odd."

"Yes, very. But I do not know that we have any right to inquire into their reasons for what they do."

They rode on in silence again, for a long time, through Yorssett town and all along the lovely road to Stanniforth, and thence to Danesdale. It was shortly before they entered their own park that Randolph began again :

"And now, sir, you won't resent it, if I am not counted in the list of Miss Bird's, or Miss Anybody's suitors, at present?"

"Heaven forbid! We understand one another now. After all, to look at it from a selfish point of view, you will be all my own for so much the longer. 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife,' you know. All I ask, my boy, is that you will be as open with me after a time, when any fresh scheme comes into your mind, or if you decide upon anything. You shall find me more than willing to arrange things as you wish them, if it is possible."

"I know you will," said Randolph. "I suppose these things can be lived down. It pleases me to think that you *would* have done as I wished; you would have taken it into consideration Some time, when the time comes, and years are past, I suppose I shall find a wife—not like her, but some one who will marry me."

Sir Gabriel did not answer this. He did not like it. He would have preferred almost anything to this calm looking forward to a joyless future.

It had grown dark, and the wind was rising, as they drove into the courtyard of the castle. They had to put on one side all that had passed between them; their long ride together, and the emotions which filled both their hearts. The house was full of visitors. There would be fifteen or twenty guests at dinner; all the ball, and the hunt, and the dresses, and the incidents to be discussed. They took their part in it bravely; and this courage brought with it balm, as moral courage, well carried out, infallibly does.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIZZIE'S CONSENT.

TOWARD noon, on that same first of January, Miss Vane came slowly strolling into the parlor at Scar Foot, yawning undisguisedly, and looking around her with half-open eyes.

"Law, Bernard! you don't need any sleep, I do believe! You look as if nothing had happened."

Aglionby forced a smile, and touched her forehead with his lips. As is usual in such cases, the less he felt to care for her, the more anxiously did he make himself *aux petits soins* on her behalf, drawing an easy-chair to the fire for her, placing a footstool, putting a screen into her hand—delicate attentions which a year ago, when he had first had the felicity of calling her his own, it had never entered into his head to render.

"I am not fatigued, certainly," he said. "My aunt has been down-stairs a good while, too."

"Oh, but she wasn't dancing; I was. My word! But it is a grand house, Bernard, that Danesdale Castle; and they are grand people too. I don't like Miss Danesdale a bit, though. Stiff little thing! And I thought some of the other ladies were very stiff, too. I guess some of them didn't like sitting out when the gentlemen were talking to me."

"Very likely not," said Bernard, with a praiseworthy endeavor to appreciate the joke.

"I heard one of them say," pursued Lizzie, with a musing and complacent smile—"she said, 'Why on earth doesn't Mr. Aglionby look after her? It's atrocious!' So you see you were not considered to be doing your duty. I dare say if you, or anybody else, had been looking after *her*, she wouldn't have felt so ill-tempered."

Lizzie laughed, and Bernard's face flushed, for he interpreted the remark in a wholly different and less flattering sense than that suggested by Lizzie.

"I hope the Hunt Ball will be half as jolly," pursued Miss Vane. "Eh, and did you see those Miss Conisbroughs, Bernard? But of course you did, because I saw you talking to one of them. I wonder you condescended to speak to them, after all their designs to keep you out—"

She paused suddenly, with her remark arrested, her eyes astonished, gazing into Aglionby's face.

"You are quite mistaken," said he, in a voice which, though quiet, bit even her. "You must not speak in that manner of my cousins. They had no 'designs,' as you call them. They have been most shamefully treated; and in short, my dear, I will not allow you to mention them unless you can speak more becomingly of them."

"Upon my word! Well, they can't be so badly off, anyhow; and look at their dresses! Lovely dresses they were! and that youngest one is sweetly pretty, only she does her hair so queerly; there's no style about it, all hanging loose in loops, where everyone else wears theirs small and neat. But she is pretty, certainly. The eldest one I don't admire a bit, she's like a marble figure."

"Are you talking about the lady Bernard took in to supper?" asked Mrs. Bryce, joining in the colloquy for the first time.

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Bryce."

"I thought her one of the truest gentlewomen I ever saw," said Mrs. Bryce, counting the stitches of her knitting. "Her manners are perfect, wherever they were acquired; but I should say that 'grand air' is natural to her, isn't it, Bernard?"

"Entirely, aunt. She always has it."

"Yes, I thought so. One can see at once when that sort of thing is natural."

"Well, I thought her the stiffest, proudest creature I ever saw. I couldn't tell why she gave herself such airs," said Miss Vane. Here Bernard abruptly left the room, unable to bear it any longer, and Mrs. Bryce continued calmly:

"I am afraid you are no judge of manner, my dear; and I wonder at your speaking in that way of Bernard's cousins."

"Cousins, indeed! Pretty cousins! Much notice they would have taken of him if they had come into the money."

"And *à propos* of manner," continued Mrs. Bryce, who seemed resolved thoroughly to do her duty as chaperon, "let me recommend you to tone yours down a little. Try to make it rather more like that of the young ladies we

have been talking about, and then perhaps there will not be so many comments passed upon it as I heard last night."

"Comments!" cried Miss Vane, angrily. "What do you mean? Does anyone dare to say that I behaved badly?"

"Not badly, my dear; but what, in the society you were in last night, means almost the same thing—ignorantly. At the Hunt Ball, if I were you, I would not put on that pink gown, and I would keep a little more with Bernard and myself, and—"

"I'll just tell you this—I won't go to the Hunt Ball at all," said Lizzie, with passionate anger, wounded in her tenderest feelings. "I hate all these grand, stuck-up people with their false ways like that nasty proud Miss Conisbrough. I won't go near the Hunt Ball. They may whistle for me." (Mrs. Bryce's face assumed an expression of silent anguish as these amenities of speech were hurled at her.) "And what's more, I shall tell Bernard, this very day, that I wouldn't live at this horrid, dull old place, if he would give me twice the money he has. I must have society. I must have my friends," sobbed Miss Vane, breaking down.

Mrs. Bryce smiled slightly, but said nothing. She had a strong impression that for her nephew, and not Lizzie, would decide, both whether they went to the Hunt Ball or not, and whether they lived at Scar Foot. He came in again at that moment, with a letter-bag. Lizzie speedily dried her eyes, and watched him while he opened it, came behind his chair, in fact, and looked at all the envelopes, as he took them out.

"That's for me," she said, stretching out a slim hand from over his shoulder, "It's from Lucy Golding. She promised to write."

"Did Percy promise to write, too?" asked Bernard, arresting the same slim fingers, as they made a snatch at the next letter. "Because if 'this isn't Percy's fist, I'll—"

"You need not say what you'll do," was the coquettish reply. "It *is* Percy's 'fist,' as you call it. Most likely it's a New Year's card. We are old friends. I sent him one at Christmas, and I don't

see why he shouldn't return the compliment."

"Oh, certainly. There is absolutely no just cause or impediment to my knowledge," replied Bernard, with supreme indifference. "There's another—your mother's handwriting, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I wonder what she's doing with herself to-day."

"Aunt, here is one for you, the last of the batch," he said, rising and taking it to her; while he collected together his own, which looked chiefly like business letters, newspapers, etc., and took them to a side-table.

Mrs. Bryce read her letter and then remarked that she would go into the drawing-room and answer it at once. Lizzie and Bernard were left alone. He began to open his papers; his mind pure of any speculation on the subject of her correspondence. Why did she take herself as far away from him as possible, as she opened her letters? In perusing one of them, at least, her face flushed; her foot tapped the floor. She finished them, put them all into her pocket, and took up the strip of lace she was supposed to be working. Perhaps the prolonged silence struck Bernard, for, suddenly raising his face from the intent perusal of a leading article, he perceived Lizzie, said to himself, "Now for it," laid his paper down, and went to her side.

During the sleepless vigil he had kept last night, he had made up his mind as to his immediate course. He would talk to Lizzie to-day, make her fix the day for their marriage, as early a day as he could get her to name. Then they would be married, and he supposed things would somehow work themselves right after that event. He could live a calm, if joyless, life; plan out some scheme of work that would take up a good deal of time. One could not go on being wretched forever, and one's feet by degrees harden to suit a stony path. He had got engaged to this girl; she had not refused him in his poverty; he had kept her to himself for a year, and thus hindered her from having any other chances. To try to break it off now that he was in such utterly different circumstances would indeed be a pitiful proceeding. He knew that, and it was a proceeding of which he was not going

to be guilty. He knew now that she was everything he would rather she had not been. It was now a matter of constant astonishment to him that he could ever even have thought himself in love with her. A sense of shame and degradation burnt through him every time he realized how easily he had yielded to the sensuous spell exercised by a pretty face and a pair of beguiling blue eyes ; how densely blind he must have been to have imagined that the soul, or what did duty for the soul, behind that face, could ever satisfy him. But it was done ; it must be carried through.

Perhaps he began somewhat abruptly. At least she looked very much startled as he said :

"Put down your work, Lizzie. I want to have a talk with you. How many months in the year do you think you can spend at Scar Foot, when we are married?"

"Months, Bernard!" she cried ; "oh, don't ask me to do that! I'm very sorry, I am really, because I know you like this place, though I can't for the life of me imagine why, but I really *couldn't* live here. I should go melancholy mad."

"Then you shall not live here," said he promptly. "I shall keep the place up, because I shall often run down myself and spend a few days at it." (In imagination, he felt the soothing influence of the place, the asylum it would be, the refuge, from Irkford and from Lizzie.) "But you shall live in town, since you prefer it, and you shall yourself choose the house and the neighborhood."

"Oh, that will be nice!" said Lizzie. "I shall like that. Then I shall have all my old friends round me. Bernard, it's a load off my mind—it is, really."

He took her hand.

"I am glad if it pleases you, dear. And now, one other thing, Lizzie. Houses can be looked after any time, and there are plenty of them to be had at Irkford. But when will you let me take you to live in that house we are speaking of?"

She looked at him hastily, and turned first red, then pale, so that he congratulated himself on having taken a straightforward course, for she loved him, poor

Lizzie, and it would have been shameful indeed to play her false.

"When?" faltered Lizzie, and looked at him and thought how dark and grim-looking he was, and how much graver and sterner he had become since he left Irkford. If he were always going to be like this—he never now said anything soothing or pleasant to her ; he was dreadfully severe-looking.

"Yes ; when, dear ? I suppose the house is not to be taken just to stand empty. Some one will have to go and live in it—you and I, surely."

"Yes, yes ; I suppose so," said Lizzie slowly and constrainedly, and dropping her eyes.

"Well, all I want to know is, when ? Sometime soon, surely. There can be nothing in the way now. For my part, I don't see why it should be put off more than a week or two."

"Oh, no ! Impossible !" she cried, crimsoning, and speaking with such vehemence as surprised him.

"Recollect, we have been engaged more than a year. We have only been waiting till we could be married. Now that we can, why put it off any longer ?"

"It is so fearfully sudden," said she, startled out of her affectation, and fumbling nervously with her handkerchief.

As a lover he was sombre enough. As a husband—almost immediately ? There must be no more New Year's cards from old friends, when Bernard was her husband.

"Fearfully sudden—well, say in a month or two, though I call that rather hard lines. But—this is January—why not in the beginning of March ?"

"March is so stormy and cold ; it would be a bad omen to be married in a storm," said she, laughing nervously.

"No, a little later than March."

"Fix your own time, then, dear ; only don't put it off too long."

"Suppose we said the end of May or the beginning of June," suggested Lizzie, plaiting her handkerchief into folds, which she studied with the deepest interest.

He uttered an exclamation of dismay. Five months longer of unrest, misery, suspense, waiting for a new order of things. The idea was terrible. He felt that he could not face it. He could make the sacrifice if it were to be done

at once, but to have to wait—it could not be. He set himself to plead in earnest with his betrothed—at least with him it was pleading, to her it seemed more like an imperious demand. He said he thought there was a little estrangement between them, which caused him pain.

He begged her not to be so hard. His gravity and earnestness oppressed her more and more. The darkest forebodings assailed Lizzie as to her future happiness with this Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

She had no fixed plan ; he had ; therefore he prevailed. He would have prevailed in any case, by his superior strength of will, as he had done at the very first when his imperious manner and tones had almost repelled her, and when yet he had contrived to gain his own way. He gained it again. He made her promise that they should be married at the end of April ; he promised her on his side all manner of things. He completely reversed her decision about the Hunt Ball. She would go with him, she meekly said. All these things she promised and vowed, and at last he let her go, having promised, on his part, to take her home to Irford the day after the Hunt Ball. She said that if they were to be married so soon she would want all her time for preparation—and to be with her mother, Lizzie added, almost piteously. And then she made her escape, looking exceedingly tired, and very much disturbed. He being left alone, realized with a singular clearness and vividness these comforting facts :

First, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he had succeeded in maintaining a tranquil and affectionate manner toward his dearest Lizzie. Secondly, that never had there been so little sympathy or even mutual understanding between them as now, when they had just agreed upon the very day of their marriage. Thirdly, that though she was a wilful girl, with plenty of likes and dislikes, yet he was completely her master the instant it pleased him to be so. That he could make her yield to him and obey him in whatsoever he chose, but that he could not—charm he never so wisely—make her agree with him by light of reason and understand-

ing, could not make her like his way, or like doing it—could not, in a word, change her nature, though he could subdue it ; a pleasing discovery, perhaps, for the tyrant by nature, who loves always to have the whip in his hand, and to see his slaves crouch as he comes in sight, but a most galling one to Bernard Aglionby.

A cheering prospect ! he thought. A wife who, if he left her entirely to her own devices, would constantly be doing things which would jar upon all his feelings and wishes—who had not force of character enough to heartily oppose him—who would unwillingly, servilely obey, puzzled and uncomfortable, but not approving. What a noble, elevated character he would feel himself, with such a life-companion by his side ! Perhaps in time she would become like some women whom he had seen now and then—quite broken in ; having no will or opinion of their own, turning appealing eyes to their lords upon every question. Hideous prospect ! Would it ever come to that ? Which evil would be the lesser ? The woman whom he was to marry was a fool—that fact was clearly enough revealed to him. It depended upon him whether she should be an independent fool, unrestrained, and at liberty to vaunt her folly ; or whether she should be a fool tamed and docile, making no disturbance, but cringing like a spaniel. He had the power to make her into either of these things. It was not a pleasing alternative. He would have preferred a companion ; one whose intelligence, even if exerted in opposition to his own, should be on something like a level with it. But that was never to be. Lizzie was his ; he had wooed her, won her ; since she loved and trusted in him, he must wear her—and make the best of it.

* * * * *

Less than a week afterward, Aglionby escorted his betrothed home. The Hunt Ball was over ; it had been more of a success, so far as decorum and strict propriety of demeanor went, than that at Danesdale Castle, but Lizzie had not enjoyed it one half so much. The Misses Conisbrough, whom she honored with her peculiar dislike, had not been there. Randulf Danesdale had, looking

very pale, behaving very courteously, but as it seemed to Miss Vane, chillingly; dancing very little, and apparently considered a dull partner by the young ladies whom he did lead out. A dull ball, she vowed to herself, and she was ready to come away early. It was on the day following that Aglionby escorted her home. They had not much to say to one another on the way. Bernard's thoughts were busied with the future, and that disagreeably. Lizzie's were engrossed with a letter which lay at that moment in her pocket. It had come in an envelope addressed by Lucy Golding, and when Bernard had given it to her, he had casually remarked:

"You and Miss Golding seem great allies, Lizzie. I didn't know there was such an affection between you."

"Oh, she's quite an old friend," Lizzie had replied.

But the handwriting of the letter was not the handwriting of the address.

In truth, Lizzie was in greater perplexity of mind than she ever had felt before. The one thing that bound her to Bernard was his wealth, and the position he had to offer her. All her feelings, inclinations, associations, inclined to Percy, who had lately been raised to a responsible post in the bank in which he served, and who was now in a position to support a wife in great comfort. Percy had addressed words of the deepest pathos and the most heartrending despair to her, and she was distracted what to do with him—now more than ever, for her taste of aristocratic society had not altogether been palatable; and as for Bernard, she felt chilled every time she looked at him. It was not as if he maintained even his former brusque fondness and affection. He seemed to have changed entirely. She had been able to laugh at the brusquerie, knowing that it needed but a caress on her part to soften his most rugged mood. But now there was nothing rugged to be softened—only an imperturbable and majestic courtesy which literally overwhelmed her; and a gravity which nothing seemed to have power to lighten. To have to live with him always—if he were always going to be like that—was a prospect which appalled her. She shrank, too, from before his strong will. She did not wish to do the things he

wished her to do, but when he persisted; when he fixed his eyes upon her, and took her hand in his strong grasp, and spoke in what no doubt he intended for a kind voice, but which was a voice that most distinctly said, "Obey!" then she felt her heart beat wildly—felt a passionate desire to angrily fling off his hand and say, "I will not!" and wrench herself free; felt at the same time a horrible, hot sensation which was stronger than she was, so that she always ended by submitting to him.

He seldom caused her to have this sensation, it is true—she had felt it when he forbade her to speak slightly of his cousins, and in the conversation that followed; but it was a sensation which left a smart behind it long after the first rush of it was over; it left her quivering, angry, yet helpless; confused and miserable. In a word, it was the sensation of fear. She feared her master because she was incapable of understanding him. It was not a happy state of things. Looked at from Lizzie's point of view, she was a misunderstood being—a *femme incomprise*. And I am not sure that there was not a great deal of truth in her view of the case.

Bernard only stayed two or three days at Irkford; long enough to choose and take a house, and to give Lizzie *carte blanche* as to the furnishing of it. He said he would go and see after Scar Foot being brightened up a little, and Miss Vane said yes, that was a very good idea. If she wanted him she was to send for him, he said; and Lizzie said yes, she would. He would in any case be sure to come and see her before April, he added; and Lizzie said yes, indeed, she hoped he would; only he was to be sure and let her know before he did come, which he promised.

He called to see Percy, and thought his old friend was stiff and ungenial. He went to Messrs. Jenkinson & Sharpe's warehouse and found his old friend Bob Stansfield there, looking very pale and overworked. Aglionby carried him off with him to Scar Foot, and said he had better learn to be a farmer. He returned to Scar Foot in the middle of January, found Mrs. Bryce there, and greeted her with the words:

"Aunt, it is good to be at home again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DELPHINE.

WHEN Judith and her sister left Danesdale on the night after the ball, they drove home without exchanging a syllable. Judith was for once too absorbed in herself and her own concerns to notice her companion.

Delphine had folded her cloak around her, and crouched, as if exceedingly weary, into one corner of the carriage. With her face turned toward the window, away from Judith, she remained motionless, voiceless, until at last they arrived at Yoresett House. It took a long time before Rhoda could be roused from her sleep by the parlor fire, to let them in. At last she opened the door to them, and they went in, and paused in the great bare stone passage. Their candles stood there, and a lighted lamp.

"Well," said Rhoda, yawning, and rubbing her eyes. "What sort of a party was it?"

Delphine made no reply, but lighted her candle.

Rhoda was too sleepy to be very determined about receiving an answer to her question, and still stood rubbing her eyes and inarticulately murmuring that it must be very late.

"Good night!" observed Delphine, with a shadow of her usual shadowy smile, and drawing her white cloak about her, her white figure flitted up the stairs.

Then first it was that Judith began to remark something unusual in Delphine's behavior. She said nothing, but contented herself with telling Rhoda, who had summoned up animation enough again to inquire what sort of a party it was, that it was very large, and very brilliant, and that she was too tired to say anything about it to-night—she would tell her to-morrow. Thereupon she put a candle into the sleepy maiden's hand, and with an indulgent smile bade her go. She would follow when she had looked round the house.

It came as something soothing, after the powerful agitation of the past hours, to go, candle in hand, through all the dark, cold passages, trying the doors, and seeing that all was locked up. Then she put out the lamp in the parlor, and took her way upstairs. She entered

her own room, which, as has been said, opened into Delphine's, though they both had doors into the landing. The first thing that struck Judith was that this door between their rooms was shut. The shut door chilled her heart. She put her candle down, and stood still, listening. A silence as of the grave greeted her. Delphine could not, in less than ten minutes, have taken off her finery, and got into bed, and gone to sleep—*ergo*, she must be sitting, or standing, or at any rate waking, conscious, living, in that room, behind that closed door.

Dread seized Judith's heart. They were accustomed to undress with the partition-door open, walking in and out of each other's rooms, chatting, or silent, as the case might be, but never debarred either from entering the other's chamber. And they always left the door open at last, and exchanged a good-night before going to sleep. What did this miserable, this unnatural closed door mean?

"I wonder—I hope—surely it is not anything that Randulf Danesdale has said!" speculated Judith, in great uneasiness. She began to undress, but that closed door importuned her. Still not a sound from within. She began to question herself as to what she was to do. To get into bed and take no notice of Delphine was a sheer impossibility. When she had taken off her beautiful frock, and hung it up, and put on her dressing-gown, and taken her hair-brush in her hand, she could bear it no longer. If any sound from within had reached her, she could have endured it, but the silence remained profound as ever. She put the brush down, stepped across the room, and knocked softly at the door. No reply.

Another knock, and "Delphine!"

She had to knock again, and again to cry "Delphine!" and then her sister's voice, calm and composed, said:

"Well?"

"May I not come in, and say good-night?"

A slight rustle. Then the door was opened—a very little, and Delphine stood on the other side, still fully dressed, and without letting Judith in, said "Good-night," and bent forward to kiss her.

"Del, what is this?" asked Judith, in great distress. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied the same sweet, composed voice. "I am a little tired. Let me alone."

"Tired—well, let me come in and help you take off your dress, and brush your hair, Del!"

There was an almost urgent appeal in her voice.

"No, thank you. I shall sit by my fire a little while, I dare say. You look tired. Go to bed. Good-night."

She waited a moment, and then—closed the door again, gently, slowly, but most decidedly.

Judith retired, almost wild with vague alarm. Some great blow had befallen Delphine. She, who was now so well "acquainted with grief," was quite sure of that. Who would have supposed that she would take this trouble so coldly and sternly, so entirely to herself, as to shut out even her best-beloved, her perfect friend and companion, from participation in it? She passed a sleepless night. She could not tell whether Delphine ever went to bed. She lay awake with her nerves strained, and her ear intent to catch the faintest sound from her sister's room, and still none came. It was a cruel vigil. When it was quite late, though before the late daybreak had appeared, Judith dropped into an uneasy sleep, which presently grew more profound. Wearied out with grief, emotion, and fear, she slept soundly for a few hours, and when she awoke, the daylight made itself visible even through the down-drawn blind.

Feeling that it must be very late, and forgetting for a few blessed moments the ball, and everything connected with it, she sprang up and began to dress. Very soon, of course, it all returned to her; the brief flash of hope and new life was over; gray reality, stony-hearted facts, the clouded future reasserted themselves, and it was with a heart as heavy as usual that she at last went downstairs.

In the parlor she found that which in nowise tended to reassure her, or brighten her spirits. The breakfast-things were still on the table; Rhoda and Mrs. Conisbrough appeared to have finished. The latter was seated in her

rocking-chair by the fire; the former was at the table, her elbows resting upon it. Both faces were turned toward Delphine, with an expression of pleased interest, who sat at the head of the table, with a face devoid of all trace of color (but that might easily be fatigue), and looking the whiter in her black dress. She too was smiling; she was talking—she was entertaining her mother and sister with an account of last night's ball—of the company, the dresses, and the behavior of those present; and her descriptions were flavored with an ill-natured sarcasm very unusual to her. Just now she was describing Miss Vane and her pink frock, and her manners and conduct in general, holding them up in a light of ridicule, which, could the object have been cognizant of it, must have caused her spasms of mortification.

When Judith came in, she was welcomed also, as being the possible source of more interesting information; but very soon her mechanical, spiritless recitals and monosyllabic replies drew down Rhoda's indignation, and Judith, with a forced smile and a horrible pain at her heart, said she would not attempt to rival Delphine, for that she had not enjoyed the party and could not pretend to describe it in an amusing manner.

Two or three days passed, and things were still in the same miserable state. Delphine still wore the same blanched face, still continued to show the same spirit of raillery and indifference. When she was with her mother and sisters, it was always she who led the conversation, and was, as Rhoda gratefully informed her, the life and soul of the party.

"I wish you could go to a ball every week, Del," she said fervently. "It makes you quite delightful!"

To which Delphine replied, with a little laugh, that monotony palled. Rhoda would soon be tired of hearing of balls, which must all bear a strong family resemblance the one to the other. Occasionally Judith had found Delphine silent and alone, and then she realized how completely the other demeanor was a mask, put on to deceive and to cover some secret grief—secret indeed.

There are girls, and girls. Delphine surprised the person who knew her best

by the manner in which she took her grief. Whatever it was, she kept it to herself. She had taken it in her arms, as it were, and made a companion of it, of whom she was very jealous. She kept it for her own delectation alone. No one else was suffered even to lift a corner of the thick veil which shrouded it. No one knew what it said to her, or she to it, in the long night-watches, in the silent vigils of darkness, or alone in the daylight hours; nay, so fondly did she guard it, that none in the house, except Judith, even suspected its existence. Though her mother noted her white face, she was completely deceived by her composed and cheerful demeanor,

and said that when the weather was warmer, Delphine would be stronger. It was Judith alone who instinctively felt that never had her sister been stronger, never so strong, as now, when she looked so white and wan. But she also felt it was that terrible kind of strength which feeds upon the spirit which supplies it; when that is exhausted, body and soul seem to break down together in an utter collapse, and this was what the elder girl feared for the younger; this was why she longed irrepressibly that Delphine would only speak to her—confess her wretchedness—impart the extent and nature of her grief.—*Temple Bar.*

THE JEWISH QUESTION.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

ON opening the *Nineteenth Century* the other day in Canada, I was surprised to find that Mr. Lucien Wolf, of the *Jewish World*, in his paper on the Anti-Jewish agitation had set me down as having commenced the agitation in England. Mr. Wolf writes, as he avows, under the influence of "all-consuming indignation and strong passion," for which it is easy, under the circumstances, to feel respect and sympathy, but which cannot fail to color his statements. I replied at the time that I was not aware that there had ever been an Anti-Jewish agitation in England. No tidings of such a movement had reached Canada. So far as I could see, fully the due measure of homage was being paid by the highest representatives of English society to Jewish wealth. We had even received accounts, in connection with the last general election, of a new political sect which was seeking to identify the English race with the Ten Tribes, and to found on that pedigree a claim to world-wide dominion. In Germany, as elsewhere on the Continent, there has been an Anti-Jewish agitation; in England, I apprehend, there has been none.

It had happened that when I was last in England we were on the brink of a war with Russia, which would have involved the whole Empire, including Canada, whose mercantile marine would

have been in great danger of being cut up by Russian cruisers. The Jewish interest throughout Europe, with the Jewish Press of Vienna as its chief organ, was doing its utmost to push us in. Mr. Lucien Wolf avows that the Jews all over the world were united in opposition to what they regarded as the hypocritical designs of Russia; though Russia might perhaps retort the epithet, inasmuch as her crime in their eyes was not her ambition but her protection of the Eastern Christians, with whom the Jews had a quarrel of their own. At such a crisis it was necessary and right to remind the English people that Israel was a separate race, with tribal objects, and that its enmities could not be safely allowed to sway the councils of England. As to the merits of the quarrel between the Eastern Christians and the Jews, there was room for doubt; we had some reason to believe that there was as much of extortion on one side as of fanaticism on the other; but at all events it was not an English quarrel, or one in which English blood could justifiably be shed.

I heartily supported, and, were it needful, would heartily support again, the political enfranchisement of the Jews, though I do not pretend to believe that people who intrench themselves in tribal exclusiveness, refuse intermarriage, and treat the rest of the commu-

nity as Gentiles, are the very best of candidates for citizenship. But the franchise is a trust, in the exercise of which every one must expect to be watched, especially those who are liable to any peculiar bias, above all when their allegiance is divided between the nation and some other power or interest. The staunchest advocate of Catholic emancipation has never doubted that it was right to watch the Catholics, at least the Ultramontanes, as often as there was any possibility of a divergence between the interests of the nation and those of the Papacy. If I am not misinformed, the movement against the Jesuits and against Ultramontanism in Germany—the Education War, as it is called—has found ardent supporters among the Jews. Especially is vigilance needful when the equivocal influence is exercised through the secretly enslaved organs of an ostensibly independent Press.

If patriotism means merely a willingness to perform all social duties and to do good to the community, nobody can deny that it may be possessed in the largest measure by the kinsmen of Sir Moses Montefiore. But if it means undivided devotion to the national interest, there is difficulty in seeing how it can be possessed without abatement by the members of a cosmopolitan and wandering race, with a tribal bond, tribal aspirations, and tribal feelings of its own. Far be it from Liberals to set up a narrow patriotism as the highest of virtues, or to make an idol of the nation. There is something higher than nationality, something which nationality at present ought to serve, and in which it will ultimately be merged. Mazzini taught us how to think upon that subject. But tribalism is not higher or more liberal than nationality; it is lower and less liberal; it is the primeval germ of which nationality is the more civilized development. Nor does the narrowest patriot make such a religious idol of his nation as the Jew makes of his tribe. All the other races profess at least allegiance to humanity; they all look forward, however vaguely, to a day of universal brotherhood; they cannot help doing this if they are Christian, and have accepted the ideal of the Christian Church. The Jew alone regards his race as superior to humanity, and looks forward not

to its ultimate union with other races, but to its triumph over them all, and to its final ascendancy under the leadership of a tribal Messiah. I mean of course the genuine, or, as the Americans would say with rough picturesqueness, the "hard-shell" Jews. About the position of these alone can there be any question. As to the men of Jewish descent who have put off tribalism altogether, we have only to welcome them as citizens in the fullest sense of the term and to rejoice in any good gifts, peculiar to their stock, which they may bring to the common store. But Mr. Wolf speaks for the genuine Jew; he rejects, evidently with abhorrence, the thought of intermarriage with the Gentile.

Of the existence of Israel as a power and an interest apart from the nations, though domiciled among them, there can scarcely be a doubt. One who has deeply studied the question, Mr. Oliphant, in his recent and very interesting work "The Land of Gilead," dwells more than once on the great advantages which any European Government might gain over its rivals by an alliance with the Jews. "It is evident," he says, "that the policy which I have proposed to the Turkish Government (*i.e.* the restoration of Palestine) might be adopted with equal advantage by England or any other European Power. The nation that espoused the cause of the Jews and their restoration to Palestine would be able to rely on their support in financial operations on the largest scale, upon the powerful influence which they wield in the Press of many countries, and on their political co-operation in those countries, which would of necessity tend to paralyze the diplomatic and even hostile action of Powers antagonistic to the one with which they were allied. Owing to the financial, political, and commercial importance to which the Jews have now attained, there is probably no one power in Europe that would prove so valuable an ally to a nation likely to be engaged in a European war as this wealthy, powerful, and cosmopolitan race." Perhaps the writer of these words hardly realizes the state of things which they present to our minds. We see the Governments of Europe bidding against each other for the favor and support of an anti-national money power,

which would itself be morally unfettered by any allegiance, would be ever ready to betray and secretly paralyze for its own objects the Governments under the protection of which its members were living, and of course would be always gaining strength and predominance at the expense of a divided and subservient world. The least part of the evil would be the wound inflicted on our pride. It is the highest treason against civilization that Mr. Oliphant unwittingly suggests. If Russia were alone to stand out against such submission, even though her motives might not be untainted, she would practically acquire no inconsiderable title to the sympathy of the nations.

The allusion to the influence wielded by the Jews in the European Press has a particularly sinister sound. This, as has already been said, is a danger the growth of which specially justifies our vigilance. In the social as in the physical sphere new diseases are continually making their appearance. One of the new social diseases of the present day, and certainly not the least deadly, is the perversion of public opinion in the interest of private or sectional objects, by the clandestine manipulation of the Press.

Mr. Wolf throughout his paper assumes that the main question between the Jews and their adversaries is one of religion, and that opposition to Jewish ascendancy is a revival of religious persecution. To the full extent to which his belief is well founded, I share his "all-consuming indignation." Indeed the fear of seeming to abet anything like an attack on liberty of conscience makes me almost shrink from dealing with the subject. In this respect, however, I feel that I am tolerably free from reproach. I believe I have on all occasions to the utmost of my power supported the cause of perfect freedom of opinion. I have advocated unsectarian education in all its grades, and no one can desire more heartily than I do to see the last relic of intolerance swept away from the constitution of the House of Commons. But among the opponents of Liberal principles on both these points, as I am told, are rich Jews, who have apparently come to the conclusion that sectarian education and exclusive tests are useful guardians of certain special interests.

It seems that in France corresponding phenomena present themselves. The French correspondent of a thoroughly pro-Jewish journal in this country remarks, with reference to the part played by the Jews in French politics, that "the Jew, when struggling, or merely rich, is Anti-Clerical and Liberal, but when he becomes a magnate and wants to marry his children to the sons and daughters of 'crusading' families of undoubted nobility, he becomes a supporter of moral order and all that is comprised in the term." It is possible, then, to be opposed to Jews and yet to be on the side of religious liberty. If I mistake not, the possibility will become more evident every day in proportion as Israel accumulates more wealth, and becomes more identified with the class to which the good things and the honors of the world belong.

For my part I have been all along persuaded that in these troubles religion is not the primary but a secondary cause; though, as it struck the eye of superficial observers most, it has been hitherto taken for the primary cause; much as in the case of Ireland the conflict was formerly supposed to be one entirely between Catholic and Protestant, and even the Whiteboy outrages, though plainly agrarian, were imagined to be connected with the religious feud. The root of the mischief lies, I am convinced, not in the peculiar creed, but in the peculiar character, habits, and position of the Jewish people; in their tribal exclusiveness, their practice of the tribal rite of circumcision, the nature of the trades to which they are addicted, and the relation in which they stand to the native races of the countries wherein they take up their abode as a wandering and parasitic race, without a country, avoiding ordinary labor, and spreading over the world to live on the labor of others by means of usury and other pursuits of the same sort. They are not the only instance of the kind. The Armenians are another, the Parsees a third; the Greeks were fast becoming a fourth, when happily alike for them and other nations their country was restored to them. The Lombards and Cahorsins in the Middle Ages were examples of the same tendency on a smaller scale, as the Gipsies are in a different way. But

the theological importance attached to the Jews and the belief in the divinely ordained and penal character of their wanderings has prevented their case from being referred to the historical class to which it belongs, and caused their dispersion to be regarded not only as far the most memorable, which assuredly it is, but as absolutely unique.

I had once been listening to a debate in the House of Commons on a motion brought forward by that most excellent scion of the Jewish race, the late Sir F. Goldsmith, respecting the maltreatment of the Jews in the Danubian Principalities, in which it was assumed both by the mover and by the Foreign Minister, who replied to him, that the case was one of religious persecution. At my side sat a friend who knew the Principalities well, who hated wrong and oppression of all kinds if ever man did, and who was not a Christian but an avowed Agnostic. He said that in his opinion the real point had been missed; that the case in its essential character was not one of religious persecution; that the people, a good-natured race, were not inflamed with fanatical hatred of the Jewish faith; that a Jewish synagogue in one of the cities received aid from the Government. The Jews, he said, came among a simple-minded peasantry, devoured its substance by usury, disposed of its freeholds, and at the same time corrupted it by the practice of demoralizing trades; hence attempts were made to exclude them from the country, and they were sometimes treated with cruel violence. In Russia, as we are told by the best authorities, including Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, the people regard religion very much as a question of nationality, deeming it perfectly natural that a man of a different race should also have a different creed, so that the inhabitants of Christian villages dwell peaceably side by side with the inhabitants of villages which are not Christian. Hence it would seem that in this case again religious fanaticism can hardly be the chief source of the popular excitement. The Germans are being denounced as a herd of infuriated and brutal bigots; but they are in reality a kindly people, and their history is peculiarly free from the stains of religious persecution, especially if we take out the

action of Austria, which is really not a German power. Mr. Wolf complains of the frequent Boycotting of Jews in the United States. He refers, I presume, to the refusal, some time ago, of New York insurance offices to insure the houses of the Jews, and to their recent exclusion from some hotels in the same State. At least I know of nothing else to which the term Boycotting could be applied. In both cases the reason may have been insufficient; but in both it was certainly commercial, not religious. No New York insurance office or hotel would ever refuse anybody's money on religious grounds. At the time of secession an order, the exact tenor of which I do not now remember, was issued by a Federal commander against the Jews, who were plying their usual trades in the wake of war; but we may be quite sure that this was a military measure, with which bigotry had nothing to do. That the Jews should have exposed themselves to exceptional treatment in a country where the principle of religious liberty and equality is so firmly established, not only in the Constitution, but in the hearts of the people, as it is in the United States, seems clearly to indicate that there may be other than religious grounds for the popular feeling against them in other countries also. No man is responsible to his fellowmen for his beliefs, however strange they may be; but every man, whatever his beliefs, must take the natural consequences of his actions. He who plies an unpopular trade, or does what is offensive to his neighbors, at the same time treating them as Gentiles, will be sure to incur odium not only of the theological kind. That his ancestors, eighteen centuries and a half ago, instigated Pilate to crucify Christ is a very bad reason for maltreating any man at the present day; but it is an equally bad reason for allowing any man to behave offensively at the present day that his ancestors were maltreated in the Middle Ages.

In such German pamphlets as I have seen upon this question I have not noticed strong traces of theological antagonism. Herr Stöcker seems fully imbued with the old-fashioned reverence for the faith of Israel; his complaint is rather that there is too little of it among the modern Israelites than that there is

too much. The Jewish antipathy to labor offends him as a Christian Socialist, with whom the duty and the dignity of labor are primary articles of faith; this is the nearest approach to religious antagonism that I have observed. Herr Stöcker complains, it is true, of the attacks made by the Jewish Press on Christianity; but this he might do without exposing himself to the charge of intolerance, though perhaps there is some exaggeration in his complaints.

The belief that these troubles are wholly or mainly religious flows naturally from the notion almost universally entertained, that Israel is merely a dissenting sect. Talleyrand, as a remarkable passage quoted by Mr. Wolf shows, fancied that a Jew was just like other citizens, saving his theological opinions, and that when toleration was extended to those opinions he would become like other citizens in every respect. The advocacy of Jewish emancipation in England proceeded on the same assumption, while the opposition was founded on that of a religious crime and a divine sentence. The result has proved that though emancipation was wise and right, the impression under which the debate was conducted was mistaken. We now see that Israel is not a sect, but a vast relic of primæval tribalism, with its tribal mark, its tribal separatism, and its tribal God. The affinity of Judaism is not to nonconformity but to caste. If Judaism were a religion, as Christianity or Buddhism is, it would, like Christianity and Buddhism, proselytize; it did proselytize during that period of its history in which, under the influence of Greek philosophy and other liberalizing agencies, it was tending from the condition of a tribal to that of a universal creed, though it subsequently fell back into tribalism, Philo succumbing to the Rabbi, while the more spiritual and universal element disengaged itself in the form of Christianity. A Jewish writer, who is himself a striking proof of the fact that the race is much and the religious profession little, has said that the Jews no more care to make proselytes than does the House of Lords. We may, with Thackeray, smile at the idea that the denizens of Bevis Marks are unapproachable aristocrats of the human

race, but the saying points to a serious and important truth.

It is partly under the influence of the same erroneous impression, as I venture to think, that Mr. Wolf ascribes whatever is not lofty in the commercial character and habits of the Jews to the "demoniac attitude" of Christianity, that he depicts the conduct of Christendom towards Judaism throughout history as "a persecution unexampled for its long duration and calculated malignity," that he speaks of the "brutality and infamous uncharitableness with which throughout the ages the Jews have been wantonly persecuted by the *soi-disant* votaries of a Gospel of Mercy." Such expressions, I submit, betray a misreading of history, and one which not only produces a misconception as to the main source of these calamitous conflicts in the past, but prevents the Jew from seeing what is the only real security against their recurrence in the future. The group of nations which makes up Christendom emerged from barbarism only by a very gradual process, as did also the nation which deemed that it pleased its God by the massacre of the Canaanites with their wives and children, and which penned the books of Judges, Chronicles, and Esther; but apart from any belief about revelation, and from theological questions altogether, it has as fair a claim at least as any other group to be painted with historical discrimination, and not carelessly daubed with black. Perhaps in regard to the Jewish question the self-accusation of Christendom, since its acceptance of the principle of toleration, has somewhat exceeded the fact, as the self-accusation of reformed sinners is apt to do. Mr. Wolf's sweeping language is enough in itself to suggest the need of historical revision, though by most of his Christian readers it will be accepted without criticism and echoed with a penitential sigh.

There are features common to the characters of Orientals generally, and visible in that of the Jew, for which Christendom plainly is not responsible. Nor is Christendom responsible for anything that originally marked, for good or for evil, either the Semitic stock generally or the Hebrew branch of it. It was not the attitude of Christianity that

made the Phœnician a kidnapper or the Carthaginian faithless. It was not the attitude of Christianity that caused the Jews to adopt as a typical hero the man who takes advantage of his brother's hunger to buy him out of his birthright with a mess of pottage, or led them to record with exultation how they had spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext. It was not Christianity that penned passages in Hebrew books instinct with sanguinary tribalism and vindictive malediction. But a more unhappy element probably in the special character of the modern Jew than any Oriental or Semitic defect is the accumulated effect of the wandering life, with its homelessness, its combination of degrading vagrancy with unpopular exclusiveness, its almost inevitable tendency to mean and hateful trades. And to the wandering life the Jews were led partly by untoward circumstances, partly by their own choice, certainly not by the attitude or the conduct of Christendom. They seem to have been not less unpopular with the nations of the pagan world, including some even outside the pale of the Roman Empire, than they have been with Christian nations; and their unpopularity seems to have arisen always from much the same causes. Either the whole human race except the Jew is demoniac, or there is something naturally unpopular in the habits and bearing of the Jew.

The Christian States of the Middle Ages, in which the Jews underwent maltreatment, were in an early stage of civilization, and their religion was bound up, as that of primitive communities generally is, with their polity, their morality, and the whole life of their people. They could no more help this than a child can help not being a man. Historical philosophy has taught us to distinguish the inevitable shortcomings of nations from their crimes. The common faith of the states of Christendom formed among other things the bond of their indispensable and effective though loosely knit confederation against Islam. Into nations of this character the Jew intruded himself, well knowing their prejudices, which, in fact, were merely the counterparts of his own, but willing to run all risks in pursuit of gain. If English adventurers had in the same way in-

truded themselves into China or Japan before those countries were opened, it is doubtful whether the Foreign Office would have felt itself bound to protect them in case of a riot. Had it appeared that they had been plying trades oppressive and naturally hateful to the people, their misfortune, though it might have excited pity, would have created little surprise. Their case would have been still weaker if they had been acting as instruments of extortion in the service of a tyrant, and had been sharing with him the spoils of the people, as the Jews did under mediæval kings, and as it appears that they did also in Egypt under the Ptolemies.

Jewish writers, in their natural exasperation, are heaping contumely on the memory of the Crusaders. By David or Isaiah a Crusader might have been understood; it is impossible that he should be understood by a Jew of the Talmud and the Stock Exchange. The Crusades, like their sequel the struggle against the Ottoman, were in truth a defensive war, waged by Christendom against Islam, which, organized for conquest, came victoriously rolling on, with fatalism, despotism, polygamy, slavery, and the other Eastern vices in its train, till on the plains of Tours it had almost achieved the subjugation of the West. The Holy Sepulchre was the Carroccio of Christendom, though its position, far in advance of the natural line of defence, placed the Christians at a military disadvantage. It is true that in Godfrey and his brethren-in-arms there was a strain of savagery which sometimes totally overpowered the nobler parts of their character; that they carried on their holy war with the ferocity which marked wars generally in those times; and that with their devotion were largely mingled the unextinguished propensity to nomadism, the love of military adventure, and the lust of booty. Still they were the half-conscious champions of that which has been incontestably proved by experience to be the higher civilization, and for the hope that was in them they gave up their lands, their pastimes, and the bowers of their ladies, and went to die on Syrian fields. So long as Christianity is preferred to Islam we must look with gratitude on the stately tombs of the Crusaders. The world will have be-

come materialist indeed when any child of Western civilization can rejoice in abuse of St. Louis or Edward I.

Now the Jew was a religious alien, and what his own law, if the parts had been changed, would have called a blasphemer, in a religious camp at a crisis of intense excitement and mortal peril. Not only so, but he was not a very distant kinsman, and probably at heart a friend of the enemy, occasionally perhaps even a confederate, grotesque as some of the mediæval stories of Jewish complicity with the Saracen are. Mrs. Magnus, in her vivid sketch of the history of her compatriots, says :

Both in the East and in the West the rise of Mahomedanism was, in truth, as the dawn of a new day to the despised and dispersed Jews. If we except that one bitter quarrel between the earliest followers of the prophet and the Jews of Arabia—and that, we must note, was no organized or systematic persecution, but rather an ebullition of anger from an ardent enthusiast at his first unexpected rebuff—we shall find that Judaism had much reason to rejoice at the rapid spread of Mahomedanism. Monotheists like the Jews, abhorring like them all forms of image worship, worshipping in simple fashion their one God Allah, observing dietary laws like to those of Moses, the Mahomedans both in their faith and in their practice naturally found more grounds for agreement with Jewish doctrine than with the Christian dogma of a complex Godhead, or with the undeveloped aspirations of the heathen. And besides some identity of principle and of race between the Mahomedan and the Jew, there soon discovered itself a certain hardly definable kinship of habit and of custom—a sort of sympathy, in fact, which is often more effectual than even more important causes in promoting friendly relations either nationally or individually. Then, also, there was the similarity of language ; for Arabic, like Hebrew, belongs to what is called the Semitic group. . . . Nearly a century of experience of the political and social results of the Mahomedan conquests must, inevitably, have made the year 710 stand out to the Jews of that time as the beginning of a grand new era in their history. Centuries of cruelty had made the wise loyal counsel of Jeremiah to “pray for the peace of the land whither ye are led captive ; its peace shall be your peace also,” a hard task for the most loyal of consciences ; and in that early year of the eighth century when Spain was added to the list of the Mahomedan victories, and the triumphant flag of the Crescent was hoisted on tower and citadel, the liberty of conscience which it practically proclaimed must have been in the widest sense a cause for national rejoicing to the Jews.

It is not necessary here to discuss the by-questions whether the reign of Islam

is that of liberty of conscience, and whether centuries of cruelty to the Jews had really preceded the year 710. As to the main point, the passage quoted is correct. History can cast no blame upon the Jew for feeling and obeying his natural affinity ; but on the other hand, we must acquit the Christian of anything that with reference to people in that stage of civilization can reasonably be called demoniac, and pronounce that his rage against the Jew, even when most detestable and sanguinary, falls within the measure of human crime. It is probably conjectured, if it cannot be said to have been proved, that at the time of the Crusades, when all men were hastily raising money to equip themselves for the Holy War, the Jewish usurer took cruel advantage of his opportunity and thereby made himself more than usually obnoxious at the moment when he was most in peril. Nor is it by any means certain that he used all possible care to avoid irritating popular feeling. He has always been, and still is, somewhat apt to presume upon his wealth. This is the cause of his exclusion from some of the New York hotels. The bloodiest and most disgraceful of all the outbreaks of popular violence in England was provoked by the disastrous indiscretion of some wealthy Hebrews who, in defiance of a warning proclamation as well as of popular sentiment, had intruded themselves upon the coronation of a Crusader king.

Even on this occasion, however, behind the religious fanaticism which is set down as the sole incentive to the outburst, there is discernible that which I suspect to have been generally the deeper and more potent cause of popular antipathy. At York, the rioters made for the place where the Jews had deposited their bonds. So, in French history, M. Martin, though he usually treats the outrages against the Jews as religious, and descants on them in the ordinary strain, sometimes lets us see that other causes of animosity were at work. “Never,” he says in relation to the rising of 1380, “had the Jews been more hateful to the people than since they had been protected with so much solicitude by the Crown ; they abused the need which men had of their capital to suck

to the very marrow both the spendthrift nobleman and the necessitous citizen." The money trade is not more oppressive or odious than any other trade, provided it is not pursued in an illiberal and grasping spirit; but there are money-lenders of different kinds; there is usury which is fair lending, and there is usury which is extortion; there are mortgagees who do not want to foreclose, and there are mortgagees who do. A tyranny not less grinding or hateful than that of an armed conqueror or a political despot may be exercised by a confederacy of crafty operators which has got the money of a country into its hands and makes a ruthless use of its power. In the *Chronicle of Jocelyn de Brakelond* we find an example of the prodigious usance by which a debt to a Hebrew money-lender grew; and we are not surprised or much scandalized on learning from a subsequent page of the *Chronicle* that the worthy Abbot Samson procured letters from the king empowering him to compel all Jews to quit St. Edmondsbury, on the condition however that they should be allowed to take with them their chattels and the price of their houses and lands. It was the period of the Crusades, and Samson was an enthusiast, it is true; yet we cannot doubt, looking to what had preceded, that his main object was to save his people from the bloodsucker. The Jews had a strong tendency to congregate at Oxford, a large portion of which is said at one time to have been in their hands. We may believe that they were partly, perhaps chiefly, drawn to it as a seat of learning and science; but a university city also affords special opportunities of usury, and as the Universities in the Middle Ages were distinctly liberal, it seems probable that here again the conflicts which took place had a social and economical rather than a theological cause. The truth is, religious fanaticism, and especially the fanaticism of Christianity, has had quite as heavy a load of historical responsibility laid on it as it deserves. Persecution, among Christians at least, has usually been the crime not of popular bigotry but of wealthy Church establishments threatened in their temporal interests by the growth of new beliefs. The wars of the sixteenth century, which are always

called religious and constantly cited as proof that Christianity is the parent of evil, were in fact attempts of an enormously rich and corrupt clergy to put down a revival of religious life, while the life was struggling to save itself from extermination. It seems very doubtful whether, even in the Middle Ages, the peasant or mechanic, having no pecuniary interest in theological questions, would, merely on account of a difference of opinion, have made a bloodthirsty onslaught on a man of the same race, or of a race not hostile to his own, who was working as a fellow-laborer at his side. The Cahorsins were Christians; yet as extortioners they were not less hated than the Jews, nor was their expulsion less eagerly demanded.

Into England the Jews streamed after the Conquest, as they follow in the train of modern war; and we may be sure that their presence was not the least part of the calamity which befell the hapless people. Through them the Norman and Angevin kings were enabled to organize vicarious extortion, and though the king squeezed the sponge when it had sucked up the money of the people, this process, while it filled his coffers, did not restore the popularity of the unfortunate Jews. Nor does it seem that the Jew, to make up for his exactions, when he had amassed wealth, bore himself meekly towards the natives. Our highest authority on mediæval history, Mr. Freeman, says: "In the wake of the Conqueror the Jews of Rouen found their way to London, and before long we find settlements of the Hebrew race in the chief cities and boroughs of England; at York, Winchester, Lincoln, Bristol, Oxford, and even at the gate of the Abbot of St. Edmonds and St. Albans. They came as the king's special men, or more truly as his special chattels, strangers alike to the Church and the commonwealth, but strong in the protection of a master who commonly found it his interest to protect them against all others. Hated, feared, and loathed, but far too deeply feared to be scorned or oppressed, they stalked defiantly among the people of the land, on whose wants they thrived, safe from harm or insult, save now and then, when popular wrath burst all bounds, when their proud mansions and fortified quar-

ters could shelter them no longer from raging crowds, who were eager to wash out their debts in the blood of their creditors. The romantic picture of the despised, trembling Jew, cringing before every Christian whom he meets, is, in any age of English history, simply a romantic picture." The suppleness of the Oriental, which made him willing to be the chattel for the sake of the royal protection in his trade, might diminish the respect of the people for him, but would not diminish their hatred or their fear.

Like the expulsion of the Jews from St. Edmondsbury by Abbot Samson, the banishment of the whole race from England by Edward I. was unquestionably intended by the king and welcomed by the nation as a measure of social reform and relief to the people. The execution of the measure was marked by savage outbursts of popular passion against the objects of general hatred; and Jewish writers may be easily forgiven for denouncing Edward as one of a set of "insolent, rapacious, and unprincipled tyrants whose virtues, if they happened to possess any, were overshadowed by their crimes." But this is not history. Edward was as great, as noble-minded, and as beneficent a king as ever sat upon the English throne; and he must have made no small fiscal sacrifice in sending away the luckless race whose craft had filled his coffers and those of his predecessors. The situation was throughout miserable; its consequences while it lasted were deplorable; its termination was hideous and heart-rending; but the English people had never invited the Jews to England.

In Spain the situation was still worse than in England, and the consequences were still more hideous. For centuries a struggle raged for the possession of the peninsula between Christendom and Islam, by which religious passion as well as antipathy of race was excited to the highest pitch. At last the Christian triumphed and the Mahomedan was ruthlessly driven out, as, we may be sure, the Christian would have been driven out from any realm of Islam in which he had planted himself for a time as an invader, unless he had preferred to banishment the most abject and wretched slavery. The Jew being connected as we have seen, with the Mahomedan,

and bound to him by sympathy, shared his piteous doom. In the dreadful reign of persecution which followed, after the establishment of the Inquisition, the Jew or "New Christian" did not suffer more than the Christian who was suspected of heresy, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, of disloyalty to that religious union which the Spaniard had learned to regard as the palladium of national existence. Perhaps even in Spain the vast revenues of the State Church had as much to do with persecution as had the bigotry of the nation; and assuredly the religion of Jesus of Nazareth had nothing to do with the vast revenues of the State Church. All these horrors now belong to the past as completely as the massacre of the Canaanites.

During the Middle Ages intolerance was universal, perhaps inevitable, and the Christian heretic, though a native and a member of the commonwealth, was persecuted not less, but far more cruelly, than the Jew who was an intruder. In England the Jews were relieved of their political disabilities almost as soon as the Dissenters, and those who relieved them were of course Christians. It is tacitly assumed that all the time Judaism itself was tolerant and would have established religious liberty had power been in its hands. No assumption surely could be more precarious. Judaism persecuted Christianity while it could, calling in the Roman authority for the purpose. In a later age the heresy of Uriel D'Acosta was punished with forms apparently borrowed, as has been remarked, from the practice of the Inquisition. Spinoza was put in peril of his life. To burn or stone him, or any other apostate, was not possible where Jewish orthodoxy did not wield the civil sword. The works of Maimonides were publicly burned. Instances of anathema and excommunication launched by the priesthood against freedom of thought abound in Jewish history; and Jewish writers acknowledge that bigotry capable of anything is to be found among the zealots of their race in Poland. Even so liberal an Israelite as Mr. Samuel, the author of "Jewish Life in the East," speaks of "renegades," that is, converts from Judaism to Christianity, in a tone suggestive of social penalties if not of fagots. After all,

whence did ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages chiefly derive their notions as to the duty of extirpating misbelief with the sword? Was it not from passages in the sacred books of the Hebrews? Was it not from the injunction to exterminate the idolatrous Canaanites, and the precepts of the law making death the penalty of apostasy, blasphemy, and religious perversion? Even the superstition of witch-burning, had it not its origin in an uncritical adherence to the Mosaic law which ordains that a witch shall not be allowed to live? Among rational Christians the Old Testament has given place to the New. But in the synagogue is not the Old Testament still read as the final expression of the Divine Will? Is not the Feast of Purim still kept by the Hebrew race? If so, Judaism, ought to be cautious how it applies such epithets as demoniac to Christendom on account of any misdeeds of the ignorant and irrational past.

Mr. Wolf ascribes the abandonment of husbandry by the Jews to the cruel bigotry of Christian rulers, who forbade them to hold Christians as farm-slaves, it being regarded as out of the question that a Jew should put his own hand to the plough. Would the Jews in their own country, or in any country where they were dominant, have allowed Christians to hold Jews as slaves? Mr. Samuel, the Jewish writer already mentioned, says, "A Jewish servant or laborer is almost unknown in Egypt, our people here as elsewhere being infected with that dislike for manual labor and that preference for earning their living with their heads which is at once the strength of our upper and the destruction of our lower classes." The destruction, then, of the lower classes among the Jews, their economical destruction at least, is not to be laid at the door of Christendom. Their propensities with regard to labor are the same in the East and in their own land as in the Christian countries of the West. It is true that in those happier days when, instead of Rabbinism and the Cabala, they were producing a great religion, and memorably contributing to the progress of humanity, the Jews were, as Mr. Wolf reminds us, a community of husbandmen; but they have now been so long a wandering race, "preferring to

earn their living with their heads," that the tendency is ingrained, and cannot be altered by anything that Christendom can do. Not even in lands where they have been longest and most completely emancipated, such as Holland and the United States, have the Jews, it is believed, shown any disposition to return to the blameless industry any more than to the simple and devout character of the husbandmen who gathered in the Courts of Zion. The same thing would probably have befallen the Greeks had they, like the Jews, been permanently converted into a race without a home. For such habits, whether formed by an individual or a race, humanity is not responsible, nor can it prevent them from bearing their natural fruits. The one valid ground of complaint which the Jews have in this respect is the mediæval prohibition of usury, which, so far as it was operative, tended no doubt at once to throw the trade into the hands of the Hebrews, and to degrade it. But this again had its origin mainly in the Hebrew law, though that law makes a tribal distinction between taking interest of a Hebrew and taking it of a stranger.

Again, it is constantly asserted that the Jews during the Middle Ages were rendering some brilliant services to civilization when their beneficent efforts were arrested by the intolerance and folly of Christianity. Christendom, it is said, was wasting itself in the pursuit of a spiritual ideal, in crusades, in religious art, and scholastic philosophy, while the Jew was promoting the real welfare of mankind, by founding medicine and developing trade. Scholastic philosophy need hardly shrink from comparison in point of practical utility with the Talmud and the Cabala. If the Jew founded medicine, what became of the medicine which he founded? The Middle Ages bequeathed none, it is believed, worthy the name of science. Trade was developed, not by the Jew, but by the merchants and mariners of the great Italian, German, Flemish, and English cities. Its progress in England did not in any appreciable way suffer by the absence of the Jews from the time of Edward I. to that of Charles II. It may be doubted whether even the money trade, which was the special province of the Jew, did not owe at least as much to

the bankers of Florence and Augsburg as to any Jewish house. Rossieu St. Hilaire, in his history of Spain, while he shows abundant sympathy for Jewish wrongs, finds himself compelled to contrast the "narrowness and rapacity" of their commerce with the boldness and grandeur of Arab enterprise. In the early Middle Ages Jews were the great slave-dealers. This was not the reproach in those times which it would be in ours; but slave-dealing was never the noblest or the most beneficent part of commerce.

The idea that to exclude the Jew was to shut out commerce and prosperity is curiously at variance with the indications of the ethnographical map of the present day, from which it would appear that the number of Jews was nearly in inverse proportion to national well-being. In wretched Poland, including Posen and Galicia, the proportion of them is largest; they abound in Hungary, in Roumania, in the southern parts of Russia; in England and France there are comparatively few; in Scotland, the soundest and healthiest of communities, hardly any. Nothing can really increase the wealth of a country but productive industry, in which the Jews stand low. Mere money-dealing, though necessary and therefore legitimate, is not productive, and when it assumes the form of stock-jobbing it is anything but beneficent. The success of a Brassey or a Titus Salt adds greatly to the general wealth of the community, and stimulates industrial energy into the bargain; the success of a stock-jobber no more adds to the wealth of the community than does the success of a gambler. Stock-jobbing, with the advantage of exclusive information, in fact bears a close resemblance to gambling with loaded dice, and it is in this way that some of the greatest Jewish fortunes are said to have been made. That the presence in large numbers of a wandering race of money-dealers and petty traders does more harm to a nation than good is a fact which does not justify the maltreatment of any member of that race, but a fact it appears to be.

In cases where a military race has absolutely refused to engage in trade, and has prevented its serfs or rayahs from engaging, the Jew has found a natural

opening; but while he has filled the gap, he has precluded native commerce from coming into existence, as otherwise in course of time it would almost certainly have done.

"The Jew," says Renan, "from that time [that of the final dispersion] to this has insinuated himself everywhere, claiming the benefit of common rights. But in reality he has not been within the pale of common rights; he has kept his status apart; he has wanted to have the same securities as the rest, with his exceptional privileges and special laws into the bargain. He has wished to enjoy the advantages of nationality without being a member of the nation, or bearing his share of national burdens. And this no people has ever been able to endure." There is no reason why any people should endure it, at all events if the number and influence of the intruders are such as to constitute a serious danger to the nation, and the parasite seems likely to injure the growth of the tree. In England the Jews are few; and though some of them have made colossal fortunes by stock-broking, the aggregate amount of their wealth is not great compared with that of the whole country. English writers are therefore able, much at their ease, to preach the lessons of a serene philosophy to the Germans, who have as many Jews in a single city as there are in the whole of England or France, and are moreover threatened with fresh irruptions from Poland, that grand reservoir, as even Jewish writers admit, of all that is least admirable in Israel. Seeing the growth of the Jewish power in Germany, the immense wealth which it has amassed by stock-broking, and which, refusing intermarriage, it holds with a grasp almost as tight as mortmain, its influence over the Press, the lines of sumptuous mansions which bespeak its riches and its pride, the rapid multiplication of its people and the reinforcements which it receives from abroad, its tribal exclusiveness and compactness, its disdain of manual labor and increasing appropriation of the higher and more influential places in the community, a German may be excused for feeling apprehensions which in an Englishman would be absurd. No wonder if he fancies, as he walks along the principal street of his chief city, that he is in

some danger of being reduced to the condition of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for an intrusive race in his own land. Not the German only, but any one who feels an interest in the fortunes of Germany, may well regard the growth of Jewish influence there with some anxiety, at least if he deems it best for the world that the great Teutonic nation, at last united and liberated by efforts so heroic and at so great a cost, should be allowed to develop its character, and work out its destiny in its own way. German patriotism is derided as Philistinism, and it does no doubt sometimes manifest itself in ways distasteful to those whose model is Heinrich Heine. But it has wrought a great deliverance not only for Germany but for Europe. Those who have appealed to it can hardly expect it to cool down on the morrow of Sedan; in fact the need of its devotion is as yet far from being at an end. That Goethe, who in the calmness of his cold and statuesque superiority went to pay his homage to the conqueror and oppressor, would have looked with indifference on the struggle between German and Semite is very likely; but it was not the spirit of Goethe that hurled the soldier against the French lines at Gravelotte. This revolt against Semite ascendancy may be regarded in fact as a natural sequel of the revolts against Austrian domination and French intrigue. Crushed by a brood of petty despots, Germany, after the Thirty Years' War, had been lying depressed and torpid, the prey of all who chose to prey on her; she is now awakened to national life, feels the blood coursing through her veins again, and is successively casting off all her bonds. The economical yoke of the Jew becomes as irksome as the rest. In the Danubian Principalities a similar revival produces a similar revolt in a coarser and more cruel form.

The situation is a most unhappy one. Such consequences as have flowed from the dispersion of the Jews are enough to prove to the optimist that there are real and lasting calamities in history. Repression, though duty imposes it on a government, does not seem hopeful; soldiers may be sent, and some of the Anti-Semitic rioters may be shot down, but this will not make the rest of the

people love the Jew. That the people should ever love the Jew while he adheres to his tribalism, his circumcision, and his favorite trades, seems to be morally impossible. It is not difficult to frame golden rules by which Jews and Gentiles as well as Magyar and Slav, Anglo-American and Negro, shall live in philosophic amity; but it is too certain what the practical result will be. The common people know nothing about Lessing and Nathan Der Weise; and if they did they might say with truth that the character of Nathan Der Weise is as fictitious as that of the Eastern sages of Voltaire. No real solution seems to present itself except the abandonment by the Hebrew of his tribalism, with its strange and savage rite, and of all that separates him socially from the people among whom he dwells. As to the hygienic practices, on the importance of which Mr. Wolf insists as a ground for separatism, there is not the smallest reason, if they are rational and good, why the Jew should not retain them himself, and impart them to other people. Thenceforth, if Jewish genius showed itself so superior as Jews assert that it is to that of people of other blood, and if any one sought to deny it a fair career, there would be justice in assuming him to be actuated by envy. We should all be bound to welcome it without prejudice as a purely beneficent power. In England and France such a solution seems possible—the Jewish element is here not so large as to defy assimilation and absorption; but in Germany and Poland it appears very remote.

What can, what ought, the Germans to do? It behoves them calmly to consider this question. Violence clearly in any form is neither right nor expedient. The Government is bound to put it down, and excesses which provoke a deserved reaction will only leave Semitism morally stronger and more formidable than ever. The withdrawal of political rights, once conceded, is also practically out of the question, more especially as the Jew has not only been permitted to vote but compelled to serve in the army. This last fact is decisive. On the other hand, no principle, political or moral, forbids a German to use his own vote for the purpose of keeping the government and guidance of the nation in German

hands. Of course he is equally at liberty to encourage, or refuse to encourage, such journals as he thinks fit. Associations against anybody have a very ugly look, yet they may be justified by great compactness of tribal organization and corporate activity on the side of the Hebrews. Restraints upon immigration are harsh and inhospitable, except in a case of absolute necessity. But a case of absolute necessity may be conceived, and the land of every nation is its own. The right of self-defence is not confined to those who are called upon to resist an armed invader. It might be exercised with equal propriety, though in a different way, by a nation the character and commercial life of which were threatened by a great irruption of Polish Jews. The Americans think themselves perfectly at liberty to lay restrictions on the immigration of the Chinese, though the Chinaman with his laborer's shovel is nothing like so formidable an invader as the Jew. In trade the sons of those who founded the Free Cities will surely be able, now that their energies have been restored and their shackles struck off, to hold their own, without legislative protection, against the Hebrew, preternatural as his skill in a special tone of business has become; and everything that tends to improve the tone of commerce and diminish stock-jobbing will help the Teuton in the race.

It has been said, and I believe truly, that religion is the least part of the matter. Yet there is between the modern Jew and the compatriot of Luther a certain divergence of general character and aim in life connected with religion which makes itself felt beside the antagonism of race, and the traces of which appear in the literature of this controversy. Judaism is material optimism with a preference to a chosen race, while Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, is neither material nor in a temporal sense optimist. Judaism is Legalism, of which the Talmud is the most signal embodiment, and here again it is contrasted with Christianity and the Christian Ideal; which is something widely different from the mere observance, however punctual, of the law. In the competition for this world's goods it is pretty clear that the legalist will be apt to have the advantage, and at the same time

that his conduct will often appear not right to those whose highest monitor is not the law. The Agnostic, seeing what he deems the reveries of Christianity rejected by the Jew, and imagining this to be the cause of quarrel, is ready to take the Jew to his heart. But it may be questioned whether he will find the affinity so close as at first sight it appears. The Agnostic after all is the child of Christendom. He is still practically the liegeman of the Christian conscience, whatever account of its genesis he may have given to himself. He has a social ideal not that of the Church, but that of humanity, which has come to him through the Church, and which is utterly at variance with the pretension of a chosen race. Mr. Wolf's text, "Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves," would not express the aspirations of a Positivist any more than those of a Christian.

Apart from these local collisions, there is a general curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, to know what course in politics the enfranchised Jew will take. He is everywhere making his way into the political arena, which indeed, under the system of party government, suits his traditional habits almost as well as the stock exchange. A money power is sure in the main to be conservative, and the inclination of Jewish wealth to the side of reaction in England and other countries is already becoming apparent. Poor Jews will be found in the revolutionary, and even in the socialist camp. But in whatever camp the Jew is found he will be apt for some time, unless the doctrine of heredity is utterly false, to retain the habits formed during eighteen centuries of itinerant existence, without a country, and under circumstances which rendered cunning, suppleness, and intrigue almost as necessary weapons of self-defence in his case as the sword and the lance were in the case of the feudal soldier. He will be often disposed to study "the spirit of the age" much as he studies the stock list and to turn the knowledge to his own profit in the same way. It is very likely that he may sometimes outrun and overact national sentiment or even national passion, which he does not himself share. This is one of the dangerous

liabilities of his character as a statesman. It might have been supposed that the Jews, having been for so many centuries shut out from military life, would be free from militarism; indeed, a high rank in civilization has been plausibly claimed for them on that ground. Yet a Jewish statesman got up Jingoism much as he would have got up a speculative mania for a commercial purpose, and his consuming patriotism threw quite into the shade that of men who, though opposed to Jingoism, would have given their lives for the country. Among the ablest and most active organizers of that rebellion in the United States which cost a thousand millions sterling and half a million of lives, was a Jewish senator from Louisiana, who, when the crash came, unlike the other leaders, went off to push his fortune elsewhere. There was no particular reason why he should not do so, being, as he was, a member of a cosmopolitan race; but there was a particular reason why the people who had no other country should receive his counsels with caution in a question of national life or death. A political adventurer will not be sparing of that which in the pride of Jewish superiority he regards as "gutter blood." Joseph, being the Prime Minister of Pharaoh, displays his statecraft for the benefit of his employer by teaching him to take advantage of the necessities of the people in a time of famine for the purpose of getting them to surrender their freeholds into the royal hands. He would no doubt have played the game of an aristocracy or even of a democracy in the same spirit, though his natural taste, as an Oriental, would lead him if possible to be the vizier of an absolute monarch. There are some who think that the Hebrew adventurer, with a cool head and a cool heart, may be specially useful as a mediator between heated political parties, and a reconciler of the interests which they represent. But this is surely a condemnation of party rather than a recommendation of the Hebrew.

Mr. Oliphant, in the work to which reference has already been made, proposes that Palestine should be restored to the Jew, with some of the vacant country adjoining; and it appears that this plan is not unlikely to be carried

into effect. The restoration of their own land may have the same good influence upon the Jews which it has had upon the Greeks. It is not likely that of those now settled in the West any considerable number would ever turn their steps eastward. We know the anecdote of the Parisian Jew who said that if the kingdom of Jerusalem was restored he should ask for the ambassadorship at Paris; but the westward flow of migration might be checked, and from the eastern parts of Europe, where the relations of the Jews to the native population are very bad, some of them might return to their own land. Mr. Oliphant seems to have little hope of seeing the Jews, even in Palestine, take to husbandry, and proposes that they should be the landowners, and that the land should be tilled for them by "fellahs." We must assume that fellahs convinced of the validity of the Jew's claim to exemption from the indignity of manual labor will be found. But necessity would in time compel the Jew once more to handle the plough. The situation at all events would be cleared, and the statesmen who are now inditing despatches about religious toleration would see that Israel is not a sect but a tribe, and that the difficulty with which they have to deal arises not merely from difference of opinion, or any animosities produced by it, but from consecrated exclusiveness of race.

In one respect the Jew certainly has a right to complain, even in a country where his emancipation has been most complete, not of persecution, but of what may be called a want of religious delicacy and courtesy on the part of Christians. He is singled out as the object of a special propagandism carried on by such societies as that for the conversion of the Jews. The conduct of those who are trying to impart to him the truth which they believe necessary to salvation is not "demoniac," but the reverse; yet it is easy to understand his annoyance and indignation. The barrenness of this propagandism in proportion to the money and effort spent on it is notorious; the object against which it is directed is not mere intellectual conviction, but something as ingrained and tenacious as caste. Simple respect for the Jew's opinions and perfect religious

courtesy are more likely to reach his mind than any special propaganda.

Of the lack of theological interest in him the Jew can scarcely complain. If there has been error here, it has certainly been on the side of exaggeration. The formal relation of Christianity in its origin to Judaism perhaps we know ; its essential relation, hardly. What was a peasant of Galilee ? Under what influence, theological or social, did he live ? Who can exactly tell ? We have a series of Lives of Christ, from which eager readers fancy that they derive some new information about the Master, but which, in fact, are nothing but the gospel narrative shredded and mingled with highly-seasoned descriptions of Jewish customs and of the scenery of the lake of Gennesaret, while the personal idiosyncrasy of the biographer strongly flavors the whole. If there are any things of which we are sure, they are that Galilee was a place out of which orthodox Judaism thought that no good could come ; that the teaching of the Galileans was essentially opposed to that of the Jewish doctor, and that Judaism strove to crush Christianity by all the means in its power. Thus if Israel was the parent of Christendom, it was as much in the way of antagonism as in that of generation. There is an incomparably greater affinity between Christianity and Platonism or Stoicism, than between Christianity and the Talmud. The exaggerated notion of Christians about the importance of the Jews has been curiously reproduced of late in an unexpected quarter, and under a most fantastic form. Even when theological belief has departed, religious sentiment is not easily expelled, nor does the love of the mysterious die out at once, especially in a woman's breast. Miss Martineau, after renouncing Theism, indemnified herself with mesmeric fancies. The authoress of "Daniel Deronda" in like manner indemnified herself with the Jewish mystery. No Jewish mystery, except a financial one, exists. Daniel Deronda is a showman who, if, after taking our money, he were desired to raise the curtain, would be obliged to confess that he had nothing to show. A relic of Tribalism, however vast and interesting, is no more hallowed than any other boulder of a primæval world. Every tribe

was the chosen people of its own God ; and if it were necessary to institute a comparison between the different races in respect of their "sacredness," which it happily is not, the least sacred of all would be that which had most persistently refused to come into the allegiance of humanity.

One more remark is suggested by the discussion of the Jewish question, and perhaps it is the most important of all. It is surely time for the rulers of Christian Churches in general, and for those of the Established Church in particular, to consider whether the sacred books of the Hebrews ought any longer to be presented as they are now to Christian people as pictures of the Divine character and of the Divine dealings with mankind. Historical philosophy reads them with a discriminating eye. It severs the tribal and the primæval from the universal, that which is perennially moral, such as most of the commandments in the Decalogue, from that which by the progress of humanity has ceased to be so. It marks, in the midst of that which is utterly unspiritual and belongs merely to primitive society or to the Semite of Palestine, the faint dawn of the spiritual, and traces its growing brightness through the writings of prophets and psalmists till it becomes day. But the people are not historical philosophers. Either they will be misled by the uncritical reading of the Old Testament or they will be repelled. Hitherto they have been misled, and some of the darkest pages of Christian history, including those which record the maltreatment of Jews, in so far as it was religious, have been the result of their aberrations. Now they are being repelled, and the repulsion is growing stronger and more visible every day. It is not necessary, and it might be irritating, to rehearse the long series of equivocal passages which shocked the moral sense of Bishop Colenso, and of which Mr. Ingersoll, the great apostle of Agnosticism in America, makes use in his popular lectures with terrible effect. The question is one of the most practical kind, and it will not well brook delay. It is incomparably more urgent than that of Biblical revision.

I cannot conclude without repeating that if this was a case of opposition to

religious liberty, I should thoroughly share the emotions and heartily echo the words of Mr. Lucien Wolf. But I have convinced myself—and I think Mr.

Wolf's own paper when carefully examined affords proof—that it is a case of a different kind.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE VICTIM OF A VIRTUE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I AM one of those persons, envied for three months in the year and pitied for nine, who "live a little way" out of London. In the summer our residence is a charming one; the garden especially is delightful and attracts troops of London friends. They are not only always willing to dine with us, but drop in of their own motion and stay for the last train to town. The vague observation "any fine day," or the more evasive phrase "some fine day," used in complimentary invitations, are then very dangerous for us to employ, for we are taken at our word, just as though we meant it. This would be very gratifying, however expensive, if it only happened all the year round. But from October to June nobody comes near us.

In reply to our modest invitations we then receive such expressions of tender regret as would convince the most sceptical: "a previous engagement," "in-disposition of our youngest born," "the horses ill," some catastrophe or other, always prevents our friends from enjoying another evening with us "like that charming one they spent last July." They hope, however, to be given the same happy chance again, "when the weather is a little less inclement," by which they mean next summer. As for coming to dine with us in winter, they will see us further first—by which they mean nearer first. Sometimes at their own boards we hear this stated, though of course without any intentional application. Some guests will observe to us, *à propos* of dinners, "It is most extraordinary how people who live half a dozen miles out of town will attempt to ignore the seasons and expect you to go and dine with them just as if it was August, through four feet of snow. It does really seem—as Jones, our excellent host, was saying the other day—the very height of personal conceit."

As we have occupied our present residence for some years, we have long had the conceit taken out of us; but we have still our feelings. Our social toes are not absolutely frost-bitten, and when thus trodden upon we are aware of the circumstance. It grieves us to know what Jones has thought (and said) of us, and my wife drops a quiet tear or two during our drive home in the brougham. I am bound to confess it is rather a long ride. I find myself dropping asleep before we have left brick and mortar behind us, and as we cross the great common near our home I feel a considerable change in the temperature. It is a beautiful breezy spot, with a lovely view in summer-time; the playground of the butterfly and the place of business of the bee; but in winter it is cold and lonely enough.

In the day-time there is nobody there at all. In the evening at uncertain intervals there is the patrol. In old times it used to be a favorite haunt of the Knights of the Road: during whose epoch, by the bye, I should fancy that those who lived in the locality found it even more difficult to collect their friends around them than now. It has still a bad name for tramps and vagabonds, which makes my wife a little nervous when the days begin to "draw in" and our visitors to draw off. She insists upon my going over the house before retiring to rest every night and making a report of "All's well." Being myself not much over five feet high in my boots, and considerably less in my slippers (in which I am wont to make these peregrinations), it has often suggested itself to my mind that it would be more judicious to leave the burglars to do their worst, as regards the plate and things, and not risk what is (to me) much more valuable. Of course I could "hold the lives of half a dozen men in

my hand"—a quotation from my favorite author—by merely arming myself with a loaded revolver; but the simple fact is, I am so unskilled in the use of any weapon (unless the umbrella can be called such), that I should be just as likely to begin with shooting number one (that is myself), as number two, the "first ruffian." "Never willingly, my dear," say I to Julia, "will I shed the life-blood of any human being, and least of all my own." On the other hand, as I believe in the force of imagination, I always carry on these expeditions, in the pocket of my dressing-gown, a child's pistol—belonging to our infant, Edward John—which looks like a real one, and would, I am persuaded, have all the effect of a real one in my hands without the element of personal peril. "Miserable ruffians," I had made up my mind to say, when coming upon the gang, "your lives are in my power" (here I exhibit the pistol's butt), "but out of perhaps a mistaken clemency I will only shoot one of you, the one that is the last to leave my house. I shall count six" (or sixteen, according to the number of the gang), "and then fire." Upon which they would, I calculated, all skedaddle helter-skelter to the door they got in at, which I should lock and double-lock after them. You may ask, Why double-lock? but you will get no satisfactory reply. I know no more what to "double-lock" means than you do, but my favorite novelist—a sensational one—always uses it, and I conclude he ought to know.

It was the beginning of a misty October, when the leaves had fallen off early, and our friends had followed their example, and I had been sitting up alone into the small hours resolute to read my favorite author to the bitter end—his third volume, wherein all the chief characters (except the comic ones) are slain, save one who is left sound in wind and limb, but with an hereditary disposition to commit suicide. Somewhat depressed by its perusal and exceedingly sleepy, I went about my usual task of seeing all was right in a somewhat careless and perfunctory manner. All was right apparently in the dining-room, all right in the drawing-room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself

been sitting), and all right—no, not quite all right in our little black hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table, the very largest and thickest pair of navy's boots I ever saw were standing between my wife's neat little umbrella and a pair of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished and alarmed me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason. The boot and the print were nothing in themselves, but my intelligence, now fully awakened, at once flew to the conclusion that somebody must have been there to have left them, and was probably in the neighborhood, and indeed under my roof, at that very moment. If you give Professor Owen a foot of any creature (just as of less scientific persons we say: Give them an inch, they will take an ell), he will build up the whole animal out of his own head; and something of the Professor's marvellous instinct was on this occasion mine. I pictured to myself (and as it turned out, correctly) a monster more than six feet high, broad in the shoulders, heavy in the jowl, with legs like stone balustrades, and hands, but too often clenched, of the size of pumpkins. The vestibule led into the pantry, where no doubt this giant, with his one idea, or half a one, would conclude the chief part of our plate to be, whereas it was lying—unless he had already taken it: a terrible thought that flashed through my mind, followed by a cluster of others, like a comet with its tail—under our bed.

Of course I could have gone into the pantry at once, but I felt averse to be precipitate; perhaps (upon finding nothing to steal) this poor wretch would feel remorse for what he had done and go away. It would be a wicked thing to deprive him of the opportunity of repentance. Moreover, it struck me that he might not be a thief after all, but only a cousin (considerably "removed") of one of the maid-servants. It would have been very wrong of her to have let him into the house at such an hour, but it was just possible that she had done so, and that he was at that moment sup-

ping in the kitchen upon certain cold grouse which I knew were in the larder. Such a state of things, I repeat, would have been reprehensible, but I most sincerely hoped that it had occurred. A clandestine attachment, however misplaced, is better than burglary with possible violence. Coughing rather loudly, to give the gentleman notice that I was about, and to suggest that he had better take himself off in my temporary absence, I went up to the attics to make inquiries.

And here I am tempted to a digression concerning the excessive somnolency of female domestics. As regards our own, at least, they reminded me, except in number, of the Seven Sleepers. I knocked at their door about a quarter of an hour before attracting their attention, and it took me another quarter to convince them (through the keyhole) that it was not fire. If it had been, they must all have been burnt in their beds. Relieved upon this point, they were scarcely less excited and "put out" by the communication I was compelled to make to them, though conveyed with the utmost delicacy and refinement of which language is capable. I asked them whether by any accident one of them chanced to have a male relative who wore exceptionally thick highlows; and if he was likely to have called recently—that very evening, for example.

They all replied in indignant chorus that they had never heard of such a thing—by which they meant the suggestion; and that no cousins of theirs ever did wear highlows, being all females without exception.

Satisfied as to this (and greatly disappointed), I felt that it was now incumbent upon me to pursue my researches. Candle in hand and pistol in pocket, I therefore explored the pantry. To my great relief, it was empty. Was it possible that the thief had departed? If so, he had gone without his highlows, for there they stood on the vestibule table as large as life, and, from the necessity of the case, a size or two larger. Their build and bulk, indeed, impressed me more than ever. Was it possible that only one burglar had come in those boots?

I entered the kitchen: not a mouse was stirring; on the other hand, there

was a legion of black beetles, who scuttled away in all directions except one. They avoided the dresser—beneath which lay the gentleman I was looking for, curled up in a space much too small for him, but affecting to be asleep. Indeed, though previously I had not even heard him breathe, no sooner did the light from my candle fall upon him than he began to snore stertorously. I felt at once that this was to give me the idea of the slumber that follows honest toil. I knew before he spoke that he was going to tell me how, tired and exhausted, he had taken shelter under my roof, with no other object (however suspicious might be the circumstances of his position) than a night's rest, of which he stood in urgent need.

"Don't shoot, sir," he said, for I took care to let the handle of Edward John's pistol protrude from my dressing-gown. "I am poor, but honest; I only came in here for the warmth and to have a snooze."

"How did you get in?" I inquired sternly.

"I just prized up the washus window," was his plaintive reply, "and laid down 'ere."

"Then, you put out your boots in the back hall to be cleaned in the morning, I suppose?"

At this he grinned a dreadful grin. It seemed to say, "As you have the whip-hand of me, you may be as humorous as you please; but if it was not for that pistol, my fine friend, you would be laughing on the other side of your mouth, I reckon."

"Come, march," said I. "Put on your boots."

He got up as a wild beast rises from his lair, and slouched before me into the hall.

Though he looked exceedingly wicked, I felt grateful to him for going so peaceably, and was moved to compassion.

"Were you really in want, that you came here?" I said. "Are you hungry?"

"Not now," he answered with a leer. Of course he was intimating that he had supped at my expense, and at the time I thought it frank of him to acknowledge it. If I had known then, as I learned afterward, that he had eaten a grouse and a half, and the whole contents of a

large jar of Devonshire cream which we had just received as a present, I should have thought it mere impudence. I did think it rather impudent when he said as he stood at the front door, which I had opened for his exit :

" Won't you give me half-a-crown, sir, to put me in an honest way of business ?" But nevertheless, thinking it better to part good friends, I gave him what he asked for. He spit upon the coin " for luck," as he was good enough to explain, and also perhaps as a substitute for thanks, since he omitted to give me any, and slouched down the gravel sweep and out of the gate.

It was three o'clock ; the mist had begun to clear, and the moon and stars were shining. A sort of holy calm began to pervade me. I felt that I had done a good action and also got rid of a very dangerous individual, and that it was high time that I should go to bed in peace with all men. My wife, however, who had been roused by the servants, was on the tip-toe of expectation to hear all that had taken place, and of course I had to tell her. I described each thrilling incident with such dramatic force that she averred that nothing would ever induce her in my absence to sleep in the house again. This was perhaps but the just punishment for a trifle of exaggeration in the narrative with which I had here and there indulged myself, but it was very unfortunate. Now and then I find myself detained in town, after dining at the club, by circumstances over which I have no control (such as a rubber at whist, which will sometimes stretch like *india* rubber), and hitherto I had only had to telegraph in the afternoon to express my regret that there was a possibility of my non-return. Here was an end to all this, unless I could reassure her. I therefore began to dwell upon the unlikelihood of a second burglar ever visiting the house, which I compared with that famous hole made by a cannon-ball, said to be a place of security from cannon-balls for evermore.

" Oh, don't tell me," cried my wife, with just a trace of impatient irritation in her voice. " Hark ! goodness gracious, what is that coming along the road ?"

She thought it was a burglar on horse-

back, whereas, if I may so express it, it was the very contrary—namely, the horse patrol.

" Knock at the window ; call him in. I insist upon your seeing him," she exclaimed. I had no alternative, since she said " insist" (as any married man will understand), but to accede to her wishes ; so I went out and told the patrol what had happened.

" How long ago was the fellow here, sir ?" he inquired.

" More than an hour. It is quite out of the question you can overtake him. And besides, I really think he is repentant, and means for the future to lead an honest life."

" You do, do you ?" said the patrol, in that sort of compassionate tone of voice in which the visitor of a lunatic asylum addresses an inmate warranted harmless. " Well, as I am here, I'll just go over the house and make sure there is no more of them. It is not impossible, you see, he may have left a pal behind him."

" There was only one pair of boots," said I confidently ; " of that I am certain."

Nevertheless, as I felt it would be a satisfaction to my wife, I acceded to his request. He tied his horse to the scraper, and came in with his lantern, and looked about him. There was nobody in the front hall, of course, for I had just come through it ; in the drawing-room nobody, in the vestibule nobody—but on the table where they had stood before stood a pair of gigantic navy's boots.

" What d'ye think of that ?" whispered the patrol, pointing to one of them.

" They're the same," I answered in hushed amazement, " they're the very same. I could swear to them among a thousand. What can it mean ?"

" Well, it means that the gentleman who was going to lead a new life," he answered dryly, " has thought better of it and has come back again."

And so he had. We found him lying in the very same place under the dresser, awaiting, I suppose, events.

" O lor, is that you, Mr. Policeman ?" he said complainingly. " Then, it's all up."

If he had had to deal with me alone, he expected perhaps to have got another

half-crown out of me. But the great probability was, he had doubtless argued, that all suspicion of burglars, for that night at least, would have died out, and that he would have had the undisputed range of the house. It was a bold game, but one in which all the chances seemed to be on his side.

I helped to fasten a strong strap to his wrist, which was already attached to that of the horse patrol's. "And now," said the latter coolly, "we will go and put on our boots."

For the second time that night I saw that operation accomplished by my burglar, for the second time saw him walk off, though on this occasion a captive to his mounted companion. I did not

wish, as the judges say when they put on the black cap, to add poignancy to the feelings of this unhappy man (he was on ticket of leave, and presently got five years' penal servitude), but I could not help saying:

"I think you ought to have been content with your supper and half-crown, and not come *here* again, at all events, in search of plunder."

This argument, it seemed, had no sort of weight with him; gratitude was unknown to that savage breast. Like many more civilized individuals, he attributed his misfortunes to his own virtue.

"No, sir, it ain't that," he answered scornfully. "I'm the victim of Perseverance."—*Belgravia Magazine*.

FISH AS FOOD AND PHYSIC.

BY J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

PUBLIC attention has at last been secured for a grievance which affects the whole community, though it has not been generally or adequately felt. The condition of our fish supply has long been a national scandal. With ample means of sustenance close at hand the poor of these islands have suffered want, while the hard-working and struggling classes have been embarrassed by the necessity forced upon them of living and feeding their families on food supplied at factitiously high prices, and the rich have had doled out to them as a luxury what ought to have been regarded and employed by the people generally as an abundant and cheap staple. The Committee of Inquiry which has investigated the state of Billingsgate Market and the condition of the trade in fish, will have failed to get at the facts, and done little or nothing in the urgent interest of the community as a whole, unless the mysteries of the fishing industry have been penetrated and the fishermen are freed from the commercial grip of the wholesale traders.

It has been shown that the supply is manipulated to suit the demand; that the needs of the people are subordinated to the interests of those who deal in the commodity. Fish might now be sold retail in London at two-pence or two-

pence halfpenny per pound for all except two or three sorts, which would require some little time, say three or four seasons, to fulfil the conditions of a cheap supply. Nothing prevents this cheapening of fish but the provision of free markets. The mere multiplication of markets will not suffice; the trade must be thrown open, and placed on such a footing that the bondage in which the fishermen now stand to the wholesale salesmen and their agents may be destroyed. As it is, fish is either not caught, or thrown back into the sea, or allowed to rot and sold for manure instead of being supplied to the public, because the first consideration is profit, and prices must, at all costs, be maintained. There are practically two trades interested in the support and defence of this monopoly. The butchers are scarcely less concerned to "keep up" the retail price of fish than are the fishmongers. If a full and cheap supply of fish were placed at the disposal of the masses, and they came to know the truth as to its life and health sustaining properties, butchers' meat must be sold at lower rates, or it would fall out of common use. This may seem a startling statement, but it is not made at random or without a due sense of the responsibility which attaches to the assertion that

fish might well and worthily supply the place of butchers' meat as the staple of food for the whole population.

Pound for pound, fish is fully as nutritious as butchers' meat. It may not seem so satisfying, but that is because the sense of satisfaction which we experience in eating is the result of supplying the *stomach* with food and in no direct or immediate way related to the nourishment of the *organism* as a whole.* Very few of the solid substances we eat are digested, even so far as the stomach is concerned, in less than an hour, and nutrition cannot commence until after digestion has proceeded for some time. It follows that the feeling of satisfaction produced by solid food *during* a meal must be due to the appeasing of those cravings which are set up in the stomach rather than the supply of the needs of the system. Inasmuch as butchers' meat is less easy of digestion than fish, and it gives the stomach more to do, it is easy to see why it seems, at the moment, more satisfying. Looking to the ultimate purposes of nutrition, fish is the better kind of food, it is more readily and completely reduced in the stomach, and it nourishes the organism more thoroughly, and with less physical inconvenience, than the flesh of warm-blooded animals.

A common error in regard to the use of fish is the failure to recognize that there are two distinct classes of this staple, looked at as food. In one class, which may be represented by the mackerel and the salmon, the oil and fat are distributed throughout the flesh, while in the other, of which the cod and whiting may be taken as examples, the oil and fat are found almost exclusively in the internal organs, notably the liver. Now the oil and fat are necessary, and if the fish is not cooked and eaten whole, or nearly so, these most important parts are wasted. In cleaning fish, as little as possible should be removed. This is a point of the highest practical moment. Fishmongers and cooks need to be instructed afresh on the subject. To omit any portion of the liver of a cod in preparing the dish for the table is to throw

away a great delicacy. A cod's liver properly dressed is a dish for a gourmet. It is inexplicable how anything so nauseous as the "cod-liver oil" of the chemist and druggist can be prepared from anything so nice as the liver of cod. Housekeepers and those who purvey for the table should take care that nothing edible in a fish is sacrificed. For cooking purposes it may be assumed that fish is not only good food, but food of the best description; well able to supply the needs of the system, and particularly easy of digestion. It is equally serviceable for the weakly as for the robust, the young as the old.

I am, however, at the moment, chiefly interested to ask consideration for results obtained in the experimental use of fish as food for the mentally exhausted, the worried, the "nervous," and the distressed in mind. To persons falling under either of these descriptions fish is not simply food; it acts as physic. The brain is nourished by it, the "nerves"—to use the term in its popular sense—are "quieted," the mind grows stronger, the temper less irritable, and the whole being healthier and happier when fish is substituted for butchers' meat. I am not prepared to adopt the theory that fish is thus useful because it contains *phosphorus*. It is doubtful whether under ordinary circumstances the flesh of fish is enriched by this element in a form available for brain-nutrition. Nor is it certain that phosphorus would act beneficially on all, or even the majority of brains. I offer no formal opinion on that point in this connection. The statements I am now making are not intended to be scientific, and I shall not attempt to support them by a technical argument. It must suffice to place the facts simply before my lay readers. As a matter of experience I find persons who are greatly excited, even to the extent of seeking to do violence to themselves or those around them, who cannot sleep and are in an agony of irritability, become composed and contented when fed almost exclusively on fish. In such cases I have withdrawn butter, milk, eggs, and all the varieties of warm-blooded animal food, and, carefully noting the weight and strength, I find no diminution of either while fish is supplied in such

* I have tried to explain this in a chapter on "Eating," in a little work recently published, entitled "How to Make the Best of Life."

quantities as to fully satisfy the appetite.

A great point in the use of fish as food is to vary the form in which it is given. The cook must be charged to devise new dishes and new ways of cooking, and to provide the several kinds of fish in season or procurable. No diet should on any account be allowed to become monotonous. In less excited cases, where there is rather depression and despondency than a high state of irritability, I allow milk, butter, and eggs in moderate quantities, but no butchers' meat; and, as far as possible, I give fish at every meal. This is important. In a class of cases which is particularly noteworthy, consisting of badly or imperfectly nourished children, in whom there would appear to be disproportionate development of the several parts of the organism—for example, the muscular system may outgrow the brain and nervous system—the fish diet produces the best possible results. Such cases abound. The offspring of parents between whom there is a considerable difference of age, commonly suffer from disproportionate development, as also do children born late in the lives of their parents. Children so situated are

peculiarly likely to be delicate and to suffer from some neurosis, which may later on in life culminate in constitutional "nervousness," mind-weakness, or even insanity. I do not say that the fish diet will cure all these cases, but I believe they will be, as a rule, largely benefited by its adoption.

This is a matter of popular interest, and I make no scruple to address non-medical readers frankly on the subject. Special feeding may be a measure of treatment, but it is more truly a matter of natural prudence. The aim should be to *prevent* disease, and I conceive it to be a duty to give expression far and wide, and by every means in my power, to the strong faith I entertain that *by rational modes of self-management and generally wise care for body and mind, bad health, both mental and physical, may be avoided.* If this worried, brain-working, and nerve-straining population could be induced to substitute fish for the flesh of warm-blooded animals in its ordinary diet, it would, I am convinced, be relieved from some of its worst sufferings and weaknesses, both mental and physical, and spared many mind and body destroying troubles.—*Good Words.*

THE DECADENCE OF FRENCHWOMEN.

THE old idea that principles ought to be as permanent in politics as in morals, has no place in the theory of government by the people which is now spreading about Europe. The new democracy pretends to work for progress alone, and evidently feels, at the bottom of its heart, that progress and principles are incompatible. Principles, in its eyes, present the inconvenience of not adapting themselves to circumstances; they are, by their essence, rigid and uncompromising; they have no elasticity, no opportunism. Yet, so long as they continue to nominally exist, they must be externally respected, and must be taken into account as guides and counsellors. Consequently, as they get into the way of radicalism, it has been found useful to deprive them of their character of invariability, and even, in many cases, to totally suppress them. It is true that

the democrats have not invented this notion of the non-durability of principles—Pascal asserted, before their time, that "natural principles are nothing but habits;" but the more advanced politicians of the Continent have got a long way beyond that, and evidently feel that, in politics, principles have not even the value of habits. Like the Californian farmer who said, "No fellow can go on always believing the same thing; one wants a fresh religion from time to time"—so do the leaders of the new school assure us that political principles must change according to the wishes of the populace. They apply to the men of our generation (without knowing it, perhaps), the theory of La Bruyère, that "most women have no principles; they simply follow their hearts." They, too, follow their hearts, like women; they proclaim that the science of govern-

ment should be independent of enthralling rules ; that it should be purely tentative ; that it should consist in experiment based on opportunity. In their eyes there is no longer any eternal truth at all. Policy, as they apply it, is an accident of the moment, an expedient of to-day, which was not yesterday, and may no longer be to-morrow. Its former constancy is gone ; it is a passing condition ; it is a fancy, not a principle. Monarchy, hereditary succession, religion, were in other days regarded as State principles. It is proposed to replace them now by popular will, universal suffrage, free-thought, and, above all, empiricism, which are thus far mere ideas, or, at the utmost, facts ; though they, too, according to Pascal's argument of habit, may assume the form and name of principles hereafter if ever it should become the interest of a new despot to base a throne upon them. But they will never grow into principles of the ancient sort ; for the old ones imitated the ways of nature and cherished uniformity of processes, because, like nature, they knew the resistless power of repetition ; while the new ideas, on the contrary, are like the human nature from which they spring ; they seek for newnesses and strangenesses, because they take them to be signs of freedom.

So the radical world—especially in certain countries of the Continent—has given up principles in politics ; and, as it has abandoned the old principles, so also has it forsaken the old forces. To a certain extent the adoption of new forces was a necessity ; for, as some of the old ones were nothing more than principles at work, it is manifest that they could not be retained in use when once the principles on which they rested were destroyed. In France, indeed—which is the country we are going to talk about, and which happens to be the land where the newest procedures of government are being essayed—no force whatever seems now to be accepted as a permanent auxiliary. We see there that nearly all the forces formerly utilized by governments have already been excluded from national action ; and though some new ones have been taken on trial—to see, experimentally, what they will produce—it would be premature to suppose that any of them will necessarily last.

Loyalty to the sovereign was a force ; it has been swept away. Religious teaching was a force ; it is being suppressed. The so-called governing classes were a force ; they have been replaced by the *nouvelles couches*. Society was a force ; it has been kicked away. Women were a force ; they have been thrust aside. These and other impulses, many of them knotted up with the history of France, many of them ancient mainsprings of the life of the nation, have been temporarily (perhaps, indeed, permanently) supplanted by fresh producers, especially by the great new agency—experiment.

Now it would be absurd to pretend that progress can always be realized without experiment ; but it would be equally foolish to argue that no experiment is possible without entirely new forces. All knowledge, all philosophy, all science, have been built up on observation of, or on induction from, pre-established facts ; and no reason is conceivable why, in politics, old motors should not be utilized by new governments. Some, at all events, of the levers which have aided to raise France to greatness in one direction, could equally serve, under no matter what rule, to elevate her in another. But the present Republic has, thus far, refused the assistance of any of the old forces. It sees adversaries in them all ; it will have nothing to do, even experimentally, with any one of them ; it labors, indeed, to uproot them integrally ; or if it cannot eradicate them altogether, so to reduce and enfeeble them that they can no longer contribute, even indirectly or occultly, to national results. It has declared war against them all round—against the extinct governing classes as against “the ancient parties”—against society as against clericalism. It makes no distinction ; it treats all the former springs of action as foes to be vanquished.

It is, however, just, to acknowledge at once that in this the Republic has been acting, to a certain extent, in legitimate self-defence. Let us remember that the present shape of government is not only accepted by the nation, but seems to be really desired by it ; and that the time has passed for arguing that the Republic is the result of accident, not of conviction, or for insisting that it has grown temporarily into existence

solely for the want of something else to take its place. It may now be said with truth that France has ceased (for the moment, at least) to be monarchical, and that it sincerely wishes to keep the Republic it has got. Consequently no honest observer can presume to deny that the Republic is entitled to claim the allegiance of the entire population, from top to bottom, as thoroughly and as absolutely as any of the dynasties which preceded it, and to extinguish all who refuse that allegiance. But in the exercise of this right the Republic should allow itself to be guided by circumstances, and that is precisely what it has not done. When it found, as it did find during its early struggles, that the old forces stood across its road, and tried, conjointly, to bar its way and upset it—when it observed that they all resisted it together, with equal aversion—it not unnaturally, in its inexperience as a beginner, viewed them all with the same spiteful eye, and regarded them as one great group of antagonists, to be vanquished collectively and indivisibly. But though this general impression was comprehensible a few years ago, when the embryonic Republic was fighting for life, it has ceased to be excusable now. In the consolidated position which the Republic has attained, and which entails duties as well as rights, it commits both an injustice and an error in continuing, as it does still, to rank all bygone resistances together in one indiscriminating hate; for though the old forces have been accustomed to work together, and to feel sympathy for each other, it is manifest that they were composed of two totally distinct classes of elements, which might probably be separated without any excessive difficulty. The purely monarchical components must, of course, continue to be fought against, and so far as they alone are concerned, the Republic cannot be blamed for its animosity; but the intellectual, the religious, and the social constituents present another character. They are in no way necessarily anti-republican; they are of all times and of all systems; they are national; they are French; they are inherent in the race, or, at all events, in large sections of the race; and no one can seriously urge that they can never be utilized in the future for the good of the Republic.

lic, just as they have served in the past for the glory of the monarchy. Who can argue, for instance, that it is quite impossible to convert society to the Republic? Who can assert that the gentlemen of France will never consent to serve the new system, or that their wives and daughters are so resolutely opposed to it that it is useless to attempt to win them to its flag? It would be folly to aver that the best of the women of France can never become republicans as sincerely as they were monarchists or imperialists. And yet the Republic is so behaving toward them that it is not only repelling them from itself, but—what is infinitely graver—is beginning to enfeeble their old-established national authority, to debilitate their action and their value in the land, and to lower the admirable position which they occupied before Europe. A distinctly marked commencement of decadence of Frenchwomen has set in under this Republic. They are ceasing to be themselves; and it is time that the attention of the friends of France should be seriously directed to the situation in which they stand.

Let us first see what Frenchwomen have been; we shall then observe more easily what they are, and what they are in danger of becoming.

In no country and at no time have women exercised such power, or played such a part, as they had gradually assumed in France during the last two centuries. The Frenchwoman had formed herself by degrees into an institution of a peculiar kind. Nothing like her was to be found elsewhere. She had invented, for her own use, a type of womanhood which was special to herself, and which no one else could appropriate. Her quickness, her inventiveness, and her imitativeness, enabled her to perceive and seize all the means of action which could serve her; and she used these means with such dexterity, that, after a few generations of evolution and development, she reached the fullest consummation of intelligence and of charm which the world has yet seen. And she was not only remarkable for her individual capacities—it was not solely in her personal attributes that she shone; she was even more striking in her associated action, in the royalty which her corporation collectively exercised over

her own country and over Europe. Her very name had grown to be a proverb and a power. There is no other example in history of the women of any single nation standing out in a class before the world as the universally accepted uncontested type of superiority in all that constitutes feminine brilliancy, in skill and taste, and wit and winningness. And there is no other instance of the women of a race acquiring and wielding a national influence, social, moral, intellectual, and therefore indirectly political, such as Frenchwomen exercised around them until a few years ago. The nation had accorded to them by degrees, and perhaps without quite perceiving what it was doing, a place in which their abilities and their influence mutually reacted upon and fortified each other. Their inborn potentialities were evolved into full work by their situation, and the situation in turn was aggrandized and vivified by the growth of the faculties which had created it. The interworking of these two causalities carried them to the triumphs which they achieved. But, of course, their victory varied with their means ; it was, in each case, proportioned to their place and properties ; and it was necessarily limited to the educated classes ; for, by its nature, it was a fruit of graces, of refinements, of acquired delicate efficiencies which good teaching, good example, and good contact can alone bestow.

The woman of society—the “ lady,” as she would be called in England, the *femme du monde*, as she is defined in France—held her empire by an accumulation of these bright capacities. Of beauty, as we narrowly understand it in England, she had but little ; but she possessed so many other witcheries that her habitual want of features and complexion ceased to count against her. Expression redeemed the absence of prettiness, and the designation *jolie laide* was invented for her in order to express her power of pleasing despite her ugliness. In this first view of her she at once assumed a standing-ground of her own ; for she was the only woman in Europe who could win homage and admiration without good looks. She did much more, indeed ; she led men (in absolute contradiction to our insular theory) to regard mere fairness of face

as only one, and not the most important, of the many spells which a true woman should wield. Her bearing was all her own ; she had no aristocracy, as we English understand it ; but she had a something more gentle and more winning, less dominating, less impressive, less grandiose, but infinitely more persuasive, more sympathetic, more human—she had distinction, a distinction peculiar to herself, all brightness, symmetry, elegance, and finish. Her manner, again, was exclusively her own—its ease, its lightness, its gayety, its unaffectedness and naturalness were never caught by women of other races. Others had their merits too, but they were not those of Frenchwomen. Her eloquence, which was made up of an unconscious mingling of paradox and common-sense—her facility of talk, her thorough possession of her language, and her flow of amusingness—made every listener hang upon her lips with delight. The grace of her figure and of her hands and feet, the use she made of them, the adroitness with which she put in evidence every seduction which nature had bestowed upon her or art had created for her, threw around her a physical charm which was still further heightened by her dressing. And above and beyond all stood her feminineness, her thorough womanness, the greatest, the noblest, the sweetest of her allurements. These were the powers which the true *femme du monde* displayed ; these were the sources of her sovereignty.

But, remarkable as were all these elements of her empire, the use she made of that empire was more striking still ; for the elements, admirable as they were, had limits, while the empire was unlimited. In her drawing-room the Frenchwoman was a mistress of an exceptional kind : she was not merely chief of the house, she was, effectively, president of an assembly ; she invented, regulated, and directed the movement of thought around her ; she tilled the ideas of those who had any, and she furnished fancies to those who had none ; her fire-side was an oasis and a resting-place. The action so commenced indoors spread outside into the life of her friends ; she made herself felt even in her absence ; her arguments and her counsels were remembered and practi-

cally applied ; her teaching fructified. In her place and her degree she stamped her mark on those she lived with, and, as a natural consequence, the organization of feeling, of sentiment, and of tendencies, in the centre in which she moved, was, in reality, her product. French literature is full of biographies and monographs of women such as these ; but numerous as are the books about them, they tell only of a few privileged exceptions. Tens of thousands of unknown good spirits have done their work in life, but have left no record of their passage ; that work, however, has been none the less real, none the less national, none the less French. The men have not attempted to resist this absorption of action by the women ; knowingly or unknowingly, by weakness or by will, they have accepted the pilotage which was offered them, and have allowed the women to become the real conductors of the moral life of the land, of its emotions, its pleasures, and even its ambitions and its objects.

Thus far we have spoken only of the qualities of the typical Frenchwoman. Let us see, now, what her faults were. In both cases we consider her in her public character alone ; neither her private nature nor her home action concern us here.

Notwithstanding her extreme feminineness—perhaps, indeed, because of it—she was frivolous, vain, and ignorant. In other words, she attached undue importance to the surface of things ; she was entirely convinced of her own efficacy ; and she had scarcely any book-knowledge. Her frivolity, however, contained no falseness, and her vanity no snobbishness ; while her want of reading was compensated by her special faculty of picking up information by contact. But her true demerit, from the wide point of view at which we are placing ourselves here, the great defect for which she offered no set-off, was the narrowness and pure Frenchness of her view on foreign questions. She was full of prejudice, of dogmatism, of foregone conclusions. Never was a temperament less cosmopolitan than hers ; it was indeed so limitedly local, so circumscribedly national, that it is difficult to comprehend, when we first look at this particular aspect of her, how she ever

managed to stretch her hold beyond her frontiers. The explanation is, that she influenced from a distance, by a magnetic transmission of herself, by the power of example and reputation, not by the immediate pressure of personal presence. Her success abroad was reflected, not direct ; it was the recoil of her ascendancy at home. She achieved it in spite of her dislike of other races. And, curiously, this ungenerous littleness, though common to all classes, became more and more visible as the social scale rose higher. It reached the maximum of its development in the women of the set known as the Faubourg St. Germain. Nowhere was there, in modern Europe, a group of persons more intolerant and more illiberal, less reasoning and less impartial, than the “ pure Faubourg,” as a whole. Never were the high-class women of any land so unlike their equals elsewhere. The best-born of all the European races (except the French) have a feeling of instinctive sympathy for each other, as being of one great family, and as representing the same interest ; they are all impelled, by the mutual consciousness of gentle blood, to meet without mistrust, on the common ground of social equivalence. But never have Frenchwomen felt that. Putting aside some few exceptions, the rule among them is, that they shun foreigners, show them little hospitality, and hold their opinions in contempt. The Faubourg St. Germain, especially, which had concentrated itself into a fortified refuge of antique bigotries, admitted scarcely any stranger inside its walls. It is true that no stranger really wished to pass them, unless it were out of simple curiosity, to see what the once famous Faubourg looked like, for no one who was not born in it could find pleasure in such a social dungeon. Of course there were, and are, within its precincts, certain corners which have become modernized. The names of the houses which, though still placed on the southern bank of the Seine have adopted the habits and ideas of the northern side, will rise to the lips of every one acquainted with the society of Paris ; but, taken as a whole, as a clan, as a sect, the Faubourg St. Germain was, and is, the gloomiest of all the coteries in Europe. It was always a laboratory of fanaticism ; but

since 1830 it has voluntarily surrounded itself with unapproachable dreariness, and it has, if possible, carried further still its ancient shrinking from all that is not French.

Now, if this inhospitable disposition had been compensated by a highly developed national action—by warm, glowing, successful work at home—it would have been possible to argue, in defence of it, that it was, after all, only a more or less rational consequence of ardent patriotism. But as, for a long time past, the Faubourg St. Germain has had no influence whatever in the country—as it is the section which, of all the categories that make up the sum of society, possesses the least hold over the nation, and has made the least effort to obtain any—its absence of sympathy with extraneous questions and persons cannot be explained in that way, and must be referred to the true cause—a general dryness and selfishness, a manifest indifference to, and scorn for, all that is not “Faubourg.” And yet, with all its actual feebleness and isolation, there was a period when this Faubourg was the one social power of France, when its women counted among the active life-springs of the nation, and when they established, almost unaided (for scarcely any of their compatriots were in a position to help them then) the foundations of the influence which the Frenchwomen of following generations were destined to exercise. Faded as their situation now is, eclipsed and superseded as they are by other and newer vigors, it would be ungrateful and unfair to forget that they were once the only feminine puissance in the land, and that it was they who laid the foundations of the success in which it has ceased to please them to take a share. The tale of their former action is written in the chronicles of France; but they have withdrawn from the work they began, and the great modern middle class has assumed their place, and has learnt to discharge their function.

That middle class, augmenting with the increase of wealth and the spread of education, seemed likely, if things went on as they were going, to become the true upper section of the community, the Faubourg order being eliminated by its own inherent incapacity, and by the process of crowding out to which it was

being subjected. It was in this wide central body that the women used to exhibit all the highest characteristics of their race; it was in it that the most perfect examples of their type were found; and there was, in this branch of the nation, a special freshness and diversity which was proper to itself. In the old noble classes there existed traditions and models which were handed on by each generation to its children, and their shaping brought about a general similarity of product. Whereas, in the perpetually renewed ranks of the centre, into which all sorts of unprepared elements were constantly surging up from below, a large proportion of the women had to create themselves, to discover their end, to invent their means. They were, consequently, more personal than the people above them; there was more *imprévu*, less fixed pattern, about them; they were, in many cases, the self-generated issue of their own intelligence; they were French of the French, made up of inherent faculties; a fruit of intrinsic idiosyncrasies developed by new surroundings; an outcome of in-born fitnesses. But, though this marked difference existed between the processes of manufacture of the women of the first and second grades, their social functions and their social action were identical (so long, that is, as the upper crust continued to do anything at all). They strove, alike, to sway the men around them, to mould French life, and to lift up France, by their example, and by the influence of that example on other countries.

The wives and daughters of the working strata did good too, but it was in another fashion and with another object. In this third gradation social issues had of course no place, but still the laborer's wife presented many of the characteristics of the women above her. She had their gayety, their naturalness, their effusiveness; and she usually possessed, in a dormant state, the capabilities of the others, for if her husband rose in the world, she almost always fitted herself to her new station, and took her place in it without inaptitude. This third group, however, notwithstanding its numbers, exercised no influence; it was worthy, self-denying, toiling, and affectionate, but it had neither the ambition nor the

means to teach, to proselytize, or to rule. Its office was of another kind ; it was of a purely home aspect. It was admirable within its limits, but it had nothing in common with the public dominance of the two other classes of Frenchwomen. There was nothing national or international about it, and we need therefore take no account of it here.

Such was, in rough outline, the general situation of the women of France down to the date of the German War. The Second Empire had neither weakened their hold nor damaged their natures. Nothing, indeed, is more unfair or more untrue than to pretend, either for party purposes or from an affectation of morality that the reign of Napoleon III. did any general or permanent harm to French character. A certain limited band indulged in a good deal of amusement and extravagance, but the nation, as a whole, was outside the movement : it looked on, laughed, and made money. The Frenchwoman came out of the Imperial period just as she entered it—unhurt and unchanged, with the same merits and the same faults, with just as much capacity and simplicity as she had before, with no lessening of any of her powers. On the contrary, her influence over France and Europe was never greater than during the twenty years which preceded 1870. And it was not the noisy pressure of frivolous excitement—it was the sound superiority of intelligence, the supremacy of grace. And see how Europe testified to the truth of this ; see what proof was given that the Frenchwoman never stood higher in foreign sympathy. When France was conquered, did her moral influence fall ? Not for one moment, or in the faintest measure. France lost her political place, as a consequence of defeat, but held her own, intellectually, socially, and sentimentally, just as if nothing at all had happened. Why ? Because the accumulated action of her women had done what her men could not effect—it had retained her friends. It was to the past work of her women that France was principally indebted for the position which, in her hour of trial, she occupied before the world ; it was to them that, for the greater part, she owed the abiding sympathy of Europe.

She was invaded, beaten, and humiliated, yet still accepted and proclaimed by the surrounding nations as their guide, their light, their text and type in all that makes life graceful, spiritual, and attractive. Who will deny the truth of this ? Who will assert that in her day of sorrow, when her men had failed her, France was not mainly held up, sustained, and kept in place by the merits of her women ? Never was there, in the record of nations, a moment at which the services which women can render were more unequivocally or more grandly shown. In the sad days which followed the signature of peace, from 1871 to 1873, France was indeed well served by them ; the store of goodwill, of respect, of admiration which they had piled up in Europe, poured itself out around the land in eager tenderness. In every corner of England and the Continent were friends of France, friends made for her in better days, chiefly by the efforts and the reputation of her women—friends who are still faithful to her, still attached to her, but whose fondness would not long survive if France ceased to be served and defended by her women.

Such was the situation ten years ago. Such was the position in which the Republic found the women of the country it came to govern. They were powerful at home, honored abroad. They were a glory and an energy in the land. What has the Republic done with them ?

The reply is simple. Since 1871, and particularly since the third Republic has been definitely established, the inland sovereignty of the Frenchwoman has begun to melt away, and her exterior credit to grow pale ; the reason being that the Republic has included her among the forces to be annulled, and has done its utmost to dismiss her from her rule, as if she were a mere monarch, and could be dethroned like ordinary kings. We shall soon see how.

The Republic has introduced several new conditions into French life. By its essence and its mission—which are to democratize not only government, but character and rights as well—it has naturally brought about an antagonism of castes. By that antagonism it has upset the balance of social influences, and has altered the relations between classes.

By its legislative enactments it has suppressed or modified a good many individual liberties. In each of these directions its action has been unmistakably pointed, not only against the "ancient parties," but also, in reality and effect, against what used to be regarded as the higher categories of the population. At the same time, it would be unjust not to recognise that, in a good deal of all this, a professedly democratic *régime* could scarcely have acted otherwise, since its one purpose is to do everything for and by the people. Within certain limits (which we need not attempt to determine, because in the particular case which we are considering the limits fix themselves), we fully acknowledge that the actual masters of France have both right and logic on their side. They are the majority; they have power; they have a programme, and no impartial spectator can blame them for carrying the political elements of that programme into execution. We will go further still—we will admit that the present system cannot content itself with purely political results, and that, to be faithful to its creed, it must pursue certain social consequences as well. But here arises the well-known difficulty. Directly a Government touches the social organization of a people it is forced to pull down, for it is powerless to lift up. The unification of classes can only be obtained by dragging the top to the bottom; no motor yet discovered can raise the bottom to the top. The Republicans may not really wish to destroy their upper classes; but, as a fact, they have begun to do so, and seem likely to be obliged to continue, whether they like it or not. They commenced by transferring the exercise of government from the particular section of the population which formerly possessed it, which was educated to it, and was accustomed to practise it, to another section which is new to it, and which has received no preparation for it. So far their operation was exclusively political. But, additionally, and at the same time, they attempted, with constantly increasing success, to suppress all national action and all national usefulness on the part of the dispossessed section, and to reduce it to a condition of practical nullity. They have now managed to exclude the former upper

classes, almost entirely, from participation in the public life of France, from influence in the State or from a voice in its councils. Yet, even in this second stage of their proceedings, they can scarcely be said to have gone beyond the strict rights of political victory, and to have distinctly manifested a purpose of social subversion; for it was not to be expected that they would remain content until they had expelled the ousted classes from any share in the direction or the administration of the country. The new democratic reign had a right to seek that result, and could scarcely content itself with less: it was entitled, by the law of conquest, to choose not only its policy but its men, and to eliminate from public action all influences and persons which the majority regarded as hostile either to its principles or its objects.

Furthermore, the gentlemen of France, viewed collectively and omitting the exceptions, have done nothing whatever to ward off their own destruction—have made no attempt to hold their ground, to defend their position, or to retain their credit. The mass of them sulk silently in their chateaux, say snarlingly that the country is going to the devil, and do not make the faintest effort to prevent it. The active, energetic life of an English landlord appears to be beyond their conception: the unceasing discharge of local business, the perpetual friendly contact between employer and employed, the claim to the inborn right of laboring for the public good, the privilege of rendering service, the frank acceptance of duties and responsibilities as a consequence of position, which stamp the tone and attitude of the gentlemen in every village in England, are all unknown to them. Never did a great class so tamely permit its place and power to be snatched away from it, or sit down under defeat with such astounding torpidity. It would almost seem as if these enemies of the Republic desired to prove, by voluntarily supplying conclusive evidence of their incapacity as a mass, how wise the Republic is to have relieved them of all further trouble. Passive sullenness is the distinguishing mark of their present conduct toward the Republic: they sit in a corner and growl at what they call the *canaille*, but

they do not make the faintest united effort to work up again to their lost status. They have evidently no perception of the fact that in our time rights have lost the faculty of surviving of their own accord ; that they no longer endure when they are no longer merited ; that, to keep them alive, they must be vigorously backed up by conduct and by energy ; and that daily proof must be supplied by those who claim to exercise them, that they are still worthy to be intrusted with them. We know all this in England, and we act accordingly. It is not so in France : there, class rights are still regarded by a good many people, as abstract possessions, involving no necessary work at all. Under such conditions, it is not strange that the republicans should both repudiate the aristocracy as a natural enemy, and scoff at it as a useless ally.

They have done this with an earnestness and completeness which leave but little space for hopes of reconciliation or arrangement. But yet they profess to open their arms to all who choose to join them, and they declare that it is the fault of the "ancient parties" alone if they remain outside. This, however, is not altogether true. Such few members of those parties as have changed their opinions and have gone over to the Republic, have not been received with an enthusiasm calculated to tempt others to follow their example. And, additionally—with the exception of the army and navy, which are technical and hierarchal careers whence exclusion on political grounds is almost impossible—very few men of the old sort are now to be found in the public pay. In all the branches of the civil service, which are prodigiously extensive and varied in France, the greater part of the former servants have been turned out. New-comers have claimed and have occupied all the places, of no matter what nature, that the Government had to bestow. And the democratic spirit is excluding the well-born, more and more, from the elective bodies, from the Departmental and Communal Councils, as from the Senate and the Chamber. If the aristocracy has shrunk from the Republic, the Republic has paid it back in its own coin with compound interest, and cannot pretend that it has shown the faintest symp-

tom of any desire to make friends. The breach is complete, for the present at least : on neither side is there a sign of any disposition to bridge it over.

Here again, it must be said, in strict equity, that the Republic remains within its rôle and within its rights. But it has simultaneously taken another step which carries it clearly beyond both. It has not only thrust aside the old governing classes, but it has also unmistakably given France to understand that it intends to go a long way further, and that it means to abolish, if it can, the power and influence of society as well. As the governing classes and society were composed, for a considerable part at least, of the same persons, it is to a certain extent comprehensible that the Republic should not regard society as a friend ; but that it should look at it—as it manifestly does—as worn out and obsolete, as necessarily reactionary and anti-republican, is to go far beyond what the facts of the situation justify. War is, however, implicitly declared against society—not by the Government, of course, or in any well-defined or official form, but by the democratic party, as a mass, by the whole surging, aspiring multitude of the *nouvelles couches*. It was in the order of things that it should be so : nothing could prevent it ; it was only a matter of date. It was one of the functions of a Radical Republic to smash society as a force. The smashing has begun. The blow dealt at the political position and influence of the aristocracy produced, as a natural consequence, an immediate and painful *contre-coup* on society. The damage done to the one was keenly felt as an injury by the other ; the two were, for the moment, so intimately bound up together that neither of them could suffer alone ; all detriment to either was common to both, for they had not had time since 1871 to detach themselves from each other. As society in France had rendered the weightiest services to the State ; as it had always been one of the primary factors in the formation of opinion ; as it had presided over the whole organization of the higher life of the nation ; as it had largely aided, morally and intellectually, to fashion France into what France was ; as it had formed, by the multiplicity, the variety,

and the extent of its operations, an empire within an empire—it had naturally become an active supporter of what was then the governing class, and was considered and consulted by it as a faithful friend and ally. And yet, though all this was true, though society was mainly represented, in its public action and in its contact with the State, by the upper strata, it must not be forgotten that, in reality, society spread far away into the nation, and that it included a much deeper and much wider mixture of general components than are usually contained in what is called society elsewhere. Since the Revolution there had been nothing exclusive about it; there was but one condition for forming part of it—that condition was personal fitness. Neither special position, nor certain determined occupations, nor even money, were indispensable for admission to it. If ever a society was truly national, truly catholic, truly generous and open-armed, it was certainly the society of France. It was generally cold to foreigners, but it was amply open to the entire home population, with the single obligation of contributing to the discharge of its functions. The Faubourg St. Germain singly stood apart. With that lonely exception society in France has always been during the present century as profoundly democratic in its roots and origins as it was conservative in its tendencies and action. It set an example of liberty and accessibility long before the Republics of '48 or '70 proclaimed the rights of the people. With such characteristics as these, it was not strange that it counted as one of the powers of France. Its uses were so evident, its services were so manifest, its value was so indisputable, that successive Governments courted its goodwill and co-operation, and saw in it one of the most energetic, most all-pervading, and most thoroughly French of the forces at their disposal; they recognised that society lifted up France at home and made her loved and honored abroad.

It was reserved for this successful Republic, for this triumphant democracy, to attack an authority which all preceding masters (including even Napoleon) had respected; an authority which had a very special claim to consideration from popular feeling, for it had not only

exercised its sway by the most eminent and most winning of French qualities—by gaiety, by inspiration, and by charm—but had set the first example of permanent emancipation from class prejudices. The attack is not yet violent—it is directed, thus far, against the outworks only; but the siege has commenced, and the investing troops are too bitter to be likely to abandon it. They see in society a citadel to be dismantled, because it stands upon a height—a stronghold to be demolished, because its garrison is composed of picked soldiers—a keep to be blown down, because the flag which flies from it is a small token of superiority. Democracy is jealous of society, and when democracy is jealous it destroys.

But it will not destroy society alone. Another of the brightnesses of France will fall with it. French society and Frenchwomen are one, and when society is gone as a force, there will be an end of women as a charm. What society did in France, women did; for society is an operator to whose ends Frenchmen contribute almost nothing. Society there was what women made it: it was through it that they preached their bright message; it was through it that they shaped their country; it was through it that Europe learned to know the French. Society and women, in France, labored together, prevailed together, prospered together. And, to-day, they fall together. In the great general excommunication of the French upper classes is incorporated the consequent inevitable ostracism of women from the public power which they once possessed and so admirably employed; for, though society, as has just been said, is not composed of those classes alone, it is still so largely dependent on them for its form, its essence, and its being, that it is not possible to conceive the continuation of its existence as a power, if ever those classes are effectively barred out from its direction. It would, in such an event, fall helplessly to pieces; it would lose the unity which has hitherto distinguished it; it would break up into patches, atoms, and scraps; its vitality would abandon it; the most French of Frenchnesses would be undone; and Frenchwomen would lose their sceptre.

Thus far we have endeavored only to summarize the situation in its main outlines—to present an approximate sketch of the past action and past uses of French society and Frenchwomen, and of the new conditions in which they find themselves at this moment. We will now approach more closely to the subject, and indicate the nature of the actual position, so as to determine the character and degree of the decadence which has already been induced. This brings us to the core of the question; hitherto we have only been working up to it by preparing the necessary elements of comparison between the present and the past, between what was and what is.

First of all, it will be prudent to recognise that a great many people in France (a majority, in all probability) would deny that there is any decadence at all, or even that any real change has occurred in the public situation and power of either society or women. The Republicans would naturally affirm, in the puritanical language so many of them affect, that, instead of weakening the position of their countrywomen, they have placed that position higher even than it was before, by surrounding it with an aureola of democratic virtues and patriotic purities. A large number of the women themselves, especially the less thoughtful of them, would learn with astonished and offended pride that their place is going from them. But other witnesses are at hand; other voices are making themselves heard. The protestations of many among the French, the testimony of independent observers, and the evidence of the facts, unite to prove the reality of the damage already done, and to shadow forth the threatenings of the future.

The best, the truest, the noblest of Frenchwomen—the women who are no longer young but who know how to be old without regret—the women who remember and compare, whose knowledge of life enables them to gauge events, and whose position, character, and authority place their attestations above denial—these women are almost unanimous in declaring that, during the last few years, they and their sisters have palpably lost ground, both in public action and in personal capacity. And this is not the querulous complaint of worn-out elder-

ship, of persons whose views have changed with years, and who think the past superior to the present because their own associations are connected with the past. No; it is the thoughtful, unbiassed verdict of unwilling judges, whose sentence gains still further weight because it is in painful contradiction to their wishes and affections. And it is not in the more ancient ranks alone that these reluctant deponents are to be found. Many of the younger women, too, are testifying against themselves each day, and are impartially proclaiming that society is fading, and that they themselves are drooping and withering with it. Even the men are beginning to take some small part in the outcry which is swelling up against the damage inflicted by democracy on society and women, and though it is only the more observant of the French who, thus far, point to the coming danger—though it is only the minority which has yet perceived the impending downfall—the day is approaching fast when all eyes will be opened to it.

Next come the declarations of foreigners, of aliens who live in France. Their evidence cannot be suspected, for they love France—so earnestly, indeed, that they cherish not only her merits but even her faults. They admire her greatness and her brightnesses, but they have sense enough and philosophy enough to recognise that it is contrary to all the teachings of reality, to all the lessons of life, to seek for excellencies alone, and that the wise man must accept defects as well, for the sake of the qualities which correspond to them. These foreigners have no dislike to the Republic; on the contrary, most of them are thoroughly convinced that it is the only government which is now possible in France. Furthermore, being true cosmopolitans, with no prejudices and with no preferences, they declare that the political *régime* of France is no concern of theirs, and that it is for the French alone to choose the shape of supervision under which it pleases them to place themselves. All they desire is to live in France and to attach themselves to her without reference to the momentary form of her constitution. Well, these strangers, of varied nationalities, possessing (many of them at

least) old and intimate acquaintance with French society, and the accumulated world-wide experience necessary to view that society broadly and measure it fairly—these strangers assert, almost with one consent, that the Frenchwoman is passing away. They say that her luminousness, her instinct, her fancy, and her sentiment, have all diminished; that she manifestly takes less trouble to please and to play her part in life; that her aptitudes are no longer exercised or applied as they were in former days; that her type of mind is ceasing to be peculiar to herself, and that, as a consequence of these changes, her charm has sensibly diminished. They observe that all this has happened since 1871, and on behalf of Europe they raise their voices in protestation. They entreat the Republic to take note that the Frenchwoman is being stifled, and they appeal for her preservation as one of the glories of France and one of the necessities of Europe. The world cannot spare her. Other women than she had realized the curious mixture of transient attributes, of artificial capacities, of acquired graces, of faculties and faults, of brilliancies and vanities, the accumulation of which makes up that strangely composite and profoundly conventional product, the modern lady; but no other woman had ever achieved these ends as she had done; with such plenitude, such finish and such ease, with such dexterity and facility, with such unfailing adaptability to the ever-varying modifications called for by the unceasing evolution of usages and manners. And, above all, no other women had ever utilized their sway to the same degree in order to make themselves felt everywhere as a living, self-asserting force. The success of Frenchwomen in all this had been so thorough; they had gone so resolutely ahead of the men of their race; they had so fully seized the front place in their land—that the rest of the world looked on with admiration, and came by degrees to regard them as a generic but uncopiable pattern, as a sort of collective property of the earth, which every other nation had an equal right to respect from afar, to extol, and to acclaim. The Frenchwoman, in the eyes of the world of travel, of experience, and of critical comparison, was one of the special outgrowths of our

time. The whole earth, indeed, has unstintingly felt this; it will therefore be justified now in weeping over the demolition of this universal idol, and in calling upon the Republic to restore it to its place upon the altars. If the Frenchwoman is to be annulled, it is not for France alone to mourn over her; all humanity will claim the melancholy right to cast flowers on her grave.

And now let us pass from the personal to the material side of the proofs, from the testimony of individuals to the evidence of facts. A lowering atmosphere of *ennui* has settled over France since the establishment of the Republic. The sky, so clear, so bright before, so full of sunbeams and so radiant with light, is veiled by mists of tedium, by hovering hazes of distrust, and by the clouds of gathering storm. The composition of the air seems altered; those who breathe it feel as if it had veered round from sprightliness to heaviness; its vivifying freshness is gone. The entire social climate has undergone a change; its old peculiar characteristics are disappearing; new conditions are arising in their places. And these mutations have not been vague and undefined; they have not been limited to general appearances, to occasional symptoms, or to passing signs; on the contrary, they have produced themselves in the most distinct form, with unequivocal precision, and with a persistence and a permanence which leave, unhappily, no doubt of their reality. It is a glaring verity that, during the last few years, French society has lost a large part of its gayety and vivacity, of its demonstrativeness and naturalness. The wish for joy is manifestly growing weaker. The French, who were once so resolute in their hostility to sadness, appear to be beginning to accept it tacitly, like the English, as a natural element of life. And more than all—incredible as it may sound—they are, most certainly, becoming stupid. They used to be the most intelligent people upon earth—they overflowed with vitality and animation—they chattered and rejoiced all day; but now they are often dull and silent. And as they talk less and laugh less, so, also, do they seem to feel less; the rapid impressibility, the comprehensive emotionality, which were so eminently theirs,

have apparently been blunted. And all this is particularly and especially true of the women ; for as they were, in former days, the completest models of French capacities, so are they, naturally, the first to suffer when those capacities begin to wane. It is they who have lost the most in this national decline, for it was they who had the most to lose. They, who were once so full of confidence and self-reliance, who were so buoyant, so enthusiastic, so optimist, and even so utopian ; they, to whom life was a theatre in which they were the applauded actresses ; they, who had no doubts and no hesitations about either their talent or their performance—seem now to have become timid, diffident, suspicious, and half paralyzed by despondency. There is, in their attitude as a class, the anxious nervous look of a prisoner on trial. And this comparison is not strained, for they all well know that, in fact and truth, the Republic is sitting in judgment on them, and that they will probably be condemned. The result of all this is that social intercourse is diminishing, for when people have a rope round their necks they do not care to be amused or to amuse others. Festivities of all kinds are few ; many well-known houses have closed their doors and receive no more ; and in the homes which are still open to visitors there is a sort of chilliness. Some of the highest placed and most intelligent women of the foreign colony in Paris are positively beginning to confess that they no longer care to know many French people, because most of them have become so dull. Social leadership is passing away into exotic hands. There are still a few great ladies who retain their former chieftainship ; but they can be counted on the fingers, and the reality now is that the French have drawn back from their old active contact with each other, and have left the care of hospitality to strangers and to Jews. In the provinces the condition is worse still ; for outside the capital there are no Spaniards, no Americans, and no Israelites to replace the absent natives. And furthermore, as the spirit of clanship and of petty hostility to the Government is much more active in the country, as the good people there seem to consider it a duty to be lugubrious under the Republic, there is

really almost an end of any social intercourse at all beyond the limits of the department of the Seine. Taking the situation all round, it may be said, with truth, that there is no more society in France in the old great meaning of the word ; and that even in the restricted sense of mere parties and dinners and dances, there is an enormous falling off. And as it is with society, so is it also with women. No more of them are being produced. The unceasing procession of fresh triumphers and of new potentates, which was so remarkable a symptom of the healthy period of French society, has stopped altogether. Scarcely any of the young beginners of the last ten years have made a name or taken a place. The conductors of amusement in its present reduced form are still a remaining few of the same ladies who directed it under the Empire. The Republic has been a barren spouse to France ; it has engendered no women, just as it has brought forth no men. These things are as well known on the Boulevard as are the *cafés* and the lamp-posts. They are as certain as night after day ; and terribly like night they are in their gloominess and sadness. They make up a group of facts to add to the statements of the witnesses, and facts and testimonies combine together to prove that the Frenchwoman is decaying.

And all this is the work of the Republic. It is impossible to deny it. There were no signs of decline so long as there was a monarchy in France. The whole of the symptoms which we have just indicated have sprung up since the war. And furthermore, the Republic has pursued, as we have seen, a line of conduct toward society and women which, in itself, explains the commencement of decadence of which we are the spectators, and leaves no space for doubt that the present political system is responsible for what is happening. But here, again, it would be unjust to lay the entire blame on the back of the Republic, properly so called. A republic is a rougher institution than a sovereignty ; it cares less for forms and manners ; it has less sympathy for elegances and graces ; the brightnesses and delicacies of feminine charm are not regarded by it as necessary ingredients of

life. But yet, notwithstanding these inherent antagonisms, there is no fundamental reason at all why a moderate republic should not recognize the necessity and the policy of gaining the goodwill of society, and of supporting and utilizing it as a national force. To do this, however, the republic must remain somewhat Conservative, and that is precisely what the French Republic has ceased to be. Its ungainliness is increasing instead of diminishing; its innate disinclination to graceful things is augmenting, for the simple reason that it is becoming more and more essentially democratic. It is to its democratic rather than to its purely republican spirit, that the gravity of the social situation is to be ascribed. The Republic, as a separate abstract conception, is relatively innocent. It deprived the upper classes of power, but it does not necessarily follow, nor is it in any way proved, that if left to itself it would have gone beyond that point. Democracy, on the contrary, would stop nowhere. The attacks against society, so far as they have already gone, were the act of the Republic in its young excitement; the situation in the present is also, consequently, its work; but the danger of the future promises to arise almost exclusively from democracy, from the radical elements which are unceasingly gaining power, and from the certainty, based on experience, that they will use that power for destruction. The result produced already is marked enough, and sad enough; but the true seriousness of the case lies in the sombre probabilities of the future; in the effects which will be produced on Frenchwomen by the growth of the revolutionary spirit—by the development of that "latent radicalism" of which the Duc de Broglie so prophetically spoke in 1877, during the stormy discussions which followed the 16th May.

The mass of the nation is indifferent in the matter; it does not understand it; and it cares so little for anything whatever except money-making, that it gladly leaves the management of its affairs to any one who is kind enough to take the trouble off its hands. But still, if the mass had any opinion at all, that opinion would be against society; for the old popular conservatism is ebbing

away, and the multitude has no favor now for anything which lies above it. It is becoming democratic in the country as in the towns, and will soon be ripe to follow the new leaders who are marching to the front, and to approve the measures which those leaders will apply. Society and women, as institutions, can look nowhere, with certainty, for reliable and effectual assistance. According to all the probabilities of the case, they both are doomed. Even the intensity of their Frenchness will not save them, for the longing for subversion takes precedence of patriotism in the democratic mind. Furthermore, if democracy permitted them to exist, it would not know how to utilize them. The Republic, even in the relatively temperate form it has hitherto assumed, has proved how incompetent it is to employ, or even to comprehend, these delicate forces; and democracy is, necessarily, still more awkward in the matter, for its entire essence is opposed to the symmetries and refinements of which Frenchwomen are the type and the exponents. Yet the danger lies not in the coarseness or the clumsiness of radicalism, but in its hate—in that chafing abhorrence of everything that stands high, which is the distinguishing characteristic of democratic passion.

There is but one faint chance left. If the Republic can resist democracy, and if it can open its eyes to its own and the national advantage, it may yet prevent the coming disappearance of Frenchwomen. It was urged, at the commencement of this article, that some of the old forces of France might advantageously be employed by the Republic. Is it quite incapable to distinguish between the "ancient parties" and society at large, and to keep the latter at work, though it continues to discard the former? Is it quite unable to utilize women? It is, of course, free to reject the aid of both if it thinks that it can do without them; it is also free to refuse to protect them, if it thinks that France does not want them; and it is fully entitled to set society at defiance, and to laugh at its hostility. But in doing these things it will have the whole of Europe against it; and the certainty of the disapprobation of all its neighbors may, perhaps, count for something in its

eyes. Thus far the Government has given no signs of its opinions or intentions in the matter. Perhaps it is waiting to let the current grow in force, and then to float on with it when it is sweeping all before it. Perhaps, when that time comes, it will say of its citizens, like Caussidière in 1848—"Of course, as I am their chief, I must follow them;" perhaps it will do nothing at all, and will leave independent radicalism to effect the overthrow by itself. But even mere inaction on the part of the Government would be as fatal as active hostility; for of all the dogmas which compose the creed of French life, not one is more universally adopted, more indisputably admitted, than the tenet that the Government is supreme master of everything, and that nothing can thrive if the Government is not with it. In the present state of things, the declared support of the State is indispensable for the maintenance of society as a force; and even that support would probably be insufficient now, for the double reason that it would be powerless against democracy, and that nobody would believe in its sincerity. Still, it is the sole remedy to try. Society will, of course, continue as a half-dried channel of intercourse—visits and parties will go on in an impoverished fashion; but that is not the meaning of society as we are considering it here. If the Government will not or cannot protect it from its adversaries, the day will soon arrive when its national functions and its corporate qualities—its creativeness, its self-constitutiveness, and its representativeness—its dignity, its lustre, and its repute—will all be exterminated by irresistible and relentless sweeping out from below. Society can only be saved by union between it and the Republic. It is for the Republican Government to hold out its hand: it is the conqueror, it is the master; it is in a position in which it can afford to be generous; it can lose nothing, but it can render a priceless service to France, and can merit the gratitude of Europe. If the Government refuses to do its best, then the decadence will march on with speed, and there will be nothing left but to recommend French society and Frenchwomen to the protecting care of the Society for the Preservation of Historic

Monuments, so that their memory and their relics may not be totally lost in the land in which they were once so great.

It would be a mistake to imagine that what is now passing is a superficial or momentary accident, which will settle itself straight again in a little time. According to the aspect of things, no such expectation can be entertained. The rupture of personal relations between society and the Republic, if that were all, could probably be patched up in time, provided society frankly admitted that it can only be rescued by the Republic, and provided the Republic heartily recognized that it would do an irreparable damage to France if it allowed society to be destroyed. But the true danger is graver and far deeper; it is in the very nature of the democratic sentiment—in the inevitable process of demolition to which all upper things will be subjected, not only in France, but in every other country in which democracy will successively apply its action. The lighter Paris newspapers proclaim, sneeringly, that "*la République manque de femmes*," and laugh at it because no Frenchwoman of what was formerly called good society will consent to appear at the official receptions of its functionaries. That detail is, however, so infinitely small that it constitutes no test and supplies no argument. The question is not one of the absence or presence of particular women in certain houses, but of the general feeling and intention with which the Republic, in its entity, contemplates the social institution which those women incarnate. It is not the action of the women which interests us—it is the action of the Republic. The Republic has now an opportunity of a special kind; it can astonish the world by being delicate and graceful. It can show, if it likes, that under its rule Frenchwomen can remain themselves, and that there is nothing in the theory or the practice of a republic which is in any way contrary to the development of elegance and charm. But if it is to effect this, it must act with a tact and a skill of which it has hitherto displayed no sign. It must show sympathy for its vanquished foes, and must reawaken in them the sense of usefulness. It is in no way necessary that it should restore them to any share of po-

litical power; but it is indispensable that it should make them feel that they have still a duty to discharge and a function to perform, in the name and for the honor of their country. They should be told that France intrusts, them—under the Republic as under the Monarchy—with the maintenance of some of her best traditions, with the conservation of her brightnesses and graces, with the guardianship of the qualities which have given to her the first place in social Europe. And they should be assured that, in the execution of the mission which is confided to them, the Republic will resolutely protect them against all the attacks which may hereafter be directed against them.

Nothing of all this, however, is to be expected. Mention must be made of it because it forms part of the possible eventualities of the subject, but the probabilities are not in favor of its realization. They all lie, indeed, the other way, and betoken a constant aggravation of the estrangement between the Republic and society. In such a strife, the vanquished are foredoomed. Democracy will stamp out its victims, and will give no thought to the damage done to France.

The French have not yet quite got to that, but they are fast drifting to it. The decadence of the Frenchwoman has not yet attained the form of a clearly marked decay of capacity. Thus far its symptoms are only a dispossession of

place and power, with an accompanying cessation of the utilization of abilities. It is a deprivation, not a total loss; a torpor, not a death. The qualities of the Frenchwoman remain what they were, but they are ceasing to be active, and are becoming latent. Her potentialities are unproductive, her faculties are passive. She is in a state of lethargy, like the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. So far, the harm done is not incurable; it is still quite possible to awake her, provided the Republic will consent to play the part of Prince Charming. But if she remains too long in her present inaction, she will lose her power and unlearn her traditions; her arms will rust, and she will forget how to handle them. The present generation may be able, from habit and association, to preserve some portion of its ancient attributes; but its children will not inherit its endowments, because they will not have seen them in full work, and will not have learned either to value them or to apply them. Darwin tells us of some beetles in one of the Atlantic islands, whose ancestors flew there because they had wings, but who have no longer any wings themselves (though the marks of them remain), because, having left off using them—lest they should be blown from their sea-girt home into the waves—they have atrophied and disappeared. So will it be with Frenchwomen, when engaged in the *nouvelles couches*: their wings will leave them.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE CARRYING TRADE OF THE WORLD.

BY M. G. MULHALL.

No other branch of industry has made such progress as this within the last thirty years, and there is none regarding which economists have such confused ideas, both in England and elsewhere. As it is a subject of extraordinary importance to Great Britain, it may be well to point out the main features in a manner intel-

ligible, and perhaps entertaining, to even those who dislike statistics.

There are four points of comparison to be laid down at the outset—namely, the commerce, railways, shipping tonnage, and carrying-power of the world in 1850 and in 1880—viz.,

	1850.	1880.	Increase.
Commerce of all nations.....	£856,000,000	£2,881,000,000	240 per cent.
Railways—miles open	44,400	222,000	398 “
Shipping—tonnage.....	6,905,000	18,720,000	171 “
“ carrying power, tons.....	8,464,000	34,200,000	304 “

As distance is the greatest enemy to human industry, whatever reduces the time and cost of freight is a benefit to mankind—"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Much advantage has, therefore, resulted to all nations from the fact that the carrying-power on land and sea has grown in a higher ratio than commerce. In 1850, for every million sterling of international commerce, there were in the world 52 miles of railway, and a maritime carrying-power of 9900 tons; and in 1880 the respective ratios had risen to 77 miles and 12,000 tons. The improvement has not only led to a saving of one-fourth in freight, but also brought producers and consumers into such contact that few, if any, of the earth's products are now wasted. We no longer hear of wheat rotting in La Mancha, of wool being

used to mend highways in the Argentine Republic, nor of sheep being burnt for fuel in making bricks. It is to Great Britain in especial manner that mankind is indebted for bringing all nations within reach of a market for their products. English engineers and English capital have made most of the railways built since 1850; and English and Scotch dockyards have turned out steamers with such rapidity* that the carrying-power on sea has been quadrupled.

TRAFFIC ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The shipping of the United Kingdom constitutes 49 per cent. of the naval carrying-power of the world, and actually carried, in 1879, about 52 per cent. of all sea-borne merchandise ; the port entries of all nations showing as follows :

Ports of	Tons, British.	Other Flags.	Total Entries, Tons.
United Kingdom.....	18,510,000	7,520,000	26,030,000
Continent.....	15,510,000	36,990,000	52,500,000
United States.....	7,430,000	6,340,000	13,770,000
British Colonies.....	19,650,000	5,250,000	24,900,000
	<u>61,100,000</u>	<u>56,100,000</u>	<u>117,200,000</u>

If shipping were measured merely by tonnage, ours would only stand for one-third of the world's total, but steamers multiply carrying-power in a great degree. For many years it was customary among merchants to count a steamer as threefold compared with a sailing vessel, until Mr. Giffen and M. Leroy-Beaulieu more correctly estimated the multiple as fourfold. Even this is, however, below the reality, which is fivefold; for the tonnage entries of all nations in 1879 showed that the number of voyages made

in the year was almost $3\frac{1}{2}$ (namely 3·4) for each sailing vessel, and almost 17 (namely 16·7) for each steamer. Moreover, steamers as a rule make longer voyages, as the mail service around the globe is done by them. If another proof is needed to settle once for all a matter of such high importance, it will be found in the fact that no less multiple than fivefold will suffice for the increase of ocean traffic since 1870, as shown in the following figures :

	1870.	1880.	Increase.
Tons carried over sea †.....	70,170,000	117,290,000	67 per cent.
Carrying-power with steamers as 3-fold.....	18,940,000	26,170,000	37 "
" " 5 fold.....	22,380,000	34,200,000	53 "

We may, therefore, assume as proved that a steamer is worth five times the tonnage of a sailing vessel, which fact will serve, moreover, to explain, not only the greater efficiency of British ships and British seamen, but also the very rapid decline of sailing vessels. Indeed, if this decline go on for twenty years as heretofore, a vessel of this kind will be as rare as a mail-coach at the close of the nineteenth century. Steam

traffic has grown by leaps and bounds, as shown in the following table of the proportion of merchandise carried in the last three decades on either kind of shipping :

* The *Claudius*, for example, a steamer of 1500 tons, was built in 100 days in 1879.

† That is, gross entries, without deducting 22 per cent for ballast entries, or allowing 40 per cent over register for steamers' capacity—these items balancing each other.

	By Steamer.	By Sail.
1850.....	14 per cent.	86 per cent.
1860.....	29 "	71 "
1870.....	43 "	57 "
1880.....	61 "	39 "

Some shipowners are of opinion that, owing to the greater efficiency of steamers, the business is now overdone, and that the world could do with fewer vessels; nor is this without some founda-

tion, for we find that ballast entries in the United Kingdom and the Continent have risen from $17\frac{1}{2}$ and $21\frac{1}{4}$ to $19\frac{1}{2}$ and $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., respectively, as compared with 1870.

The efficiency of seamen, measured by the number of tons they carry yearly, will be found to bear some relation to the quantity of merchandise borne by steamers—viz.,

Flag.	Seamen.	Tons Carried.	Per Seaman.	Steam-ratio.
British.....	141,440	61,100,000	436	76 per cent.
French.....	29,220	8,100,000	271	63 "
German.....	39,980	5,700,000	141	54 "
Italian.....	52,000	4,300,000	83	25 "
Various.....	446,000	38,000,000	85	41 "
	708,640	117,200,000	165	61

Pessimists are in the habit of saying that we send our ships to sea short-handed; but if such were the case our ratio of wrecks would not be (as shown hereafter) less than in French, Dutch, German, or American shipping. If we work with fewer sailors, it is probably for the same reason of skill and efficiency that our cotton-mills have fewer hands per thousand spindles than in other countries. It is indisputable that as our preponderance of steamers increases, so must our economy in sailors. Only ten years ago the average of tons

carried by each British seaman was no more than 278; so that, in fact, two men do now the same work that three did in 1870. The French have at present reached the same degree of efficiency that our men possessed ten years ago. France, moreover, comes next after Great Britain in steam-tonnage on sea, with Germany and Spain following closely upon her. If we examine the relative position of Great Britain in this respect towards the world, we shall find our predominance has grown in every decade—viz.,

STEAM-TONNAGE OF THE WORLD.

	British.	Other Flags.	Total.	Ratio of British.
1850.....	160,000	110,000	270,000	59 per cent.
1860.....	485,000	305,000	790,000	61 "
1870.....	1,110,000	710,000	1,820,000	62 "
1880.....	2,580,000	1,530,000	4,110,000	63 "

It is commonly said that our superiority in the carrying trade is due to the facility with which we can build steamers, more than other nations; but the books of the shipbuilders of the Tyne and the Clyde show that they build vessels as readily for other flags as for our own. If the Americans had ten years ago repealed their suicidal Navigation Law, and got our builders on the Tyne to launch an American steamer for every British steamer built on the Clyde, they would be to-day in some position to compete with us in the carrying trade, instead of having to deplore their present state of destitution. "At the beginning of the nineteenth century," says Yeats, "the commerce of the world seemed

passing into American hands, their shipping have increased fivefold in twenty years." Their decline in recent years is unparalleled, as appears from the aliquot parts of carrying-power belonging to various flags, as under:

	1850.	1870.	1880.
Great Britain.....	41	44	49
United States.....	15	8	6
France.....	8	8	7
Other Flags.....	36	40	38
	100	100	100

Besides the superiority that we derive from our unrivalled fleet of steamers, we are in a measure indebted also to the larger size of our vessels. The average

tonnage of all sea-going vessels afloat was, last year, 177 tons, which is less than one-fourth of the average size of British ships. In the last ten years our vessels have grown 36 per cent in medium tonnage, and all other nations have endeavored to follow our example, *haud passibus æquis*, the Americans having now reached the average that was ours in 1870. The following table shows the exact figures :

AVERAGE TONNAGE OF VESSELS.

	1870.	1880.	Increase—Tons.
British.....	549	748	199
French.....	210	320	110
German.....	220	250	30
American...	405	560	155
Norwegian...	143	190	47
Italian.....	135	156	21

This simultaneous rise has been stimulated by the opening of the Suez Canal, the books of which show that the average of steamers passing through rose from 995 tons in 1871 to 2,146 in 1880. The total of vessels that passed through last year was a little over $4\frac{1}{2}$ million tons; and as the canal has reduced the voyage between Europe and the East by fully one-half, it is plain that but for this great work the steamers and men trading last year could only have carried two million tons. It is likewise worthy of remark that if Great Britain has the largest ships, she has also done more than any other country in the construction of docks and harbors. It is notorious that the docks of Southampton have created the trade of that port. We have only to look across the Channel, at the wretched port of Calais, to be reminded how much our neighbors have yet to do in this matter. Frenchmen may doubt it, but it is true, that if France were to restore Calais to England on condition of our building a harbor there, she would gain more every year than the market value of Calais as it stands. Instead of bounties on French bottoms, instead of arsenals like Cherbourg and Toulon, France requires better ports for her merchant-shipping; and French statesmen could not do better than see what we have done on the Clyde, at Holyhead, Liverpool, and our other great ports. Capital is now abundant, the railways of the world are almost completed, and let us hope statesmen in all countries will now turn their

attention to improving the seaports, upon which depends the easy and secure flow of commerce.

Let us now turn to what may be termed the "vital statistics" of shipping—the death-rate, birth-rate, and increase annually. These vary, just as among men; but the average life of a ship is only half that of mankind. Some are lost by the action of wind and waves, some by fire or collision, some are never heard of, and about one-eighth are broken up after long service. The ordinary life of a ship, allowing for all the above contingencies, is 18 years in the United States, 20 in France, 22 in Holland, 25 in Germany, 26 in Great Britain, 28 in Italy, and 30 in Norway. I am indebted to Mr. Kiaer, the Norwegian statist, for the following annual average of wrecks, for seven years, ending 1879 :

	Steamers.	Sailing Vessels.
British.....	2.94 per cent.	3.93 per cent.
French.....	2.47 "	4.04 "
United States	4.06 "	5.45 "
Dutch.....	3.84 "	4.49 "
German.....	2.77 "	4.04 "
Italian.....	1.74 "	2.94 "
Scandinavian	1.96 "	3.20 "

Assuming three voyages yearly for sailing vessels, and fifteen for steamers, it appears that a sailing vessel is lost once in seventy-two voyages, and a steamer once in 490 voyages; so that the latter has only one-seventh of the risk of the former. The fewest wrecks occur to Italian vessels, perhaps because (as is notorious) in all long voyages every sailor has a share in the ship. Norwegians have likewise a very low ratio of losses, which may arise from the fact that they are a nation of navigators; for Norway has almost a ton of shipping per inhabitant, or five times as much as our ratio in Great Britain.

Between vessels lost and broken up the annual death-rate of the world's shipping is 4 per cent, or 750,000 tons nominal. On the other hand, the birth-rate is 5 per cent—the average of new vessels built being 950,000 tons. But this does not convey an exact idea of the increase of shipping, since the substitution of steamers for sailing-vessels gives an augmentation of 4 per cent in carrying power. The vessels lost or broken up represent a carrying power of 1,200,-

000 tons a year; the new ones just double that amount, as appears from Kiaer's returns of the average since 1872—viz.,

Dockyards.	Ship-building—Annual Average.		Carrying-power.
	Steamers—Tons.	Sailing-vessels.	
British.....	292,000	167,000	1,630,000
United States.....	15,000	118,000	193,000
Italy, Canada, etc.....	35,000	324,000	499,000
	342,000	609,000	2,322,000

This shows how dependent is the commerce of the world on the ship-building yards of the Clyde and Tyne, whose annual earnings exceed six millions sterling. Even if electricity comes to take the place of steam, the vessels will probably still be made of iron; so that there is little chance of this branch of our trade suffering any diminution. The change would perhaps affect our coal trade, for the steamers of the world at present consume 36 million tons of coal, three-fourths of which is obtained from Great Britain.

The march of science, as regards navigation, has been attended with a steady decrease in the rates of casualties and loss of life, as shown by Lloyds Register for the last 15 years, notwithstanding the great increase of collisions. There is no form to accident which has greater terrors for a traveller than this; and withal, it is surprising that collisions are not more frequent, for some of our sea highways are almost as crowded as Oxford Street; no fewer than 1000 vessels enter the ports of the Kingdom, and as many depart, every day in the year. Lloyd's Register supplies us with the bills of mortality of the world's shipping, enabling us to compare the casualties of 1880 with the average for 14 preceding years, thus—

	Average, 1866-79.	1880.
Vessels missing.....	93	101
Sunk by collision.....	182	205
Lost by fire.....	191	229
Lost—stranded.....	1,171	1,108
Water-logged, etc.....	534	550
Lost.....	2,171	2,193

The number of disasters in 1880 was, therefore, 1 per cent over the average of 14 preceding years, which must be considered highly satisfactory, seeing that the traffic on sea, as already shown, has risen 67 per cent since

1870. Appliances for saving life are every year becoming more effective, no fewer than 1295 crews having been saved last year, against an average of 1023 in the preceding years. The number of persons drowned by shipwreck in 1880 was only 1725, compared with an average of 1775 per annum since 1866, being a decline of 3 per cent. It would be unjust here to omit mention of the splendid services rendered by the British Life-boat Association, which has saved 29,400 lives since its establishment in 1824. It is no less gratifying to observe that all countries are building lighthouses, the number of which rose from 1265 in 1840, to 2801 in 1877.

Landsmen have such exaggerated ideas of the dangers of the sea that they will scarcely believe the cold logic of statistics on this point. The travelling population on the high seas, including sailors but not fishermen, is never less than one million persons, for the number of sea-going vessels last year was a little over 90,000, one half of which may be supposed in port, the other half at sea. An average of 22 souls to each vessel is a very moderate estimate, and gives us a million persons on sea. If we double Lloyd's returns, and suppose 3450 persons were drowned or blown up during 1880, it will give a death-rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000 as the equivalent of sea-risks. A person living in London is subject to an annual death-rate of 22 per 1000; if he adopt a seafaring life his death-rate may therefore be put down at $25\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000; but if he goes to reside in Dublin, he will find the steady death-rate in that city is 36 per 1000. Thus, his risk in becoming a pilot or ship-captain would be four times less than if he were compelled to take up his residence in Dublin, and the same would be true if he were sent to Naples. For the

same reason, if one half of the population of Dublin were to do like the Jersey people, go to sea, their death-rate would be just 10 per 1000, or 1 per cent. per annum less than the half who remained by the pestilential shores of the Liffey. If the sea levies a toll of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000 annually, it shows, indeed, that there are dangers to which the landsman is not exposed, but by no means comparable with the extra harvest of death that neglect of sanitary measures inevitably entails in cities.

The shipping of the United Kingdom earns about 60 millions yearly, and employs 200,000 seamen, whose industry, therefore, is equivalent to £300 per man, as compared with £190 for each of our factory operatives. The net profit of the shipowners will hardly reach 10 millions; but we treat of the value of the industry, not the individual gains. And here it is necessary to distinguish that our sea-going navy earns only 48 or 50 millions, the rest being the share that belongs to coast-trade. The freight earned by all flags, for sea-borne merchandise, is a little over 100 millions, or 8 per cent of the value of same. On comparing the imports and exports of all nations (which are composed of the same merchandize), it will be found the difference is gradually diminishing, as freight becomes less: the present average is 15 or 16 shillings a ton on all goods carried over sea, taking the world *in globo*. The toll which all nations pay us for the carrying trade is equal to nearly 4 per cent of the ex-

ported value of the earth's products and manufactures. Pessimists will still be heard to say that our shipowners are losing money, or making an insignificant profit; but, if that were the case, our merchant navy would not go on expanding, as it does, every year.

In conclusion, let me be permitted to recapitulate the points which the English people should impress upon its mind, viz.:

1. That the increase of carrying-trade has been beneficial to mankind, and has been mainly promoted by Great Britain.

2. That steamers have 5 times the carrying-power, and 7 times less risk than sailing-vessels.

3. That British preponderance on sea increases every year, and that the ship-building trade is mainly in our hands.

4. That British sailors carry most merchandise per man, and that we can work cheaper than any other flag.

5. That maritime disasters are relatively diminishing every year, and that the ratio of British vessels lost is much below the general average.

These are facts almost unknown in England, although everything regarding this subject ought to be duly appreciated, for there are few things that ought to give us greater satisfaction than the knowledge that we possess the greatest merchant-navy that the world has yet seen, and that its power and efficiency, increasing year by year, are a lively emblem of the commerce, wealth, and far-extending influence of Britain.—*Contemporary Review*.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S NEW POEMS.*

THE appearance of this volume so soon after Mr. Tennyson's "Ballads and other Poems" is suggestive of certain inevitable reflections. The most striking characteristic of our time is perhaps the way in which Poetry, both in England and in France, holds her own, and (in spite of all discouragements) flourishes by the side of Science, that popular and petted sister of hers whose undue share of public patronage in England has disturbed the peace of Mr. Matthew Arnold. While contemporary France boasts of a poet of the

colossal pretensions of Victor Hugo, such names in our own country as Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, can only be matched by going back to those times which Mr. Arnold fondly recalled in his speech at the Academy dinner this year—times before science had become a passion, and when there was as much patronage for poetry as there now is for painting and music. To ignore the vitality of contemporary poetry—as it is the fashion to ignore it—is the merest affectation; to deny it is a contemptible feature of that "cant of criticism" against which Sterne railed, but railed in vain. We will go

* "Ballads and Sonnets." By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (Ellis & White.)

further still in this matter, and assert that besides the great names just mentioned there are something like half a dozen luminaries of lesser magnitude, any one of whom would put into the shade the Southey's, Moore's, and Rogerses, who (with considerable courage and self-satisfaction) twinkled alongside Coleridge and Wordsworth in a firmament where also shone Keats, Shelley, and Byron. And, if we must indeed believe with Mr. Arnold (who, being a poet, ought to know) that poetry is now the "drug" which the booksellers declare it to be, we cannot but admire the poets all the more for their courage, and especially for their generosity, in giving so much of what is so little required. "With a garden of roses to listen, it is a grudging nightingale," says the Eastern satirist, "who will not sing; but he is a generous songster indeed who will pipe to the sands of Sahara." "Ce qui fait que nous avons des poètes, c'est que nous pouvons nous en passer," Joubert ought to have said, for clearly the better we can do without poets the more poets we have and the more abundant are their songs. But is it really true that we can do without them? We believe that a more searching inquiry into this matter would show that in this country at least, where the passion for the other fine arts is quite exotic, the popular passion for poetry is the genuine passion, and, though it will at times yield to other influences—such as those induced by sudden outbursts of scientific discovery, or by fashionable mimics of foreign taste, or by commercial and speculative crazes, or by a tide of martial enthusiasm—is really undying; and a sure sign of this is the fact that poetic genius cannot be silenced by the temporary coldness of the popular ear, but will express itself whether it find listeners or not. This is what gives a special interest to the fact that two such volumes as those of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Rossetti have appeared almost simultaneously at a period when poetry is said to be an unmarketable commodity. For variety of poetical gifts—for imagination, for pathos, for humor, and for music—Mr. Tennyson's latest volume can only be characterized as marvellous; and before we have ceased wondering at it, and long before we have been able to

do it full justice, we get this volume from Mr. Rossetti, which, if not so absolutely various as Mr. Tennyson's, inasmuch as humor is not attempted, is certainly as rich in poetic beauties, and even more phenomenal as a product of a time such as ours; for the supernatural element of poetry (as fundamental an element as the humorous, and much rarer in modern times) finds here an expression as genuine, as unadulterated with the self-conscious knowingness of a scientific age, as if the poems had been written in the time of Shakespeare, or even in the time of Roger Bacon. Here, perhaps, is Mr. Rossetti's distinctive and most prominent place in the literature of our time. What other people try to do and fail to do—give a poetic embodiment to the "eerie" mood of Nature as she lies dreaming of man's destiny—Mr. Rossetti does with so much apparent ease that he scarcely seems to try at all. That his sister, however, should show much of the same peculiar gift was perhaps to be expected.

We have before now expressed our opinion of the ballad of "Sister Helen," which appeared in Mr. Rossetti's previous volume. It is mere critical coxcombry that asserts its superiority by lavishing praise on the great names of the past and refusing to do common justice to contemporaries, and we have never shrunk from saying that, as a tragedy having for *vis matrix* the forces of earth and hell and heaven combined, "Sister Helen" is to be ranked with those supreme efforts of human imagination which are a possession for all time—just as we have not shrunk from saying that a poem of a different kind of imaginative power, such as "Rizpah," shows a mastery over the eternal sources of pity and terror which not the greatest masters have excelled.

After we have given a few extracts from the first poem in this volume (the ballad of "Rose Mary"), we shall certainly feel surprised if the reader does not agree with us that it is by far the greatest romantic ballad that has appeared in this country since the publication of "Sister Helen," which itself had had no equal since "Christabel."

The story is this: The knight Sir James of Heronhay, affianced to Rose Mary, had determined to start at break

of day for the shrine of Holy Cross, in order (as he gave out to his affianced and her mother) to make a "heavy shrift" before the wedding day. This news had disturbed Rose Mary and seriously alarmed her mother, who knew that

On his road, as the rumor's rife,
An ambush waits to take his life.
He needs will go, and will go alone;
Where the peril lurks may not be known;
But in this glass all things are shown.

This "glass" is the mysterious Beryl-stone, around which the entire tragic action revolves.

Now the mother was skilled in the necromancy brought over from Palestine, and was, moreover, the present owner of this Beryl-stone, in which any action, however distant, could be seen as in a mirror, and where foreshadowings of Fate could be read, but only by the pure eyes of maidenhood, for on it were engraved, in a tongue long dead, the words "None sees here but the pure alone." Rose Mary's mother had often employed her daughter to read the prophetic stone, and it was determined that in it Rose Mary should now look, in order to save her lover from the unknown peril which threatened him. The description of the Beryl is exceedingly fine:

The lady unbound her jewelled zone
And drew from her robe the Beryl-stone.
Shaped it was to a shadowy sphere,—
World of our world, the sun's compeer,
That bears and buries the toiling year.

With shuddering light 'twas stirred and strewn
Like the cloud-nest of the wading moon:
Freaked it was as the bubble's ball,
Rainbow-hued through a misty pall
Like the middle light of the waterfall.

Shadows dwelt in its teeming girth
Of the known and unknown things of earth;
The cloud above and the wave around,—
The central fire at the sphere's heart bound,
Like doomsday prisoned underground.

A thousand years it lay in the sea
With a treasure wrecked from Thessaly;
Deep it lay 'mid the coiled sea-wrack,
But the ocean-spirits found the track;
A soul was lost to win it back.

In the kind of imagination informing this description (which culminates in the last two lines here quoted) Mr. Rossetti has had but one equal in nineteenth century literature — S. T. Coleridge. The workings, mysterious and imperi-

ous, of the unseen powers who govern, while they appear not to govern, all that is seen, were never more grandly indicated than here, while the color is as rich as anything in Keats.

Although Rose Mary had so often during her girlhood acted as reader of the prophetic pictures passing beneath the stone's polished surface, her heart beat violently as she now leaned over her mother's lap and gazed into the magic sphere, and her soul was full of misgivings, which her mother perceived, but could not explain. Rose Mary, however, told what she saw:

"Stretched aloft and adown I see
Two roads that part in waste-country:
The glen lies deep and the ridge stands tall;
What's great below is above seen small,
And the hillside is the valley-wall."

"Stream-bank, daughter, or moor and moss,
Both roads will take to Holy Cross.
The hills are a weary waste to wage;
But what of the valley-road's presage?
That way must tend his pilgrimage."

"As 'twere the turning leaves of a book,
The road runs past me as I look;
Or it is even as though mine eye
Should watch calm waters filled with sky
While lights and clouds and wings went by."

"In every covert seek a spear;
They'll scarce lie close till he draws near."
"The stream has spread to a river now;
The stiff blue sedge is deep in the slough,
But the banks are bare of shrub or bough."

"Is there any roof that near at hand
Might shelter yield to a hidden band?"

"On the further bank I see but one,
And a herdsman now in the sinking sun
Unyokes his team at the threshold-stone."

"Keep heedful watch by the water's edge,—
Some boat might lurk 'neath the shadowed
sedge."

"One slid but now 'twixt the winding shores,
But a pleasant woman bent to the oars
And only a young child steered its course."

"Mother, something flashed to my sight!—
Nay, it is but the lapwing's flight.—
What glints there like a lance that flees?—
Nay, the flags are stirred in the breeze,
And the water's bright through the dart-rushes."

"Ah! vainly I search from side to side:—
Woe's me! and where do the foemen hide?
Woe's me! and perchance I pass them by,
And under the new dawn's blood-red sky
Even where I gaze the dead shall lie."

Said the mother: "For dear love's sake,
Speak more low, lest the spell should break."
Said the daughter: "By love's control,
My eyes, my words, are strained to the goal;
But oh! the voice that cries in my soul!"

"Hush, sweet, hush ! be calm and behold."
 "I see two floodgates broken and old.
 The grasses wave o'er the ruined weir,
 But the bridge still leads to the breakwater ;
 And—mother, mother, O mother dear !"

The damsel clung to her mother's knee,
 And dared not let the shriek go free ;
 Low she crouched by the lady's chair,
 And shrank blindfold in her fallen hair,
 And whispering said, "The spears are there !"

The lady stooped aghast from her place,
 And cleared the locks from her daughter's face.
 "More's to see, and she swoons, alas !
 Look, look again, ere the moment pass !
 One shadow comes but once to the glass."

"See you there what you saw but now ?"
 "I see eight men 'neath the willow-bough.
 All over the weir a wild growth's spread :
 Ah me ! it will hide a living head
 As well as the water hides the dead."

"They lie by the broken water-gate
 As men who have a while to wait.
 The chief's high lance has a blazoned scroll,—
 He seems some lord of tithe and toll
 With seven squires to his bannerole."

"The little pennon quakes in the air,
 I cannot trace the blazon there :—
 Ah ! now I can see the field of blue,
 The spurs and the merlins two and two ;—
 It is the Warden of Holycleugh !"

"God be thanked for the thing we know !
 You have named your good knight's mortal foe.
 Last Shrovetide in the tourney-game
 He sought his life by treasonous shame ;
 And this way now doth he seek the same."

By the direction of her mother, Rose
 Mary looked once more into the stone
 to make sure that the other road to Holy
 Cross lay free—the road over the hills :

"Again I stand where the roads divide ;
 But now all 's near on the steep hillside,
 And a thread far down is the rivertide."

"Ay, child, your road is o'er moor and moss,
 Past Holycleugh to Holy Cross.
 Our hunters lurk in the valley's wake,
 As they knew which way the chase would take ;
 Yet search the hills for your true love's sake."

"Swift and swifter the waste runs by,
 And nought I see but the heath and the sky ;
 No brake is there that could hide a spear,
 And the gaps to a horseman's sight lie clear ;
 Still past it goes, and there's nought to fear."

"Fear no trap that you cannot see,—
 They'd not lurk yet too warily.
 Below by the weir they lie in sight,
 And take no heed how they pass the night
 Till close they crouch with the morning light."

"The road shifts ever and brings in view
 Now first the heights of Holycleugh :
 Dark they stand o'er the vale below,
 And hide that heaven which yet shall show
 The thing their master's heart doth know."

"Where the road looks to the castle steep,
 There are seven hill-clefts wide and deep :
 Six mine eyes can search as they list,
 But the seventh hollow is brimmed with mist ;
 If aught were there, it might not be wist."

"Small hope, my girl, for a helm to hide
 In mists that cling to a wild moorside :
 Soon they melt with the wind and sun,
 And scarce would wait such deeds to be done :
 God send their snares be the worst to shun."

"Still the road winds ever anew
 As it hastens on towards Holycleugh ;
 And ever the great walls loom more near,
 Till the castle-shadow, steep and sheer,
 Drifts like a cloud, and the sky is clear."

Rose Mary's great effort was now over.
 It had been ascertained that, supposing
 her to have read aright, the ambush was
 by the road along the river, and not by
 the road over the hills. Her lover
 must, therefore, be induced to go to
 Holy Cross over the hills past Holy-
 cleugh. Yet as the mother wrapped the
 magic stone in her robe again, some-
 thing happened which disturbed her,
 though she could not explain it :

As the globe slid to its silken gloom,
 Once more a music rained through the room ;
 Low it splashed like a sweet star-spray,
 And sobbed like tears at the heart of May,
 And died as laughter dies away.

The lady held her breath for a space,
 And then she looked in her daughter's face :
 But wan Rose Mary had never heard ;
 Deep asleep like a sheltered bird
 She lay with the long spell minister'd.

Knowing well that the spirits of the
 Beryl had the power of sealing sinful
 eyes, and also of deceiving them by
 showing the truth by contraries, the
 lady was appalled by this laughter, and,
 after she had left Rose Mary alone, she
 read over once more the well-remem-
 bered verse engraved upon the Beryl's
 surface :

She breathed the words in an undertone :—
 "*None sees here but the pure alone.*"
 "And oh !" she said, "what rose may be
 In Mary's bower more pure to see
 Than my own sweet maiden Rose Mary ?"

She could not doubt that her daughter
 was still an innocent child, as when she
 used to compel by force of her inno-
 cency the spirits of the Beryl to speak
 truth ; and yet if Rose Mary were inno-
 cent no longer, and had, consequently,
 been deceived by the spirits of the
 Beryl, the mother knew that a terrible
 tragedy was at hand. There is, per-
 haps, no more striking and pathetic sit-

uation in romantic poetry ; but to do justice to the imaginative power with which the sequel is rendered would be impossible within our limits, and we can only refer the reader to the book.

The subject of "The King's Tragedy" is the murder, on the 20th of February, 1437, of James I. of Scots. Possibly it is the greatest historical ballad in the language. Here, again, very much of the success is due to Mr. Rossetti's extraordinary mastery over the supernatural, though no doubt the simply human interest of the poem is almost as strong as poetry, to be pleasurable, can bear. The story is told by Catherine Douglas, who, in honor of the heroic courage with which she barred the door with her arm against the murderers, received (according to tradition) the popular name of "Barlass," which name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm. She married Alexander Lovell of Bolumnie.

James had been called from the siege of Roxburgh to save his throne from Sir Robert Græme and the rebellious Scottish nobles who threatened it. And he and his court were proceeding to the Charterhouse of Perth to hold a solemn festival, when they encountered a strange apparition :

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen ;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high ;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold ?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast ?
When near we came we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writen limbs were wrung ;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome ;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes :—
" O King, thou art come at last ;

But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

" Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

" A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle,
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

" And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

" And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

" And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,—
The winding-sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

" O King, whom poor men bless for their
King,
Of thy fate be not so fain ;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein !"

Heedless of the warning, however, the king determined to proceed, and arrived at the Charterhouse, where the conspirators had already been secretly at work. The bolts and locks of the doors had been tampered with by Robert Stuart, the chamberlain, and hurdle bridges had been prepared to be, at the proper moment, thrown over the moat, on the other side of which lurked Sir Robert Græme, his son, Sir John Hall, Sir Thomas Hall, and the rest of the traitors. On a wild night in February, while the king and queen and ladies were "disporting" after the Christmas feast, a strange woman demanded admittance, bringing, as she said, news of life and death to the king. It was the same prophetic woman whom they had encountered on the road. The king, fearing to alarm the queen, refused to see the woman, whereupon her voice was heard wailing outside the casement in the wind and rain :

" Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

" And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth ;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there ;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will :
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually ;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth !"

She had scarcely gone when a clang of
arms was heard in the Charterhouse,
and it was evident that the king's ene-
mies were upon him :

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast ;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

With a pair of iron tongs they tore up a
plank from the floor, and concealed the
king in a crypt underneath. But while
they were busy doing this the murderers
were at the door, and Catherine Doug-
las, to gain a moment's time, thrust her
bare arm through the stanchion hold,
the bar having been treacherously stolen
away by the chamberlain.

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass :—
Alack ! it was flesh and bone—no more !
Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

For a while the traitors were baffled, but
eventually remembered the crypt under
the chamber, and found and, after a
deadly struggle, slew the king.

But their day of reckoning was close
at hand. They had not counted upon
the terrible avenger a simple, loving
woman will become when robbed of the
man she loves. Within an incredibly
short space of time the queen had hunt-
ed down Græme and all his accomplices,
who were executed after undergoing tor-
tures such as are, happily, rarer among
Teutonic than among Latin races. And
here the poem rises to an epic great-
ness :

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death-chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem-knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified ;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep,
With orb and sceptre in hand ;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spann'd.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls !

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt :
And only to me some sign
She made ; and save the priests that were there,
No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace ;
And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace-flame
That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Græme
Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor ;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March was nigh to its end,
And still was the death-pall spread ;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire ;
And nought she spake, — she had ceased to
speak,—
But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said,—“ My King, they are
dead !”

And she knelt on the chapel-floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud
smile,
—“ James, James, they suffered more !”

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
To winter of life-long grief.

And "O James!" she said,— "My James!"
she said,—

"Alas for the woful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
Should needs be born a King!"

The ballad of "The White Ship" tells the story of the loss by drowning of the children of Henry I. on the 25th of November, 1120. The narrator is Berold, the butcher of Rouen, the only survivor of that terrible catastrophe. We have not room to quote from it, but it is a poem of great power.

We have not left ourselves space to say much about the sonnets, 126 in number, which comprise all those of the "House of Life" before printed with many important additions to that series. With regard to several of these additions, it is evident, as the poet says, they are "still the work of earlier years." Some of them, however, have that unmistakable strength and simple directness which shows the masterful hand only given to the thoroughly mature work of a poet, and are finer than the finest of those the reader is familiar with in the previous volume. In the sonnet Mr. Rossetti has from the first held a place so peculiarly his own, that no comparison between him and any of his predecessors will be found satisfactory. In the gift of rendering by means of highly figurative language a passion still vital and palpitating his sonnets are more like Shakespeare's than any others; but between the rhythmic medium adopted by Shakespeare (that of a simple group of quatrains clenched by a couplet) and the sonorous swell and subtle modulations of a harmony as contrapuntal almost as that of blank verse itself (which are the characteristics of the regular sonnet of octave and sestet) there is a difference in kind. It is a singular mistake of popular criticism to suppose that the regular sonnet of octave and sestet belongs to that kind of poetry which, when speaking of the *rondeau*, *rondel*, etc., we have called "the poetry of ingenuity." Elaborate as is the rhyme-structure of the sonnet, it belongs no more to the poetry of ingenuity than do the *rispetto* and *stornello* in which the Italian peasant expresses, in a certain predetermined and recognized form, his unsophisticated emotions. Although, in a language like ours, it does

undoubtedly require considerable ingenuity to construct a satisfactory sonnet of octave and sestet, this ingenuity is only a means to an end, the end being always that a single wave of emotion shall be embodied and expressed in a single metrical flow and return; and, with this view, no other number of lines and no other rhyme arrangement, at present discovered, are so convenient as those of the regular sonnet. The crowning difficulty, however, of this form is that the rhythm of the prescribed structure has to be handled in so masterful a fashion as to seem in each individual sonnet the inevitable and natural rhythm demanded by the emotion which gives the individual sonnet birth.

This, of course, is the reason why, in many specimens of the sonnet, the beautiful thought which should display itself with perfect tranquillity in the octave lies struggling behind a web of rhymes as a fish lies gasping and iridescent in a net. When to this demand of structure there is added the demand for Shakespearean richness of presentment, which is the special feature of the Rossetian sonnet—a richness which by most writers can only be achieved in such simple structures as couplets and single quatrains, where the mere metrical demands, and especially the rhyme demands, are small—the sonnet, as exemplified in this volume, so richly laden and yet in most cases so fluent, becomes a poetic form whose difficulty is equalled by none other. Of this Shakespearean quality of richness Keats, who never departed from simple metres save in the sonnet, has, perhaps, shown more than all the other nineteenth century poets who preceded Mr. Tennyson; for, although Coleridge had a finer and rarer imagination than Keats or than any other poet who has lived since Shakespeare, his touch was too ethereal to produce in any conspicuous manner this terrene richness of work, and Wordsworth's magnificent lines are more Miltonic in *timbre* than Shakespearean. In this quality, however, Mr. Rossetti very likely equals Mr. Tennyson (it would be hard indeed to surpass him), and surpasses all his other contemporaries; for, while Mr. Browning's coruscating lines have the brilliance of the diamond rather than the opalescence sweet and

deep which we call Shakespearean, Mr. Swinburne's genius, like Shelley's, is too fiery and too absolutely lyrical to stay and achieve that soft fusion of colors which only the tamer movement of the iambic line can give.

The two following sonnets (which are in Mr. Rossetti's finest manner) will illustrate what we mean :

TRUE WOMAN.

HERSELF.

To be a sweetness more desired than Spring ;
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns
the fell ;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine's drained juice ; a music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philo-
mel ;—
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
That is the flower of life :—how strange a
thing !

How strange a thing to be what Man can know
But as a sacred secret ! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest
glow ;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,—
The wave-bowered pearl,—the heart-shaped
seal of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

HER HEAVEN.

If to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,
(As the Seer saw and said,) then blest were
he
With youth for evermore, whose heaven
should be
True Woman, she whom these weak notes
have sung.

Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of her
tongue,—

Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs that flee
About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—
Were Paradise all uttermost worlds among.

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
Like any hillflower ; and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's prom-
ise clothe

Even yet those lovers who have cherished still
This test for love :—in every kiss sealed fast
To feel the first kiss and forbode the last.

The following is one of the few " oc-
casional " sonnets in the book :

CZAR ALEXANDER THE SECOND.

(13th March, 1881.)

From him did forty million serfs, endow'd
Each with six feet of death-due soil, receive
Rich freeborn lifelong land, whereon to
sheave
Their country's harvest. These to-day aloud
Demand of Heaven a Father's blood,—sore
bow'd
With tears and thrilled with wrath ; who,
while they grieve,
On every guilty head would fain achieve
All torments by his edicts disallow'd.

He stayed the knout's red-ravens fangs ;
and first
Of Russian traitors, his own murderers go
White to the tomb. While he,—laid foully
low
With limbs red-rent, with festering brain which
erst
Willed kingly freedom,—'gainst the deed ac-
curs'd
To God bears witness of his people's woe.

The Athenæum.

AT MÜRREN, SWITZERLAND.

THE snow-capped mountain gleams against the sky ;

The evening winds are silent as they pass,
Afraid to violate the sanctity

Of yonder heaven-crowned majestic mass ;
The silver moon just tips the dazzling snow,
Flush'd with the kisses of the sun's last glow.

A starlit vapor shimmers through the pines :

It steals along the sides from height to height,
Reveals the wakened glacier's broken lines,

Bathes the whole mountain in a flood of light :
Which, wrapt around in its own purity,
Knows not of hate, or sin, or misery.

Behold, O Man, that mountain's calm repose,

Unvexed by troubling doubts or musings sage.
The mystery of its origin who knows ?

Who dare assign the limit of its age ?

Look, as the clouds from off the summit roll,
Thou seest an image of the human soul.

Temple Bar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FLORIDA, FOR TOURISTS, INVALIDS, AND SETTLERS. By George M. Barbour. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In the month of January, 1880, Mr. George M. Barbour, then acting as Correspondent of the *Chicago Times*, accompanied General Grant and his party on a tour through Florida; and he describes himself as so favorably impressed with the "Land of Flowers," that he shortly afterward returned thither with the idea of making himself a permanent home which should put an end to journeyings that had previously embraced nearly every other section of the country, East, West, and South. During the year following his return, he travelled extensively through the State, accompanying the Commissioner of Immigration on an official tour through Middle and South Florida, and the Assistant Commissioner on another tour through North and West Florida; and during these and other journeys he enjoyed such favorable opportunities for learning the real facts about the State, that he was induced to act on the advice urged upon him by the friends whom he made in the course of his travels, and write a book embodying both the results of his observation and experience, and the facts gathered from many residents, old and new. "The present volume," he says, "is the result of personal observation and study; and is written with a sincere desire to do justice to all parts of the State, and to describe accurately and with precision its real resources and advantages. It is written for Florida *entire*, and not in the interest of any corporation, speculative scheme, or special locality. Having no land to sell, and no personal interest of any kind to further, the author has found little difficulty in following Othello's injunction 'naught to extenuate nor set down aught in malice.' " His sole aim in writing the book, so he assures us, is "to give as clearly and specifically as I can such information as may prove helpful to the three classes of readers to whom the book is addressed; the tourist who comes for amusement, sight-seeing, or sport; the invalid, who comes in search of that more genial climate which shall prolong his days in the land; and, even more especially the settler, whose aim is to make himself a home under pleasanter and more promising conditions than those which he encounters on the stern soil or amid the harsh blasts of the northern sections of our country."

The comprehensive character of the work is indicated by the Table of Contents, which comprises the following chapters: "Questions and Answers;" "Natural Divisions of

Florida;" "A Trip through the State with Commissioner French;" "A Trip through North Florida with Captain Fairbanks;" "Jacksonville, Fernandina, and St. Augustine;" "The St. John's River;" "The Ocklawaha River, Silver Springs, and Ocala;" "The Indian River Region and the Inland Lakes;" "The Gulf Coast and Key West;" "The Sanford Grant and Orange County;" "Random Sketches: An Ocean Voyage in Winter—The Atlantic Coast of Florida—The Southern Coast;" "Climate and Health—Suggestions for Invalids;" "An Historical Sketch;" "Florida Folks and Families;" "Orange Culture;" "Other Tropical and Semi-Tropical Fruits;" "Field and Farm Products;" "Vegetable Gardening;" "Live Stock;" "Fur, Fin, and Feather;" "Insects and Reptiles;" "Opportunities for Labor and Capital;" "A word of Friendly Advice to New-comers;" and "Routes to and through Florida."

Prefixed to the volume is the following "Testimonial," which is signed by the Hon. Wm. D. Bloxham, present Governor of Florida; the Hon. George F. Drew, ex-Governor of Florida; the Hon. Seth French, ex-Commissioner of Immigration, and Samuel Fairbanks, Assistant Commissioner of Immigration: "It is known to the undersigned that the author, Mr. George M. Barbour, has traveled over almost the whole of Florida, under circumstances peculiarly advantageous for enabling him to acquaint himself with the varied resources of the State and with the attractions which it offers to the three classes to whom his work is addressed—Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers. Our knowledge of his abilities as a writer on Florida subjects, and of the opportunities he has enjoyed in preparing his book, are such that we can commend it as at once trustworthy and comprehensive—greatly superior in these respects to anything hitherto published descriptive of the entire State and its soil and productions."

There is a large and excellent map of Florida in the volume, which also contains a considerable number of beautiful and characteristic illustrations.

THE SUN. By Professor C. A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. With Numerous Illustrations. International Scientific Series, Volume xxxiv. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It has been said of Professor Young that he knows more about the sun than any other living man, and certainly none of his predecessors has given so lucid and exact an account of it as is to be found in the present volume.

Avoiding the hackneyed methods of exposition and the thrice-familiar illustrations, he imparts freshness to his subject even when he is doing little more than repeat the statements of previous writers; but as a general thing his work may be said to embody the latest results of astronomical research, and while his theories are the newest that have obtained currency among scientific men, his facts also are novel and interesting. In his preface he says: "It is my purpose in this little book to present a general view of what is known and believed about the sun, in language and manner as unprofessional as is consistent with precision. I write neither for scientific readers as such, nor, on the other hand, for the masses; but for that large class in the community who, without being themselves engaged in scientific pursuits, yet have sufficient education and intelligence to be interested in scientific subjects, when presented in an untechnical manner; who desire, and are perfectly competent, not only to know the results obtained, but to understand the principles and methods on which they depend, without caring to master all the details of the investigation." He adds that he has tried "to keep distinct the line between the certain and the conjectural, and to indicate as far as possible the degree of confidence to be placed in data and conclusions."

In the several chapters which the book contains, he explains and discusses *seriatim* "The Sun's Relation to Life and Activity upon the Earth;" "Distance and Dimensions of the Sun;" "Methods and Apparatus for Studying the Surface of the Sun;" "The Spectroscope and the Solar Spectrum;" "Sun-Spots and the Solar Surface;" "Periodicity of Sun-spots, their Effects upon the Earth, and Theories as to their Cause and Nature;" "The Chromosphere and the Prominences;" "The Corona;" and "The Sun's Light and Heat." In a concluding chapter he gives a sort of tabulated summary of the facts detailed in the previous chapters, and an Appendix contains an account by Professor Langley of some exceedingly delicate and interesting experiments which he has lately been making upon radiant heat.

The illustrations of the volume are numerous, interesting, and helpful.

DOMESTIC FOLK-LORE. By Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A. Cassell's Popular Library. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

Several highly entertaining volumes have appeared in "Cassell's Popular Library," but this is the most readable of the series. In its widest signification, "Folk-lore" embraces all popular traditions, proverbial sayings, customs, and superstitions; and its study is apt to carry one back to the childhood of the world, and to those primitive races from which

so many polished nations have sprung. That part of it which Mr. Dyer has undertaken to survey is but a small section of the total area; but no other portion is quite so interesting, and there is none which is so suggestive for the historian and psychologist. The special object of his little book is to show that, in one form or another, superstition dwells beneath the surface of most human hearts, and that every department of Domestic Life has its own Folk-lore. Birth and infancy, childhood, love and courtship, marriage, death and burial, the human body, articles of dress, table superstitions, furniture omens, household superstitions, and common ailments—each of these furnishes the theme for a special chapter; and others deal with popular divinations and that miscellaneous and widely prevalent household lore connected with witchcraft, second sight, ghosts, dreams, and nightmare. An immense number of curious and characteristic facts is brought together in illustration of these and similar topics; and, as the author justly says, most of them, apart from their antiquarian value, are interesting because they illustrate those old-world notions and quaint beliefs which marked the social and domestic life of our forefathers.

WIT AND WISDOM OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. Collected from his Writings and Speeches. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As might have been predicted by those familiar with them, the writings and the utterances of Mr. Disraeli lend themselves with remarkable facility to the process to which they have been subjected in preparing the present volume. Whether writing a novel or participating in a "great debate," Disraeli was primarily a wit and an epigrammatist; and it might be asserted with a good deal of plausibility that he will be longer remembered by detached utterances such as are here brought together than by any of his more sustained and complete efforts. For though he could not portray a consistent character or depict a probable situation, he could "touch off" salient characteristics with wonderful cleverness and pungency; and though he could not "reason out a syllogism" upon his feet, as some of his oratorical rivals could, no contemporary equalled him in neatness of retort or excelled him in occasional outbursts of flashing rhetoric. To bring together a selection of these sparkling phrases was a happy thought, and the anonymous compiler has done his work well, arranging the extracts under a large number of topical heads, and indicating clearly the source from which they are derived. To our mind this is the most amusing and satisfactory book to which the famous name of Disraeli has ever been attached.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE first volume of a collection of documents, rare or unpublished, bearing on the relations between Church and State in Italy has been issued at Rome under the superintendence of the Minister of Justice.

AUERBACH's biographical novel "Spinoza" is being translated into English with the author's sanction, and will be included in Baron Tauchnitz's German series, and be published also in this country.

NICHOLAS KOSTOMAROFF, the Russian historian, who has already published a volume of studies upon the Cossacks of Southern Russia, is now engaged upon an elaborate work in connection with the same subject, which will be entitled "Mazeppa."

DR. R. BUDDENSIEG, of Dresden, who has for some time been searching the libraries of Eastern Saxony for Wiclif manuscripts, has been so fortunate as to find some in the Gersdorf Library at Bautzen. They were found among some manuscript works of Huss.

IT is stated that the Rev. Alex. Cameron is preparing an etymological dictionary of the Gaelic language. Such a work would be welcomed by Gaelic students, as etymology is the weak point in the standard Gaelic dictionary issued more than fifty years ago by the Highland Society.

CAV. NARDUCCI, the esteemed librarian of the University of Rome, is endeavoring to persuade the Italian Government to print a general catalogue of the books in the public libraries of Italy. Should this important undertaking be agreed to, its fulfilment will be a great step toward the compilation of the universal catalogue of literature which has more than once been advocated at the meetings of the Library Association.

THE surplus of the funds subscribed for the monument to Pushkin, unveiled last year at Moscow, which amounts to 20,313 roubles, is to be devoted to founding three prizes in honor of the poet, the first for works of erudition upon the history of the Russian language and literature, the second for original literary compositions or translations in verse, and the third for critical analyses of Russian literary works.

At the time of his death the late Dr. John Hill Burton was engaged upon a new edition of the "Book Hunter," which has been for many years out of print, and which now fetches a high price. Mrs. Burton has resolved to complete the revision, and to preface the new edition with a memoir of her late husband. The "Book Hunter" will be reissued as an *édition de luxe*, printed on hand-made paper,

with portrait, view of the author's study, and other illustrations.

A NEW international magazine is to be started at Leipzig, styled *Auf der Höhe*. It will be edited by the well-known chronicler of Galician life, Sacher-Masoch. Among the contributors are to be Madame Adam, M. Alphonse Daudet, M. Renan, M. Saint-Saëns, M. C. Vogt, Count A. de Gubernatis, Herr Vámbéry, S. Scanzoni, Prof. Bluntzschli, Prof. Kirchoff, and various Dutch, Danish, Polish, Servian, and Swedish writers.

THE second volume of fac-similes of Anglo-Saxon MSS. is now being passed through the press at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, under the direction of Mr. W. B. Sanders. It will contain fac-similes of from fifty to sixty charters, chiefly from the collections at Wells, Exeter, and Westminster. Two of the reproductions of large charters belonging to Westminster will be especially noticeable as showing the capabilities of photozincography in dealing with records of very ancient date.

THE second volume of the collection of rare and inedited Italian works which is being published by the house of Sansoni, in Florence, contains twenty-two popular comedies, such as were acted by the bands of strolling players that formed a distinguishing feature in the social history of the sixteenth century. The volume has been edited by Signor Adolfo Bartoli, who has supplied a very valuable Introduction. The next instalment of this series will contain, among other material, the poems of Guido Cavalcanti and the *Poesie burlesche* of Lasca.

PROF. WILLIAM TAYLOR THOM, of the Hollins Institute, Virginia, has printed his Examination Papers in *Hamlet* and the Answers of two of his pupils—Miss Emma A. Mertins, of Alabama, and Miss Hannah Wilson, of South Carolina—to see whether they are thought good enough for one of the small sets of prize-books that the New Shakspere Society gives yearly to some thirty colleges and schools. The answers are so creditable, and their arguments against Hamlet's madness so good, that not only have the society's books been sent to the writers, but the Director has added to the prize two copies of Griggs's fac-similes of the First and Second Quartos of *Hamlet*.—*Academy*.

THE Government of Crete has, in accordance with a resolution of the General Assembly, offered a prize of 40,000 groschen for the best history of the island in modern Greek. To this sum the Governor-General, Johann Photiadis Pasha, a man of high culture, offers to add 10,000 groschen. The subject of the com-

petition consists of two parts, the first of which is the history of Crete from the earliest times up to the acquisition of the island by the Venetians in the thirteenth century; the second is the history of the island under the dominion of the Venetians and the Turks. The history must be based on a thorough study of original authorities. Manuscripts for the first part are to be sent in to the Governor between the 1st and 13th of August, 1883. The prize for the best work is 20,000 groschen. Manuscripts for the second part are to be sent in between the 1st and 13th of August, 1885. The successful work is to receive a prize of 30,000 groschen.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, M. Duruy read a chapter from the forthcoming volume of his "History of Rome," dealing with the persecution of Diocletian. He adduced a large body of evidence to prove that it was not against the Christian religion, but against revolted subjects, that the law was enforced. Insubordination began in the ranks of the army; and the sentence of condemnation against the mutineers makes no mention of their religion. But the populace at Rome became excited. Two conflagrations that broke out in the Imperial palace, and a military revolt in Syria, were alike attributed to the Christians. Diocletian himself was still in favor of mild measures. He would have left to the Christians their civil rights, forbidding them only access to the army and to the magistrature. But his colleague in the empire, Galerius, shared the popular feeling; and the well-known edicts of persecution were issued, and sternly carried out. But, even so, religion was never used as the pretext. The sentences were all for violations of the civil law. It was the suppression of a political revolt, rather than an outbreak of religious fanaticism; and, if atrocities were committed, there was also much mercy shown. Nevertheless, said M. Duruy, the political measure had two faults—it spilt blood unjustly and it failed in its object.

SCIENCE AND ART.

ACTINIUM, THE NEW ELEMENT.—Dr. Phipson has succeeded in isolating the new metallic element actinium in the form of oxide, and in the form of sulphide. The oxide of the new metal was isolated in a state of purity late on September 3d, and the results of this interesting investigation were communicated to the British Association by telegram on the 5th. The oxide of actinium is white, with a tinge of salmon-color; it is very slightly soluble in caustic soda, and in this way is separated from oxide of zinc. It does not change color when

exposed to the air, like oxide of manganese, nor does it appear to be affected by sunlight. It is not precipitated by ammonia from solutions containing ammoniacal salts. The sulphide, as precipitated from neutral or alkaline solutions by sulphide of ammonia, is pale canary yellow, not soluble in acetic acid, but readily so in mineral acids, even somewhat dilute. It darkens in about twenty minutes when exposed to sunlight, and then becomes quite black; this does not occur if the sulphide is protected by a piece of ordinary window glass. It is this curious actinic property that led to its discovery, and induced Dr. Phipson to call the new metal actinium. The remarkable properties of the sulphide of actinium, especially with regard to those rays which are cut off by glass, point to a possibility of our learning much with regard to the nature of the spectrum by a study of its action on sulphide of actinium: but it must of course be borne in mind that a glass prism could not be used. It is likely, however, that some other transparent medium may be employed, or diffraction gratings may, perhaps, be pressed into service. Probably before long Dr. Phipson will be in a position to inform us as to the relative transparency of various media for those rays which affect actinium; but there is more labor involved in studying a new element than might be supposed by those who are unaccustomed to laboratory work.

HEADACHES.—The approach of the winter season will, with a large number of people, be inaugural of a recurrent headache, for which they are unable to account at all satisfactorily, but which experience has taught them to expect as surely as fires and "snuggles" are rendered necessary to personal comfort. It would be well if all such sufferers were to understand the *rationale* of the complaint that periodically attacks them, and be wise in time to ward off the return of their old malady. In every case where the headache is not dependent on some organic disturbance, and when it is felt only during the colder months of the year, especially in large towns, it is undoubtedly due to the vitiated atmosphere of rooms lighted by gas, and rendered "snug," by close-drawn curtains and draught-excluding doors, while a brilliant fire is maintained for heating purposes. This latter is, indeed, the only preventive under the circumstances, of an absolutely poisonous condition of the air, which is very seriously contaminated wherever a gaslight is employed for illumination. The remedy for the evil is in efficient and constant ventilation, a necessity that every householder should see is secured in all the rooms of his dwelling before they are transformed into winter habitations.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

ELECTRICITY AND FLOWERS.—M. Laroque, in a note to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, mentions a curious phenomenon noticed by him during a thunderstorm on June 25th last, which took place at Montmaurian, in Haute-Garonne, France. He noticed that one of a tuft of lilies (the tallest of them) was surrounded by a diffuse, purple-colored light, which formed an aureola round the corolla. This light lasted eight or ten seconds. When it had vanished he approached the lily, and found, to his great surprise, that it was totally deprived of its pollen, while the surrounding flowers retained theirs. The electric fluid had scattered it.—*Electrician*.

POMPEIIAN DISCOVERIES.—The results of the further excavations that are now being carried on at Pompeii appear to be of considerable importance. A correspondent of *L'Art* writes to that journal "that every day brings something new to light," and that quite recently the researches have assumed a new and exceptional interest. Several important works of art have been discovered in the Region IX., in which the workmen are now busy. In particular is mentioned a fountain in the form of a temple, adorned with bands of mosaic, depicting the birth of Venus and other classic myths. In the centre of the fountain is a statue of Sileus on a pedestal, supposed from its excellence to be the work of some Greek artist. Several such fountains have been found at Pompeii, but this claims pre-eminence from its size, beauty, and admirable preservation. In the same house wherein it was found have also been exposed some beautiful frescoes, superior in style to any yet discovered, of the late Roman period. They represent various Greek myths, and are described as striking in design and careful in execution—evidently the work of an artist gifted with true perception of beauty and decorative effect, though somewhat defective in drawing.

CAUSE OF SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.—Some months ago we heard a great deal about the increase of myopia or short-sightedness in our public schools. Professor Cohn has been led to investigate the causes of the increase of the same disease in the German schools. He finds that in village schools the malady is almost unknown; but as the towns are approached, where it may be, he supposes, greater calls are made upon the pupils, the number of cases gradually increases. More than this, the number increases from the lowest to the highest class in all these institutions, the short-sighted pupils becoming more so as they attain the higher honors. Professor Cohn attributes this lamentable state of things not to over-study so much as to badly constructed

schools, furniture ill adapted for school work, bad writing, and bad type. This last item he considers of special importance, and urges that a reform should be commenced without delay. He suggests that inspectors of schools should gauge the type of the books in use at each particular school, and that those printed in type below a standard size should without hesitation be rejected.

EFFECT OF COLD ON VEGETATION.—Many investigators have at different times endeavored to test the action of extreme cold upon vegetation; but the seeds experimented upon have usually been those furnished with a thick skin. The effect of a temperature of *minus* one hundred and ten degrees upon seeds of a larger and softer kind, such as the Indian chestnut, has lately been determined by Herr Wartmann. The chestnuts were each protected by a covering of tinfoil, so that they might not be injured by the chemicals employed to reduce the temperature to the degree named. After being subjected to this intense cold for two hours, the chestnuts were planted—with the result that they germinated in the normal manner. It would be thus seen that this resistance to cold is not a peculiar property possessed by certain seeds but is common to all. In the meantime, another scientist, Herr Howath, has been experimenting on the effects of extreme cold upon animals which are subject to the so-called winter sleep. He found that marmots, hedgehogs, etc., when subjected to great cold artificially, although not thrown into the hibernating state, recovered from a low temperature which must have killed most warm-blooded animals.

ANALOGIES BETWEEN HEARING AND VISION.—Some analogies between the sense of hearing and that of vision have recently been suggested by experiments instituted by Herr Urbantsschitsch. He placed tubes in the ears of the person experimented upon, and then brought near one ear a loudly sounding tuning-fork. This fork was then touched so as to considerably diminish, but not to stop its vibration. Its sound could not now be detected by the same ear—which seemed to be fatigued by its previous experience—but was plainly audible by the other ear. This fatigue seems to last from two to five seconds, and only affects the ear if the sound repeated is of the same pitch. If a different note be sounded, it is heard equally well by both ears. Such experiments as these are highly interesting and useful, as turning attention to a branch of science about which little is known. Diseases connected with the sense of hearing are unfortunately very common indeed, and doctors agree that the cases generally are of a very unsatis-

factory nature, which means in plain words that they are not easy to cure. By careful experiment, it may be possible to throw some light upon many points which are at present obscure.

VENTILATION OF SEWERS.—An engineer, in writing to some of the London daily papers, describes what he considers the only sure and safe method of ventilating sewers. He suggests that six or eight inch pipes be laid along the streets, having openings at various intervals to the crown of the sewers. These pipes should be connected with pumps which would exhaust the foul gases from the sewers, which gases would afterward be passed through a furnace, and thus rendered innocuous. Dwellers in towns are too often reminded, especially in hot weather, of the presence of these gases, which assail the nostrils from many a gutter. The plan suggested would be costly, but it would save many a life.

MISCELLANY.

THE OLDEST PUBLISHING HOUSE IN THE WORLD.—The publishing house of Orell, Füssli & Co. in Zürich can boast of an unbroken continuity from the early days of printing. The firm still possesses initial letters which were in use in the famous "Offizin" of Christoph Froschauer, who introduced the art into Zürich in 1519. "Froschover's printing-office" is often mentioned in the correspondence of the English Marian exiles. In 1586 the office passed into the hands of Konrad Escher, who preserved the old type. In 1595 Johannes Wolf arrived from Basel with "new letters." But there was not enough work in the city for two printing-presses. In 1620 the business passed over to the Bodmer family, by whom it was retained for exactly a century. From 1720 to 1765 it was managed by Heidegger and Rahn. In the latter year it was purchased by the company of Orell, Gessner & Füssli. For 362 years the ancient firm has always numbered scholars and men of literary or artistic eminence among its members. Gessner, the then-renowned idyllist, left the firm in 1798, since which time it has borne its present name. The Orells (originally Orelli) were among the earliest Italian Protestant fugitives who sought refuge in hospitable Zürich, where they arrived about the same time as the first company of English exiles. The firm has just given a jubilee banquet to all its workpeople, and the present chief of the house, Major Wild, delivered an interesting summary of its history during more than three centuries and a half. The whole party made a pilgrimage to the island of Ufenau in the Lake of Zürich,

where Ulrich von Hutten ended his stormy life, six years after the introduction of printing into Zürich.

EMBALMING.—The origin of the practice of embalming is lost in antiquity, and of the many suggestions offered as to the motive for it, the most plausible one, and the one still active, is the desire to preserve from the natural processes of destruction the forms of those specially worthy of honor. Whether or not any views of the immortality of the soul, or of the resurrection of the body, may have originally led to this practice we cannot pretend to discuss here. It is a custom singularly at variance with the operation of natural laws, but quite as obviously in harmony with the natural desires of the bereaved. It has excited but small attention in this country of recent years, though so great a man as William Hunter made strenuous efforts to perfect a system of embalming. At the present day the Italians are the great proficient in the art, which is mainly practised by professors of anatomy, who endeavor to keep their particular mode a profound secret, and let mystery screen from view the composition of the ingredients used. One element commonly employed is a salt of zinc or arsenic. The objects to be aimed at, in addition to the prime one of the delay or entire prevention of decomposition, are the maintenance of the natural contour and color, and the smallest possible disturbance of the corpse. The Italian professors embalm without evisceration, injecting their fluids into the aorta, and by their preparations they are able to preserve the features quite unaltered, or rather with all the wrinkles and furrows of age or disease obliterated; the body assumes a pure white color, and in a few hours the hardness of marble, and is then practically indestructible. We have not yet heard what method of embalming was employed in the case of General Garfield, but from the fact that the features had changed color, we presume it was not the Italian, nor one so perfect in its results. The Italians still practise in some cases a process of petrification, by which corpses become so hard that they can be submitted to the sculptor's chisel and preserved as articles of furniture or vertu.—*Lancet*.

DU RYS DE MADAME D'ALL BRET.

How fair those locks were now the light wind stirs,
What eyes she has, and what a perfect arm !
And yet methinks that little laugh of hers—
That little giddy laugh's her crowning charm,
Where'er she passes, countryside or town,
The streets make festa, and the fields rejoice.
Should sorrow come, as't will, to cast me down,
Or Death, as come he must, to hush my voice,
Her laugh would wake me, just as now it thrills me—
That little giddy laugh wherewith she kills me.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
(AFTER CLÉMENT MAROT.)

